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**Sam Bass
and His Gang**

By a Citizen of Denton County

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Life of
John Wesley Hardin

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

And Published from Original Manuscript
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FRONTIER TIMES



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OCTOBER, 1926

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Texan Plotted Conquest of California

By Hunter Anderson, in "Houston," July, 1925

THE LAST living member of the old Texas navy was passing the remaining years of his exciting and adventurous life amid the peaceful surroundings of the quiet little Mexican village of Chalchihuites, in the state of Durango, Mexico, when I last saw him.

His name was Edward A. Weyman.

During a visit of two days to his mining camp, the veteran naval officer, border sheriff, "forty-niner" and Texas cattleman told me of his early adventures; how, upon one occasion, he was one of the leaders of an expedition which had for its object the capture of California from the Mexicans. A former Texas man-of-war was to take part of the force around Cape Horn to San Francisco with the sanction of the Lone Star republic.

His experience were many and colorful. He was a very old man when I saw him several years ago in the heart of Mexico's rugged mining district, but his memory was just as clear as if the events of which he spoke had occurred a week before.

Weyman was born in New Rochelle,

N. Y., May 6, 1821. His great grandfather, Edward Weyman, was one of the early colonists of South Carolina and founder of the Fellowship Society in 1776. His mother was a great granddaughter of Alexander Coffin, one of the seven founders of Hudson, N. Y.

At the age of 15, young Weyman was appointed a midshipman in the United States navy and served in that capacity on the U. S. Boston under the command of Commodore Moore.

It was while they were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico that they stopped at Galveston, Texas, then composed of but eight houses, and while there Commodore Moore was approached by repre-

sentatives of the Texas navy and offered the command of the flotilla then being built. The offer was accepted and in the following year, 1838, Commodore Moore resigned his command in the United States navy and assumed command of the Texas fleet.

The next year, 1839, young Weyman together with two Midshipmen, O'Shannessey and Postell, resigned his commission and

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joined the Texas navy to follow the fortunes of Moore and the new republic.

The fleet consisted of the old ocean steamer Zavala, built to run between Charleston and Philadelphia, the two masted schooners San Bernard, San Jacinto and the San Antonio; the brigs Worton and Colorado, and the sloop of war Austin.

Weyman served with the Texas navy for three years and was sailing master of the flagship when they sailed against Yucatan and captured the city of Tabasco from the Mexicans in 1842.

After leaving the navy Weyman went to the border country of the Rio Grande and located at Brownsville, Texas, then one of the wildest towns on the frontier. He took an active part in the exciting events of that period and was one of the leading spirits in the struggle of Texas for her independence.

Just before the election of Sam Houston as president of the republic of Texas, Weyman was one of the organizers of an expedition having for its object the capture of California from Mexico, of which it was then a part.

The plan was to organize land and naval forces and proceed to California, forcibly taking possession of it in the name of the republic of Texas. After effecting its capture it was then to be offered to Texas for annexation. In case the offer was refused the young adventurers proposed to establish an independent government of their own.

The company was organized with a man named Dr. Shepherd in command of the land forces. He was to march overland while the navy proceeded around Cape Horn. The meeting point was to be San Francisco, which they proposed to assault as soon as the land and navy forces joined.

The navy consisted of one ship, the brig Jim Bowie, named after one of the heroes of the Alamo, and in reality was the old brig Worton of the Texas navy. It had been turned over to the company by the Texas government, together with sixteen letters of marque empowering them to seize any ship they found belonging to the Mexican government or carrying the Mexican flag. Under their agreement Weyman was to be given the first ship captured.

All plans and arrangements were made. Commodore Wheelright, who had served in the Texas navy, was to command the naval forces, together with Captain Jim Wright and Thurston Taylor, a former midshipman in the United States navy. The men were selected and everything was in readiness to proceed. They only awaited the passage by the Texas congress of the proposed war bill, which authorized the invasion of Mexico by the Texas forces.

Houston had already promised that in case he was elected he would sign the bill. Immediately after his election the bill was passed and sent to him for his signature. He vetoed the measure.

This action crumpled the company's proposed invasion and seizure of California. Their ship was taken from them, together with the letters of marque and the company disbanded.

Weyman left Texas and went to South America, from there to Europe and back to the United States, where he again took up his residence in Brownsville, Texas.

Soon after the admission of Texas to the Union, Weyman was appointed the first sheriff of the Rio Grande country. His district extended from the mouth of the Nueces river to the upper line of the Pecos, over to Santa Fe and down to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The county seat was Corpus Christi and there Sheriff Weyman organized the first court held along the Rio Grande. Judge De Albe, who had Weyman appointed sheriff, presided over the court.

In those days the border sheriff carried his life in his hands and the price of safety lay in constant vigilance and prompt action. Although Weyman enforced the duties of his office in a vigorous manner and rid the country of some of its most desperate characters, and although he was in numerous shootings while enforcing the law, he was never wounded. Once on the Pecos river his posse surrounded the gang of notorious desperadoes led by the outlaw Bill Williams. Four of the desperadoes were killed outright and three of the remaining members were captured. Of the posse, two were killed and two wounded. Weyman had his horse killed but he himself escaped injury.

Weyman, while sheriff, held the first election ever held on the Rio Grande. It was while Colonel Wood and Dr. Moore were rival candidates for office. Upon being advised of the election, Weyman issued a notice stating that upon the day appointed an election would be held at his office at Brownsville, at which all citizens of the United States, residents of Texas, would be permitted to cast their votes. On the day of the election a party of gamblers and outlaws from the Mexican side of the line came over with the avowed purpose of breaking up the election. Weyman came out of his office with a revolver in each hand and told them that as sheriff of the county it was his duty to hold the election and that he proposed to do so; that he would kill the first man who attempted to interfere. He was promptly reinforced by members of his own party and though it seemed a killing was imminent, they finally succeeded in driving the toughs across the border and proceeded with the election. The result was that Colonel Wood received all the votes cast, amounting to 300, and it was those votes that elected him, as his total majority over Moore was but 200.

Leaving Texas, Weyman went to Mexico and located in the mining camp of Durango where he remained but a short time owing to the news of the first discovery of gold in California. He soon left with a party of twenty-five for the gold fields of that state.

About this time the Apache Indians were terrorizing the state of Durango, killing and robbing the people, driving off their stock and burning their homes. The governor of Durango hired Weyman and his friends to fight the Indians. Two days from Durango City they came upon a party of Apaches and a desperate battle immediately followed. They finally succeeded in driving off the Indians, who left thirty-eight dead, but this was accomplished only after the most desperate kind of a fight. Of the Americans none were killed outright, but eighteen were wounded, many seriously. Had it not been for the timely arrival of a body of Mexican soldiers sent to assist them, it is probable the Indians would have returned with reinforcements and the little band of ad-

venturers would have been exterminated.

Weyman proceeded to a port on the Gulf of Mexico, where he took a boat to California, sailing around Cape Horn and landing at Stockton. From there he walked to the gold fields.

He remained in California two years and then returned to Mexico. He came as far as the Isthmus of Panama on a sailing vessel, rode across the isthmus on mule back and journeyed the rest of the way by ship.

Dr. Weyman lived in Mexico continuously from 1856 until the time of his death. He was in the city of Victoria, Mexico, when the 1857 constitution of Mexico was adopted. He was living there with an old priest in 1858 when General Comonfort tried to declare himself dictator. Soon after he left for Jalisco. During the following years Weyman lived through the exciting scenes of the Mexican revolution, when one could not tell upon leaving town in the morning which party would be in possession at night. The failure to give the proper answer to the sentry who demanded of the stranger what party he favored was almost as dangerous as to remain out of the city over night. In the former case he was in danger of promptly being shot and in the latter he ran the risk of being robbed and murdered by the bandits who overran the country.

Although in his eighty-fifth year when I saw him, Dr. Weyman was as active and energetic as a man twenty years younger. He was a fluent, interesting talker and had a remarkable memory for dates and incidents of his eventful life. He had accumulated a fortune in the mines, ranches and timber lands of Durango, and all of his interests received his personal attention. When I knew him he would ride six miles on horseback every day and not long before this it was the usual thing for him to ride a mule to his mine thirty-six miles distant, over rough mountain country—a ride which would be sufficiently hard for any man.

Dr. Weyman was married to a second wife with whom, and their children, one boy and two girls, he was living happily and content, surrounded by the comforts of life when I last saw him.

Indians Murder a French Merchant

Capt. A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light, March 3, 1912

From 1832 to 1835, when the war cloud had become visible in the east, DeWitt's colony at Gonzales on the Guadalupe river had just begun to flourish. Numerous accessions of settlers had been made and the population largely increased in and around the town. Indians were hostile and numerous in the west, and committed many depredations. Some of the colonists had settled a considerable distance west of Gonzales, and bore the same relation to people in town as the advance guard to an army. As the Indians came in from the west, these isolated settlers received the first blow, and then on swift horses notified the people further east of the approaching trouble. Some had settled as far west as the present town of Seguin, but had returned, not being able to sustain themselves so far out. In the spring of 1835 there lived in this locality a settler named John Castleman. His ranch was fifteen miles west from Gonzales in the Guadalupe valley, on the south side of the river.

One evening just before sundown there stopped at his house a French merchant or peddler named Greser, accompanied by ten Mexicans as guards. He had a large lot of costly goods which he was going east to sell, having purchased them in Mexico. Castleman lived on what was called the "Old San Antonio Road," the main route from San Antonio to Eastern Texas. The merchant in question inquired of the settler as to a good camping place for the night, where there was wood and water. Castleman informed him that there was a large pool of water not far from the house, and pointed toward it, but at the same time remarking: "You had better camp here in my yard. I have plenty of wood and water, and you can get all you want. The Indians are very hostile now, and they might attack you before morning; there is no telling. You will be safe here, for my house is surrounded by strong palisades, and in case of danger you can come inside, and I will help to defend yourself and property."

The Frenchman thanked him very politely for his proffered hospitality and protestation, but declined, saying his men were well armed, and would go down and camp by the pool of water.

Castleman made everything secure for the night and retired. Just before daylight next morning he was awakened by the firing of guns and yelling of Indians in the direction of the Frenchman's camp. He instantly sprang out of bed, hastily clothed himself, unbarred a small window and looked out. Day was just beginning to dawn, and by this time the fight was raging at the peddler's camp. The Mexicans seemed to be making a stout resistance. The loud reports of their escopets ringing out on the morning air, mingled with the yelling of the Comanches.

The sun rose, but still the Mexicans kept them at bay. Castleman stood at the window with his long rifle and several times expressed an intention of trying to get to the Mexicans and aid them in the battle but it was too hazzardous, and he could only watch and wait and see after the safety of his family. The Indians would make a charge but being repulsed each time with loss, would fall back and wait for some time before renewing the contest. The Mexicans had made breastworks of their carts, saddles, bales of goods, etc. This accounts for the length and obstinacy of the battle, considering the numbers engaged, for the Comanches had seven to one of the Mexicans. At this time there had been no rupture between the Mexicans and DeWitt's colonist, and Castleman would have risked his life in their defense, as the Comanches were the foes of both Mexican and Texan.

The Mexicans were hidden from the view of Castleman during the fight, but the Indians could be plainly seen, being between the house and the encampment. The fight was going on at the base of the elevated ground on which the settler's cabin stood. The pool of water was near some timber in which the Mexicans were posted.

About one hundred and fifty yards

from the house, at the foot of the hill, there stood a large tree upon which Castleman had tacked a piece of white paper to serve as a target when he felt disposed to rifle practice. This paper caught the eye of an Indian as he was scouting around, and he came to the tree for the purpose, it was supposed, of seeing what it was. The settler saw him and at once raised his rifle, as this was too good a chance to lose of killing an Indian. His prudent wife, however, laid her hand on the gun and begged him to desist, saying the Indians might go away and not molest them if he would not take a hand. The Indian did not remain long a target for the pioneer, for as soon as he discovered several bullet holes in and around the paper on the tree a revelation came to him, and he turned and looked toward the house, and seeing Castleman in his window, beat a hasty retreat, using the tree for cover as he went.

The fight lasted until about 10 o'clock, and by that time the Mexican force seemed to be getting reduced or else their ammunition was failing. Only an occasional shot could be heard. The Indians now assembled their whole force and charged on three sides at once and carried the position. Castleman could tell this from their great yelling and the direction their voices came from. The position the Mexicans occupied could be located by the smoke from their guns, which drifted above the tree tops. Evidently a short hand-to-hand conflict took place, then all was still for an hour or more. The Indians were then discovered in long single file, mounted, and coming towards the house. It was a trying time for the lone pioneer, not knowing what their intentions were, but he consoled himself, like many had done before him with the grim satisfaction of knowing that he would get as many of them as they would of him if they attacked.

The Comanches had evidently had enough of fighting for that day, and only rode slowly past the house and shook their lances at it. There were eighty of them and they had their own horses and those of the Mexicans which had not been killed or crippled in the battle, laden with the Frenchman's

goods. The bloody scalps of the slain men were also visible. They had no firearms, it seemed, except those taken from the Mexicans.

As soon as Castleman was satisfied that the Indians were gone, he went and examined the battleground. The Mexicans had arranged their carts in a circle and piled up goods and saddles and chunks of wood in the spaces between carts and spokes, and here in a small compass the eleven bodies lay, mutilated, scalped and drenched in blood. Many arrows were in the trees and carts and several broken guns were there. The Indians evidently lost heavily, as the blood stains on the ground away from the carts indicated that they had thrown their dead in the water hole.

When Castleman returned to his house he mounted himself and family on ponies and hastened to Gonzales with the news and on the following morning twenty-seven men were in their saddles and on the way to the Castleman ranch. Many years ago the writer obtained the following names of some of those who were of the party: Captain Matthew Caldwell ("Old Paint") James C. Darst, Dan McCoy, Ezekiel Williams, B. D. McClure, John Davis, Tom Malone, White, Jesse McCoy, Wash Cottle, Almarion Dickinson, (killed in the Alamo) Dr. James Miller, A. J. Sowell Sr. and John Castleman. The balance of the names could not be obtained.

B. D. McClure was elected captain, and the party, pushing rapidly forward, soon arrived at the scene of the massacre. Only a short halt was made here and the trail taken up, which led up the Guadalupe valley on the south side of the river. Ten miles west the Indians turned north and crossed the Guadalupe river at a place afterwards known as "Erskine's Ford," in the present limits of Guadalupe county, and distant about twelve miles below the present town of Seguin. After crossing Darst creek, about twenty-six miles from Gonzales, just below where the ranch of Col. French Smith afterwards was, the Indians amused themselves by unwinding spools of thread across the level flats, very likely tying the ends to their horses' tails. They did not seem to apprehend pursuit.

After passing through this part of the country they bore to the northwest, passing out near the head of Mill creek and crossing the York's creek divide. The pursuing party would camp when night came, and then be off again as soon as it was light enough to see the trail. The Indians were traveling slower than the white men on account of their heavily loaded horses, but they moved on sometimes in the night, and thus had the advantage, as the settlers could only trail in daylight. Two ravens followed the wake of the Indians, picking up the offal from their camps, and would fly up and follow on at the approach of the white men.

One night when the trailers were encamped near the York's creek divide Andrew Sowell, who was a good scout and trailer, left the camp and went some distance alone on a ridge, to reconnoiter. His quick ear soon caught a far off sound, like Indians singing. The captain was informed of this fact and went out and listened, but could hear nothing distinctly and pronounced it coyotes. By daylight next morning they were again on the trail, and in about two miles came to the Indian camp, in the midst of which stood a pole. The camp was on a high ridge, south of and overlooking the present town of San Marcos, county seat of Hays county. The grass was trampled down around the pole in a circle where the Indians had performed the scalp dance the night before. As they always sing when engaged in this merrymaking, it proved beyond a doubt that the scout was right in his assertions that he heard Indians singing. The sound of the voice in their frenzied screechings would float a long distance on the still night air.

From here the Indians went to the foot of the mountains and entered them, but the pursuit was still continued. The trailing was now more difficult, and that night Captain McClure and his men camped in the brakes of the Blanco river. Next morning was foggy and they moved with great caution. The signs indicated that they were close upon the Indians. As they were going down into the valley of the Blanco the fog lifted, and soon the yelling of an Indian was heard on a mountain across the

river. He had been placed there as an outpost and was giving the alarm of the approach of the white men to his comrades in the valley below. Captain McClure, knowing that he was now discovered, ordered a rapid advance, but they soon entered such a dense cedar brake that they were compelled to abandon their horses and proceed on foot. Almarion Dickinson and James Darst were sent ahead to locate the Indians, and the others slowly followed in single file, stooping and crawling as they went. Finally they came into an opening near the river, where three or four could walk abreast, and at that instant bang! bang! came the report of two rifles and the yelling of Indians near at hand.

"Charge up, boys!" shouted McClure as he sprang in front. "Here they are!" The two scouts were now seen running back, closely pursued by several Indians, who were pulling arrows and adjusting them to bow strings. The captain and others raised their rifles, but could not shoot without endangering the lives of Darst and Dickinson, who were directly between them and the Indians. They saw this and sprang to one side and gave them a chance to fire. Captain McClure shot first and killed the foremost Indian. John Castleman shot the next one and he fell across the body of the first, being directly behind him. Several more shots were fired, and a third Indian had his bow stick shot in two while in the act of discharging an arrow. Andrew Sowell attempted to fire with a flintlock rifle, but it flashed in the pan and failed to go off. He had stopped up the touch hole to keep the powder dry in the fog and had forgotten to take it out. The other Indians now ran back towards the river, yelling loudly. By this time most of the men had gotten clear of the brush and charged with McClure across the open ground.

Near the river they met about fifty Indians and the fight became general. The yelling of the Comanches almost drowned the report of the firearms, and echoed far up and down the Blanco valley. The Indians soon gave way and commenced crossing the river. Some had been engaged trying to cross the goods over while the fight was going on, and partly succeeded. They had camped here

near the water on the south side the previous night. Another fight took place at the river, some of the Indians stopping in the water to shoot, but they soon retired before the rifles, and all went across and disappeared in the brake beyond. One Indian tried to cross lower down than the balance and came in contact with a steep bank which he could not hastily climb and was discovered and shot by Andrew Sowell.

None of the white men crossed the river and none of them were killed. Some few were wounded with arrows, but none badly. The Indians made a poor fight and seemed badly rattled at the commencement, shooting wild and running at every volley from the whites. They had evidently exhausted their supply of arrows in the fight with the Mexicans. Those killed had but few in their quivers and some had none.

A return was now made by the settlers back to their horses, which were found all right, except one which had gotten away, but was later recovered.

One man was missing and considerable search was made for him before he showed up, and it was feared he was killed. He came to them finally, and as one man expressed it afterwards, "looking as wild as a buck." He had neither hat, gun nor shoes, and seemed so frightfully bewildered that he could give no rational account of himself. He explained that he could not stand the firing and yelling and had run and kept running until it was all over. He could give no account of his gun or shoes. The latter were found near the river in the edge of the water below the battle ground. His gun and hat could not be found.

The settlers carried their horses back to the river and loaded them with goods but could not take them all, and left the remainder piled up on the bank of the river with bows, shields, quivers and buffalo skins. They return to Gonzales was made without further incident. A party afterwards went back to bring away the balance of the goods but they had been badly damaged by rain.

The Cardiff Giant Fake

The last survivor of that group which exploited the famous Cardiff giant recently died in Utica, N. Y. Benjamin A. Son, one of the owners of the colossal figure of a "petrified prehistoric man," which astounded the Nation more than half a century ago, died, never shaken in his belief the great effigy was a true specimen of real humanity, turned to stone by the action of the elements and time.

Son was the last of the seven original owners and promoters of the famous giant. Over half a century ago when W. C. Newell, Cardiff farmer, "unearthed" the now famous giant, a friend offered Son a sixteenth ownership in it. Son realized its possibilities and invested \$5,000 for a one-sixteenth interest. The subsequent exploitation of the statue doubled Son's investment many times.

The Cardiff giant is today a scientific bust. It was different 50 years ago. Learned scientists from America and Europe examined the gigantic figure

and pronounced it to be the petrified figure of a giant. And while the learned men, with high-powered glasses, minutely examined the figure and marveled at its state of preservation, Newell, on whose farm the giant was found, smothered a snicker and continued to reap huge profits.

So real did the whole proposition appear that none, except Newell, ever suspected its fraud. Even Son and the five other owners had no inkling that their money-making relic was a fake.

According to the story of the giant's discovery, as contained in the personal diary of Son, made public now for the first time. Newell himself first sunk a drill into the bier of the huge figure. This was in 1869. Newell at the time was reported to have been drilling a well when he came upon the petrified figure supposedly that of a prehistoric giant.

The civilized world was startled, to say the least, at the discovery. Scientists flocked to Newell's farm and ming-

led with thousands of curious dupes, who paid 50 cents head to see the giant in a partial state of exhumation. Newell at once had begun to capitalize in his discovery. In addition to the steady flow of money from thousands of curious "investigators," he sold outright three-fourths of his interest in the giant.

Prior to being completely exhumed and placed on exhibition, the giant was owned—one-fourth by Newell, one-eighth by Amos Gilbert, one-eighth by David H. Hannan, one-eighth by Amos Wescott, one-sixteenth by William Spencer and one-sixteenth by Benjamin A. Son. Spencer originally owned one-eighth interest, but sold one-half of it to his close friend and associate, Benjamin Son. The Amos Wescott mentioned is said to be the father of Edward Noyes Wescott, author of "David Harum;" and the David H. Hannan is reputed to be the original character from which Wescott got his inspiration for his book. The similarity of the David Hannan and David Harum is noteworthy evidence of the veracity of the statement.

Great excitement prevailed as the news of the giant's discovery spread. Thousands continued to pay 50 cents to view the giant on its bier. When the talk of fraud was first brought up, scientists held up their hands in holy horror and pronounced the talk "the babbling of an empty head." They pointed out the fact that the root of a huge elm had grown over the giant's legs, a condition that would have been impossible had the giant been recently buried by its discoverer for unearthing and exploitation.

From Cardiff the giant was taken to Syracuse, where it was placed on exhibition at Arcade Hall. Here the steady stream of curious people continued unabated. Newell's receipts rarely fell below \$500 a day.

Then came a day when the dignitaries of the State Board of Regents implored Newell, "in the interest of science," to exhibit the giant in Albany.

While in Albany, T. A. Wood, proprietor of Wood's Museum, in New York, and son-in-law of P. T. Barnum, offered the owners of the Cardiff Giant 60 per cent of the receipts of his museum if they would place the giant in it

as a main attraction. The offer was turned down. About the same time a sculptor known as Otto declared the figure to be the work of a clever artist who had used gypsum as a base. A Prof. Boynton, also declared the figure to be a fake, but his declaration was buried by the enthusiasm with which the giant was being viewed in Albany.

But Mr. Wood was a crafty showman. With the aid of the sculptor, Otto, he constructed a giant identical to that owned by Newell and his associates and began exhibiting it in his museum. Then the conflict began. Newspapers carried stories of the Cardiff Giant's appearance in Albany and New York simultaneously. When the owners of the two giants began to do battle to test the legality of each other's claims to possession of the original giant the public sensed the fraud.

So gigantic had the scale been upon which the giant had been exploited that the public could do nothing but grin sheepishly and accept the duping. Even as there were then, today there are people who still believe the Cardiff Giant to be the petrified figure of a prehistoric man.

The truth of the matter showed Newell to be a clever schemer. The figure of the giant had been built by a Chicago sculptor and shipped to Newell's farm. Under the pretense of well-digging, the latter had buried it, after cleverly inserting it between the roots of a giant elm tree. For two years it remained in the ground before Newell "discovered" it and made his fortune.

In 1899 the writer saw the battered Cardiff giant, one arm missing, reposing in the Mesa Gardens at El Paso, Texas, abandoned and forgotten.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

A Stampede on the Ft. Graham Trail

Written for Frontier Times, by D. B. Smith, Bonham, Texas

In the early seventies this scribe went with a neighbor to Salado Mills, down below Belton, with a load of wheat. Shepherd Neff, the brother of Pat M. Neff, was there also with a kinsman awaiting their turn to get their grinding. After two days both groups got their grinding, so with flour, shorts and bran stowed away under covered wagons, we both started home late in the afternoon. It was the last of March but the weather was fine and the grass good. We camped on a little glade near a spring, which headed a branch that ran into the Lampasas river. A large herd of South Texas cattle was browsing not far away. The boss came to our camp to get some recruits, as two or three of his boys were down with measles. He was anxious, he said, to get to the west of the Perry Hills where the grass was reported good. As he just wanted the new hands until his sick boys got up, and as two or three days drive would land us near our homes, Shep and myself agreed to go with the herd.

We went immediately to the cow camp where the chuck wagons and surplus ponies were herded. The wagons and extra ponies were driven direct from one camp to the next night camp, while the herd were driven along the grassy ridges, avoiding the towns and settlements. As Shepherd Neff knew well the country from the Lampasas to the Bosques he was a valuable aid to the boss.

We took our turn at midnight relieving the first shift, but the sky was clear and the moon having come up about ten, made the night ideal. Nothing disturbed our riding around the outer edge of the cattle, and about two in the morning nearly all the cattle ceased browsing, many lay down, while others stood chewing their cuds. So we dismounted, and held our lariats to let our ponies graze, but ready to mount at a moment's notice. An occasional wolf howl, many jack rabbits jumping up here and there, with a lone cougar mourning in the far distance, made up for the otherwise dreary wee hours of the first night out.

The next day we made good progress

camping this side of Nolan creek, near Belton. The third day or fourth night out we reached Cedar Creek, and the fifth night we herded on Stampede Creek, some six or more miles from Neff Grove.

After we had eaten our irregular meal, for we were lucky to get even two chances per day at the chuck wagons, the boss came to the wagon camp and said he feared a storm, as the day had been hot and still, with a dark streak hanging in the northwest, so both shifts were ordered to stay in saddle till after midnight, or until the danger was over. The chuck wagons and ponies were driven farther away for safety, out of danger of a prospective stampede.

Shep and myself rode together along the front and passed the time reciting the incidents of the last few days, for where possible, cowboys rode two and two, for company and protection. The cloud in the northwest seemed to hang there and no signs of a storm were noticed, except the restless cattle and the double howls of the coyotes.

Sometime after midnight, it becoming very still, Shep remarked: "Tighten your girths, make sure your lariat and mount, there is something coming." In about ten or fifteen minutes we heard a roaring in the northwest, the lightning flashed and a keen clap of thunder brought the herd, some thousand South Texas long horns, to their feet and off they dashed. The herd partly divided where we were, so Shep ordered me to go to the right and he dashed to the left.

My pony forged ahead of the long horns, while I yelled, shouted and whooped to the top of my voice, gradually turning the leaders to the right. With claps of thunder, streaks of lightning and a downpour of rain and hail, the cattle lowing, some bellowing, with an occasional yell from a cowboy comrade, we raced, jostled the cattle, jumped ravines and gullies for some two hours.

At first the headers seemed to divide, as before stated, Shep and myself being in the lead, he turned his part, the smaller, faster, and these soon turned back

to the main bunch. My leaders at first turned to the right but met the outer edge, with cowboys yelling, coming towards the left. Thus our wings met, gradually changed back and made a dead straight run north. My pony became a little jaded, but with spur and quirt, I urged him on mostly for my own safety, for if the full bunch had overtaken me and my pony fell, I would have been at the mercy of their thousands of tramping feet. The front of the cattle must have run two or three miles and the line was getting thin and long strung out. About the break of day, the lightning and thunder became less intense, and the cattle gradually slowed down to a trot, and looking just ahead I observed the noted "Haunted Hill." The leaders turned to the right, then I spurred my pony to the left around the hill

and met the leaders about two thirds around and turned them back. In a few minutes another boy came from the other outer edge and turned them back. The cattle gradually milled around, some began to graze, while others began to lie down. Then other boys came from both sides and about six of us held the half mile front in check until most of the other cattle had come up.

We let them graze and held the line until about noon, then the clouds drifted away, the sun shone out, and the sick boys with fresh ponies came to our relief. One of the boys went with Shep and myself to the Neff home to bring back the ponies, and from these I went to my home a few miles north. I believe I slept for three days after that all-night run, but soon was ready for another cattle stampede.

A Circus in Texas Fifty-Six Years Ago

Written for Frontier Times, by Col. Lewis Ginger, Keswick Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

A half century ago there were probably a dozen circuses in the United States. They were all of the old time one-ring type, traveling by wagon. With such a company I was interested in 1870, organized in Des Moines, Iowa, traveling west, crossing the Missouri river on ferry boats, as there was no bridge on that river from its source to its mouth. We were bound for Texas, going through eastern Nebraska and Kansas, crossing into the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) from Baxter Springs, diagonally through the territory, and crossing Red River near where the city of Denison now stands. At that time there was not a white man in the territory except a few "squaw men" and some United States soldiers at Fort Gibson, where we gave two performances.

Our first stand in Texas was at Sherman, where we gave two performances. With our company was the afterward celebrated J. B. Hickok, "Wild Bill," who left us at Sherman. Showing in the different county seats, we came to Austin, the capital. Here we stayed a week, giving an afternoon performance one day and an evening show the next day. Our company were mostly quartered at

the Avenue Hotel, as I remember, but as there were not rooms enough for all, Dr. Moore, the proprietor of the hotel assigned to my wife and myself a four-room cottage on the opposite side of the street from the Hotel. It was nicely furnished with necessary furniture, including a piano. It was while we were in Austin that I became acquainted with several men who were to become figures in Texas history, Phil Coe, Ben Thompson, Mat Woodleaf, and a number of others. Among them were several splendid singers and I invited them to our cottage on evenings that we were not giving performances, and we passed enjoyable hours with music and story. Austin was like all other towns in Texas, wide open, in 1870, with its saloons and gambling halls, but all games were absolutely on the square.

I want to say right here, that those whom I have mentioned, were gentlemen, although not all, professional gamblers, and proved themselves gentlemen, while they were entertained in our cottage by my wife and myself. Going south from Austin we showed in a number of towns until we came to San Antonio where we stayed a number of

days. It was after we left San Antonio that our bad luck commenced. A new disease known as the Epizootic attacked our horses. By the time we reached Corpus Christi, we had lost scores of fine horses that died and many others were so sick that we left them with ranchmen on our route. From Corpus Christi we turned north to Rockport, Indianola and other towns, but through the loss of stock we were unable to reach the towns advertised on the date, so lost many towns. Then the rains commenced to add to our other difficulties. Among the towns I remember were Beeville, San Patricio, Refugio Mission, and others I cannot now remember. Finally at a small town where we were advertised to show, we came in two days late. We had lost many thousands of dollars so far, so we decided to quit. We got together and mutually agreed to divide the outfit, stock that was left, and other property and each of us, (there were three owners) to make our way out as best we could. To me, for my interest, I was awarded the band wagon, a very elaborate affair, costing when new about \$1,500, the six fine horses that drew the wagon and had escaped the disease, four mules, two baggage wagons with harness for all, and some other small trinkets.

I arranged with the six minstrels and musicians to accompany me and two of the teamsters to drive the baggage wagons and care for the stock and we parted company with the others. With the musicians and my wife in the band wagon, myself driving the six horses, we started out and in one day's drive we came to the town of Henderson. It was about noon when we arrived and the advent into the town of the ornate band wagon created quite a commotion as we drove up in front of the hotel. Soon a crowd gathered and made inquiries as to who we were, etc. I told the crowd that we were the debris of a circus company that had lost our valuable stock and were driving through to Shreveport, La. They all expressed great sympathy for our loss. I told them that we had our musicians and minstrels with us and that if there was a suitable hall in the city, we would give them a performance that night which would be free to

the citizens. The sheriff who was in the crowd said, "We have the large courthouse hall which we will be glad to let you have." So it was given out to the whole town. After arranging for the company at the hotel, we, with the help of a number of the town people, erected a stage for the performance. The hall was crowded and we gave them a really first class entertainment. It so pleased them that a gentleman in the audience said, "I think our citizens will be glad to help you out of your difficulties if you will pass among us and accept contributions from us." I was the tamborine man of the minstrels, and as the gentleman suggested, I went among them with the result that those great big hearted Texans filled to the top my tamborine with silver and gold, as that was the money in circulation in Texas at that time. The same gentleman said that there were hundreds who could not get into the hall that night and asked that we remain for another night and repeat the performance and charge an admission, which we did and the hall was crowded. Next morning, a large crowd assembled in front of the hotel to bid us good-bye and good luck. At Shreveport I sold the mules and baggage wagons for a good price, but the band wagon and the large horses were not salable. Just here a good piece of luck came to me. There was a steamboat there which the merchants of Cincinnati had chartered and sent their representatives to open up trade with the upper Red River country.

Several of the representatives had their wives with them. I knew that in Cincinnati I could find a market for my horses and wagon if I could get them to that city reasonable. I explained my situation to the captain. He told me to get feed for my horses, take a man along to care for them who could eat with the crew, hoist my band wagon on the deck, and he would take us all to Cincinnati and charge me cabin fare for myself and wife, the rest no charge. At Cincinnati, I sold the wagon and harness to a circus company just ready for starting out and the horses brought me a good price. So that terminated my circus venture in Texas more than half a century ago.

Indian Fight on Cameron Creek

Written for Frontier Times, by John M. Turner, Peoria, Arizona

One morning in July in the year 1874 the following episode took place near the Loving Ranch in Jack County, Texas. The Loving Ranch laid on the west bank of Cameron Creek, and the fight took place on the opposite side and about three hundred yards from the ranch buildings.

The roundup had gotten well under way and the cowboys had but the evening before arrived at a place near the vicinity of the Jim Loving Ranch. The horses needed by the men for their work next day were handily tethered near the camp and the balance of them were hobbled in the edge of the timber to the north of the camp, as was always the custom. The horses thus hobbled could never stray far from the camp.

A couple of men were chosen each week by the wagon boss, Bill Jay, to do the wrangling and take care of the remuda. At this time Coon Cooper and Cal Sanders were attending these duties. At night the boys would bed down on their blankets, using their saddles as pillows in truly Western style.

On this particular morning, before the sun had even risen, the men were astir, and Cooper and Sanders had left camp to round up the remuda, which numbered about one hundred and fifty head, while Joe Moffit, "flunky and camp cook," was getting the breakfast of "sour dough," "black coffee," beans and bacon.

After a few minutes the horses were seen coming over the ridge to the south and then as the two riders rode in sight it could be seen that something was wrong, and of course their thought was Indians. Bill Jay hastily called his men together and by this time they could see the foremost of the Indians ride over the ridge. They were pushing Coon and Cal to their limit in an endeavor to cut in between them and their horses with an idea toward stampeding them. But the boys were equal to the occasion and succeeded in getting the horses to camp, not however without some quick and difficult work.

This apparently didn't set well with

the Indians, for they immediately opened up a scattering fire upon the boys and set up yelling. Jim Loving, hearing the commotion from his ranch across the creek, hurried with his two men to the scene of the trouble. By this time the Indians, about thirty-five in number, had got well over the ridge and within about three hundred yards of the camp and it was seen that they had their war paint on which made it patent that they were out for nothing less than trouble. They were fitted out with long range rifles and at that distance they opened fire and their bullets fell among the men. The guns with which the cowboys were equipped would not carry up so far, being of the carbine style, and they were taken at quite a disadvantage as their bullets fell way short of their marks, which necessitated the raising of their sights.

The chief of the braves was seen to walk among his men and jabber and harrangue with them until after some effort he succeeded in deploying them in a straight line along the ridge. By this time the two wranglers had returned from tying their horses near where the others were staked and fell in with the rest of the men, their bunch now numbering about sixteen men, counting the three from the Loving ranch. They scattered and warily advanced a few yards, getting within range of the Indian marauders and opened fire.

The men stood there noting the actions of the chieftain. He would ride along back of his men jabbering in Comanche tongue incessantly, then ride along in front of them like the wind with his shield over his left arm as a protection from the cattlemen's fire, the braves, as he passed, would let loose a volley of fire.

About the middle of the fight, or after they had been fighting about twenty minutes, came the first and only casualty among the cowboys. John Heath was slightly in advance of the other men and doing his best to down one of the red skins when all at once he was seen to crumple up and fall into the arms of

Ira Cooper. This stung the men to instant and redoubled effort, for Heath had always been favorite with the boys, and Cooper was heard to say: "I'll get that chief the next round he makes, because if we get him the rest of the varmints will run."

The chief, clad in full war panoply, on his palomino pony, rode along back of his men urging them to greater efforts. Round the column he charged at breakneck speed toward the lower end of the line to go through the same maneuver again. When about midway of the column Ira Cooper took careful aim, steadying his gun over its rest and fired. With the sound of the report the chief was seen to drop his arms around his pony's neck and swing down along its body. It was apparent at once that he had been hit but they could not tell just how seriously. The horse continued its headlong course but as he was nearing the end of the line the chief's legs were seen to wobble, then fly up as if released by a spring and he crashed in a heap to the ground.

A number of the braves ran to the body of their fallen chieftain and was seen to pick him up and start to the rear and over the ridge. This seemed a signal for the reopening of the fire—for during this episode all firing had ceased—and their bullets flew thickly, but with no telling result. They commenced backing up slowly, covering their retreat until arriving at the edge of the timber where they turned and beat a hasty retreat. The boys then turned to take stock of their losses, but John Heath was the only one that was touched, and he was carried dead to the Loving house on the other side of the creek.

After a few minutes Ira Cooper who seemed to be the talker of the bunch suggested that some one go up and take a look over the ridge to see that the braves had gone. "For," said he, "they could get up there back of that corral and pick us all off before we could turn around. Come on Tobe," continued he, turning to Tobe Tipton, a boy of fourteen, "Let's go up on the ridge and take a look". Tobe gladly assented and he, on his pony and Ira on his pinto horse, loped to the top of the ridge.

The Indians were seen away to the

east some seventy yards in the midst of a scattered growth of mesquite where they were making camp and getting their breakfast, so feeling that there would be no further trouble from them they turned back to the camp where they found the rest of the men going about the preparation of their delayed breakfast.

Those taking part in this fray as near as the relator can remember after a period of some fifty-two years are as follows: Coon Cooper, Cal Sanders, Ira Cooper, Bill Jay, wagon boss; John Heath, Jones Keith, Nath Brumlow; Jim Loving, Shad Dameron, Tobe Tipton, Henry Wormwood, Buck Cooper, a negro boy who lived with the Coopers; Jim Reagan, Frank Chase, and Cross-eyed Bob Carson.

Carlotta Regains Memory

The "mad empress," Carlotta, has recovered her memory after nearly sixty years. That was revealed when King Albert and Queen Elizabeth visited their great-aunt on the occasion of the sixty-ninth anniversary of her marriage to Maximilian, ill-fated emperor of Mexico. Members of her entourage said Carlotta had entirely recovered her mental powers.

Married to Maximilian before she was 20 years old, Carlotta was an enthusiastic adherent to Napoleon III's scheme to establish an empire in Mexico. She set up a brilliant court in the City of Mexico. French bayonets supported the empire of Maximilian. When the Civil war ended, the United States gave sharp notice to France that the establishment of a European supported monarchy in the Western Hemisphere would not be tolerated. France backed down and Marshal Bazaine and his troops were withdrawn. Left without its army, the empire of Maximilian and Carlotta collapsed quickly. Carlotta herself hurried to Europe to appeal to Napoleon to keep his troops in Mexico. But she was received coldly and when that mission failed she began to show the first signs of insanity. It is difficult to know whether she ever realized that Maximilian went to his death before a firing squad at Queretaro, June 19, 1876. Her mind was gone before that.

The Bravery of Henry Hartman

Contributed to Frontier Times by Mrs. George Hartman, Hondo, Texas

Henry Hartman settled at New Fountain, on Verde Creek, Medina county, Texas, in 1860. Some years afterward, while engaged in handling stock, he experienced one of the most thrilling chapters in his life's history. On June 11th, 1873, he in company with Louis Hartung, Fred Folk, Charles Martin and a negro named Johnson, went up on Verde Creek, fifteen miles from New Fountain, to gather a bunch of beeves. All were well armed, except the negro, there being three winchesters in the crowd. The men as they hunted cattle became careless. They had seen no signs of Indians, and though they had discovered men a long distance off they paid no attention to them. They had rounded up some cattle and Hartman, seeing some more at a distance, left Charles Martin with the loose horses, and the balance went on with the cattle, so that if the cattle they saw ahead were theirs they could round them into the herd. While going to these cattle they saw five or six men and Hartman said they were Quihi men looking for their oxen, and as before, paid no attention to them, and, in fact, was not expecting them to be Indians.

After getting to the cattle, another bunch was discovered on a hill half a mile away and Hartman, taking the negro with him, went off at a gallop to round up this bunch, leaving the other men to hold the cattle already gathered. After going about 600 yards, and while passing a thicket, still in a gallop, they were fired on from ambush, two shots or more being aimed at them. Hartman's horse was hit by a bullet just behind the saddle, which broke his back. The stricken animal gave three jumps and fell, turning over on his side and catching Hartman's left leg under him. The negro's horse was also hit, but ran about 300 yards and then fell. The negro left him and went into the brush, but the horse regained his feet and ran again, but again fell and died half a mile away.

The Indians seeing the white man's horse dead and lying on him, thought

sure that they had him and came yelling around him, thirteen in number, and all shooting at close range with guns and six-shooters, but in their wild excitement they failed to give him a wound, only knocking the dirt all over him. Some were firing pistols at not more than ten paces.

Some men, under such circumstances, would have been powerless through fear and would have fallen an easy prey, but not so with Henry Hartman. His winchester was in the scabbard on the horn of his saddle, and by powerful effort he reached it and drew it out. The Indians, seeing the white man was not dead despite the great fusilade and the dust they had raised, but on the contrary seemed very much alive and self-possessed with a dreaded winchester in his hands, they beat a hasty retreat back to the thicket to reload. Twelve were on foot and one was mounted. All of this happened very quickly. Although Hartman had his gun in his hand and the Indians had retreated, he was still pinioned to the ground by his dead horse. He knew that as soon as the Indians reloaded their guns they would fire at him from cover and he would have no chance at them, so he began to try to extricate himself, and after several trials he succeeded.

After getting free from his horse Hartman ran to a sumach thicket and the Indians commenced shooting at him again. Crouching low on the ground, watching, with gun ready to shoot, he waited for further developments on the part of the Indians, and while doing so he saw the negro Johnson crawling in a thicket, and about the same time heard a battle open back at the cattle. Another band had attacked the men holding the beeves.

The place in which Hartman had made his stand did not afford any security, except partly to hide his body from view. None of the bushes would turn a bullet, and they were cutting the twigs all around him, and one finally knocked his hat from his head. He saw the Indian that did this. He had crawl-

ed up behind some bushes and could see Hartman and fired at him with a revolver. As he exposed himself to take another shot Hartman fired at his face but went a little too high, wounding him in the top of the head and knocking a white man's hat off, which he had on. The Indian quickly left his position and crawled away.

During all this time Hartman was watching in front, the direction from which the shots were coming, but the Indians resorted to a trick. They sent one of their number to take him in the rear and shoot him unawares while he was looking for danger in front. This would likely have been successful, but the Indian was like some hunters who, having slipped upon a deer, begin to breathe hard as they are about to shoot. Hartman heard the Indian breathing close behind him as he was raising up over the bushes to shoot. Quickly turning he fired and the Indian did the same, but the Indian's bullet hit the ground almost under the white man while the Comanche got a winchester ball through the heart and fell forward on his face, his pistol falling almost on Hartman.

The other Indians continued to fire and the balls cut close around the lone white man, who was making a cool, brave fight for his life. Hartman now determined to leave his position and go to a dense thicket which he could see, but which was beyond the Indians, and he would have to run the gauntlet to get there. He dared not fire much for he had only six cartridges in the magazine of his winchester at first and two of these had been fired. He had a full box in his saddle pockets, but they were under his dead horse. With him to think was to act, and as soon as he had made up his mind to leave the place he ran out and boldly charged the Indians with gun presented, and they scattered back towards their thicket and let him pass, but fired at him.

It was in this run that he received a wound that made him a cripple for life. The Indians fired after he had passed them and a ball struck him in the bottom of the foot, coming out in front and tearing the instep to pieces. The force of the ball knocked him down and the

Indians, thinking they had him this time, came yelling and shooting around him once more. In this, however, they were again mistaken. Their invincible foe had regained his feet and faced them with leveled winchester and they again scattered back to the thicket. The one on horseback came close and Hartman intended to kill him, but as the Indian quickly threw himself over on the other side of his horse he could not risk a shot at him. By fast hopping he managed to make his way into the dense thicket, where he lay with his gun ready to shoot until the sun went down, but the Indians did not assault his position. This was a live-oak thicket with many big sapplings in it and afforded good protection. His foot bled a great deal and soon after getting to cover he had to cut off his boot on account of the rapid swelling of the foot. He also discovered that he had another wound in the leg but not severe.

By the time night came on Hartman was very thirsty, but could not walk. As the hours passed on his thirst became so intense that he determined to make an effort to reach water. Taking off his leggings he cut one of the legs into strips and wrapped them tightly around the wounded foot, drawing the broken bones together as best he could, hoping that by thus bracing them he would be able to walk. This, however, failed, for as soon as he attempted to bear any weight to step the foot would give way and he would fall. The only chance was to crawl. He knew the Hondo river could not be far away and he determined to make an effort to get there. The battle ground was between the Verde Creek and the Hondo. All night long he crept and crawled, carrying his gun along with him, and he had to make many halts to rest.

When daylight came and he could get his bearings he found that he had crawled only about 400 yards from the starting point, and that in the opposite direction from the water. A shower of rain came during the night, which to some extent relieved his thirst and the fever which had set in. He would lick the water from the bushes as he crawl-

(Continued on page 48.)

A Cougar Fight on the Cow House

Written for Frontier Times by D. B. Smith, Bonham, Texas

Captain Roseborough, who lived north of Moffat in Bell county, sent this scribe with three chummy cow boys over on the Cow House creek, across Leon River near the line of Bell and Coryell counties to get a bunch of horses. We reached the ranch during Christmas week and camped at the ranch house. One of the ranchmen stated that a monster cougar was in the neighborhood, hiding among the cliffs along the coves. We had brought along some hounds, hoping to have a wolf chase, but the prospect of big game caused much excitement.

We planned the details of the lion hunt the night before, dividing the hunters into three groups. This scribe, scribe, with three of the dogs was to explore the nearby cliffs, while the other parties were to flank the mountain, one to the right, the other to the left, taking stands on each side where smaller mountains made narrow passages, cut by rugged canyons. Myself with the dogs waited for two hours till the other parties had fully reached their respective destinations.

As I approached the cliffs, not expecting to find game so soon, out jumped three cougars, one large male and two smaller females. My dogs would not chase them, nor did I urge them, knowing full well that a chase would be death to the dogs.

The lions made a run along the foot of the mountain, making long cat leaps and were soon out of sight. At no time were the beasts in range of my pistol, the other boys having carried the long ranged rifles. After about an hour, as I was leisurely trudging along through a narrow passage close to the mountain, my eyes saw about three hundred yards ahead the biggest cougar I ever viewed. He was coming at slow bounds, seeming not to notice anything to the right or to the left, with his big cat face shining in the morning sun. My pony being wild, I dismounted, called the dogs and grabbed my thirty-eight five-shooter.

The old beast never paid the slightest attention to us, but when he was about

thirty yards off I opened fire with my pistol, shooting it empty, but on he came, raising his head, all bloody, with shining teeth and back all bristled up, he made straight for me. My pony had jerked the lariat from my hand, the dogs, except old Tige, were sneaking away. For once in life I felt my danger from wild beast. There was no time to load my pistol or for anything else but to jump around a large mesquite tree. As I did this I grabbed a large seasoned mesquite limb about four feet long. Just as I dodged behind this tree, feeling as calm as if I was shooting a rabbit, I raised the club to a good swing, and the old lion made a bound, scraping the other side of the tree. I called for Tige and swung my club with all my might, striking the lion between the eyes and knocking him on his back. The dog grabbed him by the throat and over and over they struggled and for several moments I could not get a strike for the dog. Finally, while the beast was on his back with the bull dog gripping his throat, and the lion's claws ripping open the sides of the dog, I gave him a blow, then another until he was senseless. Then the dogs that were following him came to my help, and we soon stretched him out, nearly nine feet from tip to tip.

We found a hole near by and gave the faithful old dog, Tige, a decent burial and took off the hide of the cougar for a trophy.

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Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas—Published in 1884

(Continued from last month.)

CHAPTER XIII.

The "bull pen" was an institution in this State in 1865, and part of 1866—up to the installation of Throckmorton as Governor, in August of this latter year—then they were abolished for a time, but as soon as the Governor was removed on the ground that he was an impediment to reconstruction;—that is, the vigorous execution of the acts of 2nd March, 1867, known as the reconstruction measures, and the military was again in the supreme control of the State—the grass was weeded out of the "bull pens," the fences repaired—the rusty shackles oiled to make the bloody scales drop off—yes, bloody scales—scalded into the very iron by the blood-bruised out of the white limbs of freemen; arbitrary arrests began—lettres de cachet put into the hands of hired spies, malignant in heart and revengeful toward the great mass of the people. The "bull pens" were soon populously inhabited enough so as at least to keep the grass trodden down; but it may be that some will not understand what the "bull pen" was. Most men remember of playing a game called "bull pen" when they were boys—it was joyously indulged in at play-time at old field schools—that and town ball have a familiar sound to every country raised boy; but that "bull pen" was not like this one. Here a space of ground was measured off and securely enclosed with high plank or rock walls. Into these pens men accused, suspected or suspicioned to be guilty of crime, great or small—disloyalty or active opposition to reconstruction were thrown, preparatory to trial before a military commission, composed of men who knew no more of law than they were regardful of the rights of men; this too, when all the machinery of civil government was in full operation. There were judges of the District and Supreme Courts, sheriffs and clerks, court-house and jails. On the inside and outside of these pens were regular sentinels and guards, with loaded rifles ready to shoot down any

citizen who might attempt to escape, or in any way cause them any serious displeasure. It has always been a wonder to all thinking men, why it was or how it was that the general government tolerated these imprisonments and commissions when the courts were in session and equal to the discharge of all duties, which full and fair execution of the law required of them; but it was. Power said so—to submit and suffer a necessity on the part of the victims. In more than one case, in this city, the military commission tried men for their lives, on charges and specifications when good and subsisting indictments had been prepared against them by legal grand juries for identically the same charge and allegation of crime—and not only so, but the men were convicted by the military commissions and actually sent to the penitentiary, and there made to serve out long terms of imprisonment.

Pleas were entered on the military trial and heard by the commissioners of the pendency of the indictments, but as often as interposed and heard, on motion of the Judge Advocate, were uniformly stricken out, and the "organized to convict tribunal" progressed in violation of all law, civil and military, in robbing men of their liberty.

This is fact—stern reality, with no fiction or prejudice in it.

Into such a pen Thompson was thrown, where he found old man McGuire and a number of other citizens. McGuire was a testy old Irishman, who found the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from making open war on the guards, and doubtless he would have done so had he had equal arms, or, indeed, any arms. He had a long tongue, hot head, and bitter heart, but these were all; he had no arms, offensive or defensive. He had already, in the two days he had been there before Thompson was brought in, made enemies of all the soldiers; and, although he was ironed so heavily that he could scarcely drag himself around, the guards had permitted him to be shamefully abused and beaten, because of some indiscreet expressions. Thomp-

son saw how the land lay, and resolved to make friends, if possible, out of the men, and urged McGuire to pursue the same course. McGuire's impetuosity and indiscretions came near, more than once, getting Thompson into the most serious difficulty. Drunken soldiers, deserters, and men who were imprisoned for infractions of discipline, were all "bull-penned." Not unfrequently the drunken soldiers beat McGuire severely by double-teaming on him, and he hand-cuffed and shackled; but he would fight as best he could, biting and using his irons as slung-shots. He hit one soldier with the ball that was fastened to a chain on his ankle, and broke his leg just below the knee. He tried to hit the head, but the ball miscarried and fell on the leg. This ball weighed forty-two pounds. At another time McGuire and Ben were sitting down comparing notes and commiserating one another, when two drunken soldiers were turned in, and they at once pitched into McGuire. Neither one was strong enough to have tied the old man. They were so inhuman, Ben impulsively jabbed his knife in the face of the more brutal of the two; the knife happened to be closed, but the end of the handle entered the left eye, and penetrated fully an inch. The eye-ball was bursted.

For this he was put in double irons and chains, fastened to the ground so he could not move from side to side, nor bring his legs up or hands down; and thus he lay every night, and all through the days when he was not before the commission, for over a month. His irons were very heavy, and ate into his flesh; but he made no complaint, nor asked to be relieved of them. He bandaged or padded the points where the irons rubbed most, and somewhat mitigated the severity of the cruel infliction. Many of the guards became friendly to him, even expressed sympathy, and would have extended favors if they had dared do so; but discovery of leniency would have made them companions in misery with him.

After a time the commission was organized for the trial of McGuire and Thompson, being presided over by Samuel K. Schwenk, and had as judge-advocate T. C. Barden, a lieutenant. Mc-

Guire had his trial first, and was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. Then came Thompson's case.

The trial commenced, continued and ended—the longest trial will have an end some time. This trial lasted over five weeks. It could have been tried in a day in any court of law. It cost the Government more than fifteen thousand dollars. Thompson had no counsel; it was folly for a lawyer to go before such a tribunal. Brow-beaten by the Judge Advocate and snubbed by the members of the commission, who as stated, knew no more about the law than they did of the thirty-first chapter of the Koran. But it ended, and Ben was found guilty and sentenced.

For several weeks and during the first part of the trial Thompson was required to walk from the place of imprisonment to the place of trial, a distance of over one mile. In doing this, he had to gather his chains and balls, and carry them; in all they weighed over one hundred pounds. It was utterly impossible for him to protect his ankles, that the irons would not tear and lacerate the flesh, and time and again the half hose covering his feet were saturated with blood, that oozed from the wounds made by the irons. He was nearly in despair, more nearly so than ever before. Could he have had use of his limbs, he would have made one desperate effort for liberty, but he was more helpless than Prometheus, when bound to the rock, and endured as agonizing pain as when the entrails were torn out by the ravenous and fierce birds of prey.

At dress parade the sentence was read, as was also the special orders that were issued to carry into execution the sickening outrage; the victims and their friends felt relieved that the sentence was not one of death. The detail of men to convey these two men, disabled as they were, by long confinement, loss of vitality, because of poor food, and weakened by inactivity, wounds from shackle, and lacerated nerves, consisted of two hundred and twelve men.

Without permitting either of the two convicts to see wife or children they were hurried off to Huntsville, the place where the penitentiary is situated,

there to undergo the punishment assessed against them.

On the route there was kept up all forms of an army marching through the heart of an enemy's country. There was really no more danger than if they had been marching through any part of New England, but perhaps this was not known, and these double precautions in members and vigilance were taken on the line of safety.

The truth is, the people were too prudent, if any of them had the disposition to attack the soldiers when in the plain discharge of their duty as soldiers. To have molested them under such circumstances with intent to kill, would have been no better than murder. And let what may be said of the people of Texas, there are but few who few who are murderers; they have hot blood and fight quickly and kill, but, it is not through a desire to get gain, or under motives of revenge. They fight, but they give their antagonists a fair show and an open field. It is remarkable how few of the meaner crimes are committed here. Rape, incest, miscegenation, burglary, theft from the person, murder for money; outrage upon women are of infrequent occurrence now, and before the war were unknown.

Thompson was safely conveyed to the penitentiary and there put in solitary confinement until the wounds on his arms and legs were sufficiently healed to enable him to do hard labor, as the sentence required. In the course of a month he was able to walk about without pain, but the leaders in his arms were seriously threatened with contraction; but by careful nursing of them, they at length became natural, and he was put to work. The officers of the prison were kind enough, but to be otherwise would have required the heart of a brute, because the prisoner was obedient and performed his tasks with cheerful alacrity. He laid no blame on the officers, knowing that they were in no manner responsible for his hard fate. He tried to gain the good will of those who had power over him, and he quickly succeeded in doing so. After a month or two he was assigned to the hair department, and he soon became an expert in plaiting, twisting and weaving hair into

any shape, and could fashion the most beautiful articles.

He remained in the penitentiary two years, and until the civil authority was relieved of the "Old man of the Sea," the military, when his sentence fell, and he was relieved from longer incarceration.

CHAPTER XIV.

Being relieved from imprisonment, Thompson returned to his family at Austin and remained with his wife and children and mother, for some months. If injustice and hardship could have broken his spirit, he would have been crushed long before; but, he was made of wrought stuff, that would bend, twist, spring and resist, but break, never.

He again frequented the gambling haunts, and through his skill and persistency, slowly accumulated money enough to leave with his family, while he tried his fortune in the Northwestern States and territories, where Texans yearly drove herds of beef cattle. Truly it was a trust to fortune, for he had little more than enough to pay his way. The Milletts, Mabrys, Goodes and Days, and other cattle kings, favorably knew him, and while they were in reach, there was little danger of his suffering for mere money. So he felt free to venture what little he had with a liberal hand, and if luck was disposed to smile, she might do so, broadly. He was used to up and downs; not only so, but to downs that at times seemed to be bottomless. More than once he had to pawn his pistol, and when necessary was so steel-ribbed as to require him to do that. She had indeed a hard face. Pawn it, however, he did, once, twice, thrice; but at last, however, fortune sprung from the pawn money, as does the Phoenix from its own ashes, after having passed through the fire seven times heated. The "uncle" knew the value Ben put on his pistol, and was not slow to advance him any sum that would cover the value of six such pistols.

For the third time he took the pawn money, and though not hopeful of results, did not permit himself to doubt, or if he had doubt low down in his heart,

he did not let it be seen in his walk, talk or appearance, but approached the gambling table with all the apparent confidence that accompanies every man when he is conscious of the possession of power and strength, when such powers are the talisman of success. He gambled and won; won largely, when compared with the capital he had on hand. He quit with twenty-five hundred and eighty-three dollars.

The saloon business in Abilene, and this was the point at which Thompson was operating, was the paying one, paid largely and almost to a certainty. His desire was to get control of one in some central locality, and by proper management to concentrate the Texas patronage on and at it.

Just at this time Phil Coe, Ben's old army comrade, friend and quasi officer, came to Abilene, and had with him some thousands of dollars. A line of action was at once concluded on between him and Ben. Coe was a man who would attract attention in any country; over six feet four inches high, splendid presence, frank face, handsome as a prince, brave as a lion, generous to a fault, faithful as a woman, positive and decisive in action, forgetting a friend never, and yet could forgive a foe. They at once combined their resources and became proprietors of the Bull's Head saloon, jointly. They addressed all their energies to the establishment of the character of their place of business. They were successful and had a great run of custom. So much so that a gold mine could not have been more profitable.

It is necessary to take a bird's-eye view of the then situation at Abilene, as to its people, officers and condition of business. It was prosperous beyond conception. It grew as did the palace of Aladdin, the son of Mistapha, but in the growing the strangest and most incongruous material was uppermost. Wild Bill, a noted character, was the marshal of the city. About him, around him, with him were associated and congregated the worst set of men that ever lived. He and the city authorities were in colleague, and in all things acted together—whether in the murder of a man for money or picking the pocket

of a sick stranger. "The sure thing men," "Three-card-monte boys," "Top and bottom scoundrels," "Red and black devils," "Dollar store thieves," "Confidence gentlemen," "Pocketbook grabbers," and "Ropers-in" were the intimate friends, and shared their plunder with Wild Bill, he doing his part by protecting them from the fangs of the law. Wild Bill was the middle-man, connecting below with the demons already named, and above with those who sat on the bench and dispensed justice to, or rather diverted justice from, those who came before them—for a consideration—Wild Bill getting his part and liberally dividing it with the lower pals. Though the man is now dead, and nought should be said of the dead that is not good, still the man and his compeer associates in crime were a curse to the world in which they lived, and death came none too soon to him or them.

Such was the situation in Abilene when Ben and Phil went into business. They succeeded; that is, they made money rapidly, unprecedentedly so for them; but there was a drawback, and a deadly one it proved.

Wild Bill and his gang were unrestrained in their impositions. Ben Thompson cared little for the world at large, nor did Phil Coe, but they did deem it their duty to protect Texans, as far as they could, from the well nigh highway robbery that was practiced on them by the associated Abilene authorities. More than once; yes, more than a dozen times, Ben or Phil intervened to prevent barefaced robbery. The first time Wild Bill looked astonished; the second he gritted his teeth and cursed; the third time he swore he would put out of the way those who dared thus to interpose to prevent him from doing his duty.

Such was the situation when Ben, having telegraphed to his wife to come to him, being prosperous and seeing fortune ahead, he wanted his wife and children with him. She responded that she would take the cars at a day; that day would bring her to Kansas City, Mo., at a certain other day. She came; he went to meet and did meet her. In the evening they took a buggy ride, he, she and little Ben, the boy. They drove, they talked, they spoke of the past, looked to

the future, were happy. Two more loving people do not live. "Oh, oh, the buggy is over!" cried the wife, and so it was. An unlooked for hole had overturned the vehicle. None rise; Ben has his leg broken—the one broken at San Antonio; the wife's arm hangs shattered and useless at her side; Benny's foot crushed. What a change; sunshine to darkness, happiness to misery, joy to sorrow, heaven to hell. They were picked up by passing strangers and carried to the Lindell Hotel at Kansas City, and there they lay for more than three months, in all the agonies that limbs broken in irregular shape can bring. His leg got well, the foot of little Benny gathered itself together and healed, but the arm of the poor wife had to be amputated. This needful amputation of the arm of his wife gave Ben more pain than all the other scenes of life. He stood by her while she, under the influence of chloroform, submitted for the arm to be taken from the body. She is a beautiful woman, supremely lovely when young, and now retaining it all in matronly form, and being thus dismembered, tore Ben down deeper into the heart than men or women can ever tell, unless they have had kindred misfortunes to endure.

When the wife and son had sufficiently convalesced to travel, Ben started with them to Texas, having telegraphed to and received from Phil Coe three thousand dollars, thinking it best to take his loved and unfortunate ones to a quiet retreat, where they could be tended by the gentle touch of his old mother, who waited with open arms and anxious heart to receive them.

On the way down, he was traveling by easy stages in order not to exhaust or call too heavily on the strength of his invalid wife and son, he was overtaken by Bud Cotton, who had in charge the body of Phil Coe, taking it to Texas for burial. Ben knew nothing of the death of Coe until he saw the casket that contained the loved remains. It is useless to undertake to describe or even give faint outline of the anguish of Thompson when he fully realized that he indeed stood by the side of the dead body of Phil Coe, the brave, the true, and faithful friend. With bowed head

and throbbing heart he rested his head on the coffin, and in memory passed again through the thousand scenes of devoted friendship that linked the living to the dead. The man wept as he never wept and will never weep again until some dearer friend is devoted to death, untimely and relentlessly, and that will never be.

"Bud, were you present when Phil was killed?" queried Ben, after the uncontrollable emotion of grief had for the moment exhausted itself, and he had recovered sufficiently to speak.

"Yes, Ben, I was quite near him and saw the cowardly murder. It was wholly unexpected, no one thinking that such a dastardly act could be perpetrated, or else we would have prevented it. Oh, Ben, it was a cowardly act, a miserably cowardly act. Wild Bill was the assassin."

"Tell me about it—all about it, just as it occurred. Let me have the very truth. My heart is burning. I want to know all the facts. Tell them to me fairly, honestly. If he were to blame, tell me; if not, tell me."

"Ben, I will tell you exactly how it was—how it all happened. You remember Jesse Hazel, that beautiful woman, fascinating and distracting, who was above all the boys when you were up there. Her feathers were cut in some way, and she flew lower and lighted in the ring, where she could be seen and spoken to. About her there was a rivalry between Phil Coe and Wild Bill. In such a contest there could be but one result. Wild Bill, with all his outside influence, had to go to the wall. To the wall he was forced, but not gracefully. His anger was at red heat; but he knew Coe, and knowing him, dissembled. It was a treacherous thing. One night Coe and Jesse were drinking wine in the parlor at the Gulf Hotel. You remember how womanly she was. She remained so to all appearance, notwithstanding her lost estate. Wild Bill came in and roughly kicked at her. He struck her under the chin and knocked her senseless. Phil did not have time to move until it was all over; it was done so quickly. But he did move, in a decided way. He kicked Wild Bill out of the room and down the stair-way, bruising

him up very badly, and would have killed him had not Jesse's situation called for aid. He turned his attention to her and succeeded in recovering her to her senses. Her acrighted outcries were terrible; but she was quieted at last, under the effects of narcotics, put to sleep. Phil was furious. You can imagine how he was. His keen sense of honor had been not only wantonly but insultingly outraged. He at once armed himself and sought Wild Bill; but he was not to be found. The truth was, he had drank too much for a wonder; you know, he could hold a demijohn full, and had gone to one of his retreats, and was there dead asleep in drunken stupor.

"It would not have been well for Wild Bill, or any of his known men, had Phil crossed them that evening. He was in his worst humor—when life was but a plaything, of no value; you have seen him at such times. Phil and Wild Bill did not meet; would to God they had, it's a pity, but what they had. Next morning Wild Bill sent a friend to Phil, to learn whether he could speak to him; that he wanted to apologize for what had occurred, professing the most humble contrition for his rude conduct. Phil agreed to see him; they met. Wild Bill said: 'Phil Coe, I am your friend, have been so, and desire to remain so. It is true you beat me, but that ought not to disrupt a genuine friendship. I was in drink last night, and did an unmanly thing but I assure you it was altogether unintentional. I did not mean to strike Jesse—far from it. I would not harm a hair on her head. I thought she would dodge when I kicked, but she held her head still and received the blow, when I had not the remotest idea of striking her. I beg your pardon, and on my knees would beg hers if she would permit me to do so; but this I know she will not do. So, through you, I send to her my deepest regret and apology for what I did, and I do hope she will receive what I say in the spirit in which I said it. I will molest her no further; but if it be in my power, will protect her against all and every one who may dare to insult or aggress upon her.' Phil replied: 'Wild Bill, if I could have met you last night I would have killed you.

Your act was, as I saw and understood it, so unmanly and causeless that I could, without any compunction of conscience, have cut your heart out and looked at it quivering before me, and laughed as I saw; but your apology is so ample and your regret so sincere, that I find myself forgiving you, and I am now willing to shake hands and be friends. I know if Jesse were to hear you speak, as you have but now spoken to me, her gentle heart would melt at your earnest, penitent words, and her very wounds would, with their aching tongues, in audible voice, forgive the wrong you did to her.' The two men clasped hands, and on the part of Phil it was an honest grasp, in which the heart joined; but Wild Bill looked aside, and in an undertone said: 'Yes, all right, but you shall die; no man lives after he receives a confession of fault from me.' Then they parted; no further word spoken—Phil to his business, Wild Bill to contrive a successful murder."

Matters drifted for days. The cattle season was drawing to a close. Texans had made a large drive, made prompt sales, and received good profits. To a fault, and greatly to self injury, the Texan cattle boys are generous with their money. Sharpers and designing men can rob them through the confidence they have in all men, and yet more completely if their minds become confused with whiskey. Unfortunately, strong drink reaches them when they would be impervious to every other mode of attack. Bud continued:

"Who commenced the frolic no one knows, but it was commenced, and a high, jolly time the boys had. They were having a farewell spree. You know what that is. They would catch the one most poorly dressed, and absolutely tear all his clothes off, down to the least that could serve to hide his nakedness; his hat they would stamp under foot; his boots, taken off, would be cut into kite-strings—and when thus naked in the world he would find himself, the boys would carry him on their shoulders into some clothing establishment, and there outfit him, finer and more completely than he was ever before in all his life. It was indeed a rare day and time for

the clothing merchants. They meant no harm, did no harm, intended no harm. The good people so regarded the matter. At length Wild Bill came along, and the boys gathered him, although he was city marshal, and stripped him from head to foot as named as an Indian. He bore it all in good part. They then on their shoulders took him as they had done other companions and friends, to the clothing store, and gave him the finest suit of clothes that could be purchased. So far, all well. The boys were preparing to leave next morning, now near at hand, and Phil was going with them. This frolic had taken place to the east of the main street a hundred yards or so. The boys went up-town, leaving Wild Bill at the clothing store. Phil and friends went westward to the corner, when a savage dog tried to bite him. He pulled out his pistol and shot him, and then turned up the street northward and stopped in front of a saloon and leaned against a post. Wild Bill had heard the shot, and passed from the clothing store into an alley that ran alongside, and up the alley until he got in the rear of the saloon in front of which Phil was standing. He then passed into the rear of the saloon, and through it to the front. Arriving at the front he stopped and said, 'Phil Coe, you ought not to have shot your pistol off,' and this he said in a laughing and kindly way. At this moment something further up the street occurred, and one of the boys said, 'Look yonder, Phil.' Coe looked, and as he did so Wild Bill pulled two derringer pistols from his pocket and emptied them both without a word, sign or warning, into the heart of Coe, and at once jumped behind the door. Coe was mortally wounded, but he did not fall. Instead of falling, he pulled out his pistol and shot three times at the assassin. But his nerves were too unsteady. The bullets only hit in the door facing and glanced. While Phil was shooting one of Wild Bill's tools came running up and tried to enter the house to aid him, but he was mistaken, for Phil Coe and Wild Bill shot him fully in the head twice, and he fell back a corpse. About this time Phil fell. Wild Bill ran. In a few hours poor Phil died, and here I have his body to bury

in the soil he loved so well. It was necessary for me to see the mayor before I could remove the body. On my application to remove, he wrote on the back of it: 'The law has been well executed on Phil Coe. I have read what the faithful Wild Bill says about the killing. His body may be removed.' "

"This," said Bud Cotton, "is the way, and why, and manner of the killing of Phil Coe."

Thompson did not say a word, but the great, hot tears came eating their way down his pale cheeks. Sadly he bade Bud good-bye, and taking the hand of his wife, they departed for the land of flowers, leaving Bud to mournfully follow with the remains of the dead friend.

CHAPTER XV.

The confinement at Lindell Hotel, Kansas City, Missouri, the long and painful illness because of wounds, the travel from home, together with the shock of Coe's death caused Thompson to become what appeared to be a confirmed invalid; and had it not been for the unremitting attention of his wife and mother he would probably have died. He loved Coe as few men ever loved another, and his shocking death stirred Ben to the depths of his soul.

Time passed, however, and the sunshine of life began to creep in and light up the dark cell in which the hopes of the future of Thompson had taken refuge and imprisoned themselves. He had heard indefinitely from Kansas, and learned this his prosperous business had died with Coe, and in that quarter he had nothing to hope for, so far as money was concerned. He knew nothing definite, had received no particulars, but he knew enough to satisfy himself that Wild Bill and his associates had, in one way and another, absorbed the whole of what Coe had left.

He continued at home for nearly a year before he felt able to go out into the wild life he well knew awaited him. Though weak for many months, the ruddy hue of health began to again appear on his cheeks, the eyes danced once more, and the firm well set itself in lines about

the mouth. Times were dull at home, Kansas still offered the same inviting theatre it had a year before, and to it was added Colorado, with its mines, mountains, and newly-opened fields. He concluded to venture another time. To conclude was with him to act. He bid his wife and children good-bye, and alone, with a light purse, turned his face to Ellsworth, which had now in great measure supplanted Abilene as a cattle centre. The same condition of things existed there that had existed at the former place—that is, the swindlers had the run of the country, corruption pervaded every avenue of life; to make money, or to have it, was honor and respectability; to fail, or to lose, or to be without, was simple disgrace. Although Wild Bill was not there, he had a fit representative, and the associates of that representative were well suited in mind, skill and heart to have been his close companions. Wild Bill was not there. Only a few months after he so coldly and deliberately murdered Phil Coe, and being excused by the officers of the law on his simple report, he went to the Black Hills, and while there was playing euchre for whiskey with some of his pals, when a ragged, tramp-looking sort of a fellow walked into the back room, where the game was going on, and, after standing around a few minutes, took his place in the rear of Wild Bill's chair, with great unconcern, so far as was observed. Within a moment thereafter he sent an ounce ball crashing through the skull and brains of the bad man. The skull was lifted from its place and partly turned around, and the brains were thrown against the wall and hung there in fragments, discolored with blood. The assassin did not attempt to escape. The old Bible says an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and on this principle he acted. He stated to the horror-stricken spectators that Wild Bill had murdered his brother, that there was no law to reach and punish him, and he would rather die than that the murder should go unavenged.

He was arrested; a miners' court organized, and he put on trial. His only plea was: "He murdered my brother and lived." The evidence was all taken,

and the prisoner called on his defence. He said; "He murdered my brother and lived. I killed him. Were it to do over I would kill him again, though I know you would hang me until I was dead. Hang me if the law of your hearts say so, but remember and do to me as you would have me do to you were our places changed. You who would not kill the murderer of a brother whom you loved, speak first and say, 'Let the penalty be death.' Forget not the Saviour when he wrote in the sand, nor David when Nathan said to him: 'Thou art the man.'" The court was not long in deciding. He was turned loose, and his liberation accompanied with the friendly advice that it would be best for him to leave that part of the country, as Wild Bill had many friends, and that they would probably demand blood for blood. He left and went to Yankton, and there, forgetful of prudence, his vanity prompted him to boast that he was the slayer of Wild Bill. His gratified vanity was short lived; the officers of the law being advised of the facts, he was arrested, thrown in jail, indicted, and in due time put on trial in the United States court, charged with the crime of murder. His own incautious declarations, statements and confessions were introduced in evidence against him. They were sufficient, fully so, to authorize and justify his conviction. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and hung in vindication of the violated law.

After looking about Ellsworth for a few days Ben went to Abilene to see whether or not he could scrape together any of the remains of what had been left by Phil Coe. Useless trip. Wild Bill and his men had trumped up false accounts, charges and perjurious liabilities, and swept the property away as clean as if it had never been there. The robbery was perfect. What he and Coe had earned by hard work and many sleepless nights, and a thousand dangers, had been swallowed up by a parcel of thieves, on the same principle that they would pick a man's pocket or grab his money purse.

Ben returned to Ellsworth, where he found his brother Billy; he had come up with some of the cattle men, and was aiding them in the delivery of stock

when sales were made, and when not on duty was engaged in gambling, as was his habit. Ben was able to collect together money enough by pawning jewelry, borrowing from friends who were full handed, to establish gambling rooms. He had but just commenced work regularly when another misfortune overtook him, and all his high hopes overthrown. One day while Neill Cain was dealing monte, Cad Pierce was betting. Cad had considerable money and wanted to bet for larger stakes than Neill Cain was willing to take. Cad called to Ben and said: "Send me a man who will take my over bets on Neill's game."

Ben knew all the gamblers in the house and how they bet, whether largely or cautiously. He saw Bill Martin, who had plenty of money, and cared but little how he bet, "being lucky." He usually won whether the bet was apparently a good one or not. He called him and said, simply: "Cad wants to bet more than Neill is willing to pull for. If you want the 'extra' you can take it." Martin replied: "Ben, I'll take him for all Neill don't want, but say, Ben, if I win, consider yourself one half in."

The game continued. Martin was a little in liquor, not, however, enough to confuse the play. He was a rounder-good fellow in his way—friend to Texans when they had no enemies, but ever ready to join the natives, when difficulties arose. He continued to drink while playing, until he lost control of his better senses. Singular and erratic, he would quit playing suddenly without giving a reason or answering a question. After he had won something over one thousand dollars of Pierce's money, he put it in his pocket and started off. Ben was cognizant of the winning, and said to Martin: "Hello, Bill, ain't you going to divide the velvet?" Martin replied "no; I am not going to divide, damn you," and then continued, "you don't claim any of my winnings, or if you do, you'll get none." This he said abruptly and in the most insulting manner. Ben said: "I did not care anything about the matter, but since you act as you do, I do claim an interest." "Well, you can claim on, that will be all, for of this money you get none," Martin replied, and without warning, struck Ben in the

face. That was enough. Ben drew his pistol and would have shot, but was prevented by a policeman named Happy Jack, from doing so. He said to Jack, "take that man off, and don't let him return here while he is drinking, or I shall do him harm—he can keep the money, although the rules of gambling and the habits of men who pretend to be honest gamblers, the winnings should be divided." Happy Jack took hold of Martin, and said: "I will see to it, that he does not return here," and carried him off. Ben returned to the tables and gave his attention here and there as was needed. In a few moments Martin returned and had with him some armed companions, he himself having a double barrel shot-gun." When he got to the door, or near it, he cried out loudly: "Come out here you Texas fighting — —," and the parties flourished their weapons in the most threatening manner.

Thompson ran into a back-room—got a sixteen shooting Henry rifle, and Billy armed himself with a breech-loading shot-gun. They came to the door—and just as they did so, by some chance, Billy's gun fired and came near lodging the whole load in Seth Mabry, who was standing near—but did no actual damage, he, Billy, was drinking and did not handle his piece carefully. The firing of the gun, however, served a very good purpose, for the assailants believed they were being fired on him from inside the house, and sought safety in flight. Ben and Billy passed out into the street, which was an exceedingly broad one, wherein stood a fire engine; reaching that in safety, they could fire in any direction and still be largely protected unless they should be surrounded. Ben's gun being one of long range—shooting accurately at the distance of three hundred yards—while the assailants had shot-guns, and could not reach him unless they could get opposite to him. To get in such position was the difficulty. He was quite safe for the time. The citizens though had been aroused. There was great excitement—the people running to arm, and the Texans doing likewise. Ben stood his ground, and defied the citizens and the police; loud threats were made, and

the air filled with curses. The issue, and a deadly one, between the townspeople and the Texans, seemed to be clearly and firmly joined—none of the Texans, however, came out to where Ben was, but remained fortified in the hotel, except a few who did not take part on either side. Ed Hogue and Happy Jack, two of the policemen, took the most active part in inflaming the popular feeling. They sought to get in range; Hogue got nearly in range and poked his head out of a window—he had crept from building to building, until he thought he had gained his point; when he poked his head out Ben leveled on him, but the head was quickly withdrawn, he then tried to shoot through the wooden wall, as he did when he shot Mathews, in Austin, Texas, but he hit too near the opening, the wood split out, and the ball deflected, but it well nigh frightened the life out of the shootee—he let all holts go, and fled, running into and across the river. He did not again appear until after Ben had, to all intents and purposes, surrendered to the Sheriff.

Happy Jack also took advantage of a house, and came within range, when Ben fired at him, but did not hit him. He fled precipitately, and so recklessly that he seriously hurt himself; nor did he reappear until all danger seemed over. This was the poorest shooting Ben ever did.

The firing brought the sheriff, Mr. Whitney, to the scene. He was a friend of Thompson, and was keenly anxious that no serious trouble should ensue, and particularly that no one should be killed. He went to the engine where Ben and Billy were, and held a conversation with them. Taking the recital of the unfortunate tragedy that followed from Thompson's own lips, it may be relied on as strictly true, notwithstanding the exaggerated and false accounts given of the affair by the press of Ellsworth at the time.

Thompson says:

"The hostility towards me, on the part of the police at Ellsworth arose from my repeated interference to prevent them from robbing Texans. I have seen those men arrest a stranger (who incautiously exposed money) on grounds

as false as a moonless night is dark, and searching him, pretendedly for arms, seize his money, and, when complained of, be sworn out by their friends committing the boldest perjury. When this game was sought to be played on some of the cowboys I vetoed it, and they did not press on or over it; but it gained for me a burning and malignant hatred from them that nothing could appease but my life which would have been taken at almost any time could they have caught me off my guard. I did not want Billy to go out to the engine with me. I felt assured, from the magnitude of the demonstration, that I would be killed, and I did not want him involved with me. Besides, he was drinking too much, and I did not see that he could materially aid me. I felt certain that I could kill enough of the assailants to make a bloody compensation for my life long before they could murder me. The man Hogue, a sort of Deputy Sheriff, and Happy Jack, policeman, were my most inveterate enemies; I had interfered with them more than any others. Their activity in arousing public feeling against me was constant. This I had known for some time, and I deliberately concluded to be certain to kill them if any rush was made on me. I got a shot at each of them, and why I missed them I have never known; there must have been something the matter with the gun. If I had not acted as promptly as I did in firing at them, they would have a lodgment from which they could have shot me to death, in time, if I had not turned my back and sneaked away—a thing I have never done, and never expect to do. I may be killed; but, if so, whether by knife, gun, or pistol, the mortal wound shall enter me in front.

"After firing at these men, as has been stated, the eagerness that had been manifested by many to take part in the rencontre greatly abated. When Hogue and Happy Jack fled, the mob had no head or leaders, and a coolness and hesitancy showed themselves. It was at this time that Sheriff Whitney came out to where I was. He was my friend and I esteemed him highly. He was an excellent officer, impartial, energetic, merciful and brave. He asked what was the cause of the disturbance. I told

him how the matter occurred, and stated to him my belief that it was the intention of Hogue and Happy Jack to murder me. He asked me to surrender my arms to him, and that he would disarm them. This I declined to do until they were first disarmed, saying, 'I know they are treacherous and malignant.' To this he agreed, and I gave my promise not to be aggressor on them.

"We started to the Grand Central Hotel, he and Billy walking in advance, I in the rear. I kept a vigilant watch in every direction, believing, as I did, that either of the two men I have named would not hesitate to assassinate me, although in the hands, or rather in the charge of the Sheriff. Glancing behind me when near the hotel, I saw Happy Jack, about sixty yards away, come around the corner of a store, gun in hand, and in the attitude of presenting it at me, though for him to have would have as likely hit the Sheriff and Billy as me. I right-about faced instantly, and drew my gun down on him and fired; but he dodged behind the corner from which he had come, too quick for me. This conduct on his part enraged me, and I concluded to have it out with him then and there, and for that reason started in a rapid walk toward him. This shooting drew the attention of the Sheriff and Billy, the latter of whom stopped, while the other started toward me. Just then Happy Jack stepped from behind the corner again in an excited manner, holding his gun in both hands. I heard the report of a gun behind me, and, turning, found that Sheriff Whitney had been shot. I ran to him, all thought of Happy Jack leaping out of my mind. I also saw Billy lowering his gun; I exclaimed, 'My God, Billy, what have you done; you have shot our best friend.' He came running up, and said, 'Christ, what a misfortune! I tried to shoot Happy Jack, I stumbled and shot Whitney.'

"It flashed through me instantly that this accident would intensify the excitement to such an extent that there would be but little chance to control it; accident it was, and as undesignated a killing as ever took place. Mr. Whitney died with no malice in his heart toward Billy, firmly believing that neither Billy

nor myself, would intentionally have harmed a hair on his head, for any consideration in the world. The moment was full of danger. The storm was at hand now; accident, this it was; but a hated Texan was the author. Sheriff Whitney was greatly beloved by the better class of people, and the rabble had already been worked up to fever heat; he was evidently mortally wounded. He called his wife. The spectacle was pitiable indeed; but the living claimed attention. I knew the mob would be present in a moment. I urged Billy to fly. The misfortune seemed to have confused him worse, instead of shocking him into a sober state of mind; Captain Millett, then of Seguin, furnished a fleet horse, and some money; I gave him one of my pistols and more money, mounted him, and ordered him to ride for his life. He was not sensible of the imminent danger, foolishly rode about shooting his pistol off in the air. I was well nigh crazed myself, but about him. My appeals at last prevailed, and he left. I had made up my mind that if the mob should get hold of him to shoot him down—him, my own brother—and then to empty my gun and pistol in the mob ranks as completely as I could, up to the moment they killed me, for of my death there was no doubt, under such circumstances.

"But he left, and thus saved me from that complication. I stood my ground. I had done nothing to put me in flight. Several Texans were around; I was standing by a post, at which horses were usually hitched. Here came Ed Hogue and two others, supported by some citizens at a distance, all armed with muskets, pistols and guns ready for action. They came right up, but strange as it may seem, yet it is faithfully true, they did not see me. Their attention was directed to the squad of Texans, who had been standing a little way from me, who ran to arm themselves when they saw Hogue coming. They came up and Hogue in a loud voice asked:

" 'Where are those murderers, the Thompsons?' Their guns were ready for instant use. I saw my chance and improved it. I was in less than ten feet of the policemen. I presented my gun at them and said: 'The man who moves

I shall kill.' They stopped as if petrified. I now said: 'Lay your arms down, don't hesitate.' They laid them down. I said: 'Step away from there, and I will talk to you.' They obeyed. I then said: 'What is it you want, Billy is gone. He it was who accidentally shot Sheriff Whitney. Why do you apply the term murderer to me?' Hogue replied that he was ordered to arrest me as being concerned in the killing. 'That you cannot do.' I said: 'I will talk about surrendering to another officer, but you cannot arrest me, nor be concerned in doing so, and you should have known better than to make the effort.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will go up and send some one else down.' 'No,' I replied, 'you stand right where you are, there will be officers enough here, directly. Where is that scoundrel, Happy Jack, I suppose he is sneaking around some corner to get a sly shot at me?' 'I don't know where he is, a moment ago I saw him going toward the mayor's office,' replied he. 'Very well, let him keep out of my sight, for he is the sole cause of all this trouble, except the contemptible part you have played in it. And were I to do you, as you and Jack have sought to do me, I would shoot you where you stand. The poor fellow was white as a sheet, trembled like a coward, as he was, and would have stood there as long as I might have desired. His two companions were frightened about as badly as he was.

"While standing with my gun on these men, a rather laughable incident occurred. A few days before I had borrowed two dollars from a young man by the name of McKinney to make change, and afterwards put the money to repay the loan in my vest pocket, but did not happen to meet him. While standing there as stated, he, in the excitement, came out of the hotel, and in doing so my eye fell on him, and I immediately thought of the money I owed to him. I then held the gun in one hand, took the money out with the other, and called to him to come and get it. He hesitated, did not like to come, but I called positively. He came in a trot, got his money, and away he went; and I have never seen him since. I thought of this matter afterwards, and laughed heartily

over the cool impudence of the act.

"While thus standing, life hanging on a thread, because no one could tell when the disarmed policeman would be reinforced. The mayor, Mr. Miller, appeared. He is a man of great decision of character, and brave, too. He had been given an exaggerated account of the circumstances, and was disposed to go right over me, but the Henry rifle soon brought him to his senses, and he stood along by the side of Hogue and others. I then said to him: 'Mr. Mayor, I respect you, and am inclined to surrender to you, but before doing so, must have your word of honor that no mob shall in any way interfere with me and besides Happy Jack and Hogue must be disarmed, or rather the first must be disarmed, and the other not permitted to resume his,' and I said further: 'I had nothing to do with the unfortunate killing of Sheriff Whitney; his death came through an accident—a lamentable one. He was one of my best friends; but I know people do not reason under excitement, and particularly so when malignity moves them to action. Here is Mr. Larkin, the proprietor of the hotel. He will vouch for me. If you will go and disarm Happy Jack, and declare to me that Hogue shall not again be armed, until the law has dealt with me, I will surrender.' He at once agreed to this proposition, and Larkin satisfying the mayor that I would stand, and at an agreed moment surrender, they went off together to disarm Happy Jack. Hogue and his two cubs in the meantime being in a sort of 'pound' which I surrounded with my Henry rifle. In a short time, shorter than it would take to tell the facts and circumstances, the mayor and Mr. Larkin returned with Happy Jack unarmed. The mayor was an honorable man, at least I believed it. When he gave the assurances I required I willingly surrendered, knowing that the law could not and would not touch me, so far as the death of Sheriff Whitney was concerned.

"After surrendering, I went with the mayor to his office, and it being too late to have an examining trial, I proposed to give bond for my appearance when wanted. The mayor hesitated, but at

last concluded to take bond, if resident citizens would go on it—this was an impracticable condition without considerable figuring around; my Texas friends came promptly to the front, and offered to deposit, in money, the amount of the bond—ten thousand dollars; but no, that would no do, there must be bondsmen; but we were equal to the occasion. Seth Mabry and Captain Millett deposited the amount to the credit of responsible citizens, procured their signatures, and I was released; but not before an altercation occurred. When I was taken to the court, a lawyer, who appeared as county attorney for the State, said: 'Why there is nothing against this man, he should be turned loose—it is false imprisonment to hold him under restraint.' At this point my friend Hogue appeared and said: 'You red headed son of a sea cow, what have you to do with this case, you are the misdemeanor attorney,' and with that he kicked my friend down stairs, and he did so vigorously. Oh, how I did long to be loose, to throttle Hogue. My friend took his kicking meekly, and went his way—a sorry and humiliated way, I imagine.

"This circumstance reminded me of an anecdote of Colonel J. K. McClung, the celebrated duelist of Mississippi. On one occasion he deemed himself insulted by a man in a bar-room and straightway kicked him out of the room; the man uttered no word, but went off. Several days elapsed when the colonel was passing another saloon, and saw a man come sprawling out on the pavement. He stopped and looked in and saw that the man whom he had kicked, was the kicker in this instance. He said to him, 'look here, how is this, I kicked you out of a saloon the other day, and you did not and have not resented it, and now I find you kicking another man out into the street; how is this.' 'Oh colonel,' replied the man, 'You and I know who to kick.' The bonds were arranged and I was discharged. From there, I went to the theatre, and while sitting there absorbed in the play, which was 'She Stoops to Conquer,' a friend tapped me on the shoulder, and said: 'Billy is in the city.' If a streak of lightning on a clear day

had struck me I should not have been more surprised. I sat still for a few moments to not attract attention by a sudden leaving, and then departed. I have forgotten to state, that as soon as Billy left, and even before I was arrested, a great many officers, regular and special, had left in squads, in pursuit of him, and they were scouring the country in every direction. I knew where Billy would very likely go to when he returned to the city, and I took a round-about way, and went there. He was in a small up-stairs room, and quite sober. His jaunt had shaken off the effects of the whiskey. 'What in the name of God, Billy, are you doing here, you ought to be at least thirty or forty miles away.' 'No, I ought not,' he replied, 'because you see the country for a long distance is full of officers, the authorities have certainly telegraphed in all directions, and for me to try to pass from this locality now, would end in my arrest.' I studied out what they would do, and come to the conclusion to come back to the city, and here I am.' 'But, what are you going to do,' I asked him. 'I am going to disguise myself as well as I can, and go out to the herds, before daylight, and drive stock in, as I have done for a few days, and then leave with the first bunch that is driven away.' 'I don't like your plans, but suppose it is the best that can now be done, if we can make your disguise complete.' I then studied out a plan of disguise. His hair was very long, hanging down on his shoulders. I first cut that as best I could by shingling it, then made him strip, and colored him to the hue of a Mexican, from head to foot, even between the toes, and then, with yellow paint stained his milk white teeth to the color that is given by tobacco juice; changed his shoes for boots, not new ones, then replaced his Mexican hat with a cap, and his black clothes with second-hand army blue blouse and brownish pants, and he was ready for the road. His most intimate friend would not have known him—should not have known him myself, had I met him accidentally. I instructed him to speak nothing but Spanish, which he could do fluently. I did not want any of the boys to know him, indeed, no one, ex-

a writ, and some unnecessary excitement has ensued. Billy Thompson is said to be a gambling desperado, who has many friends and intimates in Texas and Kansas. He has a great objection to going back to Kansas, because there are pending against him several indictments, among them one for the murdering of Sheriff Whitney, of Ellsworth County. Sheriff Moon detailed a force of deputies, in addition to the regular jail guards, and also detachments of the city police and Lamar Rifles, to be prepared to frustrate any attempt to rescue that might be made by his friends, a host of whom are known to have concentrated here. Captain Sparks telegraphed our State authorities at Austin for instructions to Sheriff Moon to provide him a sufficient force to see him safely through the Indian Territory."

The expedition continued, and the prisoner safely delivered to the Kansas authorities, where a faithful execution of the law was promised, free from the influence of the mob.

Ben was present, employed the lawyers, and bore all the other expenses. The outlay was very considerable and consumed about all he had, and he had to commence life afresh yet once again.

CHAPTER XVI.

After the release of Thompson from the charge of complicity in the killing of Sheriff Whitney, he remained in Ellsworth for something like a week, and feeling that the excitement rendered it unsafe to do business there, or at least to remain there, would subject him to constant danger of coming in collision with the police or the citizens, he concluded to leave and go down to Kansas City. He tried to persuade Cad Pierce to go with him, representing that it was unsafe to remain, particularly when the great body of the Texans had already left. The number of murders and the amount of crime of various grades committed at Ellsworth and Abilene within twelve months inclusive of the time when Whitney was killed, has been unequaled in the history of any State or territory in the union. In the earlier days in Texas, and indeed all along the frontier line in all the new States, law-

lessness has to an extent run riot; in the Indian country, in Georgia and Alabama, all through Arkansas, on the Missouri border, in fact everywhere, that criminals flee to avoid the law, crime has held high carnival at one time and another, but surely there has not been a bloodier reign than held sway in the new railroad towns in Kansas. Human life was accounted as of as little value as that of a Texas bullock. The denizens of these towns became so accustomed to the shedding of human blood, that a dead man, who had been violently slain, would occasion no more than a passing remark. Every man carried his life in his hands, and it was incumbent on him to protect it; whether kept or lost depended on himself: his vigilance and quickness. The hands of every native and their familiars were raised against the Texans. It may not be truthfully denied that "cow-boys," as a general thing, were hard and dangerous customers, and besides that, they usually went in gangs, and would fight for one another; but this was no less true of the other side. One who strayed off with money in his pockets was apt to be robbed. All the arts that bad men could resort to were brought into requisition and practically worked, to hood-wink, mislead, create confidence, or throw off guard, in order that a robbery might be quickly and expertly performed.

Thompson was one of the boldest of the boldest of the Texans—known to be brave and dangerous. He was known throughout the country. Repeatedly he risked his own life to prevent the robbery of Texans. No difference whether known, personally or not; if he came from Texas, he had a friend in Thompson. His reckless disregard of his own life, and his positive and unyielding interference, saved the money of many men, and sometimes their lives, but obtained for himself the bitter and unrelenting animosity of Wild Bill and all his co-workers—and they infested the line of the railroad and all the cities along the road for more than one hundred and fifty miles. They were in every guise—passengers on the road, hands at the depots, workmen on the sections, employees in the machine shops, policemen in the cities, constables, marshals, police

cept Maj. Mabry or Captain Millett. Thus disguised, he drove cattle in and out of Ellsworth for several weeks, without being recognized, and in due time went off in perfect safety.

"The next morning I appeared in accordance with the conditions of my bond, but for some reason no witnesses appeared against me, and the prosecution was dismissed. Hogue's, 'red-headed son of a sea cow,' volunteered to defend me, but there was no necessity for his services. I employed another lawyer, however, and when asked how much his fee would be, he said, five hundred dollars. At this I hooted, and said I could defend myself if necessary, and should give no such sum. But he was in dead earnest; if it had been a final trial, I should willingly have paid a large amount, but for a simple examining trial, the charge was outrageous; but he insisted that it was necessary for him to have that much, for said he, 'I will have to give the judge two hundred dollars, the State's attorney one hundred, and pay my witnesses one hundred, which will only leave me one hundred. So you see the charge is not for me only, but for all of us, and particularly for your benefit; for that sum I can have you discharged, finally.' I looked at him with the utmost surprise, and said, 'Is that the way you do things up here?' 'Yes, sir, and no man can win his cases unless he conforms to the practice, and if this was a final trial, you would have to shell out to the jury, too.' I have been astonished a good many times in my life, but never more so, than at what he said, and he talked like he was telling the truth. 'I shall not comply with the custom, that I can assure you, here is the one hundred dollars for you, the judge and his co-robbers shall go supperless to bed, if they rely on my money to buy one.' He expressed the most serious apprehension at the result of the trial, if I did not bribe the officers of the court. It is hard to believe in such wholesale corruption in any American State, nor do I know that such was the condition of affairs at Ellsworth. I only tell the tale as it was told to me. The case went off as stated, and I did not furnish any money to buy the court, either.' Now, in Mexico, justice is

bought all the time almost, if not quite, openly, and nothing is more common than to pay a judicial officer for a decision; right or wrong, the longest purse wins the case. Of course the bribed party would like to decide for the right, because then no one can or would have reason to complain, but if the other person's roll is longest, a judge will even decide wrong to get it."

Billy Thompson was a year or two afterwards arrested in Texas on a requisition by the Governor of Kansas on the Governor of Texas, on the charge of murdering Sheriff Whitney. He was at the same time in the custody of the Texas authorities on a charge of murder committed in this State. A long trial was held, in which the question was discussed as to whether the State should surrender him until he had answered the domestic law. The court ruled he should be given up. Thompson did not want to go to Kansas, believing he would be mobbed, but there was no help for it. Ben was present at the trial and did all he could to obtain a favorable ruling, but he failed. The extradited party was placed in charge of Captain Sparks, the requisition agent, who immediately left in charge of his prisoner for Ellsworth.

On the way the captain became fearful of a rescue, and applied for and obtained additional guard at Dallas, Texas, from the Sheriff of that county, an account of which was given in the Commercial, a newspaper published in the city of Dallas, Texas, as follows:

"Captain Sparks, of the Texas State Police, arrived in Dallas Saturday morning, having custody one William Thompson, otherwise styled 'Billy.' Captain Sparks started with his man on Friday. Between here and Corsicana, however, the officer became convinced, from the manner of a number of men who boarded the train, that a rescue was planned, to be executed about Denison, and he stopped here for the purpose of getting a guard and to provide himself with the means of defeating the premeditated rescue. His fears were confirmed by an attempt made here to get him (Sparks) arrested on a charge of kidnapping. Justice Peak, to whom the application was made, refused to issue a

justices, attorneys who disgraced the profession, doctors with bogus diplomas—turn which way you might, a Wild Billian was at your elbow—with his hands in your pocket, or his pistol at your breast. Hundreds of times the informers would swear out warrants against men for this, that, or another misdemeanor, and by bold perjury, rob him by judicial process, when he was as guiltless of having violated the law as if he had never been in the State, but enough. Thompson knew that the eyes of all were upon, and also knew that every Texan was in danger. Cad Pierce was his friend, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he left him, but it was madness to stay. He already had information that a vigilance committee was forming, and knew that its object was to operate against the Texans. He advised Pierce of the facts, but he, Pierce, had some special reasons for staying over a couple of days. Ben left in the evening the vigilants made a raid on the Grand Central Hotel, the headquarters of the Texans, and secured every gun and every pistol that belonged to them, leaving them wholly unarmed. The law in Kansas is very strict in its prohibition of wearing arms, consequently when the men went to town they disarmed themselves, and left their guns and pistols in the hotels—either in the bar, or in their rooms. The raid was successful. The Texans were at the mercy of the vigilants. Thompson was telegraphed to at Kansas City to buy thirty or forty outfits—pistols and guns—and come up with them. He advised against this step, and urged the men to come away—giving as a reason that the fight could not be won. The vigilants were very active. The telegram to Thompson had been divulged, and every train was searched for him, and could he have been found, they would have made a short job of him, but he was not on the train, nor any of them.

The vigilants adopted a system of warnings; if the warning was promptly obeyed, the person could go, but if he failed or hesitated, he was simply murdered. These warnings were called white affidavits, and were served by some one of the clan, or by one of the

policeman. So far as known, only two men declined to fly when ordered away; they were murdered at night. It got afloat some way that there was a white affidavit out for Cad Pierce. He heard of it. He knew of no reason why he should be driven from the country; he had been there many months doing business. He met the policeman, Ed Hogue, and called out loudly to him, "Hello, Hogue, I understand you have a white affidavit for me, is that so?" There were several vigilants with Hogue at the time, and among them one Crawford, a very violent, yet cowardly ruffian; Hogue replied, "no, that is not so, Cad, or if it be true, I have not heard of it, there are some out for some of the other boys, who little suspect it." Crawford had stepped close up to the rear of Hogue while he was speaking, and when he ceased, Crawford moved forward and to the left of Hogue, and said, "no, there is no white affidavit for you, but here is a red one," and instantly fired at Pierce's head, striking him, but not fatally enough to fell him on the spot. Pierce, not being armed, ran to a gambling room, where he knew there were arms. Crawford followed him, while Hogue and the vigilants who were present, drew their pistols and stood in and about the door keeping the crowd off, while Crawford overtook Pierce in the house, who, blinded by the blood, and weakened by its loss, could not escape his fate. Crawford ran up to him and actually and literally beat the wounded man's brains out by blows over the head with his pistol, driving in the skull, rendering him insensible, and giving mortal wounds, from the effect of which Pierce died in a few hours. The only notice ever taken of this horrible butchery and brutal murder, by the authorities, was to require a report, stating the manner in which it was done.

Before dying, Pierce turned over his fine gold watch and splendid pistol to James D. Reid, of Fort Worth, Texas, with instructions to deliver them to Ben Thompson, remarking at the time, that if he had heeded the earnest entreaties of Thompson, he probably would not have been foully murdered.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Old Tascosa

Edward M. Dealey, in Dallas News, 1916

In the golden days of the cattle industry, when fences were unknown and grass was free, the Panhandle cowboys on a tear used to mount the bar in old Tascosa, Texas, and sing out:

"I'm a wolf and this is my night to howl. I've got two rows of teeth—one for ransacking graveyards and one for devouring human beings."

And they howled. For Tascosa in those days was the liveliest town in the Panhandle—a wide open, red-hot coal of vitality, whose saloons, gambling palaces and dance halls never closed, day or night, except for funerals.

It was an oasis in a dreary waste. For miles and miles around the cattle ranges stretched away in grassy monotony, and under the broiling sun a man could ride all day without meeting another human being.

But in Tascosa itself all was different. Here was the Western cowtown de luxe. Scores of sleek horses stood tied day and night to the rails at the side of the main street. Bronzed cowpunchers with jingling spurs and broad-brimmed hats swung sturdily along on high-heeled boots. From the brilliantly-lighted saloons, lurid squares of light ascended to the skies through the doors that were seldom closed. Women laughed to the accompaniment of the rattle of dice on mahogany bars. From Hogtown way, the strains of lively music floated in the air. Poker chips clinked and men swore loudly. Now and then, with a rush of hoofs, a little knot of cowpunchers swung down the main street in close and swiftly-moving formation-bound for the open prairie and the long ride back to headquarters. Occasionally a pistol shot rang out—the trigger pulled now in a mere spirit of fun and hilarity, now with more sinister intent.

Dangerous days, but pleasant ones. An uncertain atmosphere where sudden death might be met just around the corner, but one in which the very elixir of life floated. The men of Tascosa were of the West—men cradled in violence who lived and died violently. None came here who was not prepared to accept it

as it was. The calmness and peace of the older civilization, with its less poignant joys and sorrows, was purposely forsaken by these young and virile men of the frontier in order that whatever life held for them might be quaffed to the dregs in one swift drink—and forgotten.

Such was Tascosa in the late '70s and the early '80s and such was the spirit of its inhabitants.

And today, what? Is Tascosa a sleepy little village that, with the passage of time, has become tamed? Do the same men that once made these streets resound with their good-natured ribaldry and their wholesome laughter still hang on to life in the old town—sober, sedate and dignified citizens?

The answer is no. For Tascosa there was no such peaceful old age. True to the spirit of the times which gave her birth, she lived her life and died before the glory of those colorful days had quite departed.

Today Tascosa is no more. The solid double lines of adobe saloons and stores have given way before the ravages of the wind and the rain. Only with difficulty can one trace through the tangled grass and underbrush the line of what was once the main street. In its palmy days a town of several hundred people, it is now deserted except for one old woman and her dog. Desolation reigns supreme. The birds of the air and the little rodents of the field now hold undisputed sway over what was once the second city of the Panhandle.

After all, perhaps, it is fitting that it is so fitting that Tascosa should pass into the discard along with the old-time cowboy and the longhorn steer—fitting that this old town which buried so many of the boys with their boots on should itself finally be "bumped off" with its own boot on.

Tascosa's story has been hinted at here and there, but the tale as a whole has never been told. And yet it most richly deserves to be. At Tascosa, in the late '70's and early '80's, the "wild and woolly" West lived in epitome. At

Tascosa it is that the famous Boot Hill Cemetery stands—the hill upon which are buried the bodies of some twenty-five or more men, all of whom “died with their boots on.” At Tascosa it was, in the free grass days, that the old trail drivers often stopped for a few hours’ rest before making the long jump to Dodge City. Here it was, also, that the famous New Mexico bandit, Billy the Kid, sometimes sojourned between killings. Here it was, too, that Pat Garrett, the man who “got” Billy the Kid frequently stopped. And here it was, on March 21, 1886, that one of the most bloody gun battles of early Panhandle days took place—a battle in which four men were killed and two wounded, a battle that, in the matter of a successful fight against overwhelming odds, deserves to go down in frontier history as second only to the famous fight of “Wild Bill” Hickok with the McCandlas gang—one man against ten—and to that of “Buckshot” Roberts with the gang of Billy the Kid at Blazer’s Mill, one man against thirteen.

There are several versions of this fight at Tascosa. Some say that it started in an argument about cattle. This report, however, probably owes its origin to the fact that three of the men killed were cowboys on the L S ranch. One knowing this, and not knowing the real bone of contention, would naturally ascribe the cause of the hostilities to some kind of a mixup about cattle—as this, indeed, was a most fertile soil for the production of feuds and battles in those early days. However, the real cause of the trouble, according to persons who were there at the time and who are yet living, was that which is responsible for most of man’s troubles, the same as that which started the original difficulty of mankind in the Garden of Eden—woman.

This is the tale of the fight, Len Woodruff, a Tascosa bartender and a former L X cowpuncher, had a sweetheart named Sally. Woodruff and Sally had a falling out, and the lady in the case began “keeping company” with Ed King, an L S cowpuncher. Sally, still holding a grudge against her former lover, asked King to “get” Woodruff for her. King, with the gallantry of the times, and

perhaps also with a natural liking for a fight, proceeded to do his best to accommodate the lady. He made preparations to go gunning for Woodruff.

A few nights previous to the fatal shooting—so the tale goes—Woodruff, in company with a lady friend and Captain Jinks, the owner of the “Hogtown” dance hall, was sitting inside a building fronting on the main street of the town. Hoofbeats and yelling were heard outside. Woodruff walked to the window and looked out. Ed King, accompanied by two of his fellow-cowpunchers, Frank Valley and Fred Chilton, was riding past the house. King, who was pretty well “tanked up,” was crying:

“Where is that —, pretty Ed?”

“Pretty Ed” was a cognomen he had manufactured extemporaneously for the purpose of humiliating Woodruff. Woodruff, of course, knew that the epithet was meant for him. He came back from his position at the window and, sitting down again, burst into tears. He said he knew that King and Valley and Chilton were going to kill him.

“But I would rather be killed like a dog and buried here in Tascosa,” he said, determinedly, “rather than to have anyone say that those —s ran me out of town. D—n me if I leave ”

A few nights later, on March 21, 1886, to be exact, Woodruff, who was tending bar at Martin Dunn’s saloon, closed up shop about midnight and went out by the back door. It was a clear, moonlit night. The stars were shining overhead and all was deathly quiet except that, from across the street, where two or three saloons were still open, there floated the sound of music, the clink of glasses, the rattle of poker chips and the monotonous undertone of men’s voices.

In his hip pocket Woodruff had a bottle of brandy which he was taking to “Rocking Chair Emma,” a new sweetheart he had acquired, in Hogtown, the underworld district of the town. With Woodruff was a man named Charlie Emory.

Emory and Woodruff walked from the rear door of the saloon to the street. To do this it was necessary for them to walk through a narrow passageway formed by the walls of two buildings. Naturally, in this passage-

way it was very dark and anyone on the street would be hard put to distinguish a man's form in the gloom. Hence, as Woodruff and Emory stepped onto the sidewalk of the street, they, to the surprise of all, came face to face with Ed King and a cowboy by the name of John Lang. Lang was a friend of King's.

No one knows to this day what words passed between these four men at this unexpected meeting, or whether any words were passed at all. All that is known is that the shooting started right there. All four men were armed with sixshooters and all used them. When the smoke cleared away Ed King was lying on his face in the street, dead. Woodruff was shot through the groin and Emory was wounded in several places.

John Lane, King's companion, the only man not hit in the shooting, took to his heels and ran into Jim East's saloon, where Frank Valley and Fred Chilton were playing poker. He rushed over to the card table and informed these men that Len Woodruff and his gang had killed Ed King and that Charlie Emory was shot to pieces.

Meanwhile Woodruff has retreated to his sleeping-room, a little adobe square just at the rear of Dunn's saloon, while Emory had managed to drag himself into the shelter of a near-by blacksmith shop.

Valley and Chilton, upon being informed by Lang of what had taken place, jumped from their chairs, and running to the bar, demanded their sixshooters from Button Griffith, the bartender. In accordance with the standing order of Sheriff Jim East, they had turned in their guns at the bar when they entered the saloon. This was a necessary precaution in those days.

Button Griffith, of course, must have sensed that there was trouble in the air, and could perhaps have avoided further bloodshed had he refused to give these men their guns. Or perhaps by refusing he might have caused the letting of even more blood, including his own. Whatever his mental reflections might have been on this occasion, at any rate, he did not demur, but promptly handed Chilton and Valley their guns.

Immediately the two men ran out and cut diagonally across the street, passing

along the side of Dunn's saloons and making toward Woodruff's sleeping quarters.

Meantime a man by the name of Jesse Sheets, who conducted a little restaurant adjoining Dunn's saloon, heard the early shooting and pulling on his pants and shoes, had stepped out at the rear of his place of business to see what the rum-pus was all about. As Valley and Chilton rounded the rear end of Dunn's saloon they "spotted" Sheets standing there in the dark. They took him to be Louis Bozeman, supposedly one of Woodruff's gang. Valley, therefore, at once stopped short, and, resting his gun along the rear wall of Dunn's saloon, fired. The bullet struck Sheets right between the eyes, killing him instantly. Valley cried to Chilton:

"I got one of them!"

He then ran forward to join his partner, who was by this time nearing Woodruff's door.

Woodruff, taking advantage of the few moments of respite that had elapsed since the killing of King, had barricaded himself inside his room. He had with him his six-shooter and a 45-70 Winchester rifle.

Chilton and Valley, without hesitation, ran up to the door of the little adobe building that served Woodruff as a house, and in rapid succession fired five times through the soft pine of the door.

Woodruff realized at once that if he remained in the darkness of his room he would be killed like a rat in a trap. The bullets plowed through the door as easily as if it had been made of butter, and the sod walls of the house leaked lead like a sieve. He made a desperate resolve. Limping to the door, he threw it open. Within a few feet of him stood Valley and Chilton, guns in hand. Before they could recover from the surprise occasioned by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Woodruff, the latter fired point blank at Frank Valley. Valley fell in a heap with a bullet in the face. Chilton retreated, firing as he went. His objective was an old water well about fifteen yards distant from the house. Before he could get behind this cover, however, Woodruff drilled him through and through with his Winchester.

Not knowing how many more of King's friends might be after him, Woodruff then thought it best to try to escape from Tascosa. He was weak from loss of blood and suffering great pain from the wound in his groin. Using his rifle as a crutch he dragged himself down toward the creek and across. He then slowly made his way toward a ranch house in the distance. He still had the bottle of brandy in his pocket, and it now stood him in good stead. He was not ordinarily a drinking man—bar-tenders seldom are—but during the hours that followed, he kept up his strength by occasional sips of the fiery liquid. After several hours of painful crawling through the grass, he managed to reach the ranch house of Theodore Briggs. This was about a mile and a half from Tascosa. Here he remained until morning. Briggs cared for him. Shortly after dawn, however, Briggs went to Tascosa and reported to Sheriff Jim East that Woodruff was present in his house. East thereupon came over and, placing Woodruff under arrest, brought him back to Tascosa.

Woodruff was tried some time later at Mobeetie, and finally came off clear. He lived some years afterward.

Ed King, Frank Valley, Fred Chilton and Jesse Sheets are all buried on Boot Hill. Their graves are marked with the limestone slabs, the only three stones of this character on the hill. These stones were no doubt put up by the L. S. ranch, for which the three cowboys worked. Jesse Sheets, the fourth victim of the tragedy, being only a poverty-stricken eating-house proprietor, whose family was not able to afford such a memorial, lies beneath the sod with only a wooden post to mark his last resting place.

This is, as near as can be ascertained, the real history of this gun fight. There are some old inhabitants of Tascosa who claim that Valley and Chilton were not killed by Woodruff at all, but were shot by the Catfish Kid and Louis Bozeman, who were concealed in a woodpile near Woodruff's house. However, this story is hardly plausible, as, if this were the case, the five bullet holes through Woodruff's door could not be explained. And those bullet holes were actually there,

and remained there until the house fell in.

At any rate, however, there was sufficient suspicion directed against the Catfish Kid and Bozeman at the time to cause their arrest and imprisonment. They were later tried and acquitted.

A. L. (Bud) Turner, who lived at Tascosa at the time of this shooting, and who now lives in the same house as that formerly occupied by Theodore Briggs (to which Woodruff crawled for refuge) says that on the night of the fight, he and Tobe Robison (later Sheriff) were at an L. S. camp on Rita Blanco. He states that he and Robison received orders to ride north and cut off the escape of Woodruff, Bozeman and the Catfish Kid. They rode as far north as the point where the city of Dalhart now stands, and then turned toward Tascosa, arriving there at 3 o'clock the next afternoon.

Mr. Turner says that at the time of his arrival the whole town was in a great state of tension. Cowboys from adjoining ranches had ridden in from all directions. On March 22, during the afternoon, he thinks that there were at least 400 or 500 men on the streets of Tascosa, all armed and all siding with one faction or the other. For a while it looked as if a regular war would break out, but, thanks to the strategy and cool nerve of Sheriff East, his Deputy, L. C. Pierce, and other leaders, further trouble was averted.

Ed King, the first man to be killed in this fight, had one notch on his gun, which means that, in his time he had killed one man. Strictly speaking, he was not a "bad man," as the term in those days was generally understood. He was a hard-working cowboy earning an honest living. But when "tanked up" he was rather easy on the draw, as is illustrated by the following story told by Sam Dunn, now of Amarillo, but formerly a cowpuncher on the Frying Pan ranch near Tascosa.

King, according to Mr. Dunn, was the only man who ever "threw a gun" on him. "When this incident occurred," says Mr. Dunn, "King was standing at the bar of Captain Jinks' saloon. He had a six-shooter that he called 'Old Blue.' He was leaning against the bar

twirling this gun on his finger. As he rolled it, he would, at each revolution, cock it and let down the hammer. I was playing cards at some distance from the bar when I decided that I would like to have a drink of water. There was an old bucket with a rusty tin cup standing at the end of the bar beyond King. I walked over and dipped out a cup of water and started to drink. I had hardly taken a swallow when I heard King speaking to me.

"What the h— do you want?" he said.

"I did not stop drinking, but I did cut my eyes down and saw that King had his gun poked into my ribs. I finished drinking, keeping my eyes on the gun all the while. Then, as I reached down for another cup of water, I replied:

"I just wanted to get a drink."

"I drank the second cup. King kept his gun jammed into my ribs all the time. When I finished, I turned around and walked back to the poker table, and resumed my game. That was all there was to it."

Mr. Dunn said that he supposes the reason why King threw his gun on him was because he did not like to have a stranger come so close to him.

Another "bad actor" who, as has been said, is supposed by some to have been mixed up in this battle, was the "Catfish Kid." The Catfish Kid was of the type most despicable in frontier days. He was an imitation bad man—one who shot and killed for no reason whatsoever save for the pleasure of killing, and who usually shot when the other man was unarmed or at a disadvantage.

Old Tascosaites say that at one time when the Catfish Kid and Louis Boze-man were sleeping in a wagon yard at Tascosa, a poor, inoffensive German tramp came in and endeavored to take up his sleeping quarters in the same place. The Kid, who was a great bully, ordered the tramp to dance for him. The tramp either refused, or else did not dance to suit the Kid. At any rate, the Kid shot him dead in cold blood. For this murder he got sixteen years in the penitentiary. He died before the expiration of his term.

Tascosa, in its flourishing days, was the only town between Mobeetie, Texas,

on the east, Springer, N. M., on the west, and Dodge City, Kan., on the north. Everything used in the town was freighted in wagons from Dodge City or Springer, the round trip requiring weeks and sometimes months. Whatever lumber was needed to build the town was brought in in this manner, as timber is a scarce article around Tascosa.

As showing the inaccessibility of Tascosa in those days from the populous centers of Texas, the account of the fight of Valley, Chilton, Woodruff and others was sent to The Galveston News by way of Fort Elliott (near Mobeetie) to Dodge City, Kan., and was then relayed from Dodge City to Galveston. The fight took place on March 21, 1886, but the account of it did not appear in The Galveston News until five days later. Thus, in frontier days, Tascosa was more like a part of Kansas or New Mexico than of Texas.

Even today Tascosa is hard to get to. It lies on the north side of the Canadian River, about thirty-five miles from Amarillo. One can travel in an automobile as far as Tascosa Station (on the south side of the river), but it is dangerous to cross the river in a car. A team of horses is usually used for fording and, due to the fact that there are only a few families at Tascosa Station, one can not always be sure when he starts from Amarillo that he will find anyone to take him across to the old town.

Tascosa, that lively little cowtown of the eighties, now boasts of a population of one old lady. But this old lady is as interesting as any 200 or 300 people would be in an ordinary town. She is Mrs. Mickie McCormack, and she has been living in Tascosa for forty years. She lived in the old town when it was the best town in the Panhandle—and the only one besides Mobeetie. She was present on the night of the big fight. She saw the funeral procession wending its way to Boot Hill the following afternoon. Today she still exists among the ruins, a bent and pathetic little figure. Her only companion is a dog.

Mrs. McCormack refused to allow her picture to be taken, and was very reluctant to talk about herself. She was willing, however, to talk of the fight and of

the early days of the town. She was asked if it was not rather lonesome in Tascosa now. She looked off toward the river for a few moments and reflected. Then, haltingly, she said:

"Yes, it is. This used to be a real lively town, you know. But I don't like it much any more." She sighed.

Inasmuch as she is the only person living among these ruins her remark about not liking it much any more contains quite a lot of unconscious humor. But the pathos of that reply is even greater.

Mrs. McCormack is known to all the old-timers as Frenchy. Quite a lot of romantic stories are told about her past, but those in a position to know the real truth characterize these tales as "bunk." One story, for instance, is to the effect that she comes from a prominent and wealthy New Orleans family; that she ran away from home and got married against her parents' wishes, and that now she refuses to give out any information about herself because she does not want her people to know where she is, preferring rather to die in old Tascosa, the scene of her youth and of her happier days.

This, of course, would make a nice story if it were true, but the more convincing evidence points the other way. Old inhabitants of Tascosa say that Frenchy was the wife of Mickie McCormack, a livery stable proprietor of Tascosa and "as fine a little Irishman as ever drank a toddy." Mickie McCormack died among the ruins of Tascosa a few years ago after his wife had spent practically the entire family wealth taking him on trips designed to bring back his lost health. After his death, which occurred only three days after his return to old Tascosa, his wife continued to live there with her dog. She has never left since—and perhaps never will.

The story of how Tascosa got its name is itself an interesting one. The original application to the Postoffice Department was for the name "Atascosa," which, in Spanish, means "muddy," or "boggy." The lowlands of the Canadian River are full of marshes and bogs, the river bed itself being very treacherous with its quicksands and shifting

holes, and it was for this reason that the namers of the town thought Atascosa would be suitable. But it happened that there was already an Atascosa County in Texas and an Atascosa River, so that the postoffice authorities refused to allow the new town in the Panhandle to have this name. Hence the "a" was struck off and the town named Tascosa. One well-known writer on Western subjects, Emerson Hough, in one of his books, several times makes the mistake of referring to this old town as "Atascosa."

Quite a few humorous little anecdotes of early days in Tascosa are told by old-timers who once lived in the town. Here is one:

Before the courthouse was built the town authorities used to have some trouble in finding a place to lock up prisoners. At one time a certain worthless character drifted into town, and, after getting into all kinds of trouble, finally landed plump in the arms of the Sheriff. This latter gentleman was a man of resource. He chained his prisoner, for safekeeping, to a pillar supporting the cottonwood beam in the roof of one of the town's largest saloons. When the saloon was closed for the night a roaring fire was built in the grate, and the prisoner left to sleep on the floor at whatever spot he might choose within the radius of the length of his chain.

But if the Sheriff was a man of resource, the prisoner was more so. During the night he decided he would like to have a drink. His chain was too short to admit his getting as far as the bar. Therefore he tore up one of his blankets, and, weaving himself a lariat, tried his hand at roping bottles of brandy that stood on the floor at the corner of the bar. After several unsuccessful attempts he managed to "ring" a bottle neck and drag the liquor over to him.

This was encouraging, and when the first bottle gave out he persevered. When the "cold, gray dawn" of the next morning broke the proprietor of the saloon, coming into his place of business, found this redoubtable booze fighter peacefully unconscious in the arms of Bacchus. As mute evidence of his prowess empty bottles lay about him in a complete circle. What the proprietor

said or what the Sheriff did is not a part of the record.

Another of the classics of old Tascosa centers around an individual by the name of Jack Ryan. Ryan and Frank James (not the brother of the famous Jesse, but another man.) were the joint proprietors of a saloon in Tascosa in the 80s. Ryan was called from the duties of this business at one time to serve on a jury. When the jury went out to deliberate, eleven stood for acquittal and Ryan alone stood for conviction. He was obstinate. He insisted that the prisoner ought to have his neck stretched, and announced that he would see to it that this little operation was performed, or else he would force the jury to report itself as unable to agree. Ryan's fellow-jurors pleaded with him, argued with him and very nearly fought with him in an endeavor to win him over to their side of the fence. But Ryan refused to give in.

Just at this juncture, Frank James climbed a ladder, stuck his head into the window of the jury-room and nodded excitedly to Ryan to come over, Ryan came. James whispered to him that the biggest and best poker game ever seen in Tascosa was at that very time in progress in their saloon, and asked Ryan for money. Ryan peeled three \$100 bills of his roll, and gave them to James. Then he said:

"Hurry back! Don't let the game break up! Keep it going until I get there!"

He then returned to the conference with his fellow-jurors and told them that, while he personally believed in the guilt of the prisoner, he was forced to admit that human judgment was fallible and that, inasmuch as all of them seemed to be firmly convinced that the accused ought to be set free, he was willing to waive his own convictions in the matter and acquiesce in their judgment.

A verdict of acquittal was at once returned and Ryan hurried over to the poker game.

Jim East, Sheriff for four terms in Tascosa, has been mentioned before in this story. Just in passing, it will be of interest to remark that this same Jim East was one of the bunch that captured Billy the Kid and his gang at a little

rock house near Stinking Spring, New Mexico, in 1881.

Billy the Kid, perhaps the most famous desperado of frontier days, was probably in Tascosa several times. One visit of his to the town is known of definitely. In the fall of 1878 he came to Tascosa with his gang, consisting of Charlie Bowdre (later killed by Pat Garrett), Doc Skurlock, Tom O'Folliard or O'Phalliard (later killed by Pat Garrett), Henry Brown and others. This gang, just previous to their visit to Tascosa, had been engaged in a horse-stealing expedition and had moved north-eastward from New Mexico in disposing of their stolen property. They came to Tascosa and there got rid of the last of their stolen horses. They then spent a few days in the old town before returning to their stamping grounds in New Mexico.

During this stay in Tascosa Billy the Kid and his gang went from ranch to ranch "visiting" and occasionally taking a meal. At one time they stopped for a day or so on the ranch of a certain Captain Torey, a retired ship captain even then along in years. When Captain Torey heard of it he gave orders to his foreman that Billy the Kid and his men were not to be fed any more at the ranch, as he did not want people to think that he was "in cahoots" with this gang of cutthroats and robbers. This news came to the ears of the Kid.

Forthwith he looked Captain Torey up. Meeting him one day in front of Jack Ryan's saloon on the main street of Tascosa, he asked him point-blank whether it was true or not that he had given his foreman these orders. Captain Torey said it was. Instantly the Kid drew his six-shooter and rammed it into the Captain's stomach, telling him that if he wanted to say any prayers he had better be quick about it, as he was going to fill him full of lead.

Captain Torey, believing that his life on this sphere was destined to end right then and there, broke down and said that he would take it all back. The Kid put up his gun. Later he told Charlie Siringo that he never did intend to shoot the Captain, but was merely giving him a good scare to teach him a lesson.

Siringo tells of this incident in his book, "A Lone Star Cowboy."

Pat Garrett, one of the most famous, if not the most famous of all the peace officers of the Southwest, lived in and about Tascosa for about a year and a half, centering on the year 1884. Garrett was the man who killed Billy the Kid at Fort Sumner on the Pecos in New Mexico. At the time of his death the kid was just 21 years old and is said to have killed twenty-one men, one for each year of his life, and this was not counting Mexicans. Garrett in 1884 was in charge of a company of Texas Ranger operating in Wheeler County and made Tascosa his headquarters.

C. B. ("Cape") Willingham, the first Sheriff of Oldham County, shot the first man ever killed on the streets of Tascosa. It happened in this way: A group of drunken cowpunchers came riding into town from their camp, which was situated near by. As they galloped down the street they whooped and yelled and shot off their guns. One of the bunch, seeing a lady in her yard feeding a flock of ducks, took a shot at one of the birds. He drilled it dead center, all right, but at the same time frightened the lady to such an extent that she fainted.

The cowboys rode on down the street, drew up in front of Jack Ryan's saloon and entered. Willingham, armed with a shotgun, went to arrest them. As he neared the saloon the sheriff ordered him to get down from his horse and surrender. Instead of doing this, the cowboy reached for his gun. Before he could get it into action Sheriff Willingham planted a load of buckshot in his body.

After this, killings in Tascosa came with such frequency that today no one knows the exact count of men killed "with their boots on."

A few words about Boot Hill. In the days of Tascosa's prime, Dodge City, Kan., as has been said, was the nearest city of any consequence and the city to which the cowpunchers repaired to buy whatever equipment they needed or to have a good time. Now at Dodge City there was very early a Boot Hill Cemetery in which, before the town was a good year old, more than eighty men had been buried. What was more nat-

ural than that Tascosa should attempt to emulate the example of Dodge City in the upbuilding of their own little metropolis? When Tascosa began to come into prominence as a wild and woolly cow town it was but the logical consequence that it should imitate the older Dodge City by establishing its own special Boot Hill.

The account of all these escapades and adventures, of course, sounds extremely wild and woolly. But it must be remembered that things were done in those times that today would be outlandish in the highest degree. In defense of these pioneers of the Panhandle frontier it must be said that the better class of the people got into the saddle and fashioned things to their own way of thinking just as soon as it was possible for them to do so. Prohibition was adopted in the Panhandle counties of this State long before it became law in other sections of the State. Today the Panhandle yields the palm to no other district of Texas in the matter of law enforcement and order.

Tascosa was a Mexican settlement as far back as 1870. Perhaps the first white man to settle there permanently was Henry M. Kimball, a carpenter and buffalo hunter, and later, at Channing, Texas, a blacksmith and wheelwright. Kimball first came to Tascosa on the fourth of July, 1876. During this year he planted a garden at Tascosa and hunted buffalo in the vicinity. He also did carpenter work in his spare moments for a Mexican there named Casimira Romero. In February, 1877, two men named Howard and Rinehart came to Tascosa from New Mexico and established a store there. They at first rented a place from Romero, but later, in April, 1877, they built their own adobe store. In 1879 John Cone and a man named Duran opened another store in Tascosa and in the same year Rinehart, the former partner of Howard, opened a third store. This made three stores in 1880, and stores in those days meant a town.

Tascosa's growth and prosperity, as before said, were almost entirely dependant upon the near-by cattle ranches. In fact, it was the presence of these cowboys that is really to account

for Tascosa's existence as a white man's town rather than as a mere Mexican settlement. The old town never did have any business other than that of selling liquor and a few supplies to the cowpunchers living close at hand and those who came through on the trail.

In 1879 and in subsequent years Tascosa was utilized as a kind of assembling point of the various outfits about to take part in the great annual roundup. There were no fences in those days and the cattle ranged all over the Panhandle and into New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas. Hence in the roundup outfits from these distant points came to Tascosa to help make the liquor flow and the town liven up.

Some of the ranches in the vicinity of Tascosa were the L. I. T. the L. S., and the L. X. and other smaller ranches belonging to such old-time cowmen as Goodrich, Jim Kennedy and Nick Chaffin. Many of these ranches, of course, are today still in existence.

When Oldham County was organized Tascosa was made the county seat. James McMasters was the first County Judge, Bill Vivian the first County and District Clerk and Cape Willingham the first Sheriff Tax Collector. Judge Willis was the first District Judge and J. N. Browning (afterward Lieutenant Governor of Texas) the first District Attorney.

In the early days of Tascosa there were no organized counties in Texas north of the Red River. Oldham County was organized in 1880.

The Fort Worth & Denver Railroad came through Tascosa in 1887. For a few years this coming of the railroad "boomed" the town, but when Amarillo and Channing were incorporated Tascosa began to decline in importance. As Amarillo grew, Tascosa went backward until finally only a few people were left in the old town. At length the county seat was moved to Vega, and Tascosa's doom was sealed. Today it is no longer a town, but merely a mass of broken adobe.

There is something sad and at the same time something uncanny about a deserted town. Where once this noisy little cow village stood, today there are no sounds to be heard save those made

by hundreds of little birds in the cottonwoods. Where formerly the main street of the town stretched its lurid way, today only a dim outline can be traced through the scrubby underbrush. Once along this street there were ranged two lines of solidly built adobe stores. Now only a single broken wall raises its jagged and crumbling outlines from the grass. Along that street forty years ago five saloons operated at full blast day and night, stopping only for funerals. Today the town is a mourning witness of its own funeral.

Forty years ago many famous characters walked up and down the road that ran through this cottonwood grove. Today most of them are dead. A few old-timers are still left, but it has been a long time since any of these has gazed on the site of old Tascosa, for the railroad runs south of the river and the old town can not be seen from the windows.

At evening the wind stirs the dead leaves at the foot of the cottonwoods, the rays of the setting sun glance through the boughs, flecking the grass and creek water with light, shifting shadows, a few little birds cheep as they go to roost, and then a deathly silence throws its mantle over the scene.

One can stand here and know intellectually that this place was once one of the wildest and wooliest and noisiest of all the towns of the frontier, but even that definite knowledge can not bring back in all their old-time richness the atmosphere and coloring the vivid pictures of the old town as it used to be in the days of its glory. The contrast of today with yesterday is too great.

And here's another word of cheer from one of the Old Guard: C. M. Grady, of Brownwood, Texas, writes: "You will find enclosed my check for \$1.50, for which please move up my subscription another year, for I am a lifetime subscriber to Frontier Times. I sure like the little magazine. Hope to meet the boys of the '70s at Menard next annual meet August 11, 12, 13, 1927."

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

More Lore of Cattle Trails

George W. Saunders, in The Cattleman

In the July number of *The Cattleman* appears an article by James W. Mullins, which I have read with unusual interest. His attempt to explain the difference between the names of Chisum and Chisholm and their connection with cattle trails is noted and if he is correct, my 35 years of research work is wrong. He has John Chisum and his family and his moving cattle to Coleman County and to the Concho in 1866 and establishing ranches in New Mexico, and being one of the biggest cattlemen of his day, which is correct, but Chas. Goodnight, not Chisum made the contract with the Government. Goodnight bought about 10,000 cattle from Chisum to be delivered by Chisum on the Pecos to go in on the contract. Goodnight blazed the trail from the Concho to the Pecos in 1866. John Chisum was never known to drive a herd to the northern markets, he never claimed to have blazed a cattle trail. He probably drove the first herd from Denton, Wise and Cook Counties, to Coleman County. The Jingle Bob Chisum was known all over Texas and other states. John Chisum was a great man, but never claimed the distinction of a cattle trail blazer.

I was raised in Goliad County, Texas, and worked cattle during the war and many years after in Goliad, Bee, Karnes, Live Oak, Refugio and Gonzales Counties and helped put up the first trail herds that left our section from 1868 to 1871, when I went up the trail myself to Abilene, Kansas. The early trail drivers from my section were D. R. Fant, One-armed Jim Reed, Barton Peck, my brothers, Matt and Jack Saunders, Buck and Jim Pettus, Tom and Charles Ward, Gus Patton, Goliad; Dock Burnett, George Littlefield, Lee Koker, not, Houston and Savers, Jess McCoy, Joe Murray, Millett Bros., Bill Irvin, Gonzales and Guadalupe Counties; M. Choat and Sons, Ben Borroum, Bill and Pleas Butler, George Strickland, Rutledge Bros., Karnes County; Tom O'Connor, Henry Scott, Bob Martin, Tob Wood, Refugio County; Tom Welder, Henry Clair, Sullivan and Skidmore,

Fred Malone, Bee County; King, Kenedy, Shanghai Pierce, Bob Stafford and others from the coast country. I personally knew all of them and their cowboys, mixed and mingled with them, questioned them closely as to news of the trail.

In those days, the trail and preparing for the trail was the leading topic, as it meant bread and butter for the trail drivers and the people at home. All those men said they took the Chisholm trail at Red River, the general understanding was that Joe McCoy of Abilene who built the stockyards there, hired Jesse Chisholm, a half breed Indian, who was a trader and scout, to blaze a trail from Abilene, Kansas, to Red River, to guide the Texas cattle to that market. When I went up in 1871 it was understood that we would travel the Chisholm trail. From Red River the trees were blazed in the timber, a furrow plowed in the prairies. Those blazed trees were plain in 1871; the trail was blazed in 1868.

Joe McCoy, a promoter, not a cattleman, conferred with J. J. Myers of Lockhart about the number of Texas cattle that would likely come if he built the stock yards at Abilene. Myers assured him millions would come if there was a market for them, according to Myers' sketch in the "Trail Drivers of Texas." M. A. Withers, who is living at Lockhart, Texas, was employed by McCoy with six other expert ropers in 1868 to rope, load and ship a carload of buffaloes through the East. Steamers on both sides of the car, advertising Abilene, Kansas, as the great Texas cattle market. This brought the buyers that bought our cattle to stock the western ranges. The buffaloes were roped and loaded at Fossil Siding, 16 miles west of Abilene. The ranges were black with them at that time.

There are over 100 trail drivers living that drove the trail up to 1870. A few of their names are: Levi Anderson, Seguin; J. E. Kelly, Beeville; D. L. Taylor, Harwood; Tom Hedges, Junction; Ben Borroum, Del Rio; Pleas Butler, Kenedy; Mark Withers, Lockhart; A. D. Mc-

Ghee, San Marcos; L. T. Clark, Quanah; Charles Goodnight, Goodnight; W. D. Reynolds, Fort. Worth; J. W. Newton, Del Rio; John B. Slaughter, Post; W. B. Slaughter, San Antonio.

Mullins says it is strange the packers' maps failed to show any trails named after the greatest driver of them all, Colonel Geo. W. Littlefield. Littlefield was a wonderful man and I don't suppose there was a man in Texas that did more towards its development than he, but he did not drive more cattle than any of them. Ellison and Dewees, Monroe Choate and Sons, Lytle Schreiner and Light, D. R. Fant, J. D. Reed and John Blocker drove more cattle than he did, but none of them showed his ability as a financier. There is a log of the Texas cattle trails shown in the "Trail Drivers of Texas," and I know they are correct, as I drove over them all. They were all called the Kansas trail, the Northern trail through Texas, and the Chisholm trail from Red River to Abilene, Great Bend, Wichita, Newton and other points in Kansas. This log gives the counties those trails passed through, beginning at the Rio Grande, Cameron, Willacy, Hidalgo, Brooks, Kenedy, Kleberg, Nueces, Jim Wells, San Patricio, Live Oak, Bee, Goliad, Karnes, Wilson, Gonzales, Guadalupe, Caldwell, Hays, Travis,* Williamson, Bell, Falls, Bosque, McClellan, Hill, Johnson, Tarrant, Denton, Wise, Cook, Montague to Red River Station. When the settlers forced the trail west it kept on up the San Antonio River from Wilson, through Bexar, Kimble, Kerr, Menard, Concho, McCulloch, Coleman, Shackelford, Throckmorton, Baylor, Wilbarger to Doan's Store on Red River. Later the trail went up the Nueces from San Patricio County, through Live Oak, McMullen, La Salle, Dimmit, Zavalla, Uvalde, Edwards, intersecting the western trail in Kimble County, herds starting from points on both sides of those trails intersected them at the nearest points of the trail from the head of the Concho to the Pecos and up the Pecos to Fort Sumner and on to Colorado was the Goodnight and Loving trail. All old-timers know that Oliver Loving was shot by Indians on the Pecos in 1876 and died from its effects in Fort Sumner and later Chas.

Goodnight brought his remains back to Jack County in a wagon 600 miles.

I have been trying to keep our pioneer record straight since 1874, and am willing to answer all questions regarding the trail driving period.

Chas. Goodnight and I both think that the Northern Trail should have been called the Joe McCoy Trail, from Abilene, Kansas, to the Rio Grande.

Big Miracle Confirmed

"And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land and the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea on dry land."

Thus it was in Biblical days.

Now, for the dry floor of Goose Lake, on the Oregon-California border, once the second largest body of fresh water in the state, comes evidence of a close parallel in the days of gold.

Less spectacular perhaps, the modern version of the Red Sea miracle contains no mention of a new Moses. Warring Indians are cast in the role of the pursuing Egyptians.

The story of Goose Lake's waters receding so that the covered wagons of the gold seekers passed through on dry land was first told by emigrants traveling the Oregon Trail. Unaccountably, they reported, the lake dried up. It became dry with "here and there expanses of tules and occasional springs," they said, and emigrant parties used its bed as a road.

Settlers who located in Goose Lake Valley a few years later found a lake 28 miles long and ranging from four to nine miles in width. They scoffed at the miraculous story of the emigrants.

Today confirmation of the tradition was received from residents of Modoc County who live near the lake. The waters of the lake again have receded, it was stated, and the water lies in a scant sheet not more than five miles square.

With the old floor of the lake exposed the emigrant road cutting through the center of the lake bed is plainly visible, the deep rutted wheel tracks made by the heavy ox wagons having been preserved for three-quarters of a century in the hard lake bottom.

Mistaken for "Wild Bill"

And the Truth About "Buckskin Joe"

Written for Frontier Times by Herbert Cody Blake, Brooklyn, New York

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Early in the spring of 1869 what was known as the Republican River Expedition was made up of seven troops of the Fifth Cavalry, under Col. E. A. Carr (Brevt. Maj. Gen.) and a battalion of the famous Pawnee Scouts, organized and commanded by Major Frank North, the great Indian fighter, left Fort McPherson to operate particularly against the Cheyennes. The unprotected counties of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado had suffered in many ways from the Cheyennes and also from the Sioux. At the time the command left the fort, Major North had gone to the Pawnee Agency for an additional company of scouts, and his brother, Luther H. North, captain of Company A, was in charge of the Indians, consisting of two companies. (Buffalo Bill in his autobiography gives this as the time he met North.) Cody was attached to the cavalry and had a pair of I. C. government horses hooked up to a wagon loaded with goods such as soldiers would buy, air-tight (canned goods) groceries, "fluid groceries," tobacco, etc.—a sort of mobile canteen, or "floating grocery." He had a man, the famous Jim White (Buffalo Chips) driving this outfit. "Chips" was killed at Slim Buttes in 1876.

Cody would make camp at night, usually near the Pawnees, which was one-fourth to one-half mile away from the Fifth Cavalry. One evening on the Republican River, Captain North and the scouts were camped on the north side, Cody's wagon a quarter of a mile up the river, and the wagon train of the command (six mules to the wagon) was just above him. The mules had been driven across the river to graze and two teamsters were herding them. The Fifth Cavalry was on a creek a half mile back from the train. The Pawnees were eating supper and their horses were all of a quarter of a mile away, when seven Cheyennes dashed into the mule herd, killed the two teamsters, and rounded up the mules. At the first crack out of the box the Indians herding

the scouts' horses started them for camp and North and the Pawnees grabbed guns and bridles, and as fast as possible secured horses and mounted and started across the river. The majority of the Pawnees crossed before North, and as they flew past Cody's wagon he joined them. His "plug" was tied to his "grocery," all saddled and bridled. About twenty of the Pawnees were ahead, and when the Cheyennes saw them they dropped the mules, let go all holds, and hit for the hills. North was on a government horse which was a good. When he got to the mules he overtook Cody, who was riding at a walk. Captain North slowed up, the Cheyennes and Pawnees being over the hill and out of sight, and Cody said (I will let Captain North tell the story):

"Captain, your men have got me wrong."

I replied, "What do you mean, Bill?"

Cody said, "They think I was with the Cavalry that killed some Pawnees down on the Arkansas River last fall, but that was Wild Bill. They think it was me because I have long hair. One of your Pawnees on a dun horse (the horse afterwards named Buckskin Joe by Cody) overtook me back there. He was mad about something and reached over and grabbed my revolver out of the holster and carried it away. I wish you would tell them I'm not the man they think I am."

"Cody could not talk or understand Pawnee nor any other Indian language up to 1883. He learned a few words in Pawnee and Sioux, but couldn't talk.

"About that time we heard firing over the hill, and kicking our horses into a gallop we got over. Our boys had overtaken and killed two of the Cheyennes and gone on after the other five. By this time it was dark and I began to call them to come back, and after awhile they did. The Pawnee who was riding the dun horse was Travelling Bear, who

afterward received a Congressional medal for bravery in the Summit Springs fight. I asked him why he took Cody's revolver, and he replied, "I saw his horse was tired and I only had a few cartridges in my gun, so I asked him for his revolver, and when he couldn't understand, I took it." The revolver was an ivory handled Remington.

"Well Bear gave it to Bill and everything was lovely. We got back to camp about midnight, and the next morning Carr sent for me and I'm d—d if he didn't reprimand me for saving those mules—for not first reporting to him a quarter of a mile away. That's West Point red tape, and would mean giving the Cheyennes time to run off the stock, put the outfit wagonless, and bust the campaign.

"The dun horse was ridden the rest of that summer by my brother-in-law, Captain Cushing, one of the company commanders, and when we were mustered out that fall at Fort McPherson he was turned over to the quartermaster,

and later Bill Cody got the horse and then, and not until then, did the cayuse become known as Buckskin Joe. This isn't the story Cody tells, but this account is straight and is the truth.

"A few days after this skirmish Frank joined us with the Third Company and took command. Travelling Bear, who was on the dun horse at this time, was 'some Indian.' At the scrap at Summit Springs in the July to follow he went up into the canyon in which Major North shot Tall Bull and returned with four scalps and four revolvers. General Carr mentioned him in his report to General Augur the following day, and in No. 48 Government Official Report he is again put way up among the pictures in the pack."

The story of the Summit Springs fight and the truth regarding who killed Tall Bull, as well as the facts concerning the horse called "Tall Bull," is one of the most interesting episodes of the 1869 campaign, and will appear in Frontier Times later.

Texas Ex-Rangers' Reunion

The Texas Ex-Rangers Association held its annual reunion at Ranger, Texas, August 11-13, and a great time was had. The city of Ranger provided all sorts of entertainment for the old rangers, more than half a hundred being present to greet their old comrades. Menard was selected as the place to hold the reunion next year. Following is a list of those who registered at the Ranger meeting: P. H. Rice, Ada, Okla; J. C. Goar, Johnson City; William P. Go-ralez, Johnson City; F. C. Kiser, Blanco; J. E. Tucker, Sunset; W. J. Hale, Palo Pinto; William Green and Miss Ruby Green, Meridian; M. C. Henson, Ranger; J. W. King, Oklahoma; J. H. Rennick, Comanche; James Odioum, David W. Wansley and S. E. Johnson, all of Johnson City; J. O. Allen, Cookville; W. B. Treweek, Snyder; W. A. Spencer, Wilson, Okla.; S. P. Elkins and P. T. Allen, Henderson; James B. Bierd, Clemscott, Okla; W. M. Layton, Ranger; William Rogers, Post; N. J. Jones, Archer City; F. C. Stregler, Fredericksburg; N. Arm-

strong, Coleman; G. L. Boma, Talpa; W. Y. Luke, Weatherford; P. S. Carter, Gorman; B. L. McGuire and wife, Desdemona; W. T. Caven and son, Eaton; S. R. Boggess and daughter, Cliffie May, Stephenville; R. D. Routh and wife, Brownwood; L. T. Arnold, Rising Star; G. W. Bruton, Keller; T. W. Clark, Abilene; J. C. Yarbrough, Morgans Mill; Henry Sackett, wife, son and daughter-in-law, Coleman; M. B. Pilts, Jacksboro; M. R. Cheatham, Coleman; John T. Pope, Anson; Mrs. Oliver Wood, Dallas; C. C. Hight, Cisco; H. E. Conn, Floresville; Dr. S. H. Chilton, Texan; W. W. Lewis, Menard; A. G. Collins, San Angelo; C. M. Grady, Brownwood; W. R. Nixon, Ranger; J. W. Mayfield; Morgan Mills; T. S. Allen, Carbon; R. B. Moore, Mineral Wells; J. W. McCollum, Comanche; John John Buinett, Menard.

Following is the list of ex-Texas rangers who died during the past year: Lee Groomes, Austin; G. S. McKenzie, Comanche; J. H. B. Norfleet, Silver; A. T. Ritchie, Sydney; C. M. Sterling, Mon-

tague; J. N. Schrock, Spanish Court; T. W. Thomason, Evant; J. H. Wallace, Decatur; G. M. Wright, Granbury; J. M. Womack, Brownwood; Henry Evans, Talpa; V. I. Branlon, Brownwood; J. C. Bird, Alpine; L. C. Carvey, Archer City; T. H. Hammonds, Comanche; G. W. Johnson, Camp Springs; Frank Ware, Dallas; J. W. Proffitt, Fresno, Calif.

Officers for the ensuing year of 1926 were elected with Major W. M. Green of

Meridian re-elected commanding officer for the sixth consecutive time and Miss Ruby Green, re-elected secretary. Others elected: W. H. Roberts of Llano, captain; J. H. Renick of Gorman, first lieutenant; L. H. Cook of Bangs, second lieutenant; S. P. Carier of Gorman, adjutant; J. O. Allen of Crosbyton, chaplain; W. Y. Luke of Weatherford, color bearer; C. M. Grady of Brownwood, assistant color bearer.

Trail Drivers' Reunion October 7, 8, 9

There's going to be a rip-snortin', rearin', tearin' time in good old San Antonio October 7, 8 and 9, when the Old Time Trail Drivers' Reunion is held in that ancient city, according to Col. George W. Saunders, president of the Association. In a communication to Frontier Times Colonel Saunders says the reunion is going to be a "hum-dinger," which means that it will be the best yet.

Bill Kingston, who ranges out in the Toyahvale country, far from the haunts of the city-fed, writes Col. Saunders that he does not like life in the "high falutin' hotels," where you have to resort to an elevator to get to your rooms, floors are slick and bell hops have no use for the guest who does not tip, and he's going to bring his camping outfit along. He wants to attend the convention, but says he would be "dinged" if he could put up with life, even for three days, in in one of them "city hotels." Colonel Saunders sent him a special delivery letter and told him he could bring his camp outfit along and he would get special permission from the Commissioner of Parks for a bed-ground in Breckenridge Park.

Speaking of the forthcoming reunion, Colonel Saunders said: "While the program for the convention is not yet complete, I can assure the old trail drivers that there will be more business discussion and less oratory at this reunion than heretofore. There will be a full entertainment program, with the annual ball to be held in the municipal auditorium, with proceeds of an admission charge to go to the fund being col-

lected with which to build the monument to the old trail drivers."

W. J. Lytle of the Princess Theater has announced that he will compliment the visitors with a free showing of "North of 36," and the trail drivers' parade and pony express, features of last year's convention.

A barbecue will be served on the final day of the convention.

Colonel Saunders states that Mrs. Amanda Burk, of Cotulla, queen of the old trail drivers, who has been a patient in a San Antonio infirmary, will be well enough to participate in the convention.

"It has been erroneously claimed that Mrs. Burk was the only woman that ever went with a herd of cattle over the Northern trail," Col. Saunders said. "This is not true, for Mrs. W. B. Slaughter and Mrs. J. P. Lovelady of San Antonio accompanied their husbands over the Northern trail. There were several other women who went over the trail with stock, but Mrs. Burk's record leads them all. She rode in a buggy from Banquete, near Corpus Christi, to Abilene, Kan., with her husband in 1871. She followed the herd by day and stayed in camp at night. She stayed in camp on the Plains with her husband, among Indians, until the cattle fattened and were sold in the fall.

"Emerson Hough states in his famous story, 'North of 36,' that he had in mind, almost exclusively, the trail drivers of Texas, in weaving his great story, and it is certain from Mrs. Burks' experiences, that he had her in mind when he created the character, Theresa Lockhart."

A State Museum.

There is a movement on foot for the establishment of a State Museum at Austin, and we hope the next Legislature will provide funds for such an institution. Texas is fortunate among the states and sections of the Union in having a unique history replete with deeds of heroism on the battle plain and on the frontier with examples of high patriotism and of foreseeing constructive statesmanship, all of which should be cherished and kept before our public and especially our youth as an incitement to high purposes and like deeds of self-sacrificing patriotism, and one of the most effective means of utilizing the sentiment of a people toward the past lies in keeping before the public objects associated with and symbolic of that past. Texas is rich in high grade museum materials, many fine collections being in the hands of private citizens, most of whom are anxious to have them kept in the state and who in many instances would gladly donate them to a state museum possessed of fire-proof buildings, and thus relieve themselves of worry over the possibility of their collections being lost by fire in their private homes or being scattered and destroyed by unappreciative heirs. The history, anthropology, the fine arts, and the natural sciences should all be represented in the planning and operation of such a museum, and it should receive the endorsement of all patriotic citizens of our state.

We want to make another plea for more subscribers to Frontier Times. We are striving hard to build a magazine of real merit and one that will be of interest to every patriotic man, woman and child in our great country. We started out with great hopes to succeed, and our determination, after three years of effort, has not diminished in the least, for we confidently believe that there are thousands of people all over the United States who will subscribe for Frontier Times if the matter is brought to their attention. You can help us get them on our list if you will mention the little magazine to them and urge them to subscribe. We are growing, all right, but we kindly ask you to help us grow fas-

ter and more permanently by telling your friends of the merits of Frontier Times.

The following message from Mrs. M. J. Lee of 651 Campus Avenue, Upland, California, carries with it that touch of love which makes the world akin. Mother Lee is nearing her eighty-first birthday and says she is too blind to read Frontier Times herself, but it is read to her as soon as it arrives, and she says: "I will ask you to give my best wishes to all of your subscribers and readers of Frontier Times, for it has been to me as a dear letter from home, sweet home of my childhood days, and more. All of my children were born in Texas, that great state where, with all of her bloody suffering it was a joy to live there and breathe that freedom of country and healthful air that abounded well in her domain."

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We have put up certain back numbers of Frontier Times in bundles which we are offering at a bargain price to clear them out. Eleven numbers of various dates are included in each bundle as follows: November, 1923; January, June, July, August, December, 1924; February, March, May, June, July, 1925; and a copy of "Heel-Fly time in Texas," and "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Our regular price for these back numbers and the two booklets would be \$4.00. Our special price to you, postpaid, is \$2.50. Order today if you want one of these bundles, for we have only nine of the bundles, and they will soon be sold. You will get a lot of real history for the small amount of \$2.50, and after receiving the bundle and you are not satisfied, just return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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FRONTIER TIMES

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J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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With this number Frontier Times enters upon its fourth volume. We thank our friends who have so loyally stood by us through the three years we have been publishing the little magazine, and we assure them that their good words of encouragement have spurred us on to redoubled effort to make Frontier Times better each issue. Notwithstanding the fact that this little magazine is published in a small town, off the railroad, and that our printing plant is one of limited facilities. Frontier Times is becoming nationally known and its circulation now extends from Canada to the Gulf, and from Maine to California. We want to add several thousand new subscribers to our list during the next twelve months. Help us to do this by telling your friends about the magazine.

Here is some of the real encouragement Frontier Times is receiving. Judge Walter F. Timon, Judge of the Criminal District Court 28th Judicial District, Corpus Christi, Texas, writes: "Through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of that splendid citizen of Texas, Col. Geo. W. Saunders of historic San Antonio, I received a copy of Frontier Times. I am so impressed with your little magazine, and the great work which you are doing, that I desire to become a subscriber. I regret my knowledge of 'what is happening in the great world' has been so circumscribed as to preclude an earlier acquaintance with your magazine and its mission. I am interested in your endeavors, and wonder if it would be possible to obtain all of the volumes that have gone before. Enclosed find check for which you may credit me with two years subscription."

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

BRAVERY OF HENRY HARTMAN

(Continued from page 15.)

ed. Nothing more was seen or heard of the Indians.

After daylight Hartman crawled out of the brush and up on a hill, where he could have a view of the country, but he kept in some bushes on top of the hill so he could see without being seen. The Indians failed to find the negro, but stripped both dead horses. They also defeated the other men with the cattle and got all of the loose horses. The companions of Hartman had no chance to aid him, for a band of nine Indians attacked them about the same time and they had to give way. This made twenty-two Indians in all of this raiding band. The negro made his way to the settlement that night and reported that Hartman had been killed and that the Indians had carried him off on a horse. From his place of concealment he had seen the Indians carry off the one Hartman had killed. The other men also reported Hartman killed, and his friends sent out an ambulance to bring his body in, and picked out a place to bury him. Guided by the negro they found the dead horses and the bloody ground where the Indians had carried him off as the negro said. They drove around looking for the body, when Hartman heard the rattle of the vehicle and crawling out of the bushes he stood on one foot, leaning on his gun, so that they could see him. They were very much surprised to find him alive, and soon had him as comfortably situated in the hack as circumstances would permit, and started back to the settlement. They found the hat which Hartman had shot from the Indian's head and it had a bullet hole in it. A party had come up in the night to hunt for the supposed dead body of Hartman and had passed so near he heard them but supposed they were Indians and remained quiet. This party was still out but soon came upon the scene and all went back together. There was great rejoicing among the people when the hack arrived. The wound in the leg was not severe and soon healed, but the foot was in bad condition for many months and always made him a cripple.

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and His Gang

By a Citizen of Denton County

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Life of
John Wesley Hardin

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

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The Vengeance of Rain-in-the-Face

Written for Frontier Times by Morve L. Weaver, Visalia, California

THE STORY of Rain-in-the-Face's (Itiomagaju) vengeance has been many times told but the Indian's recital is of particular interest in that it makes plain their tactics, shows the inferiority of the soldier's weapons and calls attention to the shortcomings of Custer's supporting officers.

Rain says that Custer's men fought with their revolvers, a point not made plain in other reports of the battle and shows the inferiority of the single-shot Springfield carbine of the model then regulation in which the extractor was uncertain and the ammunition not always perfect. The carbine was not equipped with a ramrod, as was the rifle, so a

'stuck' shell was almost equivalent to a useless gun. If Custer himself carried a carbine or rifle into this action, it is probable that it had the Remington action as he was known to favor that excellent and effective system.

In 1894, only eighteen years after the defeat of Custer's command at the battle of The Little Big Horn, Rain-in-the-Face (Itiomagaju), told W. K. Thomas through Interpreter Harry McLaughlin,

the story of the event which led to the enmity between Rain, the Indian, and Capt. Tom Custer, (the General's brother) and of his (Rain's) carrying out his oath of vengeance. Incidentally he gave the Indian's version of the fatal battle.

Like all the surviving Indians, he was very reticent on the subject of the fight, but on this occasion judicious administration of doses of "Minnewaukan" (literally "Water of God" but usually termed "Fire Water") opened his heart and he became loquacious.

While the Ucapapa Sioux under Gali and Sitting Bull were at the Standing Rock Indian Agency, Rain became a great "ladies man" and one coy maiden insisted that Rain kill a white man, preferably a soldier, and so "get a reputation."

Sitting Bull had forbidden any of the Indians to leave the reservation but Rain put on his war paint, armed himself, and stole from the Agency and traversed the forty-five miles to Fort Lincoln (about where Bannock now stands.) He said: "I hung around the Fort for two days watching for a chance to kill a 'long

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sword." I wanted to carry back the brass buttons to the girl who had laughed at me. One morning I saw the sutler (store-keeper) and a 'horse-medicine-man' (U. S. Veterinary Surgeon Huntsinger) to out to a spring. 'Long Yellow Hair' (Gen. Custer) and his men were riding about one hundred yards back. I rushed up and shot the sutler and brained the horse-medicine-man with my war-club. Then I shot them full of arrows and cut off some buttons. I didn't have time to scalp the men."

Hearing the shot, Custer and his men chased Rain for twenty-five miles. Charlie Reynolds, the scout, recognized Rain-in-the-Face.

Rain had not signed the peace treaty, as had most of the other Indians, so drew no supplies and was compelled to live by hunting. Next winter going to Standing Rock Agency, Rain went boldly into the store run by H. S. Parkin. Captain Tom Custer was at the Agency with thirty men. Rain said: "Little Hair (Tom Custer) slipped up behind me like a squaw when my back was turned. They all piled on me at once, threw me in a sick-wagon (ambulance) and held me down until they got me to (Fort) Lincoln. I told Little Hair that I would get away and when I did that I would come back and cut his heart out and eat it."

Rain was chained to a white prisoner at Fort Lincoln. The white man secured a file, cut their bonds and both escaped. The white man was captured the next day. Rain said: "I rejoined Sitting Bull and Gall. They (the soldiers) were afraid to come and get me there. I sent Little Hair a picture on a piece of buffalo skin of a bloody heart."

Rain did not see Tom Custer again until June 25, 1876, of which meeting he said: "They fought us with guns and revolvers, no swords. They fought us on foot, every fourth man holding the others' horses. We were better armed than the long-swords, their guns wouldn't shoot but once—the thing wouldn't throw out the empty shells."

Sitting Bull who had been making medicine "way off on a hill" had had empty lodges set up along the bend of the river "to fool the 'Ree scouts when they came up and looked down over the bluffs."

In Rain's words: "The brush and the bend (in the river) hid our lodges. Sitting Bull went away to make more medicine and didn't come back till the fight was over. Gall was head chief, Crazy Horse led the Cheyennes, Goose led the Ban-nocks. I was not head chief—my brother was—but I had a band of the worst Uncapapas. We knew the long-swords made a mistake when they separated. Gall took most of the Indians up the river to come between them and cut them off. (This was true for it was Gall's party that drove Reno's command to the top of the hill and held them for three days and would have exterminated them except for the bravery of Reno's captains who virtually took command until relieved by Gibbons.) We showed our line in front and the long-swords charged. I didn't see Long Yellow Hair then or afterward. We fired and they reeled, then all dismounted and we closed around them, shot the pony holders and stamped the ponies. I rushed in and brained the flag-man and took the flag. My pony fell dead as I took it. I got a fresh pony and rushed back, shooting, cutting and slashing. This pony was shot and I got another. This time I saw Little Hair. I don't know how many I killed trying to get at him. He knew me. When I got near enough I shot him with my revolver. I leaped from my pony and cut out his heart and bit a piece out of it and spit it in his face. I didn't scalp him. The squaws came up afterward and killed the wounded. They hunted for Long Yellow Hair to scalp him but could not find him. He didn't wear his fort clothes (uniform) his hair had been cut off and the Indians didn't know him. (Gen. Custer had cut off his long hair in St. Paul some weeks before the fight.) That night we had a big feast. Sitting Bull came up and said 'I told you' and Gall got mad and said, 'We did the fighting, you only made medicine.' We could have killed the others on the hill (Reno's command) but for the quarrel between Gall and Bull. I took no side for I was my own chief and had my bad young men. We would not obey Gall nor Sitting Bull."

Asked who did kill General Custer, Rain said, "I don't know. No man knows. It was like running in the dark."

Asked if Custer was too brave to be

scalped, Rain said, "No one is too brave to be scalped, that wouldn't make any difference. The squaws wondered afterward why they couldn't find him. He must have lain under some other dead bodies. I didn't know, till I heard it long after from the whites, that he wasn't scalped."

Rain would admit an Indian loss of but "four and ten or six and ten" but he may have had reference to the losses of his own little band of hard cases.

Asked regarding Curley, the Crow Indian scout, who long posed as the sole

survivor of the fight, Rain said, "Curley stopped back just before the fight started and when he heard the firing he ran off just like a whipped dog."

Rain said, "One long-sword escaped. His pony ran off with him and went past our lodges. I saw the man in Chicago and then remembered hearing the squaws tell about it after the fight." Rain was in Chicago in 1893.

Longfellow in his poem credits Rain-in-the-Face with taking the heart of General Custer instead of that of the General's brother.

A Pioneer Mother

Written for Frontier Times by Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, Miami, Texas

Mrs. Thitha A. Cunningham, aged 90 years, a pioneer of the Panhandle and a resident of Roberts county for 37 years, died at her home in Miami, Texas recently.

Thitha A. Baxter was born in Alabama, November 2, 1835. She was married to William L. Cunningham at Lebanon, Ala., in 1854. The family moved to Texas in 1869, first locating at Cleburne. She was the mother of nine children; six sons and three daughters. Her husband died in Cleburne in 1880. Also three sons preceeded her in death.

When the Cunningham family which ranks with the real old timers of that section, moved to the Panhandle in 1889, and settled on the north side of the Canadian River, their nearest neighbor was ten miles away. Their place was half way between Canadian and Adobe Walls and the Turkey Track Ranch, and was the stopping place for all travelers passing that way. Cowboys riding the range always found a welcome in the Cunningham home.

Mrs. Cunningham had spent the greater part of her life on the frontier and like most women of that time endured many hardships. Through it all, she was gentle and kind, bearing life's burdens without complaint, always telling her children "there is only one way to live and that is by faith, be true and honest." She joined the Methodist church when a young girl and remained in that relation until her death.

Her children never ceased to come to her for comfort and many of life's rough places were made smoother by her kindly admonition. She lived far beyond the allowed three score years and ten, having reached the 90th mile-stone. The longer she lived the stronger became her faith. As she journeyed with her Master she could say:

"Just a few more steps to follow,
Just a few more days to roam,
But the way grows more beautiful,
As I'm drawing nearer home."

This mother's Christian hope and fearlessness was worth all the wealth of the world in that moment when all the life forces begin to slip away like sands through the fingers. Death, through her living Lord, long since had been robbed of its terrors. It was not a black cloud which hovered over her bed; she saw with the soul's eye. To her death was not a door which shut out life, but one which opened into larger life. She lived a beautiful life and died a triumphant death.

Six of Mrs. Cunningham's children survive her: T. M. Cunningham and Mrs. W. S. Carter of Amarillo; Mrs. John Caffey, Strong City, Oklahoma; Mrs. F. R. Ferguson and Joe and John Cunningham of Miami, Texas; also eighteen grand children and five great grand children. She had made her home with her oldest daughter, Mrs. Ferguson, for twenty-three years. All of her children were at her bedside when the end came.

Mason County in 1866

James E. Ranck, in Texas Almanac. 1866

County Seat Mason:—This county lies east from Kimble and Menard, and is a new but organized county. The northwest portion is generally a rich post oak region, with the San Saba River running through the extreme border, while the center and southwest portion abound in mesquite flats and granite rocks. These rocks are usually of a gray or reddish east, and some times tower a hundred feet above the surface of the earth around them, where they stand out in all their naked deformity, with not a spear of grass nor a shrub to shield them, but hard as adamant and sometimes as smoothe as glass. In the valleys among these rocks the richest iron ore is found in great abundance. The Llano takes its course through the southwest portion of this county. A great number of valuable springs break forth about the center of the county, and, after meandering through the rich and beautiful valleys empty their clear waters, some into the tributaries of the Llano on the one side, and others into those of the San Saba on the other side. The big and little Saline Creeks, upon which are many valuable salt licks, Big Bluff and Little Bluff Creeks, Leona, Honey, Comanche, Willow, Elm, Beaver and San Fernando Creeks are the principal Mason County tributaries of the Llano, while Tecumseh Creek and Ranch Branch are the tributaries of San Saba. On Tecumseh there are several good salt licks. All the tributaries afford valuable timber and fertile valley, most of which is susceptible of irrigation. Immense quantities of pecans grow every year along the San Saba and its tributaries, and also upon the waters of the Llano, in Mason County. The beaver are so numerous on the San Saba that they often throw dams across that stream, and force the water out upon the valleys. The San Saba valleys are not so extensive in Mason as in Menard county, nor Llano bottoms so rich and fertile as in Kimble county. Fort Mason is situated on the divide between the Llano and San Saba rivers, about the center of the county, and is 115 miles northwest of San An-

tonio, 176 miles northwest from Austin, being about half way between the Red River and the Rio Grande. Fort Mason is the post where the brave and good man now General Robert E. Lee, had his headquarters while in command of the Second Cavalry of United States forces at the commencement of the war. He had the confidence and love of all who knew him, but none of us ever dreamed that he was destined to shake the foundations of the American Republic. There are no troops in Fort Mason; but we have elected it County Seat of Mason County, and have a good stone court house, a black smith shop built of stone, a trading house or store, and an excellent school, but no grocery. There are, I believe, 26 families within three quarters of a mile of the post, and 75 bright, healthy fresh looking children, large enough to attend school. There is church service by German preacher once a month in this neighborhood, but no regular meeting house. The people in this settlement and in the county generally are well disposed, orderly, and ambitious of accuulating property and educating their children; but they are very much disheartened at present by the great insecurity of life and property, and by the apparent impunity with which the most horrible crimes are perpetrated by Indians and outlaws. There are, I think, not less than 200 families in the county, half of whom are Germans. There are four excellent schools, besides some smaller ones and not less than 400 children to be educated. There are five places of worship in this county. The Germans are mostly Methodists. The Americans are of different persuasions. There is little agriculture in Menard, Kimble, or Mason but more in Mason than in either of the other counties. The people are generally devoted to stock growing, because it is so much more profitable and so much less laborous in this country than farming. Last spring we sold our beeves, here at the pens, for \$15.00 per head in specie. There are no mills in Mason county nor manufactures, but some splendid sites for such, especially on Devil's Rives,

James River, and Mill Creek, all of which empty into the Llano from the southwest. There are immediately around Fort Mason a great number of beautiful places admirable for irrigation, but only a few of them occupied by the rightful owner and many of them not occupied at all.

The Germans generally live upon their own lands and hence are more disposed to improve them. They have some fine orchards in this county. Butter is worth 10 cents per pound; eggs, 10 cents per dozen; honey .75 to \$1 a gallon; and venison hams, 25 cents a pair.

True Sketch of Quanah Parker's Life

Charles Goodnight, in The Southwest Plainsman

At the request of Edmond Seymour, of 49 Wall Street, New York, I am writing this story of Quanah Parker. I undertake it with great hesitancy as it is impossible to get proper dates of births, marriages, and so on. As nearly as I can ascertain, he was born in the year 1846, in what is now Oklahoma, on the northwest branch of Cache Creek. He was born in a bed of flowers. This he, himself, says, was the origin of the name, Quanah. As nearly as I can discover, the word would mean perfume, or possibly, odor.

He seems to have grown up in his tribe like any other Indian boy. The reason he was not captured when his mother was taken by Ross' command in 1860, just south of Quanah on Pease River, was for the very good reason that he was not there. His father, Nocona, had taken him and his brother who was a year or two younger, Peanut, by name, and had gone to the main tribe of the Comanches and Kiowas. The tribes were on their way south and had camped on the south waters of Pease River, at the foot of the Staked Plains, in what is now Motley County.

Information as to the location of the main body of the tribes I got from my scout duty. We located them the next day after the fight but Quanah, himself, told me of his being with his father at the time.

The brother, Peanut died a natural death. Lieutenant Ross, who was afterwards our governor, reported that he had killed Nocona, who was Cynthia Ann's husband. This was an error as he died a natural death, many years afterwards. I know this to be a fact and it can be proven by many witnesses. Ross' error probably occurred from

bad interpretation of what Cynthia Ann herself, said on the day that she was captured. I think that she was trying to make them understand that she belonged to the Nocona Band. The word Nocona means to rove or go and not make friends with the whites. He was a very prominent Indian but never a chief. He was, however, leader of the Nocona Band, which was known as the Quaharas. This means antelope or antelope hunter. There were seven of these different sects or bands among the Kiowas and Comanches. Two of them were known as the Kocheitakers, meaning buffalo hunters, and the Penetakers, bee hunters or sugar eaters. The latter were in much discredit among the rest of the Indians because they would lie around the agency eating sugar while the others were at war.

After Quanah was grown up, he fell in love with Red Bear's daughter. Red Bear was a chief and bitterly opposed the union so Quanah, with a few young braves and their squaws, stole the young girl and skipped south, locating at the head of the Concho River some two hundred and fifty miles southwest. He remained there two or three years. Occasionally small bands of the young people would break away from the old tribe and join him until he had quite a little band.

Eventually Red Bear located him and went down with a small band to settle the difficulty which was done by Quanah's giving him twenty horses. Quanah told me that it didn't amount to much as he simply went down to the frontier (which would be two hundred miles to the east) and got "plenty more horse."

Quanah remained in that country and

on the Staked Plains and during the summer season he and his followers lived principally on antelope, which at that time were very numerous and from which came the name "Quahara."

Quanah and Red Bear became staunch friends and were together at the Pickwick Hotel in Fort Worth when they blew out the gas in their room. Next morning Red Bear was dead and Quanah was barely alive. His old friend Burk Burnett was notified and got to him with doctors in time to save his life, although he told me afterwards that he had never recovered from the effects of the gas. It probably caused his early death.

As before stated Quanah remained in Concho county with his band and was not captured by McKenzie in '64. In fact he was never captured.

After he found out that all the other Indians had been put on the reservation, he came in and surrendered.

It seems that General McKenzie was in charge of Indian affairs at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma and finding Quanah to be more intelligent and easier to train in ways of civilization, he appointed him chief of the combined Comanche and Kiowa tribes. This made bitter enemies of the old line chiefs. Quanah himself, told me many years afterwards, when the old chiefs had largely died off, that he was now "sure-enough" chief.

When I captured Quanah by treaty in '78., I noticed many of his enlightened ways. Upon asking him how he had learned it, I was informed that he and General McKenzie were great friends and McKenzie had taught him.

The Indians had the utmost confidence in McKenzie. While he was firm and made them obey orders, he was just and made the contractors feed them properly and give them what was due them. When McKenzie was removed and some other officer whose name I do not remember, was put in charge, he failed to see that they were properly fed. According to Quanah's statement they were not given half the beef that was due them and what they did receive was no good. For that reason Quanah made up his mind to go back to his old haunts on the Staked Plains. When I intercepted him in the Palo Duro Canyon, I asked him who was in charge. He answered by saying, "No-

body. Old Squaw no good," giving the name of the commander, which, as I have said, I do not remember. Quanah declared that he was not going back, that he could take care of his own people on the Plains. It was some three or four weeks after I made the treaty before the troops got here from Ft. Sill to take him back. Because of the kind and just treatment he had received, he consented to return but he told me that if his people were not properly fed, he would leave again.

So far as I know, Quanah Parker never broke a promise or a treaty. He claimed, and I believe it true, that he never allowed any women to be killed in his battles. I personally know of two that he had two or three days in the woods and turned loose, showing them the way to go home.

I do not think that it is generally known but Quanah became a master mason before he died. His daughters by his first squaw are very well educated and seem to be women of fine character. The oldest one, who was a very beautiful child when I made the treaty with him, has been a missionary of the school at Ft. Sill for many years, doing a fine work for her people.

I greatly regret that I cannot give a fuller history of this man's life. I have simply stated briefly what I know about him.

Editor's Note.—In connection with the foregoing story concerning one of the most remarkable characters of Panhandle history, it is interesting to know that only recently, Congress has passed a bill appropriating funds to place a memorial at his grave, which has remained unmarked in an Indian cemetery northwest of Cache Oklahoma. A large monument marks the last resting place of his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker whose life-story is replete with tragedy and romance. Following the massacre of her family, she was carried off as a child and reared by the Indians, married Nocona and when recaptured by the whites, is said to have pined away and died of home-sickness.

Quanah Parker died February 22, 1911 and the movement to have his grave marked is said to have been started by Mrs. Lenn Banks, of Cache and was un-

dertaken in payment of a debt of gratitude.

Mrs. Bank's parents reside near Cache. One day her mother was taken ill, lapsing into a stupor from which it was not believed she would recover.

Quanah Parker lived nearby and he came into the house while the woman was ill. Looking at her mother, Mrs. Banks says Quanah turned to her father and said: "All right, judge, pretty soon me come." He quickly jumped on his horse and rode off returning shortly with medicine which is believed to have saved the life of Mrs. Banks' mother. Parker administered the medicine himself and remained at the bedside of the sick woman until her condition improved and she was entirely out of danger.

Preserve Stories of the Old People.

But they are going now—fast, very fast—those old soldiers "who once wore the gray of their country and now wear the gray of God."

A few of these yet linger with us. But there is little time to lose in the case of any of us who have kinsfolk who yet remember the picturesque era of slavery, war, and reconstruction—an era such as the world will never know again, no matter how long it lasts. One of the things I prize most is a typewritten copy of the recollections of an old aunt born in 1850, transcribed from notes she laboriously wrote out for me with a lead pencil. All of us ought to preserve all such reminiscences and family history while there is yet time to do so, and pass them on to our children and children's children.

I say this because these old people who are yet with us not only remember many incidents, the memory of which should be long treasured and preserved, but they also have a quality of personality of which we should seek to preserve the savor and the fragrance. The world will yet go a-seeking for the flavor of the traits and characteristics so marked in old folks, and which we unfortunately are in danger of losing. As someone has well said:—

"Great friendships also are rare in the midst of the hurly-burly of these days. Fellowship of spirits cannot ripen in an age where busy men and wo-

men are always just catching a train or snatching their food from a lunch counter. It takes time to ripen friendships. It also takes candidness and simplicity of soul and a roaring log fire and long hours of communion. The passing of years has brought many benefits to mankind, but it has also taken some of those indispensable grandeurs of life which grew out of the great simplicities."—Hamilton Herald.

With the Advent of Railroads.

Horace Greeley visited Texas in 1872, and the following extract from a letter written to his newspaper, the New York Tribune, dated May 27, 1872, will be read with more than passing interest:

"I traversed yesterday the railroad which runs westward from Harrisburg, near Houston, through Harris, Fort Bend and Colorado counties, by Richmond to Columbus, 83 miles. Most of this route is through a rich level prairie, covered with horses and cattle; but timber is always in sight on one side or both, and we traveled through the generally forest covered intervals of the Brazos and Colorado, with those of Oyster Creek, San Bernard and Caney. This is one of the earliest settled portions of Texas, and its population has largely increased since the war. The railroads have land grants; all want the population and production along their lines rapidly increased. Their interest leads them to invite settlement and encourage the transfer of lands from the non-residents to cultivators. Hence while lands near railroad junctions and other locations of predicted cities, are held at high rates, I judge that half of the soil of Texas is this day on the market at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$2 per acre, and that \$1 per acre, cash would buy the greater portion of it. And while a rapid rise along some of the railroad lines is inevitable, I judge that \$2 per acre will buy good wild land in this state for at least ten years to come. The least favorably situated of the vacant land is more eligibly located today than the best was twenty years ago. Railroads are bringing markets and comforts to every man's door."

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

First Governor of Texas

J. W. Lively in Marshall News, February 3, 1926

The first governor of the big, broad, brand-new State of Texas was a pioneer man of Marshall, Texas, our early burg in the virgin wildwood. Of course, at this late date, this historic bit can't be labeled "hot" news, but it is, so, just the same.

The baby burg Marshall gave Texas her first Chief Executive to sit in her new capitol in Austin, out on the winding waters of the Colorado. Of course, we modern Marshallites may smile. So too, we plain citizens of Harrison County may smile and smile on. The first governor of Texas trod the soil of Harrison. We gave him to Texas. Pass it on. Keep it before the people.

Texas' first governor was the Honorable John Pinckney Henderson, Attorney, first of Marshall's men. He saw Harrison in her making and pitched his tent in baby Marshall, in the wildwood. A rough profile of Pioneer Henderson shows him lean and long, a far-looking eye, and bushy hair.

It may here be told that two very early Harrison men had much to do with founding Texas, our Henderson and our late Senator W. T. Scott.

Texas today has one of the richest school funds in our Union. The State of Texas wouldn't let Uncle Sam have her Public Land Domain. She kept it for her school chaps. Our two Harrison men stood by 'till the last on it.

General Houston and Governor Henderson were close co-patriots. In settling with Mexico, on the San Jacinto battlefield, in sixteen minutes, by the watch, they saw the Lone Star Flag rise to set no more. These two men figured high in founding Texas. Houston was the first President of the Texas Republic. So too, Patriot Henderson, pioneer of Marshall, became Texas' first chief executive. This is no back-set to Harrison and it adds a bit of civic pride to Marshall.

Harrison now has 22,000 school chaps and youngsters. They may store this in their memories.

Early Texas, under General Houston, was poor as a church mouse, with few

friends and less money. And while our pioneer Henderson was a rustic pioneer, he had polished manners and a sweet tongue. Texas sent him as minister to the high Courts of Europe. Over there he made good. He met royalty and moved with the lords and ladies of the realms and his sweet tongue made friends. Being an acute "Limb of the Law," he won a promise of a loan at the Court of Paris. But Texas became a State, and baby Marshall furnished the governor. Keep it before the public.

Coming home, by easy election, Minister Henderson soon passed out to the winding waters of the Colorado, where on February 16, 1846, he was seated as the first governor of Texas. That was eighty years ago.

It may be said in passing, though our early pioneer was long lean, and lank, and his beard was long and bushy, he wore pants—he sure wore the breeches. There was no mix-up with him. By stroke of his pen, in one day, he made forty-six new Texas counties and kept her school lands.

Two noted Texas pioneer patriots used to plead at the bar of baby Marshall, Honorable J. P. Henderson and General Tom J. Rusk. Our nearby county of Rusk and its capital town. Henderson, bear their names. Both, too, died as United States Senators at Washington, D. C., and they died close together. Henderson passed out quietly like he lived. General Rusk died of a broken heart. He had just lost his beautiful Texas wife and he said, "I do not want to live without her" and he took his own life.

And it was always like this, love, true love, is stranger than fiction, fame, or fortune. Pass it on to people.

Within the next month or two we will complete the serial now appearing in Frontier Times under the title of "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson." When publication is completed we will issue this story in pamphlet form as we have other serials which have appeared in this magazine.

Trials and Tribulations on the Frontier

Written for Frontier Times- by W. B. Hardeman, Devine, Texas

One of the pioneer mothers of Southwest Texas, Mrs. Hezekiah Griffin, residing at Devine, Texas, has related to me some of her trials on the frontier, and I cheerfully pass them on to Frontier Times. This splendid mother of pioneer days is a fair example of the stock which settled in Texas in that far distant past and helped to develop the state. Her boys have both made good substantial men, one being a carpenter and the other a stock-farmer. Several of her grand-daughters have become school teachers, one of whom is now teaching at Marfa, Texas. One of her great grand-daughters, fifteen years of age, was in the State debate at Austin two years ago, and should have won in the final contest.

Her maiden name was Mary Jane Stevens. She was born May 16, 1839, at Jonesboro, Washington county, East Tennessee, and when she was two or three years old, her parents moved to Fayetteville, Washington county, Arkansas. She says:

"When I was twenty years of age my parents moved to Cooke county, Texas, near where Gainesville is now located. On December 22, 1861, I was married to Hezekiah Griffin, and we lived in Cooke county until 1865. It was so cold there, and the Indians were so bad we moved to Bandera county, and settled on East Verde Creek, seven miles south of the town of Bandera, intending to make that our permanent home. We built a small log cabin, cleared a small field of some ten or twelve acres, and felt comfortably situated. We had twelve horses, but the Indians soon stole the entire lot, so Mr. Griffin traded for a yoke of oxen. I had a nice garden on a long narrow strip of made land on the creek, which was so situated that it could not be worked with a team, so I spaded it all myself, and worked it well. I wrote to my sister in Missouri to send me some cabbage seed, and I planted them in the rich soil. The cabbage grew and produced abundantly, and I never saw finer heads anywhere. When the weather turned dry, I would dip water from

the creek and carry it to my garden, and my labor was amply rewarded with a fine crop of vegetables.

"On Monday morning, September 22nd, 1867, about 8 o'clock, Josiah Griffin, my husband's brother, requested his sister, Amanda Minerva Griffin, aged fifteen, to iron a shirt for him, saying that he was going to Bandera that morning. Josiah Griffin, with his two brothers, Spencer and Richard, worked down on the Medina river, about eight miles from home, making cypress shingles. The three would usually come home Saturday evening and return to their work on Monday morning. At this time Richard Griffin had gone to San Antonio with a load of shingles. After telling his sister to iron the shirt, Josiah started out to get his mule to ride to town. This mule was one which had been left in a given out condition by the Indians at the time they took all our horses. He had been gone some ten or fifteen minutes where I heard someone yelling. I spoke of hearing them, but Amanda said she thought it was an old cow. I was not fully satisfied and listened more attentively, and heard the distress call again. About this time my little daughter came running into the house and said the valley was full of Polanders. There was quite a settlement of Polish people at Bandera at that time. Spencer Griffin was lying on the bed reading the bible, and he jumped up and looked out, and said: "It's Indians!"

My little step-daughter said, "Oh, Mamma, the Indians are killing Daddy." I told her it was not her father, but was probably Josiah, who had gone after his mule. Hezekiah came about this time and he and Spencer went to the assistance of Josiah. There was a ten-rail fence not far away, and I climbed up on it to be able to see what was taking place. The Indians had Josiah surrounded, but only one was shooting at him with a bow and arrows. I saw Josiah stoop down and raise up, and I afterwards learned he was throwing rocks at the Indians. He struck one

and came near knocking him from his horse. The Indians, seeing the other brothers coming, hastily left. Josiah was severely wounded, having been shot in the left shoulder blade, left thigh, right hip and right arm above the elbow. In the fight he thought he recognized a Mexican named Antonio. Hezekiah and Spencer carried Josiah to the house and Spencer started to get the doctor, taking a short route across the mountains. After getting upon the mountain some distance from the house he looked back and saw Indians near the house on the side of a mountain, so he came back and told us he thought it best for him to remain there, as the Indians might attack the house. We watched all day, expecting to be attacked, but the Indians did not put in appearance, and after dark that night, Spencer started out again, my husband accompanying him half way across the mountain, leaving me there with the children alone. That was the longest three hours I ever spent. My uncle, Henry Stevens, came and helped nurse Josiah, who suffered greatly from his wounds. In those days it was difficult to get assistance, and we had to do the best we could.

"When Josiah had gotten much better, but was still confined to his bed, the Mexican, Antonio, rode up late one evening to pass the night. I told him to stake out his horse, and then I went in and told Josiah it was Antonio. He said: 'That's the fellow I came near knocking off the horse while he was playing Indian. You hand me my six-shooter, and then place a gun handy for yourself. When he comes in you bar the door so he can't get out, for he may want to give a signal to the Indians.'"

"When Antonio came in he appeared to be very much under the influence of whiskey. He had a large bottle about half full, and asked me to take a drink. I told him I never drank, and he insisted, but when he saw I would not drink he sat the bottle of whiskey down on the floor. He was sitting directly in front of the fire and soon began to nod, and I took the opportunity to slip the bottle away and hid it. In a short time my husband came and I felt very much relieved. We gave Antonio his supper, and Mr. Griffin made a pallet on the

floor with some saddle blankets in front of the fire-place, where he soon went to sleep and slept through the night. One of us watched to see that he did not slip out.

"Policarpo Rodriguez, a Mexican missionary who lived on Privilege Creek, northeast of Bandera several miles, was of the opinion that Antonio was standing in with the Indians.

"One very cold morning the following February Mr. Griffin went out to hunt his oxen, and he was gone so long I became very uneasy about him, knowing we were living in a country infested by Indians. I looked out and saw ten men riding toward the house. I recognized two of them, Mr. Duffy and Mr. Hicks. It was extremely cold and they asked if they could come in and warm. I told them they were quite welcome to do so. They inquired for my husband and I told them he had gone away early that morning to look for his oxen and had not returned. They informed me that Indians were in the country, and had passed down toward Castroville. That added to my alarm for Mr. Griffin had gone in that direction. These men soon departed in pursuit of the Indians, leaving me worried and nervous. I was so timid I did not venture to ask one of them to stay with us until my husband returned. My aged father-in-law, Spencer Griffin, Sr., a step-daughter, Amanda, and my three small children comprised the family. When dinner time came I prepared the meal and called them to eat, and they, not realizing the perilous situation, partook heartily of the repast, but I had no appetite for I fully thought I would never see my dear husband again. About dusk, however, he came in with the oxen. I then told him about the killing of Mrs. Moore, who had started from John Walker's to Bill Walker's some three hundred yards distant, and when about half way was killed by the Indians. This was about ten miles from our home. Then I recalled about them killing Bird Hardin, a young man on Indian Creek. The Indians cut his heart out, and they also wounded an old bachelor named Barnes up in the Hondo Canyon, twelve miles from Bandera. We talked the situation over, and decided to leave at once, that very night,

for Bandera. He had left the oxen in the field over a half mile away, and felt very uneasy about venturing out after them, but finally decided he would go, and told me to have everything ready to place in the wagon when he returned. While he was gone I packed up our bedding, some clothing for the children and some bear bacon, a bacon you don't know anything about, sweeter than hog bacon and it would keep longer. We had told Father Griffin of the plan to move, and when my husband returned with the oxen we called for father, when lo. and behold he had quietly gone to bed, insisting there was no danger, and we could not move Lim. We then decided to wait until morning, and one of us would watch through the night. It id Mr. Griffin I would take the first part of the night, and he told me to be sure and call him at 12 o'clock. I sat by a little window, which closed with a shutter, listening intently for any sound of approaching Indians, with the coyotes howling and hooting out there in the dark. I suspected those calls were Indians, but had no way of determining, so I remained watchful. At 3 o'clock I awakened Mr. Griffin, and he remonstrated with me for staying up so late and not calling him sooner. I told him that was all right, that I wanted him to be fresh and strong, he being all the protection we had. Just at daybreak he came and quietly called me, saying that a large body of Indians was camped at Black Jack Springs, about a half mile from our home. He said he could see the smoke rising from their camp fires. You can imagine my feelings. My first thought was for the old father, and those four little children. 'Oh, what will we do?' I cried. My husband replied: 'Just be quiet. We are going to defend ourselves.' So we barred the doors which were made of heavy thick cypress boards, and loaded our guns, five in all, and single-barelled all the time keeping a keen watch on Black Jack Springs. In time it was broad daylight, and the sun came up in all its splendor, and then my husband discovered that which he took for smoke was a fog.

"I told my husband I had enough of Indian fights and frights, so we loaded

our wagon and went to Bandera, taking the whole day to make the seven miles, the roads were so bad. We rented a house near Bandera and Mr. Griffin left me and the children there, while he worked the little farm the next year. He made more than 300 bushels of corn and had gathered and cribbed it, but the Indians made a raid and burned all of it. They broke the points off of several sythe blades, and all of the prongs from the pitchforks.

"We moved from Bandera to Medina county in 1874, where I have continued to live. My husband died May 22, 1910."

Here's encouragement of the right sort: Judge O. W. Williams of Fort Stockton, Texas, writes: "Have just received a copy of your Frontier Times. Having spent fifty years on the old frontiers of Texas and New Mexico, I think I am qualified to pronounce it a good enterprise being well carried out. I am enclosing you my check for \$3.00 for two years' subscription, and if you have back numbers I will be glad to pay you for them. I will also be able to get you some subscribers here I am sure. We need such papers to keep alive in our youngsters something of the indomitable spirit of the old frontiersman, who faced hardship and death in order to get a footing for his descendants. He had to face not merely the dangers from Indians, but also that from the outlaws of his own race, and he lived in privation and hardships unknown and not dreamed of by the present generation living in the shadow of splendid school houses and churches and blessed with the speedy wings of our 20th Century Mercury. All honor to those ancients now crowned with death, and all success to your work in printing their epitaphs!"

Excavations in the cemetery of Elden Pueblo, near Flagstaff, Ariz., have yielded a remarkably rich collection of ancient Indian pottery. There are more than 300 pieces in perfect preservation and many fragments which can be repaired. The pottery is predominantly whit and black geometric designs in the interior—a form typical of the old Hopi. There still exist vague legends among the Hopi Indians, indicating that Elden Pueblo was one of the homes of their ancestors.

From Teneriffe to San Antonio

While Longfellow's "Evangeline" has rendered immortal the fate of the Acadians, nobody has as yet attempted to do a like service unto the brave Canary Islanders, who, driven from their homes in the Fortunate Islands by edict of their monarch, migrated to the wilds of the New Philippines to establish the town of San Antonio de Bexar.

Though there is little to show that the men and women thus transplanted in the interest of an empire were unwilling pioneers, it is hardly to be believed that they would leave the Canary Islands if their own accord.

Their old home had been fitly styled by the ancients the "Fortunate" islands. There was the best of soil, the best of climate—the best of grain, and the best of wine.

To have these in compliance with a royal decree and go to a land that had the reputation of being the haunt of three great terrors—lack of food, lack of water and a plentitude of Indians, must have been as heart-rending and sorrowful as the ruthless deportation of the peasants of Old Acadia.

Living today in San Antonio are scores of persons, many of them prominently identified with its public life, who are the descendants of the Canary Island settlers, pioneers who, nearly two hundred years ago began the building of this city now the metropolis of Texas. Many also there are who, though they may trace their ancestry back to these San Antonio's first citizens, never give the question more than a passing thought and seemingly care very little for the really great honor, which they may thus justly claim.

But a few years short of passing the two century mark, the spot upon which San Antonio of today stands was a mere speck in the deepest wilds of Texas, then a province of the kingdom of Spain. It was in fact nothing more than a hunting ground for wild and barbarous Indian tribes.

Then, came the Canary Islanders. Four hundred Spanish families, back in 1723, left the far east with the intention of founding San Antonio. The expedi-

tion never arrived. Then, in 1731, a handful of the Canarians, some say thirteen, others claim sixteen families, undertook the task of building a villa around the presidio. They builded Texas' greatest city. Long and many years have not taken from within the gates of San Antonio all the descendants of those pioneers of long ago. There are today those whose relations string back to that little handful of people who sought homes in the wilds of the New Philippines. Few are the old Spanish families of San Antonio who cannot go back to those days of the Canary Island people and find their ancestry among them.

Lapse of time has placed no little distance between the present generation and its forefathers. Those whose ancestry is direct refer to the early settlers of this city, as their great-great-grandfathers or mothers, though strands of gray may have taken the place of the coal black hair which usually is theirs.

The stations in life of the descendants of those who constituted San Antonio's first population are varied and many, ranging through all professions and commercial lines to the laborer.

When Juan Leal Goraz, who, with his family constituted a part of the colony from the Canary Islands, arrived it occurred to nobody that even today his offspring would still continue to make its home on the spot he selected one hundred and eighty years ago. Yet this is true, and today his great-great-granddaughter, with her children still occupy the same piece of land, now known as the Leal Corral, in the western part of the city.

Bryan Callaghan, for many years, mayor of San Antonio, found his ancestry linked to San Antonio's first inhabitants. While the father of mayor Bryan Callaghan was a native of Ireland, his mother was of the Leal family mentioned above.

The story of the Canary Islanders is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Texas. By decree of the home government, thirteen families and two single men, pure Spaniards from the Canary Islanders, and some Tlascalans

undertook to establish San Antonio. They first set to work around the "Plaza de la Constitucion," today Main plaza. It was here that they established what was then called the town of San Fernando. Villa Capital de San Fernando, however, was not exclusively the Main plaza settlement; the Plaza des Armas or Military plaza was also embraced in the term.

The colonists, it is recorded, imparted vigor into affairs in general. The settlement began to prosper and grow. It was this start that gave San Antonio the lead for the metropolis of the state which it still maintains. Much fighting with the Indians, however, retarded occasionally the progress of the town.

In the work, "Apuntes para la Historia de Coahuila y Texas," by Esteban L. Portillo, are to be found some passages bearing on the earliest San Antonio history, which are of much interest. The author records the assistance rendered by Don Mathias de Aguirre to the Canary Island immigrants, while on the way to the presidio of San Antonio de Bexar.

The chronicle, however, is not quite as lucid as it might be, and is much in need of additional data. For instance, these sixteen Canary Island families, numbering, according to this document, fifty-six persons, arrived in San Antonio on November 23, 1730, and here, to all appearances, are fifteen persons representing sixteen families, four families representing only four individuals. These last mentioned, according to the document, were back in Saltillo on January 29, 1731, witnessing to a voucher of supplies delivered to them.

It is hardly to be supposed that these men made the long and weary journey back to Saltillo just for this purpose and nothing else. The belief exists that Saltillo was the central trading post of the territory and that the men made the trip for purposes related to this fact.

In this connection E. L. Portillo says that, by a royal decree dated May 10, 1723, the king of Spain ordered four hundred families from the Canary Islands to emigrate (pasaran) for the purpose of populating Texas. It is further mentioned that the four hundred families were later transported to Texas, but, instead of being sent direct to the province,

they were disembarked at the port of Vera Cruz. But sixteen families, according to this writer, arrived in Bexar, and were the founders of the villa adjoining the missions of San Antonio.

In the archives of the town hall of Saltillo, Mexico, is to be found a very valuable document dating back to the year 1731. By means of this the names of the actual founders of San Antonio may be ascertained. The document shows the names of the founders in the capacity of attestees for provisions and supplies received. The document is signed by Juan de Tagle, notary public of the Spanish crown and the city.

The document bearing the date of January 27, 1731, gives the names of Juan Leal Goraz, Juan Leal, the boy; Antonio Santos, Salvador Rodriguez, Joseph Cabrera, Manuel de Niz, Francisco Arocha, Vicente Alvarez, Juan Delgado, Marino Melano, Juan Curbelo, Felipe Perez, Josephine Antonio, Martin Lorenzo, Ignacio Lorenzo. The last four are said to have had no family. It is said there were sixteen families although the Derrotero says he counted but fifteen.

The document goes on to say that it was resolved on that day by Captain Don Mathias de Aguirre, at the request of the above named parties, to aid them with supplies. The families had represented in writing that they came without provisions of any kind, and were without mules or horses, and so were unable to continue their journey.

In order that they might reach the presidio of San Antonio de Bexar they were given what was most necessary and convenient. This consisted of eighty-six horses, seventy-seven mules loaded with provisions for their maintenance during the journey from Saltillo to San Antonio; also four mules employed to carry four panier loads. Sixteen yoke of oxen were also given.

The document also states that the captain gave them sixteen metales, (the Mexican hand-mill for crushing grain) together with their grinding stones. At that time the Marquis of Casa Fuerte was governor in New Spain. It was he who ordered Captain Don Mathias de Aguirre to provide the settlers of San Antonio de Bexar with the supplies needed.

Ketemoczy

Leonard Passmore, in The Brady Standard

Frontier stories are always of interest to our young readers and sometimes to the older as well. It is a duty of the present generation to gather this frontier history that the rising generation may know something of the trials and hardships of the early pioneers and of the staunch character of the pioneers of Texas. We are proud of our great state and should hold sacred its early history.

In the southern part of McCulloch county is the beautiful San Saba river. It winds its way like a silver thread through the hills on its majestic course to the Colorado, thence onward to the sea. By the edge of its limpid waters, and near the overhanging cliffs of its borders may yet be found signs of old Indian camps, and on the rocks may be dimly traced Indian hieroglyphics that tell of the prowess of the Comanche braves, could we but rightly interpret them. This is especially true of Brady Creek, a tributary of the San Saba. Many legends could be gathered and put on record concerning these places as well as many true facts of frontier tragedy.

In among the granite rocks near the head of Katemcy Creek, near where the thriving little village of Katemcy is now located, was the winter camp of the Comanche chief, Ketemoczy. It was from this Indian name, Ketemoczy that we get the more abbreviated name Katemcy. Among the cliffs and deep little gorges of these granite rocks the old chief and his tribe would spend the winter, and then in the springtime move to more pleasant quarters down on the San Saba, near the present village of Camp San Saba.

Old Ketemoczy was a very dignified old chief and was held in great admiration by all the members of his tribe. Farther down on the San Saba, below where is now the little town of Voca, was Santana, another Comanche chief, together with his braves. Members of the two gangs would often meet in their hunts for buffalo and other wild game, and together they would rove the hills in quest of game. Often would the braves from each camp stand together on Look-out Peak, the little round hill on land

now belonging to the writer, or wander faraway down towards where Fredonia is now located, and from the peak known as Spy's Rock, look down into the vales below to spy the game for which they were in quest. They were unmolested in these early days, for the hated pale-faces had not intruded upon their quiet hunting grounds. A white man seldom passed through this wild and romantic region at this time, for this was in the days of the forties, and the United States was engaged in a war with Mexico. At that time as we know there was very little immigration of white settlers to these parts.

Thus quietly and unmolested did the Indians pursue their ways; talking and gesticulating in their camps as they recounted to each other their deeds prowess along the San Saba and its tributaries, until the year 1847. At this particular time a messenger arrived, a member of another tribe of Indians, and told the daring Ketemoczy that there was a camp of pale-faces farther south—two moons on the river Pedernales; that these palefaces wore long beards and spoke a strange language; that they had a very friendly old chief and that said chief desired to make a treaty of peace with Ketemoczy. At first the formidable old Comanche chief shrugged his broad shoulders and shook his plumed head, and thus made reply: "No like palefaces. Mexican say muchee bad hombre. Comanche live in peace; paleface stay where he is. Me no kille paleface if paleface not comee here at camping place of Comanche Ketemoczy."

After being fully assured by the messenger that peace was what the paleface wanted, and that the mission of the white men was a friendly one, Chief Ketemoczy consented to receive them cordially, but told the messenger to tell the palefaced chief, that as an act of good faith on his part, the white chief and his companions were to fire their guns as a salute, and approach the Indian camp unarmed. This message was conveyed back to the white men, who were no other than Baron Von Meusebach and about

fifteen or twenty German colonists from Fredericksburg.

There was great excitement in the Indian camp and great preparations were made for the reception of the great white chief. Ketemoczy had his best steed brought up ready for use, his mounted warriors gathered about him, shields, bows and arrows and tomahawks were gotten together, and all ready for the reception, be it a friendly mission or one of hostile purpose.

At last three wagons pulled by oxen appeared on the prairie near where Kattemey is now located, and eight mounted Comanche warriors bearing a white banner went to meet the great white chief. At the same time Meusebach sent an interpreter to meet the warriors. The Indians demanded of the interpreter to state if the mission was one of peace or warfare. When told it was one of peace they demanded the salute. This was promptly complied with, and the baron and his men were conducted into the Indian camp. He was received with great ceremony and treated with the utmost courtesy. After the formalities of his reception were over, Meusebach made one of the most famous and far-reaching treaties that was ever effected in the history of our country. I do not know exactly the terms of that treaty. According to Fritz Kothmann, an old pioneer who died some years ago, it ran about this: The whites were to be unmolested, that the whites were to engage in agricultural pursuits and not molest the game and that whites and redskins alike should welcome each other to their wigwams. Meusebach at his death left a great bulk of manuscript dealing with these early events that has never been published.

The writer as a boy knew Baron von Meusebach in his declining years. It is his opinion that he was one of the most interesting historical figures in the history of our Lone Star State. He was born in Germany in 1812. The latter part of his life was spent in seclusion at Loyal Valley, Texas. He died there in the year 1897. If this article meets with interest from my readers I will write another article stating some of the things I remember personally of this interesting man.

Would Honor Capt. Goodnight.

During a recent vacation J. Frank Dobie adjunct professor of English of the University of Texas, visited the ranch regions of South Texas and the Panhandle for the purpose of adding to his great fund of information in regard to the early cattle days, and incidentally collecting legends and folk-lore of which he has been making a specialty for several years.

The fact that Mr. Dobie comes of a pioneer family of ranchmen and that he was a cowboy in his younger manhood days especially fits him for the research work which he is now conducting. With him it is a labor of love. During the past summer, among other persons visited by him was Capt. Charles Goodnight, the veteran cattleman of the Panhandle who was the first man to establish a ranch in that far-flung part of Texas. Captain Goodnight is 91 years old, but is still possessed of the physical brawn of a man of middle age. His intellect is keen and his memory of past events is marvelous, according to Mr. Dobie.

"Captain Goodnight is in many respects the most remarkable man living in Texas today," Mr. Dobie said. "He has never sought the spot-light and his modesty has prevented the people at large from knowing his true greatness. He has been a lover and student of nature all of his life and there are few if any naturalists living or dead who have possessed a more intimate knowledge of the wild life that surrounded them than does Capt. Goodnight. He knows the habits, even in minutest detail of the birds and animals of the Panhandle. It is true that he is famous for his knowledge of the buffalo and for what he has done to perpetuate that breed and the success he has had in crossing the buffalo with cattle, but he is equally as well informed along other lines dealing with the fauna and flora of the region where he has made his home these many years. The people of Texas should do him honor and as one means of perpetuating his memory a State or National Park should be created out of Palo Duro Canyon, which formed part of his ranch and that stretch of wonderful scenery and beauty should be called 'Charles Goodnight Park'."

Hige Nail an Early Trail Driver.

We read in the newspapers a great deal about the early-day cattle drives from Texas to the Northern markets, crossing Red River near Preston Bend north of Sherman, but seldom notice anything about the many thousands of cattle that were driven north across Red River near Doans, in Wilbarger County, from South Texas in the years from 1875 to 1887.

There are but few men now living that know that Hige Nail made the first successful cattle drive across Red River near Doans in the early '70s. At that time cattlemen considered it taking heir lives in their own hands to attempt to drive a herd of cattle to the Northern markets as far west as the Doans crossing in Wilbarger County. It was first suggested to the cowmen of South Texas by Hige Nail that he would undertake the first drive across the Red River at a point now near Doans through the wild Indian Territory north of Wilbarger County.

The writer first got acquainted with Hige Nail near old Buchanan in Johnson County in 1867, about the time the county seat was being moved to Cleburne. He was the very soul of honor with the cowmen, could speak Spanish as fluently as he could English. He was an expert cattle roper and no bronco too wild for him to successfully ride. The writer had the pleasures and hardships of his cattle drives on the then Indian borders of Texas.

If living, he would now be about 83 years old. The Mexicans called him Clavo. He was true as steel, feared no man, but was kind to all of us in his work on the cattle range. Having been a resident of Wilbarger County for over forty years and published the Vernon Weekly Call for thirty years, we believe it will interest many Texans to know that Hige Nail made the first cattle drive through the then wild Indian Territory across Red River near where Doans is now situated.—D. D. McConnell, 1422 W. Bell Ave., Houston, Texas, in Dallas News.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

Hunts for Gold in West Texas.

Buried Spanish treasure, gold, romance hazy legends of sudden raids and the grasped-out stories of dying men directing their rescuers to hurriedly hidden treasure trove, are interwoven in a local tale of adventure exceeding in interest wildest imaginings of gifted fiction writers. The final touch to what promises to be a treasure hunt such as West Texas has not seen for many a day, is given by the clandestine presence of a mysterious Spaniard, who has honeycombed land fifteen miles northeast of Menard with holes. These miniature shafts are spaced about fifty feet apart and are ten feet deep, and large enough in circumference to allow a full grown man to descend into them. The air is full of stories of fabulous wealth hidden in the earth from the time of the Spanish Conquest. Not only in this section of the State, but in many other parts of West Texas, buried money and gold is known to exist. Even as recently as the Indian raids on the overland stages that ran from San Antonio to the Pacific Coast previous to 1900, many gold shipments were secreted in the nearest place that offered concealment. What lends color to the romantic story of buried treasure close by is the fact that the searcher now is one who a year and a half ago came, it is thought, from Mexico, and went directly to Brady where after a brief time he uncovered a piece of Spanish gold bullion bar which had a value of \$7,000. Old timers in that section believe that the "mysterious Spaniard" has access to secret records of hidden gold, obtained, some think, from ancient missions and monasteries which dot many parts of South Texas, and which at one time served as the seat of administration for the Spanish Conquistadores.—San Angelo Standard.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas—Published in 1884

(Continued from last month.)

Within a short time the man, Ed Hogue, was run out of the country, and going further west, was taken up by a mob for horse stealing, and hung.

About two weeks after Crawford murdered Pierce he was at a disreputable house in Ellsworth, when three men walked in, burst open the door of the room he was in—though he emptied his six-shooter by firing through the panels before the door gave way—and shot him to death. He was hit thirteen times, and died instantly.

The next night a party of five men rode on the street to where Happy Jack was standing, and filled him full of bullets. No arrests were made.

But with the killing of Crawford and Happy Jack Thompson had nothing to do. When he heard of the murder of Pierce—there being no need to wait longer—he went to St. Louis, thence by boat, via Cairo, to New Orleans, and then home. From that Thompson was not again in Kansas until he went there to be present at and render what aid he could to his brother Billy, when tried on the charge of having unlawfully killed Sheriff Whitney, he having been extradited from Texas for trial. As a matter of course there was an acquittal of the defendant in that case, even when the trial was had before a Kansas court and Kansas jury, the killing being purely accidental. It would have been an infamous prostitution of the judiciary to hate, the prejudice and malice to have found otherwise.

After the trial and acquittal of Billy, Ben returned home, and there remained most of the time, following his occupation until the mines at Leadville attracted attention. He went to Leadville, but could not remain. The rarified air affected his throat and lungs to such an extent (because of the great altitude) he was forced to return to a lower level.

On the eve of starting home, however, he concluded to give the "tiger" one more tustle. The brute got Ben in its grip and used him roughly. This is the account a local paper gives of the occurrence.

"Ben Thompson, who is well known around Austin as a professional 'gam,'

has been doing Leadville in his old familiar style, but does not seem to have played it quite so successfully as he sometimes did in Texas. Ben never was known to labor very industriously, except with his thumb and forefinger, when pulling cards from the box behind the faro table, or sitting in front of it wrestling with the 'tiger.' A gentleman now in Leadville, who knows him, writes that some time ago. Ben tried the faro table and lost \$2,000 in money, a diamond stud worth \$800, a ring worth \$500, and a watch and chain worth \$300 in one sitting and had to borrow some money to start for home. He did not start soon enough, however, for he got drunk and turned over gambling tables, shot out lights, run the crowd out of the house, pounded one man up with a six-shooter, and wound up by cleaning up the street with a Winchester."

The war between the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroads, was now at daggers' points. The management of both was determined to carry their respective points, even if bloodshed was the result. Forces were marshalled, preparations made for the seizures and holding the property in dispute. The character of Thompson being well known, he was approached to enlist his services in behalf of the first named company. He was not disposed to interfere in the that matter. While ready to appeal to arms against the public enemy, or in private quarrel when conscious of being in the right, he hesitated to take part between corporations, when the right on the one side or the other was susceptible of easy solution by having recourse to the courts of the country. But he was overpersuaded by several of the prominent men at interest, or who were the partisans of those who were interested. He agreed, for the sum of five thousand dollars, to take the action desired, viz: to hold a certain round house until the officers of the law, should be appealed to, show force enough in his front to probably make a serious fight.

He declined to shed the blood of those who came in the name of the law, armed with process and backed by a posse able to execute it. To violently resist under such circumstances would subject him to a charge of murder, and cause him to become an outlaw. In all his difficulties Thompson had never put himself in position to be compelled to fly from the sword of the law when justly raised. Never had he rested beneath that of Damocles; but at all times he knew it was held aloft by rods of steel, and could not touch him as long as truth prevailed. Therefore it was that he made his contract definite and inside the limits of the law. If assaulted by an unauthorized body of men while he held the possession of property given him in charge, by those who claimed to own it, he could, and would, resist, even to the taking of life.

The contract was satisfactory to all parties. Thompson was permitted to select his own men, they to be paid by his employers; he made the selection, and with them he took possession of the round house. He did not, however, have the men he wanted, and did not feel as secure as he would have done otherwise; but the emergency was great, and he had to act in connection with the best material he could command on the instant. While in possession, repeated efforts were made to dislodge him, but they were not earnest enough to call on him to resist by ordering "fire." The Denver and Rio Grande Company people, finding that they had a man to deal with who was faithful to his trust, brave, efficient and cautious, tried to undermine his integrity by offering him twenty-five thousand dollars to surrender. They had as well sought a patriot to betray his country. Amount offered was large; he was poor; it was more money than he had ever had at one time; it would make him independent; his wife and children and mother could live comfortably all their lives; his children could be educated; he himself could abandon his irregular and dangerous life; and engage in some legitimate and reputable pursuit; but all these considerations, and they were eloquent-tongued temptations, could not, did not, move

him. His personal honor was bright as the knight's shield, and could not be dimmed by treason to those who employed and trusted him. His reply was simple, but grand. It was:

"I will die here, unless the law believes me."

All effort to dislodge him failed. The mob, armed citizens, furious railroad men, surged around threateningly, like a Chinese army with their stink pots; but he held fast. This persistency nonplussed the opposition, and though it did not desire to do so, was compelled to apply to the court for writs to aid it to accomplish the designs in view. Thereupon an application for an injunction was made; the writ was granted.

Thompson being relieved, he returned home by way of St. Louis—bringing with him a good portion of the money he had received.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dissipation in constant gambling, loss of sleep and the circumstances which surround such a life, had made more or less inroad on the health of Thompson. His face became pale, and being almost beardless, he presented the appearance of being feebler than he really was; and when dressed in black he looked much like an invalid suffering from consumption, but he continued to ply his trade.

He had the whole of an up-stairs in Austin, where the gambling tables were kept and in operation. There are many rough characters who frequent such places—they naturally gravitate to them. When they are successful their spirits rise up as they pour spirits down; if unlucky, then the passions are aroused, as whiskey is supplied at frequent demands. The banks treat as frequently as liquor is called for.

The day to which attention is now called had nothing in it different from what ordinarily takes place in a gambling room. Some men from San Saba County were in town, and found their way to the monte and faro tables belonging to Thompson. They played liberally and won largely; they broke one or more of the games. Perhaps this may not be understood. There may be

a dozen tables, or games, in one room, each game being controlled by one man who represents the general banker or proprietor. Thompson was proprietor, and had many games running. These games, or at least many of them, were broken by these men; and they had plenty of money, were heavily armed and fully half drunk. Having played as much as they desired, they went down to the bar-room, called for additional drinks, and being supplied, became more boisterous than before, aggressive and insulting besides, cursed the bar-keeper, and were truly hungry for a difficulty. They flung their pistols around recklessly, and seemed to be particularly desirous of finding some man who was wearing a tall silk hat. They were wanting to eat a Yankee, if they could find a raw one. The bar-keeper protested against this disorderly conduct, but it was useless. About this time Thompson came in from the street. He had not been present during the gambling, and did not know of the losses with which his games had met. It happened that while he had been on the street some friend had presented him with one of the hats the San Saba boys wanted to see. It may be remarked that at that day but few persons in this State wore such hats—they were uncommon, to say the least. He had come into the bar to get his overcoat, pistol and cane—a little goldheaded whalebone stick. When he had received his outfit from Pres Hopkins, who was the bar attendant, Thompson deliberately put on his gloves, placed his overcoat on one arm and his cane under the other, and walked to the pavement. These San Sabians had not before observed him. As soon as they got sight of him, one of them said:

"Hello! where did you come from?"

Thompson made no reply but accosted a negro who was standing near, saying: "My friend, how far is it to Bosting?"

Cuffee answered: "Eleiving miles, sir."

"Eleiving miles! By heavings, I thought it was but seving," said Thompson.

The roughs stood amazed and delighted, that they so soon had in grasp the very man they were hunting.

The man who had spoken before again

addressed Thompson, and said: "Look here, babe, where did you come from?"

Thompson turned to him and replied: "Did you speak to me?"

"Yes, sugar; I spoke to you," Thompson bashfully said.

"I came from the North for my health. All my family save one have died with consumption, and one of my lungs is gone," and as he said this he coughed and placed one hand on his breast as if the coughing pained him.

At that the former speaker said: "This is not a healthy country for you?"

And received this meek reply: "Why, sir, the climate is genial, and I have already obtained much benefit; how can you say it is not healthy?"

Without further ado the man said: "Then I am a liar, am I," and with his horny palm knocked Thompson's hat off, and as it rolled on the pavement, continued: "If we had on the San Saba we would make wolf meat out of you in no time."

Thompson picked up his hat and said: "Why you would not mistreat a stranger and invalid, would you, when he sought this fine climate to benefit his failing health, and when he behaved himself like a gentleman and an honest man."

"Oh no, certainly not," he said, and again knocked the hat off, and this time kicked it after it fell. He saw in an instant that he had gone too far, and that Thompson had only been representing a character not his own. Thompson said: "You infernal scoundrel and coward, what do you mean. Is this the way you would act toward a stranger and sick man? I am Ben Thompson and equal to a dozen such white livered friends as you." His eye danced and glittered with the light of fight, and that meant death. The man saw this and dodging behind an awning post, drew his pistol and fired, the post covered him very well. Thompson called to him "to come iut and confront danger like a man," but the man was busily engaged trying to revolve the cylinder of his pistol, it had caught foul in some way and become disordered. Thompson could see one side of the fellow's

head and the whole of one of his ears, and said out loud: "Well, I will mark you anyhow," and fired, putting a bullet hole through the man's ear as round and neat as if it had been cut there with a stamp. The bully took to his heels and ran to the middle of the street and stopped, and again tried to get his pistol into working order, but another shot, which went crashing through his side, from Thompson's pistol, set him into a long run, that was kept up as far as he could be seen. How badly he was hurt was unknown, but judging from his speed and the distance he ran, he could not have been very seriously wounded. His companions had not waited for the final result, but when Thompson announced his name and began to unlimber they took to their heels and disappeared as fast as their long cowardly legs could carry them, as this man would have done had he not gotten into the fight so suddenly as to prevent an escape.

Men who take advantage of strangers of the sick, of the timid, are uniformly cowards at heart; and, while they may have the evil audacity to assassinate a man in the dark, or when they have all the advantage, do not possess any true manhood or courage. Such men are panthers by nature, and sooner or later find their way to State's prison where they ought to be. Thompson would have acted in the same manner had these men so maltreated an actual invalid, although he might have come from the top of the Green Mountains and been blue from the front through to the back bone. Thompson was arrested and bonded, and in a month or two indicted, tried, and acquitted of an assault with intent to kill and murder the San Saba bully. The verdict was a truthful vindication of the true spirit of the law and met with the approval of all men in heart. The heart of an honest natural man, rebels at the character of oppression and humiliation these roughts would have visited on a sick stranger. Fortunately there are but few such cowardly brutes to the name of man and bring reproach on a country, either in this or any other State, as the men, one of whom came so near receiving his just deserts from the hands of Thompson.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The best tempered and gentlest-hearted people are sometimes ruffled by small things, and do quite wrong, though there be present no malice. This is one of the misfortunes of life, and frequently brings a train of evils little foreseen; but what is about to be related had no serious consequences, though such might have naturally flowed therefrom. In vino veritas is an old adage, and it might be said with equal truth that wine often compels the tongue to utter the deeper feelings of the heart.

After dining one evening with some friends, Thompson felt the effect of the champagne he drank, and consequently was in humor to catch fun on the wing, and have it when and where he could. He had devoted friends who would interpose their lives freely to save his and notably among them is Bill Johnson, whose life was saved at Bryan, as before stated. He understands Thompson as a man does his wife, and has no difficulty in running ahead, to the color of consequences, when he starts out. They were together this evening, and commenced the tramp.

They went to the gambling rooms that belonged to Ben and a gentleman by the name of Loraine. The partner was dealing faro. For some reason, no matter what, they were not in exactly good humor with one another, Ben deeming himself aggrieved. Some parties had been playing, but getting broke, dropped out as they had dropped in. Johnson, by instinct, felt that Ben was going to do something, and therefore went to him and searched him thoroughly for arms—at least, he thought he had—but finding nothing, left the room for a few moments. He had not more than got out before bang, bang, bang cracked a pistol. He ran back and found that Ben had shot into stacks of chips, scattering them in every direction, broken or ruined. He had also shot into the dealer's box, cutting it through and through, and still not satisfied, fired at the chandelier, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Mr. Loraine was frightened, of course, but did not move. Bill caught Ben and said: "My God, what do you mean?" "I don't think

that set of tools altogether honest, and I want to help Mr. Loraine buy another," replied Ben, and then turned to Mr. Loraine and said: "You can buy another set of tools and charge them to me; I don't like the ones you had." Mr. Loraine did not speak, but just then the police whistle sounded, when Thompson passed out a back door into the dark, Johnson with him. The police of the city is a very good body of men, and will arrest most men who deserve arrest, but no one of them was willing to have a personal encounter with Thompson. They were soon on the spot and learning the cause of the disturbance and its bloodless result, were disposed to let the matter rest until morning, and again dispersed. Ben passed down to the keno rooms under the control of Simon, and without saying a word to any one, or intimating his intentions, commenced to shoot into the "goose," that is the cylinder-like box that works on an axis, and contains the balls with which the game is played.

As he ceased firing, he said: "This game ruins boys, and shall be played no more." But the consternation was so great during the firing that the men, boys, players and dealers, waiters and attaches of every kind had left—through the doors, windows, down stairs, on to the roofs of other houses—so that when Thompson spoke he had no listener. Again the police concentrated, and after consultation, began to march up-stairs; but Ben was gone, Johnson still with him. They went down to the First Ward and there Ben shot out the lights on the streets and through lamps in disreputable houses. The police followed and surrounded one of these houses, in which they thought Ben was lingering. By the time they closed around the building, they heard firing up the avenue, and as often as the pistol fired, out went a street lamp, darkness following. Here came the police in hot haste, but well blown. As Ben passed the Raymond House, he saw Abram Simon leaning back in his chair, fast asleep, with mouth wide open. The spirit of fun, frolic and mischief still being abroad, he fired two shots in rapid succession close to the head of the sleeper, which was resting against the wall.

The man jumped four feet high and lighted on the ground, running and screaming: "Murder! murder! murder!" He did not see where he was going, and ran into a sewer, and down it he took, splashing the water, throwing the mud and yelling: "Oh, mine Cot! oh, mine Cot!" He was met by the police and arrested for making night hideous with his noise, and it was with difficulty that he could prevail on the "guardians" not to lock him up till morning; but he succeeded at last, and was glad enough to go home to bed. When questioned, however, as to the cause of his alarm, he could give no account—he knowing nothing; he only knew that he was awakened by a shot close to his head and another right in his face. Simon has never known who tried to murder him that night, and never will until he reads this book.

The next morning he reported at the mayor's office, pleaded guilty to the charges filed against him and paid them.

The papers of the day contained many witticisms, squibs and jibes, at and about the policemen, a few of which will not be inappropriate to insert here:

"Leadens bullets—Ivory balls. The bluff game wins. Nobody killed, but don't blame the officers; they couldn't help it you know."

"Ben Thompson, single handed and alone, a few nights ago, effected what the combined authorities of the city and county have so long failed to accomplish. Ben's conscience, apparently, became quickened, and he determined that the keno establishment over the 'Iron Front Saloon,' should be abolished, or rather demolished. Wednesday night he raided the game; in walked Benjamin, and drawing his pistol began firing into the 'globe.' There was a stampede from the house and of course keno was busted. That an end has been put to the game, we are glad; glad for the mothers and fathers of the young men, who nightly spent their hard earnings at the fascinating game; glad for the wives and children of the husbands who put their dollars in the game when the money would have gone to buy food and clothing for their families, and glad the game so enticing yet so ruinous and demoralizing, has been abolished. Still,

we are sure that the conduct of Ben Thompson is inexcusable. The rights of property are as sacred as that of life, and as the authorities saw proper to permit the establishment to be run in open defiance of law, the owner had a right to expect protection against this lawless assault and wanton destruction. But it seems that Ben has got all the officers bulldozed. When it is known that he is in one of his defiant, reckless moods, the officers invariably give him a wide berth. They actually avoid him and act like craven cowards. Ben knows they are disgraceful cowards and must hold them in supreme contempt. If, however, we had men of nerve and courage on duty, men who know no such word as fear Ben Thompson would soon find it out, and cease his lawless acts. If we have not got such men in our midst, let us hang our heads in shame and humiliation and confess we are at the mercy of those who would do violence to our persons or our property. But we know we have as brave and as true men here as ever the world produced; men who would take Ben Thompson in custody with all his terrible armament, as quickly as they would a petty offender from the country, and would consider it the more manly act of the two. We need such men on duty. Will we ever get them?"

"It seems that Ben Thompson, some two or three months ago, issued orders to the city police that, in case he became a little playful, and using his musical pistol in making things lively, that they were to let him severely alone, and it seems they carried out the orders to the letter last week. On either of the nights he did the shooting he could have been arrested, and on the night he was riding around the city he was seen by the officers. A special policeman was appointed that night to make the arrest; but, hearing that Ben was shooting around generally, being sometimes afoot, then in the saddle, and again in a carriage, and there being a real chance to run afoul of him, this officer hurried home and went to bed."

Many pages might be filled with excerpts from articles in papers, and entire paragraphs, showing the good fellowship of Thompson and his esteem by

the public, but space will not permit. All people know him to be generous and brave—dangerous only when wrong is on the war-path, then the wrong-doer would do well to go with bated breath and keep in the dark, for woe to him if he fall afoul of this man.

Shortly before the occurrences narrated, Thompson, desiring to show what metal was in him, to change his line of life, and to bring his children up relieved from the common repute in which he stood, and to free his wife, whom he dearly and tenderly loved, from further anxiety about his personal safety, concluded to offer himself as a candidate for city marshal of Austin, an election for which was then coming on. He consulted with some of the best and most responsible men in the community, both as to social position and financially. From them he received hearty encouragement. They promised him to give him support in his effort to rise above a miscellaneous life, and anchor himself to law and order.

Thus encouraged, he addressed a circular to the voters, written with his own hand, in which he spoke plainly and positively. But it best speaks for itself. Here is the circular:

"To the Good People of Austin:

"I have been solicited by a number of old citizens, who have known and been kind to me from boyhood, to become a candidate for the office of city marshal. No man, from the highest to the humblest, can successfully charge me with dishonor or dishonesty. I can truthfully say, without boasting, that I have always been the friend of the defenceless, and most of the difficulties attending the independent life I have led were incurred by sensitive love of fair play and an irresistible impulse to protect the timid and weak, from the aggressions and wrongs of the overbearing and strong. I am thoroughly acquainted with the character of Austin and magnanimity of her citizens. I have a family of interesting children growing up under my hands, for whose welfare and happiness in society I have an abiding solicitude. I now beg to repeat in this public manner the promise I have made to my friends in private, that if honored with the confidence of the people, in

their selection for the important and responsible post to which I aspire, my whole time and attention shall be given to the discharge of the official duties which pertain to the place, and no good and law abiding citizen shall have occasion to regret the choice, provided it shall be within the compass of my ability or fidelity to the high and delicate trust to prevent it; upon these terms and conditions I invoke the support and suffrage of all my fellow-citizens.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
BEN THOMPSON."

His opponent was Captain Ed Creary, the incumbent, who has the facility of calling around him a strong support when running for office. He had been marshal for many years, and had the floating population well in hand. A Republican, liberal in his views, an excellent officer, and untiring and skillful as an electioneerer but ran as an independent candidate.

The vote of the city stood:

For Marshal:

Creary—Republican, Greenbacker and Independent.	1174
Thompson—Democrat	744
Burns—Republican	75

Ben was beaten by a considerable majority, but he was sustained in his aspirations by many of the best citizens in the city.

Being defeated, Thompson again traveled northward to St. Louis, Kansas City and into Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, and remained absent many months.

CHAPTER XIX.

Tompson continued to follow his gambling operations with energy, pursuing no other calling and pretending to do no other business.

Mark Wilson, a stout, red complexion, ruddy face, fearless, impulsive Irishman, had a saloon in Austin called "The Senate," and kept it running day and night. He was a man of wonderful energy, hot temper, very passionate, and in many ways dogmatic, tyrannical and overbearing yet generous and warm-hearted.

In addition to his saloon, he was proprietor of a "variety theatre," and conducted it as well and with as much de-

cency as places of that character will permit of; but no man, however strict and desirous of keeping order in an establishment of that kind, will succeed. It is simply impossible. The habitués, as a rule, indulge in drinking, and the passions thus aroused are easily set on fire, giving rise to difficulties resulting in wounds, scandal and death. This place was no exception. There was a bar in the hall at which was sold all kinds of liquors—adulterated, compounded, mixed, and probably drugged. Experience teaches that when such liquids are imbibed, the senses—prudence, caution, propriety—are stunned, if not killed, for the time. Semi-nude women writhing their bodies into every conceivable shape, singing lascivious songs while on the stage, and then, forgetful of all womanhood, decency and modesty, lounging in the private boxes with half-drunken male companions, cat-calls, whistling, applause and yelling filling more or less serious nightly. There is no doubt but what the proprietor did all a man could do to prevent such results, but he failed.

A few nights prior to the time Wilson was killed, there had been a difficulty, but no blood shed. Wilson, in order to have authority to arrest turbulent men and other disturbers of quiet, had procured an appointment from the Mayor as a special policeman, and actually was exercising the duties of one in his own house when killed. On the night spoken of, previous to the killing, he arrested the disturbers and ejected them from the room, and reported them next morning to the mayor. They were fined; but with this Thompson had nothing to do, not even being present. Wilson was an athlete, and could overcome the resistance of almost any ordinary man. The ejection of the parties, and their being fined, had no relation to the subsequent killing in fact, although it was strongly urged, on the trial of Thompson, that it constituted the motive for the subsequent homicide; but that element of malice was not sustained by the evidence. It was also said that Thompson had a motive for the killing, and went to the hall on the night it occurred, intending to provoke an altercation and kill, because the theater drew away from his games the gambling

element, and thereby greatly curtailed his profits, and would, if continued, compel him to close. But that view was very successfully refuted by the simplest character of reasoning. Men—that is common men, laboring persons who are not gamblers per se—do not often gamble until they have more or less whiskey in them; and then, again, men do not gamble as well, as cautiously when under the influence of drink as when duly sober. When men have confused brains, the law of chance and luck refuses to favor them. It generally runs with the clear-minded, keen-eyed, deft-fingered antagonist. The truth is, that the frequenters of Wilson's theater were, when they left the hall, in splendid condition to be plucked by any shrewd gambler who wished to take advantage of them. The show did keep men for awhile—that is, in the early night—away from the gambling rooms; but every hour they were thus absent they were becoming mellow and yet mellow all the time, and by the time they were ready to "change in," they had become almost, if not quite, reckless and foolish, and fell an easy prey to the extent of what they had. Instead of an injury to Thompson, the theater operated as a hot-bed to his banks, and proved a very effective seducer, fully preparing the material out of which he could easily gather heavy profits.

On Christmas eve night, the theater had a particularly attractive bill, and the hall was pretty well filled at an early hour. Thompson was in his rooms with some of his friends; the weather was very cold. During the day Wilson had learned from the fork tongue of some Ransey Sniffle, that the boys, and among them Thompson, intended to create a disturbance that night, and break up the show in a row. To guard himself and take precaution against any such action, he procured a detail of two policemen, and stationed them in the outside aisles of the theater hall with instructions to arrest on the least appearance of disorder; besides this he placed behind the bar in one corner of the room, near the door, a double-barrel shot-gun heavily charged with buck shot, a Winchester rifle fully loaded, and two six-shooters ready for use. Thompson remained in his rooms until three young men came up, and pro-

posed to go over and see what was going on at the theater; he at first declined; they staid awhile and renewed the proposal, and seeing that he would not probably have a game, he agreed to go with them. He buckled on his pistol, put on his overcoat, and they all went to the hall, some took seats at one place and some another, but he not finding one among the audience, sat on a round table in the north aisle, in front of the bar, and about seventeen feet from it, his coat buttoned up all the way, and his pistol in its scabbard under the great coat, the play proceeded. Mr. Wilson was behind the scenes. One of the spectators who had been drinking, indeed most of the crowd had been indulging, no woman being present, except the actresses, and the unsexed had brought with him a bunch of fire crackers, quietly fastened them to the lower round of a chair and set them on fire. The bursting crackers created a great deal of amusement, but at the same time caused such a confusion, that the play was suspended, the laughter, yelling, knocking of chairs, overturning benches, and other noises, made a pandemonium of confused fun for a few minutes. Mr. Wilson rushed from behind the scenes in a towering passion, and in stentorian voice inquired who had created the disturbance. His anger was so evident, that no one would tell if they really knew who it was who set the crackers on fire. Just at this moment, some one who had some lamp black in his hand, reached up and rubbed it in Wilson's face, which made him look very comical, and greatly added to his prior anger and excitement, indeed made him furious and uncontrollable. He ordered the arrest of the offender; the arrest was made, and the officer was carrying him from the room, but in doing so had to pass where Thompson was sitting. The prisoner was not one of the men who came up to the hall with Thompson, but still was one of his friends. When the officer got to him he said: "Mr. Officer, I will be responsible for your prisoner, he was only having a little fun, meant no harm. I will have him at the mayor's office in the morning; don't lock him up for a harmless joke." At this moment Mr. Wilson interposed and said: "Who is running this house, you or I, Mr. Thomp-

son," and continued: "You attend to your own business and I will attend to mine." Thompson replied, "I am attending to my business, and that in this instance is keeping a friend from going to the lock-up, when there is no necessity for it."

Wilson was still in a rage, and charged Thompson with having instigated the boys to their disorderly conduct. He flatly denied the assertion, and Wilson reiterated the objectionable words, and added you lie, when you deny. At this Thompson slapped him in the face, and hurt him considerably with a heavy ring on his finger. Without uttering a word Wilson walked down the aisle to the bar where his firearms had been placed.

The confusion had caused a great number of persons to rise to their feet, and they were standing in among the seats, in the aisles, everywhere, talking, laughing, seeming to enjoy what had occurred. Wilson had gotten hold of the double-barrel shot-gun, while his bar-keeper had the Winchester rifle. He called out in a loud voice: "clear the way there," and at the same time having cocked the gun, brought it to bear in the direction of Thompson. Men darted, dodged, squatted, ran, had recourse to any and all movements to get out of the way, to save themselves from receiving intentionally, or by accident, the charge from the gun, in the hands of the now terribly, furious and desperate man. Thompson stood in his place, without moving, more than to prepare the way to his pistol. The aisle being clear Wilson without further remark fired one barrel at Thompson, but missed him entirely, the shot went into the wall just in the rear and only a short distance to one side of Thompson. The bar-keeper now fired with the Winchester, tearing a hole in Thompson's clothes a little above the hips. Wilson was in the act of shooting the second time when Thompson fired at him, giving him a mortal and disabling wound, and as he fell he was shot again and again. Then Thompson turned a point to the bar-keeper who after firing twice dodged behind the bar, but Thompson shot through the bar, hitting the man in the mouth, knocking out most of his jaw teeth, the bullet lodging in the back part of his neck. He fell as if dead.

Thompson still had one load left in his pistol. He had hit Wilson four times, once in the neck, once in the breast, once in the head, and once tearing away the fingers while they were grasping the gun in position to shoot. The bar-keeper was named Mathews. He lingered for a few weeks and died. Wilson was dead before the shooting ceased.

Thompson walked over to the Sheriff's office and surrendered himself to that officer. The news spread like wildfire through the city. Thompson's character, as a desperado and man-killer, caused people to look with greatest disfavor on his conduct. The rumor gained circulation, and was believed to be true that it was an assassination deliberately planned and coldly, murderously, relentlessly executed. There was much talk of raising a mob to visit him on his summary punishment; he was advised of the sentiment current out of doors, on the streets and in the hearts of the people. His firmness and coolness was simply remarkable. Not a tremor crept along his nerves. The smile never left his lips, the laughing fun of the eyes never clouded. He said to the Sheriff: "Don't endanger yourself for me, prepare me with a few good pistols, I will defend myself; they will kill me of course, but I will not die like a lamb, there is nothing to justify this outburst of public feeling—life has been taken, but it was justified by every law of self-defense, somebody had to die, the dead men were the aggressors, seeking my life." But better counsels prevailed, and the law permitted to take its course. There is no doubt or question but what had the embryo mob solidified and attacked the jail to get possession of Thompson, many a good man would have been killed, because he and some of his friends would have fought to the death, and with such issues before them, and being extra dead shots, the task of taking and hanging him would have been a bloody one. The true facts began to develop themselves directly. He employed lawyers Walton, Green and Hill, who advised that he remain quietly in jail and the examining trial would be post-poned a few days to let the excitement subside. Thompson is an excellent client, the directions of his attorneys

are obeyed implicitly, without hesitation or murmur.

The time for preliminary trial came, and he was put on his examination. The State was ably represented, and the investigation was not only thorough, but long continued. The justice, Fritz TeGENER, a fat, good-natured German and capital beer drinker, who, perhaps, had never seen the inside of a law book until judicial robes were thrown across his broad shoulders by votes of radicals and negroes, but withal, honest, generous and a good fellow, as the world goes, after hearing all the facts, rumors, speculations and suspicions that could be gathered and formulated into words, to the great surprise of the prisoner, his counsel and the prosecution, committed Thompson to jail without privilege of bail. The great writ habeas corpus was appealed to, and the prisoner carried to Galveston, where the Court of Appeals was in session, and, after a short investigation, he was allowed his liberty on the execution of a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars. This he was able to give instantler, some of the best men at Galveston becoming bondsmen.

In due time an indictment was prepared by the Grand Jury of Travis County, and he was put on trial for his life. By this time, however, the true facts and circumstances and surroundings connected with the killing had become public and well known to most all the people; prejudice and passion had subsided and cooled down. The trial was orderly and quiet; all the facts were drawn out before the jury, the law given in charge, and the case was submitted for a verdict. The jury was out for only a few minutes, and returned with a finding of not guilty. Thus ended the trial for the killing of Wilson. There was no prosecution for killing Mathews. The developments of facts on this trial had demonstrated that to indict again would be to persecute, instead of lawful prosecution, which is all the law contemplates.

Thompson, although declared fully justified by the voice of the law, duly called on to speak honestly and fairly, had yet undergone a great danger, wherein not only his own life had been menaced and threatened, but he had

nerved himself, if the necessity confronted him, to bathe himself all over in human blood—in the blood of good and ordinarily orderly and law abiding citizens, who, under wrong impulses, ignorant of exact facts, uninformed as to the cause, manner, or reason for the killing, banded together, and were almost ready to attempt to wrest him from the hands of the law, from the iron cage inside thick rock walls, and devote him a sacrifice to public fury. Mobocracy, at all times and under all circumstances, is an outrage on the law, the safety of the people, and the security of the government. When bloody crime is enacted to summarily punish what has only the appearance of lawlessness, the anchor of security is torn away, the vindicating arm of justice falls helpless, mercy is forgotten, right trampled under foot, liberty endangered, and the life of innocent people taken away. The vicious, lawless, depraved, wicked, revengeful, fanatical; and those who live by daily and persistent violation of law, moral and civil, flock to the surging, seething, murderous ranks of the mob, and by skillfull lying, exciting suggestions, direct attention to those who are by them hated as objects of destruction. The experience of every man who has had the misfortune to witness the mad extravagance of an infuriated body of men know that the picture is not too highly colored.

The only true mode, according to right, reason and law, of trying a citizen, when charged as a criminal, is under the supervision of courts, to ascertain the motive for the crime and the manner of its commission. Deplorable, indeed, would be the condition of any man in any country if the security of his rights and the meting out of justice to him depended on popular passion, prejudice or impulse. The fact that one is charged with crime affords no evidence—at least no satisfactory evidence—that he is guilty. His guilt deserving of punishment must be arrived at in a far different way from the hoot and denunciation of a wild mob of blood-hungry men. It is true that there are some characters of crime so appalling in their nature that human passion overbows itself, and this is when the malefactor is certainly in hand. Then the power of self control

is lost—as tossed by the waves of the sea; but such seasons of passion grow up only when the brutal outrage the virtuous, when the depraved slay the old and honored—never when men stand up in open fight, with life in hand, with cause on the one, and the other side for excitement, passion and madness.

Men may err—do err—may act hastily without sufficient cause, under a misapprehension of facts, may be deceived by appearances, a thousand things may intervene to move a man to violate the law, independent of a brutal nature, and a heart filled with murder, but the law cries, and if trusted, executed and enforced, as it can be, and should be, but few criminals would escape adequate punishments, and that too without the aid of the bloody hand of a maniac mob.

CHAPTER XX

But few men who have lived all their lives in Texas, and are now in middle age, have not at one time or another belonged to the Rangers, and in that capacity seen more or less of life on the prairies, and engaged in hand to hand contests with the Indians. For many years there was mortal hostility between the whites and savages; truces were sometimes entered into, but they were of short duration, and generally broken when the first opportunity occurred, for the Indians to make a successful foray into the settlements to kill men, capture women and children, and steal herds of stock. Nor is this phase of life on the border an unusual experience today. The band of Victorio, operating under the protection afforded by the Quitman Cavalry to Eagle, Diabolo and the Spurs of the Muerto Mountains on the Rio Grande and under the shadow of the Guadalupe and Hueco Mountains, between Texas and New Mexico, is now doing an immense deal of damage.

They are not at all materially different from the Indians of forty or fifty years ago, and since then; secret, treacherous, sudden, relentless, cruel, merciless, fearless, of death, able to endure hardships and fatigue that would kill white men, avaricious thieves, restless, discontented, lazy when not on the warpath, filthy,

indeed fierce, savage wild animals.

General Grierson, commanding the United States forces in the West, and opposing Victorio, has been out-generaled in every movement he has made. The chief (Victorio) is a reserve Indian, and has been clothed and fed by the Government for many years, but his roving and dissatisfied disposition made him hate the confinement of the Reserve. He would, while pretending to be a great and firm friend of the whites, improve every opportunity to find his way, by secret and rapid marches, alone or in company with a few young warriors, into the settlements, and then steal horses and cattle, to be sold, on his return, to the agencies for money and supply the dissipations in which he loved to indulge. At length indications were found against him for theft and murder and an effort made by the Texas authorities to get possession of him for trial, but he received information of what was intended, and remembering the fate of Satanta and Big Tree, who were put in the penitentiary for life for murdering our frontier people, he gathered such of the more desperate and fearless of his tribe as would follow him, and then combining with some Mexican Indians, he is now about three hundred strong, depredating on the settlements of Texas, New Mexico and Chihuahua, and with all the effort that has been made—and it has been great—he has not yet been checked, nor will he be until he is killed or a treaty is made with him giving immunity to him for his misdeeds in the past.

He is only a fair sample of the leaders of Indians with whom Texans have had to contend and overcome since 1831.

Renewed depredations compelled Texas to call on her old Indian fighters to take the field and drive to their fastnesses in the far northwest the marauders. The evident intimacy of the savages with not only the general geography of the country, but its particular topography, the approach to the retreat for isolated ranches and advanced settlements that had no strength to resist, led the belief that renegade white men were probably with them. The capture of one such white man would have been preferred to the killing of half-a-dozen Indians.

Among others who tendered their ser-

vice to the State was Major Ed Burleson son of the honored General Edward Burleson, who distinguished himself as early as 1831-2, in repelling savages from the Mina (Bastrop) region, which was then the frontier, who also was colonel of the First Regiment of the Texas army in 1835-6; received the surrender of General Cos and his twelve hundred men, was placed by General Houston in front of the Mexican breastworks at San Jacinto, charged the works and captured the enemy's cannon, and a squad of whose men captured Santa Anna and delivered him to the Texas general. Subsequently he defeated Cordova, aided in expelling the Cherokees and their associate tribes from East Texas, when they became hostile. He fought the Indians on the San Saba, at Plum Creek and a hundred other places. The son inherited the bold nature, fearless courage, and eminent patriotism of the father.

Thompson joined the command of Captain Burleson, and in company with as gallant a band as ever went to the field, they left for the headwaters of the Brazos River and beyond, if necessary, to drive, if possible, the Indians from our borders. The tactics of the savages are Fabian; they destroy by retreat. It had been folly to supply the command with trains of commissary stores and artillery. This would have made the Indians laugh outright. They only smiled when they saw the Rangers on horseback, unencumbered with wagons of any kind. Grass grows abundantly on the wild expanse that extend westward and is called the "Llano Estacado" or "staked plain."

At that day, the country was comparatively an unexplored wilderness. Unlike today, when all the advantages of that vast region are known to hundreds and thousands of men. The Indians retreated further and yet further into wide wild plains, the men followed, none lagged. There was no delay save that which was absolutely necessary. The trail was plain and fresh, but look as they might with telescope or the almost as far reaching sight of the keen-eyed frontiersmen, no enemy could be seen.

The trackless prairie and absence of water were, indeed, enemies, but not animate and such a weary command sought and prayed for encounter. Water was

found only at long distances, and often when found was unfit to drink for the men until filtered through the sand to eliminate the salt and other mineral from it. The pursuit was kept up, the savages withdrawing as rapidly as advance was made, until the Rangers had reached beyond the Double Mountain, passed the Sand Hills and into the mountain spurs that barricade the Pecos River on the east and north, and still the wily foe eluded every effort that was made to overtake, entrap or delay him. They were evidently intending to reach the country watered by the Western tributaries of the Rio Pecos, the Penasco, Hondo, Seven Rivers, and others, that have their source in the mountains Dona Ana, or else were flying to the land further north between the Pecos and Canadian Rivers, rendered impenetrable because of the sterile steep and frowning Sierra Tucumcado and the treacherous bluffs and canyons of the Llano Estacado. To that extent it was useless to follow. These mountains furnish citadels stronger and less subject to capture by assault or stratagem than were the Lava beds when defended by the Modocs. Disappointed and dispirited the Rangers turned their faces homeward, making headway but slowly, indeed, they could not well do otherwise. The horses had been ridden over forty days, and the men felt the need of rest. Captain Burleson determined to pass into camp a little north of the head of the north Concho River and south of the Red Fork of the Colorado, and there for eight or ten days permit his command to recuperate. This was done. The water was good, the grass fine, the game abundant, buffalo, deer, elk, turkey. The sport was splendid. There was no bread, but jerked or sundried buffalo meat, which, when cut into thin strips and exposed to the hot sun for a few hours, forms an excellent substitute for bread, or certainly it is a substitute that is very savory to the taste of a Ranger when hungry. Great quantities of meat were prepared in less than two days, and then the men had nothing to do but to eat, sleep and rest, outside of the necessary duty, taking turns as lookouts, for although the Indians had fled rapidly and for a long time before him, yet Captain Burleson

had no idea of being surprised by the enemy, but this duty was light.

Thompson had his monte cards along, and many hours were passed in play for nominal sums, using small pieces of copper ore, that covered the ground in many places, as counters. Nothing of note or worthy of mention took place until the command was again on the march. On the third day after camp was broken up and the march had continued for about four or five hours, the captain called Thompson to him, and said: "For some reason I feel that Indians are not far off," and ordered him to take one man, who had a good horse, and to cross the country for some miles and take observations, at the same time pointing forward on the line of travel, stating that he could camp at a designated point, that was a long way off but still in sight, between there and the Twin Mountains in the dim distance.

Thompson then says: "I did not hesitate as to who I should take with me—Buckskin Sam—who has since figured honorably as an author; had an excellent pony, about equal to the one I rode, Texas raised, very hardy, and fleet for his breed. We were well armed, Henry rifles and two six-shooters each. If the captain had not expressed his 'feeling' that Indians were about I should not have had the least thought of danger or adventure in the mission on which I was sent. This 'superstitious caution' made me look closely to my arms, horse and rigging, as also to those of my companion although I said nothing to him of what was moving me to the inspection.

"It was about two o'clock when we left and made for a high eminence on our left, which was about two miles from the line we had traveled. From this point we could see as far as the eye could reach, due north, and far beyond where we had been in camp. We gained the observatory after a little while, but discovered nothing but the wide prairie, waving grass, blue sky, far away horizon, with here and there game of the kind before described, but it was quite, giving no indicator of fear. Buffalo feed much like ordinary cattle—go in herds, some grazing, while others lie down and rest or wallow. On the approach of Indians however, the greatest

excitement is instantly aroused, and they move in opposite directions from where the foe is, sometimes slowly, with the bulls on the flanks and the rear but as the danger nears, they become frantic and go with the disorder and recklessness of an army in panic, and the cavalry of the enemy charging. We remained on this prominence for perhaps an hour or an hour and a half, talking about one thing and another, but keeping a vigilant eye on all the points of the compass, north and to the west and east of that direction, but due west and a little north of west there was an undulating country that prevented seeing any great distance. Being satisfied there was no danger from the northward, we moved westwardly several miles, and reaching the last of the rolling hills, but one, we again halted to take survey of the scene. The sun descending through what seemed to be a yellowish haze, was red as blood, the air as still as death, save a dull, heavy, regular, distant sound, the earth trembled beneath us, the red, angry, avenging looking sun, the oppressive silence broken only by the strange sound, the quaking shaking earth impressed me with an awful fear. I thought an earthquake was taking place, and my mind instantaneously turned to the bottomless canyons; I had seen and attributed them to the work of preceeding terrible shocks, such as I now felt was coming. Impulsively I put spurs to my horse and passed rapidly to the crest of the last hill, when there opened to my sight a scene as awful as man may wish to see. Up the side of the hill, right toward me, on the left and right of me, came thousands upon thousands of buffalo, with a noise like low muttering thunder, as they rushed madly along, but in the midst of the herd or rather in the middle of a hundred herds concentrated, there were between eighty and a hundred Comanches, and they had seen me, this was evident, for they no longer paid attention to the flying animals, but began to concentrate for chase of me; they would have rather had me than all the robes on all that mass of animals; not me particularly, but any white man upon whom they might sate their appetite—to torture, and have the mad, glad dance of death, around the slowly burning victim. I knew instant-

ly that it would be a race for life, and all my skill in riding would have to be exerted. Unfortunately, just at this moment a buffalo ran against my horse and seriously injured him, this of course greatly lessened my chance of escape, but here they come; their long, black hair floating in the wind, their eagle feather ornaments waving from side to side as they swayed their persons this way, and that on their rapidly moving horses, their faces hideously disfigured with black and red war paint, with lances held in hand, and bows and quivers full of arrows slung over the shoulder. These things were seen at a glance. I fled towards my companion, he waited for me, but before I reached him the cause of my flight was apparent, and he prepared to ride. Free rein was given to the horses. They seemed to know the pursuing danger, and although my horse was seriously hurt, he bore himself bravely. I looked back as we fled, the picture was grand, fearful, awful. Could it have been thrown truthfully, livingly on canvass by Rembrandt, it would be the wonder of the world, but no one would believe it was of earth. They who saw, would say, the original can belong to no place but hell itself.

"A sea of maddened brutes blending in the distance with the horizon, their movement making the waves of the maddened waters. While the demons, pressing forward, riding through that sea and over the waves, bending their painted faces low down to the very manes of their horses, yelling, laughing, crying out in wild derision, exultant war whoops exclamations of triumph pierced our ears, making the flesh creep along our bones. Slowly, gradually, but surely, they gained on us. Only a question of time—only a question of time—and we should be in their hands, and then certain death by slow torture. But no! instant death is better. I firmly concluded it should not come in that shape. A knife plunged into my heart by my own hand would be infinitely preferable to capture. Not a word had been spoken between us. Our minds were busy. We rode with the wind—the pursuit was swifter. We tried to save our horses. We knew not how long the chase would be kept up, but as they continued to gain, we reluc-

tantly used the spur; but that did not avail—our best speed had been reached; the Indians were faster.

" 'We must check these Indians in some way, Sam,' said I; 'get your gun ready.'

" 'All right,' said he; 'but a shot when we are going at this gait, I fear, will not do much good.'

" 'Nevertheless,' I replied, 'We must shoot, but check your horse before doing so. Shoot for life, old fellow.'

" 'There were four or five Indians some thirty to sixty yards in advance of the others, and two huge fellows, that looked to me like giants, were in advance of all.

" 'Sam, shoot at the foremost man on the left, I'll try the other. Now.'

" 'We checked our horses and fired, but it seemed that we missed. If so, we were in imminent peril—indeed, doomed—for the halt had lost our speed. The halt was momentary, an instant. We fled onward; our horses appeared to have gathered strength and breath. We gained on them—no, that is not it. One of the men had fallen; here comes his riderless horse. The stir among them, the halt, the hesitation, gave us courage. The injured man is a chief, or they would pass over him as if he were a dead dog.

" 'Take courage, my boy; one of us made a good shot.'

" 'But here they come, and now their yells are demonical.

" 'The sun sinks lower and lower. It will soon be night, but no mountain, or tree, or ravine in sight, and they come so fast. The race could not be continued at this pace. I could feel my horse give way at times; he did not bound and spring as he did at first.

" 'Let's try the shot again.'

" 'All right,' said Sam.

" 'Now.'

" 'Again we checked up, and both fired. This time one fellow fell instantly. Some confusion ensued, and taking advantage of it, I fired a second shot, and then fled.

" 'Why did you not tell me you would shoot twice?' said Sam, in a tone as if I had slighted him.

" 'Did not think, old boy, until it was done. Never mind; we'll have the chance to shoot all we want.'

" 'On we went, and for the third time

it became necessary to lose time to shoot for they were almost in arrow distance of us. We did so, and were fortunate to disable the leaders. We shot at the foremost men all the time. This time we got decidedly the advantage, and it was well we did so, because right before us was a long up grade, rising into a considerable hill at the top. I could feel my horse grow weaker. Sam's horse was in much better condition.

"You had better push ahead, Sam, and see if you can't alarm our friends; they can't be far off," said I.

"No," he replied; "I shall take my chances with you."

"I knew my horse could go but a few hundred yards further." He had done nobly, poor fellow, but he was exhausted.

"Once more, and the last time, old friend."

"Again he wheeled and fired, but did not check them. My horse fell. As he fell a flight of arrows passed over my head. Sam seeing me fall flung himself from his horse and came to me, where I had instinctively taken shelter behind my prostrate horse. We fired as rapidly as we could, but it was all over with us, so far as it depended on what we could do; but we had reached safety without knowing it. Before the Indians reached us Captain Burleson came charging over the crest of the hill, his men yelling as only Texas Rangers can yell.

"He called to us, 'Down, boys! low down!' and fired into the now disordered ranks of the Comanches, who turned and fled, with the Rangers after them, but only a few were killed. The friendly darkness came to their aid and saved them from slaughter sudden and relentless.

"Sam was wounded in the arm and leg with arrows, but they were slight and did not confine him for a day. I did not receive any hurt, except that in looking back so often during the chase the leaders of my neck became twisted or out of order in some way, so that it was two months before I could turn my head without turing the whole body at the same time, and I thought for a while that my neck would be permanently stiff, but I was not so unfortunate.

"The company returned nearer to the settlements, and went on many other

scouts, but I was relieved from duty because of the condition of my neck. I did not rejoin the company. The necessity for further service passed for the time, before I was able for active duty."

CHAPTER XXI.

After being defeated for city marshal, as has been related; but in the defeat having the good will and support of the best people in the corporation, they believing there were elements of a good and worthy citizen in him, Thompson continued on line of not only good but commendable conduct—peaceable, quiet, orderly and lawabiding—nothing of note transpiring to attract attention outside of the ordinary walk of the well approved citizen.

The next election occurred, and he was again a candidate for city marshal, and, after a hotly contested canvass, he was triumphantly elected and inducted into office, being elected by the intelligence, wealth and morality of the city. Of this there has never been a question, and is not up to this day. In his uniform of office he was one of the finest-looking and best behaved men in the city. His effort seeming to be to compel order, by quiet, determined measures, in spite of the lawless element that ever infests the border, a position Austin yet occupies, however much her people desire to be in the center of civilization. His known nerve, his own innate sense of what was right in a legal sense, the chivalry born in him toward women, his appreciation and recognition of the dividing line between the lawful and the unlawful, caused turbulence, violence and disturbance to flee from his presence, and during his term of office no city was so free as was Austin from the thousand annoyances that are so common to all cities even of 10,000 inhabitants. He appeared to be of nature unnumbered in divisibility. At all hours of the day, in every moment of the night, he was present wherever duty called or necessity required, to give protection and to prevent wrong. His bitterest foes had in him a guardian from hurt when right; his best friends dared not do wrong. In hands untrembling he held the scales in which was weighed execu-

tive duty. The discharge of duty, the enforcement of the law, the maintenance of order, animated him, and he wavered on no occasion; and there is, to-day, no man who can say, or who will say, that during the administration of Thompson as city marshal that any one received wrong at his hands or who did not have meted out to him what was his rightful due—friend or foe, all the same. Some may reflect, and no doubt that a man so wholly individual in character could, even when trusted with power, and power, too, in which so many were interested, ignore the past—bloody in so many particulars—and align himself with law and order and with the better portion of citizenship; but such was the actual fact, and, notable as the fact may be, it has its parallel in other instances that have not failed to mark their places on the history of the times in which we live. While Thompson was city marshal, there was not a murder, not an assault to kill in the limits of the city; and as now remembered, not a solitary burglary, a single theft of any moment that was not detected, promptly brought to light and punished.

This is no eulogy; it is not flattery, but the simple expression of truth, that all who know the facts will readily affirm.

The City of Austin and her people were loudly blamed because Thompson was given the high executive office of marshal, in their generous appreciation of him, and therein an opportunity to reform his life, and become an ornament to society, and a useful member of it, but however loud the blame, the citizenship was not moved, but the hands of the marshal were held up. He was cheered on his way in the line of duty. All hail to any people who have the moral courage to aid a fellow mortal to retrieve his downward step, and rise to the plane, where good, honorable and respectable men and women stand. Would to God that the good will and charity of Austin people had been of power to bear the fruit it was intended to bear, how different would have been the end of things, but it is not well to anticipate.

During the time Thompson was marshal, his home, with his old mother—she of whom a pen picture has been given—grown to gray hairs and trembling limbs,

yet faithful, affectionate and devoted, a sacrificing mother and praying Christian. His wife, the one around whose love was ever alive, her waiting, untiring and patience never exhausted, gentle, trusting and hopeful; his little boy, polite, bright and gentlemanly, his little girl beautiful, charming and full of promise, constituted a fire-side, full of happiness, surrounded by hope, while fear and apprehension seceded to the distance and into the dark. No longer did the demon of passion, spurred on by drink; hover over the household as aforetime. There was peace; there was happiness; there was family unity, concord and content. There was a home of which a crowned king might be proud; but as in Paradise a serpent entered, so here evil came, not into the body of the household, but outlying like a panther in ambush, and the fatal spring was made, when the greatest security was felt.

For some months Thompson had contemplated carrying his little boy and girl to San Antonio, to visit friends who had repeatedly and urgently invited and insisted they should come to them. Having a leisure time, and being himself desirous of recreation from his arduous duties, which had been so sedulously performed, he notified the children that the time for the visit had come. Gladly their mother prepared them to accompany their father to what was to them a gala day, full of sunshine, singing birds and blooming flowers, and to the little girl it was as if she were to be "Queen of May." He, full of pleasure at the joy of his children, received the affectionate kiss of his wife and the blessing of his good old mother, left his home, holding the children by their hands, and departing for San Antonio, where the friends lived. There they arrived after a short ride on the railroad. Friends met, the friends of children met the children. How happy were all. At once Thompson telegraphed his wife:

"Arrived safe—all well—children happy—God bless you."

He joined friends who were glad to see him, gave him the warm handshake of friendship with undisguised and candid congratulation on his appreciation at home.

(To be continued.)

A Tragedy of Trail Days

Kenedy, Texas, Advance, September 2, 1926

(Note:—The following interesting account of a tragic incident of the old trail days of fifty years ago, was related to S. C. Butler, by an eye witness. One of the principles of the affair, A. I. Moyer is one of Kenedy's best known and most highly respected citizens. The article was shown Mr. Moyer and is published with his consent.—Editor.)

It was high noon in the town of Ogalala, Nebraska, the 6th day of August, 1877. A. I. (Babe) Moyer, present well known citizen of Kenedy and a dozen more Texas cowboys were seated at a table in a restaurant enjoying the noon meal. It was while the party of Texans mostly men from Karnes county, were engaged with their meal that there sauntered into the room a man by the name of Bill Campbell. Campbell hung his hat on a nail, spoke to some of the boys he knew, and later made an uncomplimentary remark about a dish the party was eating—sauer kraut.—Hardly had he finished his remark than it was excepted to by Babe Moyer, and in a manner that could leave no doubt in mind of anyone but what he meant what he said. Moyer's remarks brought forth a sharp retort from Campbell, with the final result that it was agreed they would meet over at the saloon across the street and shoot it out after they had finished the meal.

By a strange coincidence neither Campbell or Moyer was armed at the time, otherwise the quarrel would have been settled then and there. Moyer soon walked out of the restaurant, going across the street to the hotel, where his brother, Andy, W. G. Butler, Monroe Hinton, Maj. Mabry and Capt. Gosman, were seated at a table figuring up some final details of a cattle sale.

Babe Moyer came in very abruptly and called for a pistol, and from his actions his friends knew trouble was brewing. No one offered to let Moyer have a pistol and he whirled around and walked out, followed by Andy Moyer and Monroe Hinton. Mabry, Gosman and Butler also arose and followed them with the idea of trying to prevent trouble.

Babe Moyer walked straight across the street and entered the rear door of the saloon. Campbell was standing near the front door with his thumbs resting in the waist band of his trousers, apparently waiting as per agreement. Speaking of the incident later Babe says that he decided after he had failed to get a pistol that he would fight it out with his fists. He walked boldly up to Campbell and without a word slapped Campbell in the breast with his left hand.

Campbell immediately drew his pistol, but was commanded by Maj. Mabry not to shoot, Moyer at the time stating he was unarmed. To this Campbell replied that he would buy Moyer a pistol, and at the same time bringing his pistol over and firing at Moyer. Andy Moyer, a witness to what was going on and thinking Campbell had shot his brother, suddenly jerked his pistol and fired before Campbell could shoot again. His aim was perfect and the ball entered Campbell's breast—a death shot. Both men then advanced on each other, shooting as they approached. Monroe Hinton sprang between them, Campbell shooting on one side of him and Moyer on the other. Finally Andy Moyer and Campbell clinched and continued shooting until both pistols were empty. When his pistol was empty, Moyer struck Campbell over the head with his pistol and the latter crumbled on the floor stone dead, and with five bullet wounds through his body.

When the smoke of the battle cleared away Monroe Hinton was found to have two bullet wounds—one through his body and one through his leg. Campbell was dead and W. G. Butler had been struck in the thigh by a stray bullet. Capt. Gosman's life was saved by a watch he carried in his vest pocket.

Immediately after the shooting the Moyer brothers mounted their horses and galloped away towards River Platte. The river there was about three-quarters of a mile wide and they had gotten about half way across it when the officers and a score of others appeared on the bank

of the river and opened fire on them, shooting over a hundred shots. Undaunted they urged their horses to greater efforts and successfully reached the other shore.

The first impression after the shooting was that the Moye brothers had run amuck and had deliberately shot Campbell, Hinton and Butler, and were trying to escape. It was this belief that spurred the officers on in their efforts to stop them before they reached the opposite bank of the river. Speaking of the incident today Babe Moye says the bullets literally rained about them, but none took effect.

Crossing the river the Moye brothers rode on to where they stopped and got their winchesters. The Mexican cook gave them a side of bacon and five dollars in money, all the money he had. Seven of the posse in pursuit of the Moyes had proceeded on down the trail looking for them. These seven men never knew the danger they were in as they passed the camp wagon behind which stood Babe and Andy Moye with their deadly winchesters in their hands cocked and ready to give them a warm reception. The Moyes had not forgotten the deadly rain of bullets about them as they crossed the Platte and were determined if the posse approached to give them a fight to the finish. All three were crack shots and with the advantage of the wagon barricade, there is no doubt but the three first shots would have accounted for three members of the posse; and within the twinkling of an eye three more shots and the posse would have been thinned down to one man and there would have been a slim chance for him. The failure of the posse to approach doubtless saved the reduction in population of Nebraska, just seven men.

When the posse was out of sight the Moyes mounted their horses and with the side of bacon securely tied on one of the saddles, headed south across the broad prairies of Nebraska with the burning rays of the sun beating down upon them. They rode on, with the side of bacon with not a lean streak in it. Babe Moye had a dollar and a half in his pocket. Andy had the \$5 the Mexican had given him and Dodge City, Kansas their destination, was 410 miles away. Babe Moye says neither of them had a pocket knife.

They rode all afternoon and all night and just as the grey dawn of morning was breaking in the east they stopped to get a little sleep, having put 100 miles between them and Ogalla. After five days of travel and with nothing to eat but the fat bacon they finally reached Dodge City. Here they decided it was best for Andy to slip through the town, cross the Arkansas river and go down the trail and wait for Babe. Babe was to stop in Dodge City and get money to carry them through to Texas. About midnight Andy crossed the bridge and was agreeably surprised when he found no officers guarding the bridge for him. Babe says when daylight came he rode into Dodge City and went to H. M. Beverly, who ran a general mercantile establishment and was known to every trail driver from Texas. He told Beverly his troubles and asked for assistance. Beverly naturally cautious, sent the following telegram to W. G. Butler at Ogalla.

"Two of your men are here. Must I stake them. H. M. Beverly."

To this telegram Mr. Butler replied:

"H. M. Beverly,
Dodge City, Kans.

Give them what they want.

W. G. Butler."

Babe got one hundred dollars and rode on to overtake his brother. Riding down the east trail fifty miles he failed to find him and returned to Dodge City, his horse having fagged out. He left his horse in the livery stable and hired another one and rode down the western trail. The brothers had failed to mention which trail Andy was to follow and when Babe had ridden fifty miles down the western trail and failed to find his brother he again returned to Dodge City. Here he waited fifteen days before the Butler outfit came along and he joined them on their return home. They came on down through Kansas and the Indian Territory to Red River Station where they found Andy. He had made the long trip through the Indians Territory alone.

After a long trip they finally reached Karnes county.

This was rather a peculiar tragedy.

Neither Babe nor Andy had ever seen Campbell before the day of the shooting. Campbell had gone up the trail with a herd of cattle for Maj. Mabry, and the Moyes with the Butler herd. After the officers at Ogalalla found out that W. G. Butler and Monroe Hinton had been accidentally shot they made no effort to capture the Moye boys, and Andy was never indicted for the killing of Campbell, as it was considered that he had shot Campbell believing that Campbell had shot his brother and was acting in the defense of his brother's life.

Monroe Hinton, who is now a well known citizen of Kenedy, lay many days hovering between life and death. He finally recovered and was put on board a train and sent to Texas.

Ogalalla was the destination of the cattle trail that year and the sad tragedy was deplored by all the Texans and more especially by Andy and Babe Moye.

Death of A Texas Ranger.

The following account of the death of Martin G. Coyle, a former Texas Ranger, appeared in the Houston (Mo.) News, September 23, 1926:

The news of the death of Martin G. Coyle came as a shock to our people last Saturday night, although it was known that he had been very low for the past week or more, but when the news that this good and popular citizen had passed away then our people realized that the loss to our community was indeed great. Mr. Coyle was sick for near two weeks, but was confined to his bed for only a little more than a week. The nature of his sickness was hardening of the arteries and caused a weakening of the heart. He gradually became worse as the days went by, seemed to suffer a great deal until he passed into an almost unconscious state.

A strong character was Mart Coyle, a man honest in every sense of the word, and generous to a fault to those that he liked. We could recount many of Mart Coyle's good deeds to his friends and neighbors, and more especially to those who were near and dear to him. There never was a more tender and loving husband and the sorrowing widow will cherish the many happy years of companionship together. They were a devoted cou-

ple; he lived for her and she lived for him and this makes her loneliness the more keenly felt. A mark of his generosity was shown when he donated the lot for the building of the new M. E. Church, South, and gave liberally toward the erection of the building. He allowed the use of the beautiful Coyle Park for holding the Old Settlers Reunion. He was a builder and took great pleasure in making improvements about his home. Mart Coyle did great good during the seventy years of his life, and his place in this community will be hard to fill.

Martin G. Coyle was born in Madison county, Kentucky, May 10, 1856, making his age at death September 18, 1926, 70 years, 5 months, 8 days. He was a son of Marion and Telitha Coyle. He came to Missouri early in the 70's, located first in Henry county and later in Vernon county. Came to Texas county in 1855. From 1877 to 1880 Mr. Coyle served as a member of the Texas Rangers, and this was at a time when he had to deal with Indians, Mexican greasers and desperadoes. Only last winter when Mr. and Mrs. Coyle made their last trip to Texas, he met up with some of his old officers and comrades in the Ranger service, men now 84 years of age, and they exchanged many reminiscences.

Mr. Coyle was married to Jenetta Conley January 28, 1889. To this union one child was born, Grover, who died in 1902. He is survived by his loving wife, one brother, I. B. Coyle; two sisters: Mrs. W. N. Brown, of Pryor, Oklahoma, and Mrs. C. L. Bender, of Kansas City, Kansas.

Funeral services were held at the family home Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. J. J. Carry, an old time friend, and burial followed in Houston cemetery. The large crowd in attendance was but a testimonial of the popularity of Martin G. Coyle. We will all feel his loss, the community will feel it, his neighbors will feel it, his relatives and nearest friends will feel it, but above and beyond all, the faithful wife, to whom the parting is almost unbearable, will be the one most heavily stricken. In her loneliness and great sorrow, she has the comforting thought that good friends grieve with her in this hour of bereavement. May the Father in Heaven give comfort to her in our prayer.

Bowie's Silver Mine on the Frio

A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light, January 19, 1913

The name of James Bowie is familiar to all readers of Texas history, more on account of his death in the Alamo than his interesting life. He was a native of Georgia, but at a very early day, about 1802, removed to Louisiana. He had two brothers, John and Rezin. The latter was with him in Texas, but what finally became of him the writer has not been able to learn. They were brave, fearless men, but James most famous. While they were engaged in many fierce battles with Indians and Mexicans, besides personal encounters with desperate white men, also many romantic tales have been written about them, especially James.

The writer has interviewed several men who served under James Bowie, and while it seems no correct likeness of him has ever been obtained, yet from description of those who knew him personally, a very correct idea of his personality may be given. He was a little more than six feet in height, of fair complexion, with keen, blue-gray eyes and rather a fierce look; he was not quarrelsome, but, on the contrary, mild in his manners and winning ways, which naturally drew men to him. He had thin lips, which he drew tightly over his teeth when irritated and smiled when in greatest danger or when about to cut or shoot a man in a private difficulty.

Rezin Bowie was not like his brother, James, in any respect, except personal bravery. He was low of stature, dark skin and black hair, of a morose disposition, never talked much and at times would sit for a long time with his eyes fixed on the ground as if trying to solve some intricate problem. This description of the Bowies was given the writer by three of James Bowie's men—B. F. Highsmith, A. J. Sowell, Sr. and P. M. McAnley.

The Bowies traded some in African slaves, which they purchased from the pirate, Lafitte. They made considerable money, with which they were very lavish. James was in Long's expedition and in 1830, came to San Antonio and soon after married the daughter of Vice Governor Verimendi. He took an active part in

the first trouble with the Mexicans at Velasco, and often followed and chastised hostile Indians and white horse thieves. He was restless, fond of excitement and adventure, and had a great desire for gold and silver mines and to some extent was successful in finding and working these metals. He often came by Gonzales in De Witt's colony with his men carrying silver ore to the mint at New Orleans. It was at Gonzales that he had his famous knife made called the "Bowie Knife." In about 1831 he worked a silver mine in the mountains 100 miles west of San Antonio and built a rude structure of stone, known as Bowie's fort.

This place is on the divide between Main and Dry Frio, about ninety miles a little northwest from San Antonio, and consists of a circular pile of rocks on a sloping hillside east towards Main Frio. It makes a complete circle except a gap at the lower end, which had been left for a place of entrance and exit. Some of the stones are very large and would have required the united strength of several men to put them in place. The height of this rock wall when first built would have covered a man to the neck and was a strong defense against attacks from Indians.

When I first discovered this place many years ago, although it was known to the first settlers in this Frio country, I made a close examination of it to see if I could determine the cause of building and by whom it was built, as no one in the county knew anything about it. I, as well as others, supposed that it was done by gold hunters and might date back to the time of the Spanish possession of Texas. That men had worked a mine here was without doubt, as an old shaft was discovered in a cedar brake below the enclosure and on a line with the entrance to it and about one hundred yards distant near the head of a ravine. A great deal of dirt had been taken out and the shaft was entered by steps that had been cut in the sides. The writer descended twelve of these steps and discovered a tunnel branching off west

under the hill upon which the fort was built.

A great deal of the soil that had been taken out had washed back into the shaft, filling it up by more than half. The fort on the side of the hill commanded all approaches to the mine and a signal from a lookout up there would bring the workmen out of the shaft and into the enclosure. I finally associated this place with Bowie and his men from what I had heard old settlers at Gonzales say, who had stood by and heard him tell about a silver mine that he had discovered and worked about 100 miles west of San Antonio, and from the fort, the shaft, and the spring of water. Also that he had a fight with Indians while there and laughed at the fright his negro man, Jim, got there during this battle, which took place as follows:

In 1831, while Bowie, with thirty men, was prospecting for gold or silver in the mountains west of San Antonio, and had sunk a shaft where there were indications of silver and had found that metal in sufficient quantity to pay to work it. Anticipating attacks from Indians, they fortified their camp by piling up large rocks as described. Their position occupied every approach to camp and also a spring of water at the foot of the hill. While the men were working in this shaft early one morning the guard gave the alarm of Indians and a retreat was made from the shaft to the enclosure. Here they watched a large band of Indians coming from towards the Main Rio up a small valley and along the sides of the hills. After sending scouts around and thoroughly canvassing the situation, the redskins came forward with loud yells to the attack.

The assault of the fort was of short duration. The deadly riflemen that Bowie had with him soon drove all the Comanches to cover with heavy loss, while his men were not hurt except a few glancing arrow wounds about the head. The fight lasted all day, each party firing as opportunity offered. The Indians lay in the ravines and behind rocks and occasionally fired with escopets, but without damage. Their arrows fell short and they ceased to use them.

During the day the white men drank up all the water and began to suffer

with thirst. Their fort being on an open hillside without any covering over it, the hot sun beamed straight down upon them. The Indians, from their concealment, commanded the spring and a man would have to take desperate chance to approach it. If the men all sallied from the fort the superior numbers of the savages might overpower them. It seemed, however, that water must be had.

Now Colonel Bowie owned a young, strong and active negro man named, Jim, one that he had selected to go with him on expeditions as body servant. Finally Bowie turned to the negro, who was keeping his head below the level of the fortress and said:

"Jim, would you mind taking some of the water gourds and bringing us some water from the spring?"

"Couldn't tink ob such a ting, Marse Jim. Dem ole Injuns is layin' dar in dem rocks and bushes an' dey could git up frum dar an' kill dis nigger fo' yer could say scat twice an' befo' I could half fill dem goads. No sar, can't go."

Bowie looked at the negro with his keen, piercing eye and said:

"Jim, which are you the most afraid of, me or those Indians?"

"Well, now," said Jim as he caught the meaning of the eye and question, "I'll go if you wants me to go, and 'sist on me going, and de boys is bound to have some water befo' dey can whip out dem Injuns, den I voluntare to go. Hunt up dem goads. I'm off."

Bowie laughed and said:

"Don't be uneasy. We can protect you with our rifles and make them keep their heads down until you can get the water."

The Indians were not expecting any one to make an attempt to get water and did not see Jim as he left the fort. In fact, they had to keep well hidden, as the least exposure brought a whizzing rifle ball from the enclosure.

The negro reached the spring safely, filled the gourds and was starting back before the Indians discovered him. They set up a yell and commenced shooting arrows at him, but a volley from the fort drove them all to cover except one who had an escopet which he fired but missed and then drew his tomahawk and pursu-

ed Jim, who was running as fast as he could with the water gourds dangling about him. Seeing the Indian following with hatchet raised to strike, Jim called out in a frightened one:

"Marse Jim, shoot dis Injun here. He's gwine to hurt somebody d'rectly."

Bowle's gun was empty but he was hastily ramming a ball when a rifle cracked from the lower end of the fortress and the Indian fell backward so suddenly that his feet flew up in the air. Jim was watching and now called out:

"Never mind now, Marse Jim, Marse Bob done knock his heels higher 'an his head."

The negro arrived safely with the water, but blowing like a porpoise and saying between breaths:

"Now, Marse Jim, make dis water go as fur as possible. It won't take much mo' of dis kind o' work to be one nigger less in dis big wide world. De wool lack to fiew dis time. Dat ugly debble lack to put dat hatchet on my haid, but golly! you all ought to hear him grunt when Marse Bob's bullet hit him kerchug."

"Marse Bob" was Robert Armstrong, one among the bravest and best rifle shots of the men who followed the fortunes of James Bowie. The negro either knew the crack of his gun or saw him when about to fire as he kept turning his head alternately from the fort to the Indian as he ran and called for help. It was Armstrong after this who shot the Indian through the head as he was attempting to fire the grass around them during Bowie's terrible battle with the Indians in the San Saba hills.

During the night, after the battle at the fort, the Comanches left, carrying away their dead and wounded. The negro Jim, lived many years after the death of Colonel Bowie in the Alamo and went by the name of "Black Jim" Bowie.

Since the writer first visited this old mine, parties have been at work there opening up the old shaft which had been greatly filled up by the washing in of soil and small rocks. They brought to light twelve more of those steps alluded to and then uncovered the top of a cedar ladder. When the bottom of this was reached it was found to be twenty feet in length and at its foot lay a pick. It

was short and heavy and had been made on an anvil, as the hammered spots indicated. The men who did this last work found some silver by going down farther, but finally struck a strong vein of water which they could not control and which flooded the mine. Not having much capital they abandoned the place. Being acquainted with one of the men, Walter Burris, who did this work, I told him what I knew about its being worked by Bowie and his men and they called the pick which they found, "Bowie's pick."

"The Cowboy and His Interpreters."

Frontier Times acknowledges, with thanks, receipt of a copy of "The Cowboy and His Interpreters," from the publishers, D. Appleton & Company, of New York. This very interesting book was written by Douglas Branch, a former Texas cowboy, and depicts the cowboy as he really was and is. Illustrations are by Will James, Jos De Yonge and Edward Russell.

The Cowboy in fiction, on the stage and in the cinema has been one of the most popular figures of the present century. Active, ready horseman that he is novelists, dramatists and melodramatists have found him well suited to their needs. That is, well suited after casting around him a golden, romantic haze. So it is that a great Cowboy myth has grown up, and the mythical Cowboy has become a strong silent man, Nature's rough nobleman or else a powerful bandit, a super-bad man.

In "The Cowboy and His Interpreters," Douglas Branch, born and raised in the most famous cowboy country, Texas, stands the cowboy of reality and the one of popular fancy side by side and shows the actual cowboy to be a more interesting person than his fictitious and aggrandized twin. In exploding the myth, Mr. Branch tells much that is new about the Cowboy and his life. Cowboy songs, his clothes, his work, his language and exploits are all described in vivid fashion. Traditions of the trail are related; his ill-deeds and his diversions are discussed; and the importance of individual liberty in the traditions of the range emphasized.

Numerous illustrations catching and emphasizing the spirit of the text, add to the attractiveness of this volume.

An Early Organization

Frank M. Montague of Bandera, Texas, has in his possession an old record book, which was kept by the secretary of the Wool Growers' Association of Bandera county, Texas, giving the minutes of the first and succeeding meetings of the Association. Entered therein we find the following:

"The wool growers of Bandera County, Texas, met at the court house in the town of Bandera on the 26th day of March 1888, when the following proceedings were had, to wit:

"Upon motion duly put and carried J. B. Davenport was elected President and Phil Perner Secretary.

"Upon motion duly put and carried a Committee of five were appointed to draft resolutions concerning the Mills Tariff Bill now before Congress. The Committee then withdrew. Upon their return presented the following:

"We, the undersigned Committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the views of this Association concerning the Mills Tariff Bill now before Congress beg leave to offer the following:

"Be it resolved that we as representative wool growers of Bandera County do condemn in unmeasured terms that part of the Mills tariff bill now before Congress wherein it discriminates against the Stock raising interests of our country, and especially that section of the bill which puts wool on the free list and retains a duty on manufactured woolen goods, thereby discriminating against the producer and in favor of the manufacturers, and we ask our Representatives in Congress to oppose any reduction of the tariff on wool.

"GEORGE F. SMITH,

"GEORGE HAY,

"B. F. LANGFORD,

"I. W. STEVENS,

"W. H. DAVENPORT,

Committee.

"Upon motion duly put and carried the above and foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted.

"Upon motion duly put and carried that we the wool growers of Bandera county do hereby form a permanent organization for mutual protection. Whereupon the following gentlemen signed their names as members under the style of The Bandera County Wool Growers' Association: J. B. Davenport, H. H. Carmichael & Co., John A. Jones, George F. Smith, G. H. Davenport, Phil Perner, O. Thallmann, C. H. Thallmann, E. Huffmeyer & Bros., L. O. Bauerlein, I. W. Stevens, A. Mansfield, W. B. Calahan, Jack Kelley, C. A. Taylor, W. J. Maass, B. F. Langford, John Adamietz, Jacob Postert, John W. Morris.

"Upon motion duly put and carried that J. B. Davenport be retained as permanent President, and that Phil Perner be retained as permanent secretary. Whereupon George F. Smith was duly elected first Vice-president, E. Huffmeyer second Vice-President, Adolph Huffmeyer Treasurer of said Association.

"Upon motion duly put and carried that the stated meeting of our Association be held upon the Saturdays on or before the full moon every three months, commencing April 1st, 1888. And special meetings may be called by the president, or either of the Vice-Presidents, whenever it may seem necessary for the benefit of the Association.

"Upon motion duly put and carried that the thanks of this Association be tendered—of Galveston for their offer to take our wool upon commission and for their offer of money advances upon the same at the low rate of eight per cent.

"Upon motion duly made and carried that the meeting of this Association be now closed until our next regular day subject to call as before stated.

"Money collected today, \$2.20.

"J. B. DAVENPORT, President.
Attest, PHIL PERNER, Secretary."

"At a regular meeting of the Bandera County Wool Growers Association,

held in the town of Bandera on Saturday, June 23rd, 1888. Officers present: J. B. Davenport, President; George F. Smith, 1st Vice-President; E. Huffmeyer, 2nd Vice-President; A. Huffmeyer, Treasurer; Phil Perner, Secretary.

"The minutes of our last stated or called meeting of March 26, 1888, were read and approved.

"The Secretary stated he had purchased a book for the purpose of transcribing the proceedings of this Association which cost \$1.00, and that he purchased stamps and stationery which cost 25 cents, and that the balance now on hand is 95 cents.

"Upon motion duly put and carried the proceedings of the Secretary are approved."

At a meeting of the Association held in 1889, the day and month not given in the minutes, the following resolution was adopted:

"The object of this Association shall be the destruction of wolves and other animals that prey upon stock, and the devising of such measures that effect our interests. As a fund is necessary with which we may be enabled to pay for wolves killed, we each of us agree to pay the sum of one cent per head for each sheep we own, in quarterly installments, to the Treasurer as he may call for the same, and from this fund he, the said Treasurer, shall pay for each wolf scalp delivered to the County Judge as required by law the sum of four dollars and fifty cents."

A meeting was held on Friday, June 28, 1889, when the following sheep raisers subscribed to the list, as per the above resolution, showing the number of sheep each one possessed: Chas. Montague, 1200; C. H. Thallmann, 900; J. F. Weldon, 1050; E. Huffmeyer & Bro., 1000; George Needham, 900; Mrs. Oborski, 400; George Smith, 1000; C. W. Harris, 200; J. A. V. Pue, 230; T. M. Stevens, 400; T. E. Dial, 650; T. H. Poag, 1050; W. J. Maass, 135; Amasa Clark, 250; B. F. Langford, 300; John Walker, 250; Street Hudspeth, 75; C. A. Taylor, 700; C. D. Johnson, 600; F. L. Hicks, 4600; V. P. Sanders, 350; I. W. Stevens, 440;

Ignats Cebula, 80; E. A. Brewer, 200; J. B. Davenport, 1000; H. H. Carmichael, 1000; Gabe Anderwald, 40; M. C. Click, 100; Joel Townsend, 1000; W. A. Chipman, 1000; Jack Kelley, 600; O. Thallman, 800; A. Mansfield, 500; Wm Schladoer and J. W. Stearns, 650; Lewis Strickland, 650; T. B. Welch, 500; John A. Jones, 750; William Evans, 100; John F. Davenport, 700; C. C. Auld, 485; Phil Perner, 1100; Thos. Laxson, 600; A. McGill & Sons, 1000; A. Adamietz, 35; J. P. Heinen, 1000; H. C. Wright, 170; John Lebold, 645; W. H. Davenport, 785; John F. Morris, 500; A. R. Renick, 1000; J. Postert, 350; F. M. Buckelew, 450.

It is interesting to read such reports of early happenings as the above. Almost forty years have glided down the corridors of time since those sturdy old ranchers of Bandera county perfected their organization for mutual protection. Most of them have long since answered the summons to quit the walks of men, while a few yet tarry on this side of the river that separates Time from Eternity. Like all of the pioneers, they builded better than they knew, for these men fathered one of the present leading industries of Bandera county, that of wool growing. About a million pounds of wool and mohair were shipped out of Bandera county during the past year.

Mrs. Penelope J. Allen, of St. Elmo, Tennessee, sends us the following interesting incident of Sam Houston, which she copied from the file of The Kentucky Gazette of October 6, 1826, in the Lexington Library, Lexington, Kentucky:

"A duel was fought near Duncan's Mill in Simpson County, (Ky.) on the morning of the 28th, between General Samuel Houston and General William White, both of Tennessee. The latter fell at the first fire, and was supposed at first to have been mortally wounded, but from information on the succeeding day there is some hopes entertained that the wound is not mortal."

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Could Custer Have Won?

Written for Frontier Times by Morve L. Weaver, Visalia, California

The recent observance of the fiftieth anniversary of General Geo. A. Custer's last battle makes interesting anything relating to the cause of that Indian war or to the real cause for Custer's defeat.

The campaign against the Indian and the consequent death of Custer and his men is directly traceable to the breaking of the pledged word of the government at Washington, the treaty of 1860 having promised the Sioux that the Black Hills region should remain unused by the white men. This part of their country was regarded as sacred ground by the Indians.

General Hazen had reported the entire Black Hills region as almost uninhabitable and entirely desolate: Custer had found and reported it a land of paradise so in July, 1874, in direct and deliberate violation of its pledged word, the Government sent Custer as escort to a scientific expedition to determine the character of the region. There is little doubt that the intention was to confiscate the territory should it be found worth while, a procedure in full keeping with precedent.

After the decision was made and the clash with the Indians came, it is a fact that the Indians were as well, or better, armed than the troops of the 7th Cavalry. This was due to the Government allowing the regularly established Indian Agencies (civilian) to furnish the Indians with arms and ammunition. This great mistake was merely passively criminal—the Government simply did not interfere with the post-traders who sold to the Indians as many guns and as much ammunition as the Indian could pay for. An almost parallel case was the sending out from New Orleans during the Civil War of coffins filled with percussion caps to Confederate troops, a practice of some unprincipled members of the Quartermaster's Department of the Union Army.

Of the actual battle on the Little Big Horn where Custer and his men were wiped out it has come to be almost universally believed that Custer was entirely at fault and wilfully disregarded his instructions and virtually sacrificed himself and his command. Some school

histories actually hold him to be a suicide—worse than that—make him responsible for the death of all his men.

There is a little known phase, mostly, political, that throws a different side into prominence and makes it entirely possible that Custer was deliberately betrayed by some of his subordinates.

We will first consider Custer. Young, gallant and a favorite with his superior officers, particularly honored by Gen. Grant for his ability and soldierly qualities and successful, he was described by men who had served under him in the following words: "Custer was a fine officer during the Rebellion, but after its close, having had his head swelled by rapid promotion, he made many enemies by his disagreeable conceit. This conceit was only increased by his success as an Indian fighter. When he was on this last campaign he was especially anxious to do something brilliant. He only wanted to see Indians, the larger the body he whipped and the fewer men he had to do it with the greater the glory. Custer's soldiers did not swear by him, he was too strict a disciplinarian."

Mention the name of Gen. U. S. Grant before a body of these same men and a cheer would be raised at once.

Grant's well known success in always selecting the best men for any military mission is in direct contrast to his unfortunate selection of men for civilian or political positions which, coupled with his stubborn support of his appointees, made his administration a by-word for misconduct and corruption.

Grant's animosity to Custer came in 1876 when Secretary-of-War Belknap, a friend of Grant's, was being investigated by a committee from Congress for dishonesty in office, in connection with supplies for the army.

Custer, as post-commander at Fort Lincoln, had refused to receive some grain supplied to him because the grain was in the stamped bags of the Indian Bureau. Custer had been compelled to accept the grain by an "O K" order which he supposed came from Belknap. He was incautious and mentioned the matter to a

friend and the result was that he was summoned to Washington to testify in the case against Belknap.

The Indian campaign was about to open and Custer left the border unwillingly. He gave his testimony after a long wait in Washington. After testifying Custer learned that the "O K" order had come from General Terry and sent word to the investigating committee, retracting his testimony that Belknap was the signer. Grant was incensed and made it as disagreeable for Custer as possible, in fact he never forgave anyone who injured or even doubted Belknap.

This, often mistaken, loyalty on Grant's part is mentioned by Gen. Horace Porter in an eulogy, saying: "Loyalty so dominated his character that it sometimes led him into error and caused him to stand by friends who were no longer worthy of his friendship, and to trust those in whom his faith should not have been reposed."

Custer tried three times to make the farewell call on the President required by military etiquette but Grant would neither receive him nor relieve him by sending him away. Senator Ingalls learned of Custer's plight and interceded with the President who still would not receive him but finally dismissed him.

Custer had now but to make his farewell call on Sherman, the commanding general, and his duties in Washington were over and he would be free to join his outfit. Sherman was in New York but had agreed with Custer a week before that the latter was to leave for the West that very night. Custer left his card for Sherman and took the night train.

At Chicago he was met with a telegram which virtually placed him under arrest for neglecting to call on the President and the Commanding General. In view of the understanding and the friendship between Sherman and Custer it is beyond doubt that Grant dictated the order of arrest.

Every officer in the expedition, which was now about ready to proceed with the campaign against the Indians, joined in a petition to let Custer go with the troops as he was finally allowed to do, but his prestige was gone and men of the Reno stamp knew it, and took advantage of it,

and left him to die when they should have obeyed his orders.

Grant, with all his undisputed greatness, was, in great measure, personally responsible for Custer's death, and from personal spite. But for President Grant's action in humiliating Custer, neither Reno nor Benteen would have dared to do anything but obey Custer's orders to the letter and with his plans fully carried out, the fight would have had the same victorious ending that had characterized all previous fights where Custer had been in command.

Custer could have run at the first sight of the Indians but, though he saw more Indians than Reno did, he held on and Reno retreated.

Custer's detractors say that he was rash to a degree and attacked a vast number of Indians with his own small command. As a fact the Indians were not more than five or six to one and Custer had beaten them at these, or greater, odds before. The Indians themselves said that they thought they had lost until Reno fell back and Custer's carbines failed to extract shells and became useless. How the battle would have resulted had Reno and Benteen done that which Custer expected, no man can say.

The facts are simply these: By a combination of negligence and treachery on the part of the government that he was faithfully serving, spite from the President whom he had unwittingly and unwillingly offended, and disobedience and cowardice on the part of his inferior officers, General Custer and his men were killed. The worst of it all is, that leaving nobody to defend his name—it being to the interest of those left behind to shield themselves at his expense, to make him the scape-goat, Custer will probably go down in history as a rash, headstrong man, to be blamed for his own death and the extermination of his command. This will be but another of the many mistakes of history.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

Trail Drivers Hold Reunion

About 600 members of the Old Trail Drivers' Association attended the reunion at San Antonio on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 7, 8 and 9. A good program featured each day's session with a grand ball at night. The ball Friday night was given in the Municipal Auditorium and was attended by about 2,000 people.

On Friday, J. Frank Dobie delivered an address advocating the preservation of the Texas long horn cattle, the species of which is now very scarce.

The convention ended Saturday with a barbecue in Brackenridge Park, featured by a sitting contest, won by H. C. Williams of San Antonio. This contest was open to old trailers more than 67 years old. Others who won honors for graceful squatting with their food and eating implements in hand were: Second, Thad Reese, Floresville; third, R. J. Jennings, San Marcos; fourth and fifth, J. N. Goforth and S. D. Houston, San Antonio.

The large steer head donated by Jim Dobie, was won by Ed Nicholson, who promptly gave it back to the Association to be disposed of for the benefit of the monument fund.

The convention authorized W. M. Fain, Pearsall, an association member, to appoint a committee of five to make plans for the drive to complete raising \$100,000 for a memorial to the trailers, to be erected. This followed Fain's report of another conference.

George W. Saunders of San Antonio, president, and all other officers were re-elected. A resolution was adopted endorsing Ike West of San Antonio for State Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner.

Chaplain J. S. Pearce conducted memorial services for twenty-nine members who have died since the last convention.

Resolutions of regret that illness prevented the attendance of Mrs. Amanda Burks of Cotulla, "queen of the trail drivers," and Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, were adopted.

Manager W. J. Lytle, of the Princess Theater entertained the old trail drivers on Saturday by showing Emerson

Hough's "North of 36," a wonderful picture depicting early trail driving. Mr. Lytle is the son of Captain John T. Lytle, one of the best known trail drivers. The picture shown immensely pleased all who saw it, and was pronounced as being next to the "real thing" itself.

Finding More Pre-Historic Remains.

Edward E. Godbey of Phoenix, Arizona, spent a short time in Artesia yesterday. Mr. Godbey, who is a construction engineer in charge of the rehabilitation of the ancient ruins of this section, tells an interesting story of the discovery of a number of pre-historic ruins in a new cave, situated about seventy-three miles southwest of Carlsbad in the Guadalupe mountain section. Mr. Godbey has spent the past two or three months in that section and has done much exploration work.

The substance of the recent findings as told by Mr. Godbey is as follows: The ruins found in the cave discovered by Mr. Godbey indicate that it was once inhabited by a prehistoric people, probably as old as the race in the time of King Tut in Egypt. Conclusions reached after a careful examination of some of the relics indicated that the race flourished about 2500 B. C. and were of the basket age. They had not developed to the pottery age, but in what is known as the basket age, as revealed by the fact that ruins of the old baskets have been uncovered. The baskets manufactured at that time were strong enough to be used in cooking, presumably made of strong clay. In addition to the baskets, seven complete skeletons and two skeletons cremated in baskets were uncovered. The list of articles found also includes fifty to seventy-five grass shoes and two idols made of clay. One idol was found with a portion of a bolt of cloth wrapped around it.—Artesia (N. M.) Advocate.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

A Panhandle Pioneer

Wheeler, Texas, News-Review, September 23, 1926

Not many years ago the Panhandle was the home of the buffalo and the hunting ground of the Indian. Fifty years ago it was a frontier. The settling of the country, the opening of its vast acres to civilizing influence of cattlemen and farmers, was due to the efforts of that bold and hardy army of pioneers who came into the Pandhandle in the seventies and eighties.

Of the vast army whose influence was widely felt from that day forward, one man stands out above all others. As government teamster he came, as public benefactor he passed to another world.

The life of "Uncle Johnny" Long reads like fiction—the romance of his life is mingled with hardships and dangers—but through it all this sturdy pioneer retained his faith in mankind.

John J. Long was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, November 7th, 1851. He came to Texas in 1874 with the General Nelson A Miles expedition. He hired to the government at Leavenworth, Kansas, as a government teamster. The expedition started from Fort Dodge, Kansas, with thirty-six six mule teams. They came south by Fort Supply, Oklahoma, and on south, crossing the Canadian near the mouth of Oasis, thence down west of where Fort Elliott is now located and up McClellan Creek.

The expedition at this time according to "Uncle Johnny's" story related shortly before his death, was after a bunch of Indians that had captured the Germane sisters. The cavalry got to pressing the Indians too close and they abandoned their captives to the soldiers. The girls had no dresses and were tanned almost as black as the Indians. There was an old Southern doctor in the expedition. He took two night shirts, made dresses for the girls, and had them fixed up in no time. The stock was badly played out after this expedition, so the expedition dropped back and camped on the head of the Washita.

Now let Mr. Long himself tell the story in his own language.

"We went to Adobe Walls, getting there on Christmas Eve, and it started

snowing. Christmas Day we laid up on Antelope creek. Then we continued our march south, as the Indians had gone into camp on the Tule Canyon. There were four expeditions moving against the Indians at this time. Major Price was coming in from the east, Miles from the north, and McKenzie was coming up from the south. When McKenzie killed the Indians' horses and had his fight with them, they pulled out for their reservation. The Miles expedition got there too late to take part in the fight, but we followed them on into Fort Sill. McKenzie did not set them completely afoot, for they always kept at least one horse apiece staked or hobbled out near, and they used these to get back to the reservation. The Indians went south of the Washita Mountains. We followed them in and got to Fort Sill about half a day after they did. It was zero weather and we had to walk much of the distance to keep from freezing. One day we made forty miles but we did not catch up with the Indians. There were supposed to have been 2000 or 3000 Indians in the Panhandle at this time. McKenzie killed their horses in September.

"We went into camp at Cantonment near North Fork, about 13 miles west of where Mobeetie now stands in February of 1875. The Fort was established in the summer following. All of the houses were built of cottonwood pickets that were set in the ground three or four feet. Lieut. Hatch built a corral for the mule teams of adobe. It was 600 feet long, 60 feet wide, and the fence was about four feet thick. The brick used in its construction were made upon Dobe creek, and by this work Hatch won for himself the nickname of "Dobe" Hatch.

"While Miles was camped on the head of McClellan creek in September 1874, he ran short of provisions and sent his wagon train to meet his Mexican train at Commission Creek. We arrived at Commission Creek before the Mexicans got there, and three of the

teamsters went out to hunt buffalo, and a bunch of 15 or 20 Indians jumped them. Instead of dropping down behind something the teamsters began to run. One was killed, but the other two got into the brush and got away. We had an escort of seventy soldiers with us. When the soldiers got to the spot where the teamster was killed they found that his body had been shot full of holes. There were sixteen bullet holes in him.

"We were more careful after that. When the other train arrived we loaded up and pulled out. After we crossed the Canadian we saw lots of fresh horse tracks and we doubled the train, driving with two wagons abreast. We got pretty near to the Washita, and the Indians were, in the sandhills waiting for us. They made a run on us about three or four o'clock in the afternoon and tried to stampede us. As they made the first charge the soldiers fired into them and they dropped back. We corralled the wagons and the teams in the train. When a mule was shot down we had to jump out, cut him loose, and go on with the rest of them. The Indians were naked, painted and came a-yelling. There were over four hundred of them but it seemed to me like there was a thousand.

"We went to work and threw up an embankment around the outside. They did a lot of their shooting while riding in a run, and if they hit anything it was just an accident. But they took aim when they got off behind something. They kept us there two days and three nights. The days were awfully hot and we nearly starved for water. The second day one of the soldiers was digging around among some of the things in one of the wagons and found some cases of tomatoes. Tomatoes were more soup than anything else. We cut the cans open and drank the juice. That was the best drink I ever had.

"The first night about twelve or one o'clock a little scout by the name of Smallsky ran the blockade. After he had left we heard a terrible lot of shooting and we didn't know whether he got away or not. But he got through the Indians and soon afterwards ran into a herd of buffalo. His

horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and fell with him. When he got up his horse stampeded with the buffaloes, leaving him afoot. He began walking and continued until daylight, when he hid. He said he saw two Indians about ten o'clock. When night came he took up the road again and continued until he struck a camp about twenty miles from Supply, where some men were cutting hay for the government. Word was sent into the fort and a company of cavalry was sent out. This fight was taking place at the same time that the Buffalo Wallow fight took place, on September 12th, 1874, about ten miles from there.

"Major Price of the 8th Cavalry from New Mexico was scouting around over the plains and happened upon the men who were holding the Indians off at Buffalo Wallow. The Indians had placed some scouts out and as soon as they discovered the detachment of soldiers approaching they dropped the siege and retreated giving up the fight against the teamsters at the same time. The fight engaged in by the teamsters and their seventy soldiers was much longer and many more men were engaged in it than the other. Two men were killed, four or five wounded, and about thirty mules killed and wounded. There was no way of telling how many Indians were killed, for as soon as night came they would remove their dead. So far as is known, this fight was never given a name. Its site is about 20 miles southeast of Canadian in Hemphill County, near where Gageby creek empties into the Washita. The Indians would shoot while riding. After the battle we met the soldiers under Miles coming back to see what was the matter.

"There was little other trouble with the Indians after 1875. We had gone to New Mexico and were coming back with six-mule teams, escorting about 6000 sheep and their herders into Texas. The herders were Mexicans. Coming back we ran into six men who had stolen sixty mules and horses on Starvation creek and were headed into Mexico with them. They took all the horses and chuck that an outfit on this creek had, and a man had walked sixty miles

into Fort Elliott to notify the soldiers. By this time the rustlers had gotten away across the plains, and we ran into them. We recovered the horses and got all the men but one. Starvation creek got its name from this, as the men left there didn't have a bit of chuck. This trip was made in 1875, and the sheep were taken into Fort Sill, for the Indians.

"Fort Elliot, I think was named for Major Elliott, who was killed when Custer massacred the Indians at Cheyenne, Oklahoma, killing 105 Cheyennes and Arapahoos. No expeditions were ever sent out, other than scouting trips. There were about four companies kept at the Fort, but barracks were provided for five. The garrison was reduced to two companies, and all troops were withdrawn about 1892 to 1894:

"The flagpole was brought from the brakes of the Canadian, being cut near Antelope Hills, eighty-five miles northeast of Mobeetie, in the fall of 1875. I used a six-mule team hauling it to the Fort. At the auction sale of the Fort in 1900, I bought it for \$7.50.

"Few emigrants came into the country. Freighting was done from Fort Dodge, by Fort Supply, a distance of about two hundred miles. Most of the freighting was done by oxen, and the mules were used by the government for scouting purposes. Three wagons were often used with seven yoke of oxen, and the round trip took about twenty days.

"They hunted buffalo only in the summer, and saved the hides by putting poison into the hides and stacking them. The hunters would usually get the government freighters, who had brought down a load of freight, to carry the hides to Fort Dodge for them on their return trip. Along late in the fall they would kill buffalo and dry their meat. The hides brought from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per hide. The hides are too spongy to make good leather, and sometimes the hides along the neck would be half an inch thick. The last year I saw any buffalo was in 1878, but there were some on the Coldwater until 1880. Billie Dixon killed 82 at one "stand" of about two or three acres of land, the most I know of being killed. When we went to New Mexico after the sheep in 1875, somewhere above where Amarillo now stands

there was a big flat about a mile or two wide and about ten miles long, and it was almost black with buffalo. It looked like there were hundreds of thousands. We killed some of them and they were the fattest buffalo I ever saw. Some of them had as much as two inches of fat on their humps.

"The last buffalo killed in Wheeler county was killed by William Frass. Mark Husselby had a buffalo bull, a two year old. He ran with a bunch of milk cows and the bull was kept belled. He was the only tame buffalo in Wheeler county, and was as gentle as could be.

"Sweetwater, as Mobeetie was known at first, was located and moved three different times. It was first located on the creek, just below the hill upon which the Fort was located. Then it was moved a mile and a half below its present location, and moved up to the spot upon which it is now located in 1878 or 1879. They first picked out a place for the establishment of the Fort on McClellan creek.

"At its first location one building was put up about 1876, but the officers at the fort didn't want the town located so near and they made them quit their building. Then they moved to the head of Sweetwater creek, and in 1877 they moved below the Fort. Buffalo hunters used the town mostly, at first. Mail was brought from Fort Dodge once a week at first. Then it was later brought every day by stage. It took three days and nights for the trip, three relays being made between Fort Elliott and Fort Supply, a distance of about 100 miles."

When Sweetwater applied for a post office, according to Uncle Johnny, the county seat of Nolan county had already been named, hence the suggestion was made that they take the Indian word meaning sweetwater, and the town was called Mobeetie.

There were many saloons and gambling houses in the town, all at one time. In 1884, 425 votes were cast. Wheeler county was cut off from Clay county and given jurisdiction over 26 unorganized Texas counties, and Greer county Oklahoma, (which was then in dispute.) In 1906 the county seat was moved to Wheeler by an eleven vote plurality. The suit of 1897 gave Greer county to Oklahoma.

On May 1st, 1868, the town of Mobeetie was almost wiped out by a cyclone. About half of the residences, the court house, and jail were left standing.

The material for this article was collected by Olin Hinkle and J. Evetts Haley June 17th and 18th, 1925, at Mobeetie—less than two months before the death of Mr. J. J. Long.

The modesty of "Uncle Johnny" would not permit him to tell what a great part he had played in converting this section from a frontier to one of the greatest farming districts of the nation.

Soon after the fort was abandoned Mr. Long established a store at Mobeetie and for many years conducted a general mercantile business there.

It was as a pioneer merchant that he did the most toward building up the farming industry of the Panhandle.

He was never known to refuse credit to early settlers and never called for security. He carried these people along through good times and bad times. The lean years and the fat years were the same to Mr. Long's customers.

No man in the Panhandle was better known nor more universally loved.

Buffalo Horn Spoon

Reminiscent of the days of the covered wagon, when the pioneers blazed the way westward in search of a new land of opportunities—

A mute reminder of that early period when the "meat market" of the searchers for Eldorado roamed wild on the hoof, is a unique souvenir spoon, a prized possession of J. E. Bean of Kilgore, Texas.

The spoon, fashioned from the horn of a buffalo, commands the attention of all those who inspect it, not alone because of the artistic workmanship. They are just as interested in the story of the spoon.

When the Republic of Texas was going through the period of stormy political strife just before it was admitted to the Union in 1845, Mr. Bean's uncle travelled in that unbound wilderness west of the Colorado, the land of the comanches.

Large herds of buffalo then roamed those prairies. On a particular successful day's hunt, Mr. Bean's uncle killed

a large buffalo. Probably the early day counterpart of the savory slumgullion, with the absence of a spoon with which to serve the inner man the delicious food, inspired the buffalo-horn spoon made for the occasion, and preserved for future use, and now one of the prized souvenirs of the Bean family.

Unique Texas Newspaper

A copy of Volume 1 of "The Flea" a four page, three column newspaper, under date of April 15, 1869, edited by H. H. McConnell and published by the soldiers of old Fort Richardson, Texas, an Indian post, is the property of Billy Lee-man, foreman of the Journal. The little paper is in an excellent state of preservation and is highly prized as a keepsake by its owner. An editorial under the heading "The New Constitution" in part says: "Every thinking man must see that the only hope for this great state is to as speedily as possible resume its relations with the Union.... Once back in the family of states, emigration will flow to it in a mighty wave and before this generation has passed away it will be justly called the Empire State of the Southwest."—Clovis (N. M.) Journal.

The next serial to appear in Frontier Times will be "The Exploits of John C. Hays, the Texas Ranger." This will be a thrilling story and the manuscript we have now in our possession was written in 1869, and has never before been published. It throws much light on the exploits of the premier Ranger captain in Texas and in California which will be quite an addition to the historical collection pertaining to the noted men of Texas' early days.

On October 12, 1876, just fifty years ago the contract for New Braunfels' first railroad was signed. On that date the following item appeared in the Galveston News: "Today the contract to build a railroad to New Braunfels was concluded, the construction company on one part, and Major Converse, attorney in fact for Col. Pierce on the other part. The road is to be completed within six months."

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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Expiration notices are sent in Frontier Times in the month in which subscriptions expire. If you subscribed in November last year your subscription expired with the October, 1926, number, and the little yellow slip which you found in that number was a reminder that you should renew promptly. This slip also has an order blank attached, which you can fill in and return to us with your remittance. We go over our mailing list each month and all expired subscriptions are removed in order to avoid confusion in making up the succeeding month's mail. Therefore we would urge each subscriber to fill in the order blank and send it in to us just as soon as received in order to not miss an issue of Frontier Times. We are operating on very close margin and it is very necessary that renewals be sent in promptly.

"The Rising and Setting of the Lone Star Republic."

A new book of Texas history has just come from the press. Frontier Times acknowledges receipt of an autographed copy of "The Rising and Setting of the Lone Star Republic," written by Miss Mattie Jackson of San Antonio, Texas. We have known the author for several years, and we congratulate her upon the work she is doing. We know something of the difficulties she has encountered in getting her book published, and we rejoice that she has succeeded. The volume, is replete with sketches of early Texans and life in the Republic during the early days, and inasmuch as the book was approved by the Text Book Commission appointed by Gov. Neff in 1922, it means that schools in Texas may use it for a supplementary reader, this being Miss Jackson's purpose at the outset. Miss Jackson is a gifted woman, a successful teacher, and a lover of nature in all its forms. She is a trained entomologist, botanist and naturalist, and is a charming teller of stories. Prominent educators have given her book unqualified endorse-

ment. The volume sells for \$2.00, and may be obtained from the author, Miss Mattie Jackson, 429 Porter Street, San Antonio, Texas.

A few months ago a reader of Frontier Times inquired if a woman had ever been legally executed in Texas. We passed the inquiry on to our readers, saying at the time we did not know or had never heard of such an occurrence in this state. We have since learned that a woman was really and legally hanged in San Patricio county just after the Civil War, and we are gathering the facts in the case for publication in Frontier Times.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Ect., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of the Frontier Times, published monthly at Bandera, Texas for October, 1926.

State of Texas.

County of Bandera.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is owner of the Frontier Times, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed in the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, and business manager, is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the owner is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

3. That known bond-holders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER,

Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1926.

(Seal)

W. S. Ethridge,

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SEND US \$2.00 and we will send you a copy of the "Life of John Wesley Hardin," and a copy of "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Both reprinted from original by Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

SEND FIFTY CENTS for a photograph of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Sam Houston or Ben Milam. I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

BOOKS—We want to secure books and pamphlets bearing on the early history of Texas. Write us and tell what you have, and price you want. **FRONTIER TIMES,** Bandera, Texas.

ONE DOZEN POSTCARD VIEWS of San Antonio, Texas, for 50 cents, postpaid.—W. D. Smithers, Photographer, 110 East Houston Street, San Antonio, Texas.

PHOTOGRAPH VIEWS taken around Menard twenty-five years ago. Views of old Mission San Saba, and of the Flood at Menardville in 1899.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

"SEVENTY YEARS IN TEXAS." Memories of Pioneer Days, Indian Depredations and the Northwest Cattle Trail. By J. M. Franks, 1924. Paper covers, 134 pages. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Address Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St., Austin, Texas.

WANTED TO BUY—Complete file of Frontier Times, particularly Volume I and II. Good price. Address AZ Care Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

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Killing of John Bowles in 1859

Written by Rev. H. G. Horton, Bishop, Texas

THIS TRAGIC EVENT occurred sixty-seven years ago. I am now ninety years of age, and may forget many points in the sketch, or use unnecessary verbiage. I am a Methodist preacher, the last living member of the old Rio Grande Conference that was merged into the West Texas Conference in 1866. I was sent to the West Texas Conference from Georgia in 1858, as a missionary. My first work was with the Uvalde Mission. The work included Uvalde, Leahey, Sabinal Canyon, Butcher Dillard's neighborhood, Davenport's settlement on Comanche Creek, and a few other straggling settlements in that region. Jasper K. Harper was my predecessor.

John Wesley DeVilbiss often traveled with me, and also John S. Gillett, Newman Patterson (sheriff), Butcher Dillard, and others. We all went armed with rifle, Bowie knife, and six-shooter. Sometimes I went on long trips by myself. Several white men were killed on my work during the year. We had meetings at all of the appointments. I was single and just stayed around with the

scant settlement of people. Bishop Pierce passed through on the stage on his way to California during the summer. My work was raided several times during the year by Indians. A great company of Comanches visited Westfall's ranch in the summer and stole horses. A young man was killed on the road up the Frio just above Dr. Isbell's. I passed his body and came down with the citizens next day. We had a camp-meeting in the summer on the Sabinal just above Dillard's, and an Indian raid broke up the meeting. Newman Patterson, the Browns, Old Man Patterson, Butcher Dillard, and Uncle Allen Dillard lived in the Dillard neighborhood. Up

on Comanche Creek lived Uncle Johnnie Davenport, Claiborne Davenport, Emory Gibbons, and John Davenport Jr. My year drew to a close and I spent my last night on the work there, about the last of October, ready to pass on to San Antonio and then down to Conference at Goliad. The moon shown brightly my last night in the Dillard neighborhood. The dogs barked and old hounds howled, and we

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felt that Indians were prowling about. Everybody was armed and sat close to the doors and windows ready to do battle. I had hitched my pony, a strong horse, right at the front door. Uncle Johnny Bowles was there. He seemed a little careless about his pony. Next morning one or two ponies (not mine) were gone, supposed to have strayed off. No Indians were in sight. Uncle Johnny and I ate breakfast, and I mounted my horse to go up toward the main road on my way to San Antonio. Uncle Johnny took his bridle in hand and he and I started toward a skirt of woods a quarter of a mile off, as Uncle Johnny thought his pony had strayed to that skirt of woods. We parted before we reached the woods, I going to the left and he to the right. I saw him no more. In about twenty minutes later I saw three Indians coming toward me from out of the woods, and I drew my six-shooter and struck out towards the Davenport neighborhood at a lively pace. The Indians were on ponies that seemed exhausted. A few miles further on I

saw two Indians trying to head me off, but my horse was fresh and swift and I out-traveled everything and was soon far beyond the Indians and in the Davenport neighborhood where everybody was under arms. John Davenport, Jr., had been killed by Indians on the road.

Far on the road report reached me that Uncle Johnny Bowles had been found dead in the skirt of woods, killed by Indians very soon after we parted.

I came back to that section no more, being moved at Conference to the lower Medina region. My second mission then included Bigfoot, Castroville, the DeVilbiss, Kerr and Oak Island neighborhoods. Just below Castroville, on one trip, I passed over a battle ground just two hours after a band of Germans had a desperate fight with fifteen or twenty Comanches. Dead horses were lying around everywhere.

Soon I was sent to Corpus Christi, and then to San Antonio, where I joined General Henry E. McCullough's Division, and served four years in the Confederate army.

Some Parker County Murders

Smyth's Historical Sketch of Parker County, published many years ago, gives accounts of the murders of Youngblood, Killen, Washington and Mrs. Brown, as follows:

In the spring of 1861 the Indians came upon William Youngblood and killed him. The day previous a party of Capt. M. D. Tacket's rangers, composed of David Stinson, Bud Slover, John Slover, Boyd, McMahon and others, were out on a scout, and while feeding at noon, eleven Indians were discovered coming out of a ravine, twelve miles north of Jacksboro. The Indians attacked the rangers but were quickly repulsed with the loss of one and serious injury to a second. They made off, hotly pursued by the rangers, but having better horses, of course made the quickest time and escaped. The rangers were distanced; but still followed on all night, but could not find the savages. Early in the morning William Youngblood was going into the woods near his home to cut and split rails, and

nine Indians attacked, killed and scalped him. The same morning the rangers were reinforced by James Gilleland, Angie Price, Palmer and other citizens. They overtook the murderers and killed the chief, who had Youngblood's scalp in his shot pouch. The scalp was at once taken to the deceased's late residence, and placed on his head a moment before he was lowered into the grave.

In the summer of 1861, John Killen and William Washington, each about 24 years of age, who resided on Grindstone creek, were stock hunting, and while resting at noon, were pounced upon and a well directed arrow killed the former, and another badly wounded the latter.

During the same summer Mrs. John Brown was killed, and possibly by the same party of Indians. This lady also lived on Grindstone creek. She had twin babies, and had started to visit a neighbor near by; she was carrying one of the children, and a girl about grown carrying the other. On their way they

were attacked by a party of Indians. The girl who had one of the children was some distance ahead and had well nigh reached her destination. Mrs. Brown, at sight of the savage monsters, for the moment apparently forgot that she was the mother of the children, and clasping the child she carried tightly to her bosom she ran hastily back to the house, crying, "they shan't have mine, they shan't have mine." She finally reached the house, but the Indians soon came up, killed and scalped her, but spared the child.

The Gunmaker of Fredericksburg.

Few now survive of those craftsmen who in past generations made possible the conquest of the frontier. The gunmaker's craft as it existed late into the last century has no apprentices and it's only living exemplars no longer ply their art.

Oscar Krauskopf of Fredericksburg, was taught the gunmakers trade by his father, who himself had learned it in Germany before emigrating to Texas about eighty years ago. Mr. Krauskopf yet has a long-barreled rifle which he himself made during his apprenticeship, besides a smaller rifle made by his father for his son. The latter, although a cap and ball, muzzle loader is as beautifully proportioned as the finest product of modern factories.

The product of young Oscar's own craftsmanship is of the Kentucky rifle type, with long heavy barrel, but carrying a larger ball than its prototype. It was designed as a buffalo gun, and its type was capable of the longest range and greatest killing power known at the time.

Among Mr. Krauskopf's treasures is a neat little double-barrelled shot-gun of English workmanship which was formerly the property of General Kirby Smith. He gave it to a friend, who, in turn, will ed it to Mr. Krauskopf's father before the latter's death.

"We imported the unfinished barrels from Germany," says Mr. Krauskopf, "rifled them, made and fitted the locks, and carved the stocks out of our own native walnut. My father made his own boring machine, and with the tools and accessories which he built with his own hands I could yet make good guns."

The hand of the craftsman has not lost its cunning, but it finds no occupation under modern conditions.—Farm and Ranch.

Our Best Offer.

We have put up certain back numbers of Frontier Times in bundles which we are offering at a bargain price to clear them out. Eleven numbers of various dates are included in each bundle as follows: November, 1923; January, June July, August, December, 1924; February, March, May, June, July, 1925; and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," and "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Our regular price for these back numbers and the two book-lets would be \$4.00. Our special price to you, postpaid, is \$2.50. Order today if you want one of these bundles, for we have only six of the bundles, and they will soon be sold. You will get a lot of real history for the small amount of \$2.50, and after receiving the bundle and you are not satisfied, just return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

You old timers read sketches in this Magazine which perhaps brings to your mind details of frontier events with which you are familiar that ought to be published. Write out these details, in your own way, and send the sketch to us for publication. We are missing lots of good history when the old frontiersmen neglect to contribute their personal reminiscences. Let us have your sketch in order that your children may keep it.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

A year's subscription to Frontier Times will make an ideal Christmas present to any pioneer citizen of Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

The Cienega Fight

Written by Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California

Foreword

The story herewith has to do with one of many incidents that befell the pioneer white man in the earlier, and more tragic days of the Southwest, when the Apaches overran Southern Arizona, South-Western New Mexico and well into Sonora and Chihuahua, in Old Mexico—the days of the renowned Apache Chief, Cochise,—and is an excellent reminder of the kind of men many of them were.

Early in 1852, a party of men a-horseback, numbering about thirty, most of whom had seen service, as Texas Rangers, or in the Mexican War, with a pack train and a band of loose horses, left San Antonio for California, well equipped for all contingencies that might arise in their passage of that then little known country stretching away to the westward for two thousand miles.

Among the number was a man named Bob Gilbert whose qualities for leadership led to his being chosen by the company as "compass bearer," for the expedition; Gilbert was a striking type of the early Texas frontiersman, over six feet tall, of spare, but powerful, build and weighed about 180 pounds.

Their route led north of San Antonio, over what was sometimes known as the Comanche Trail, crossing among other streams, the Llano, San Saba and Concho Rivers, where it turned west, to cross a seventy mile stretch without water, to Horsehead Crossing, on the Rio Pecos, so named for the many whitened skulls of wild horses, placed there by the Indians, to mark the crossing of that stream which for miles above and below that point, was impassable, owing to its steep banks. The Rio Pecos, out on those broad and level plains, through which it cuts its present channel in earlier geological times, is one of the most remarkable rivers in the west, in that it gives no visible sign of its existence until one

is immediately there, and looking down into its sometimes clear and sometimes muddy waters. It had no trees along its banks, no fringe of brush, or anything to indicate that there was ever a river there. Hence the wild horse skulls, which, due to the manner of their arrangement and the clear visibility of the plains, could always be seen for some miles away from the crossing.

Upon coming to the Rio Grande, where El Paso now stands, the Gilbert party crossed over into Chihuahua, to follow the then most feasible route leading westward across the northern part of that state, which, after a distance of nearly three hundred miles, came out at what was soon to become American territory, near the present town of Douglas, Arizona.

Arriving at Tucson a few days later, practically the only town in Arizona at that time, and, except Santa Fe, New Mexico, the oldest in the Southwest, they found the place deserted of its able-bodied men, who had gone in a body to the new land in California leaving the women and children and old men to the mercy of the Apaches, who in those years were led by the famous Mangus Colorado, meaning "Red Mantle," who, knowing of their defenceless condition, continually menaced them.

Under those circumstances, it is hardly necessary to say, that the well-armed Texans were given a most joyous welcome as they entered the place, and, later, given every comfort and delicacy the town afforded. As they took their departure, however, after some days of resting and partaking of the generous hospitality of their Mexican hosts, the old men wept and the women wailed. The cavalcade got under way, to soon disappear in the most forbidding desert along the entire route, a ninety-mile stretch without water, known as the "Ninety-mile Desert," on which many hapless travelers bound for California gold fields, though he entered upon it, was destined to never reach the other side. Traveling day and night, as conditions would permit, stopping a few hours here

and there, to let their animals rest and graze, and to change to fresher mounts, the party reached the Gila River, but not without having undergone much suffering to both men and animals. Down the Gila to the Colorado River they now traveled, with water and grass a-plenty, and upon reaching the latter stream, crossed into California, at Fort Yuma, then in process of building, where they found hospitable entertainment at the hands of both officers and men, and given a fresh supply of provisions to carry them along the way.

Their route from Fort Yuma led up the north arm of the so-called Colorado Desert and through the bed of what has since come to be called the Salton Sea, which at that time was bone-dry and whitened with alkali, and incrustations of salt.

Crossing the Coast Range through the San Geronimo Pass, and arriving at San Bernardino, then a Mormon settlement and their second town to enter since leaving San Antonio, they pushed on to the Tehachapies, and over into the San Joaquin Valley, and thence to Sacramento River diggings, which were teeming with gold, while others departed to other localities reputed to be equally as rich; all of them then at the highest stage of production.

A few did well and, in time, returned to Texas, comparatively rich men, as riches were then reckoned, but Gilbert was not among the number. Twenty years later, or when he had about reached the age of fifty, Gilbert went to Arizona, and there entered the employ of the Quartermaster's Department at Camp Bowie, a military post at the western entrance of Apache Pass, which, before the coming of the soldiers to give protection to the Overland mail stages and other travel, was the most dreaded pass for depredation and massacre at the hands of the Apaches, in all the desert region.

Gilbert's services having found ready favor with the Quartermaster, he was given charge of the stock coming under the head of that officer's department, which provided transportation for the needs of the post, in supplies and forage, hauled from central distributing points, many miles distant from the more remote

and outlying posts, of which Camp Bowie was one.

Up the Valley, about fifteen miles south of the post, was a cienega, whose cool and bubbling waters, from many springs, brought forth a thick growth of vegetation, composed for the most part of tule grass and willows, the latter being ten or twelve feet high, and the former about breast high, the whole enclosing an area about a thousand feet long by three hundred feet wide, through which coursed a little stream to its lower end, which there disappeared in the sands.

Since cienegas on the Arizona deserts are usually few and far between, they necessarily forced more or less game to come there to drink, and the more widely separated the cienegas, the more game came to them. Here at this cienega, with his many and varied experiences on the frontier, Gilbert was shortly to pass through the most tragic one of his years. On its west side, and near its south, or upper end, since it ran north and south, was an adobe cabin, about 12x16 feet square, with a thatch roof of tule grass, built there in earlier years by Mexican smugglers operating back and forth across the border, about a day's ride to the south.

In its north, south and east walls were well spaced port holes about breast high, while, in the west wall, in which was a narrow doorway, there were none, a blind wall, so to speak, and around which much of the story centers. Gilbert, being an experienced hunter and an expert with any type of firearm, had, on former occasions, ridden up from the post to this cienega, always taking someone with him, and aiming to reach there before sun-up, at which time the chances of getting a deer or two were eminently better than any other, since deer, that ranged on the desert, unless otherwise interfered with, drank early and but once a day. These hunting trips were always hailed with much delight at the post, where venison, as against the more customary meat ration of salt bacon, was an exceeding luxury.

On this particular morning of the day with which the story deals, Gilbert and a man named Mathews left the post before daylight, and rode briskly up the valley to within about a mile of the cienega,

and there unsaddled and picketed their horses. Afoot now, they proceeded around a low ridge that lay between them and the cienega, and overlooking it at close shooting range. Carefully reaching the top of this ridge at a point about opposite the adobe cabin, where the willows and tules were thickest, they failed to see any deer, which ordinarily, with the approach of any one hunting them, fled from the willows into the open, and were then shot.

In the cienega all this time, watching Gilbert and Mathews, even as they rode towards them, were eighteen or twenty of the vilest of all American Indians, known as the Chiricahua Apaches, whom General Crook called the "scourge of the desert," and from which tribe the celebrated Apache chief, Geronimo, had come.

Having concluded that they were to get no deer that day, the two hunters descended the ridge, intending to go around the cabin, and down the valley to where their horses were, and back to the post, but just as they reached the edge of the cienega, three Indians opened fire on them, mortally wounding Mathews, who fell to the ground, but never hitting Gilbert, who, realizing that instant what was happening, opened fire on the Indians, but a few steps away, killing two of them outright as they turned to flee, and, as he always believed, mortally wounding the third.

Quickly raising Mathews to an upright position, Gilbert grasped him around the waist with one arm, and with the two rifles in his free hand, plunged into the thick tules and across to the cabin, which he reached in safety. Here Mathews soon expired.

Believing now that the cienega was full of Indians, Gilbert set about holding them off, which, thanks to the port holes and the skillful manner their use gave him in directing his telling fire, he succeeded in doing; and, though he had no way of definitely knowing it, since the Indians fought from the cover of the cienega, where they were partly concealed from view, he always maintained that, if he had not killed, he had at least badly wounded four or five more of them, during the first hour in the cabin.

He was armed with a 50-calibre repeating carbine—a new Spencer—else he might have shared the fate of Mathews, whose breech-loading rifle and belt of cartridges he reserved for later use, if needs be. The Indians now drew off beyond range of Gilbert's fire, and there remained until towards evening, meanwhile planning to in some way reach the cabin's blind wall, with the least possible risk to themselves, and then set fire to the thatch and smoke him out, and as they thought, then kill him; all of which had long since fastened itself to Gilbert's mind.

Could he have dominated the west wall as effectively as he had the other three, and maintained the siege until night same, he could have escaped, since the Apache would not fight at that time, owing to his superstitious fear of the evil influences that he believed to be hovering about him and the consequences that would overtake him if he did, but Gilbert was to realize no such an auspicious opportunity, since the Indians had determined to get him before the sun went down, dead or alive; if in the latter state, they would torture him to death. The blind wall being his only concern that day, Gilbert gave little, if any to the other three, and thus the day dragged on until late in the afternoon, when, as a grim reminder of the evening's approach, the sun shone through the doorway in a long slant, indicating that the battle of his life was soon to come, whose onslaught he coolly prepared to meet, believing that, notwithstanding the inequalities that faced him, he could shoot his way out and reach the cienega, where he would find comparative safety until the darkness settled over it, when he could leave it.

The Indians having failed to kill him as they had Mathews, and being powerless for the time being, to dislodge him from his stronghold by open attack, decided to use other and more subtle ways of accomplishing their purpose. This they proceeded to put into effect that afternoon, in a manner that Gilbert had been looking for, but could not prevent; namely, by crawling, snake-like, on their bellies, from the cienega into the desert brush that grew there everywhere, and of sufficient height to shield their pros-

strate forms from observation; and by thus maneuvering, as only an Apache can, they stealthily moved in the direction of the cabin, and finally landed at the coveted wall. It was now but a matter of minutes when the gods were to decide Gilbert's fate, for which he had not long to wait; for, presently, the shadow of an Indian, with a rifle to his shoulder, cast itself in on the floor of the cabin, after which the thatch was fired. And as it began to crackle overhead, and without waiting for any further evidence of what was coming, Gilbert shot out through the doorway, with his rifle clutched tightly in both hands, and made a lunge at the Indian who stood there, whose rifle he knocked to one side with his own, and then killed him. He then leaped across the open space that separated him from the cienega, with bullets meanwhile flying around him as he raced to cover; but just as he reached the outer fringe of willows at the edge of the cienega, and was disappearing from view, a chance bullet struck him in the knee and sent him to the ground. But the Indians never knew it; else they'd have then and there surrounded the place and closed in on him. Believing now more than ever that Gilbert had a charmed life, and in deadly fear of him, as well, they made no effort to follow him, then or after.

Gilbert dragged himself into a thick part of the tules, for greater safety, and there awaited the Indians to again attack him, this time to probably succeed where thus far they had failed; but as the evening passed slowly on and they did not come, his worst fears began to leave him. His knee being badly shattered, he soon lost the use of his leg and could now only drag himself when he moved. There he lay in the cienega until night, cold and wet and suffering intense pain. Fearing no further danger from the Indians, he began to move towards dry ground, and to the top of the ridge that he and Mathews had descended that morning, which, after much effort, he reached. There he remained for an hour or more, listening for any sound that might still come from the cienega, to indicate the presence there of the Indians; but as none came, he concluded they had departed taking their

dead and wounded with them, as they invariably did, and at any hazard, when physically possible.

Realizing that no help could come to him until morning, he proceeded to drag himself along to where the two horses were left, knowing too well that the Indians had long since taken them. But he kept on, and after a hard and painful struggle reached there, to find he had not been mistaken. Here he remained until morning, knowing that help must come to him from the post, and he was not disappointed.

For down at the post that night, when Gilbert and Mathews failed to return, the colonel, commanding, ordered a detail of cavalry to be in the saddle at daylight, and off to the cienega, and a couple of hours later, found Gilbert, who was taken to the post by part of the detachment, while the remainder went on to the head of the cienega, and in the still smouldering ruins of the cabin, found Mathew's body, which was later in the day removed to the post for burial. The cienega was scoured that day for dead Indians, but none were found.

EDITOR'S NOTE--In a personal letter to Mr. J. Frank Dobie, of the University of Texas, Mr. McCarthy says.

"I met Mr. Gilbert at his ranch once on the Penasco, a couple of miles above where it enters the Pecos--nearly thirty years ago. I had been down in the Guadalupe that winter hunting for a mine, and was on my way back to Colorado where I had some mining property, when I met Mr. Gilbert, who invited me to stop over with him. It was thus that I got the details contained in the story. I had heard of his fight at the cienega years before meeting him. The cabin he fought in on that memorable occasion was still there in my time, but of, course in ruins. Gilbert's fight was known to practically everyone who lived in that section of country then. Although he was bearing the eighty-year mark when I met him he was still as straight as an arrow, and apparently as robust and as supple as in former years."

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

When Rogers Courted Death.

"My time just had not come."

That's the way Captain John H. Rogers explains why he was able to walk into the muzzle of a double-barrel shot-gun in the hands of a desperado who had it leveled at him and cocked, threatening to shoot if the ranger captain took another step.

It was at Cotulla in the early days. A saloonkeeper had been in the habit of shooting up the town and doing as he pleased. He resented the intrusion of the rangers.

Rogers' company had been there but a short time when the man got drunk, took several shots at another man who was riding away from the saloon, shot up the town, then defied arrest.

The saloonkeeper loaded a double-barrel shot-gun with buckshot, cocked both barrels and said he would kill anybody who tried to arrest him.

"I looked in the door," said Captain Rogers, "and saw him with his gun to his shoulder. He had it leveled on me and both barrels cocked. My first thought was that maybe I had best not try to go in the front way.

"I naturally figured that he might shoot and that I had better try to get in the back way. But then I realized that such a step would be showing weakness and that it might cause trouble. There was but one thing to do and that was go in and get him right then and there. He had been getting by with his gun play too much and it would not do to let him think he had anybody bluffed."

Old rangers tell the rest of the story. "Praying" John Rogers walked right in to the muzzle of the gun that was leveled at his head and told the "bad man" he knew better than to shoot. "You have been getting by with this stuff too long. You'll have to cut it out," the captain was saying as he walked straight to the bar behind which the man had fortified himself. Captain Rogers then caught the gun by the barrel, raised it away, from his head and caught the man by the collar. "Come out of here—come with me," he commanded and, the fact that Captain Rogers is living today proves that the gunman "came out."—San Antonio Light.

Made Trip to Texas in Covered Wagon

A woman who came to Texas in a covered wagon nearly seventy-five years ago was honor guest at a party in Dallas recently. She is Mrs. S. E. McCullough, and the family Bible says she is 75 years old, but she insists that she feels young, even if her daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were at the party.

Another guest of honor was Mrs. Belle Coates, whose home is near Oklahoma City and who is Mrs. McCullough's younger sister. Mrs. McCullough's three daughters, Mrs. Oma Harper of San Antonio and Mrs. Ed Newton and Mrs. J. C. Davis of Dallas, gave the party at the latter's residence, 3222 St. John's Drive, Highland Park.

Mrs. McCullough was 3 years old when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas Smith, came overland from Shelbyville, Ill., and settled near Garland. When Mrs. McCullough was 15 years old the Smiths drove back to Illinois in their covered wagon. Mrs. Coates celebrated her eighth birthday during the trip, which took four weeks. Mr. Smith sold his team and wagon and the return trip was made via railroad from Shelbyville to Cairo, Ill., down the Mississippi River by boat to New Orleans, from there by ship to Galveston, thence by railroad to Milligan, then the terminus. The remaining distance to Dallas was covered in a four-mule wagon.

Most of Mrs. McCullough's life has been spent at Garland, although her home has been at San Antonio for the last two years. Her father was a pioneer of Garland, held the position of first postmaster there, although not a designated office, and was one of the organizers of the Garland Christian Church.

During her girlhood days Mrs. McCullough attended the old Carlton College at Dallas. She married William F. McCullough, also of a pioneer family, and the Smiths and McCulloughs were active in the early civic life of Garland.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

"Rowdy Joe" Lowe, a Character

Written for Frontier Times by Col. Lewis Ginger, Los Angeles, California

During my sojourn in Texas, much of the time on the extreme frontier, in the early '70s, I became acquainted with numbers of men who were well known to the people of Texas in those early days. Among them was one who stands out in my memory of days of more than a half century ago as a typical Westerner. Joe Lowe, "Rowdy Joe", as he was known, though why he should have received that cognomen, I never knew, for he was a quiet, very peaceable individual, but one of those who had the reputation of being "quick" on the draw. And that was a very useful accomplishment in those days of long ago.

I first met Joe at Luling when that place was the terminal of the Galveston, Houston and San Antonio railway. When those terminal towns sprang up over night, Joe Lowe was the pioneer to establish the first dance house and saloon. Luling was one of the "bad" towns. In a short time it became built up with saloons, dance houses, gambling halls, hotels and livery stables. A stage line ran from Luling to San Antonio, a six horse Concord coach. Joe's large dance hall was south of the railway, which ran through the center of the town. It was presided over by Joe and his wife, Kate, known as "Rowdy Kate" a fine limbed, powerful woman, who was the only one who could handle the cowboys when they got too much of the cordials served over Joe's bar.

When one, or more got too loud and were flourishing their six shooters, Kate would try to pacify them, and if she did not succeed, she threw them bodily out through the front door, and they did not come back again. I got real friendly with both Joe and Kate and liked them very much. One of the incidents in which Joe figured I remember well. In the San Antonio stage one warm day en route to San Antonio, two Sisters of Charity, Joe Lowe and myself were the only passengers.

As we rode along Joe remarked. "Lew, just a year ago today there were twelve men sitting on the jury trying me for killing a low down skunk. They ac-

quitted me without leaving their seats."

It was a case where Joe was the first to get to his gun.

We were rolling along at a pretty good pace when suddenly the two leaders whirled and came back along side of the coach door and the stage came to a stop. The driver yelled out. "Great guns, what a rattler!" There in the middle of the road was the largest rattlesnake I believe ever seen in Texas. It had struck at the leaders, but apparently had missed them, but had frightened them terribly. We all got out of the coach, the two Sisters of Charity, Joe and myself, while the driver quieted the horses. Joe said: "Just watch me cut that fellow's throat." He had a 45 Colt's and stepped within about fifteen feet of the squirming monster that was making a noise with his rattles that could be heard at least two hundred yards. Joe fired, and true to his word, he almost severed the head of the monster from his body at one shot.

The driver said that he had lived in Texas all his life and he had never seen such a rattler as this one. The snake was over eight feet long and as large around the body as the leg of a good sized man. The rattles were twenty in number and about five inches long and as thick as my two fingers. I bid good bye to Joe Lowe in San Antonio a few days after that incident and never heard from him for more than twenty years. I was living in Colorado Springs and one day saw in a Denver paper that Joe Lowe was managing a road house a few miles from the city. As I was a frequent visitor to Denver, I determined to go out and renew my acquaintance with Joe the first time I visited the city.

A week or so after seeing the story of his location, I went to Denver on a morning train. I got off at the Union station and was walking up Seventeenth Street when I heard the newsboys calling, "All about the killing of Joe Lowe." Securing a paper I read about the killing in the Watrous Saloon. I got up there in time to see them carrying him out for the morgue. I looked upon his

face, and except that his hair was somewhat whiter, he was the same Joe Lowe, "Rowdy Joe" that I had known twenty years before. A few months after the killing, I talked with the barkeeper. He told me that it was a cold blooded murder, done by an ex-policeman who gave Joe, who was unarmed, no chance for his life, but when Joe took refuge be-

hind the lunch counter, opposite the bar, the man followed him and repeatedly fired bullets into his body.

Joe Lowe was one of the products of the great Southwest of more than half a century ago, a gunman of that time who could have put several notches on his gun, but whether or not he had done so, I do not know.

Early Settlers in Cherokee County

George W. Wood was a native of the State of Alabama and at the age of twenty he married Miss Jane Killough and came to Texas in 1836. He first settled in Cherokee county just before the war with the Cherokee Indians. They became so dangerous that the settlers went to Nacogdoches county for safety. In the fall, however, it became necessary for them to return to Cherokee county to gather the crops they had planted before leaving. This was in the fall of '37. While on the way back to their home Mr. Wood and other settlers met an old friendly Indian who warned them of danger and advised them not to go back into Cherokee county. This advice was not heeded and they proceeded on their way. Besides Wood there were Allen Killough and his family.

On arriving at their homes they found that the old Indian had told the truth about the country being full of hostile Indians. The fences around their farms had all been burned and their crops were exposed to the ravages of stock which had been left there. Very imprudently they concluded to remain and gather what little of their crops remained. Accordingly they went to work and were making good progress, having high hopes that they would be able to finish without being molested by the Indians. One day, however, as they were going to their house for dinner they were fired on from ambush. Several were instantly killed and the balance scattered in disorder, each trying to save himself or his own family.

Mr. Wood was unhurt and succeeded in getting to his house and moving his family into the woods. Returning, however, to get some provisions he found a

band of Indians at the house who instantly killed him and then taking his trail found his family and captured the whole lot and carried them away prisoners. None of this unhappy family was ever heard of again except one little boy. He became a chief among the Indians after growing to manhood. Allen Killough, his wife and five children were lost in the fight and scattered retreat of that day. Killough was supposed to have been killed and his family captured.

Two entire families made their escape. Old man Killough and his two sons were killed in the yard by the pursuing Indians after they had almost gained the door. There were also two other men killed about one hundred yards from the house. Six persons in all were killed and ten prisoners taken captive. Among the prisoners was a Miss Killough and Miss Williams. They were never heard of again.

There were three women left in the house unhurt, one of them the wife of old man Killough and two others, unmarried. Strange to say, the Indians did not try to hurt them or carry them off. There were several Mexicans with the Indians who could talk broken English and when old man Killough was killed his wife ran out and begged one of the Mexicans, who was dressed similar to an Indian, to kill her too. He cursed her and told her to go back into the house.

The Indians finally left and these three women were left to weep over their slain friends and relatives. An old friendly Indian, probably the same one who had warned the whites of their danger, finally came and conveyed the

desolate and heartbroken women back to Nacogdoches county. It seems from all that we can gather in regard to this sad affair that Wood and Killough had settled together and had a crop in common but lived in separate houses and that some people with families came with them from Nacogdoches county and were helping gather the crop.

In the winter of 1842 five Indians came into the settlement on the Colorado to get some horses and spent the night searching for them, but when daylight came they had succeeded in getting only one. They concluded to leave but lost their way in a fog and when it lifted found themselves near the house of Michael Young. His little son was out hunting calves and the Indians discovered him and roped him, intending to carry him away captive. The boy was quick, slipped the rope from his neck made a break for the house and escaped. When his father heard the news he mounted his horse and collected some of his neighbors to pursue the Indians.

There had been heavy rains for several days and the trail of the Indians was easily followed. In twelve miles the Comanches were sighted going over the hill and the white men waited until they were out of sight and then charged after them.

Coming to the crest of the ridge, the mounted Indian was discovered in about two hundred yards of them at the head of a deep ravine. The settlers at first were reluctant to charge him, fearing a decoy into an ambush, but as the ground around was all open prairie they made the charge. When the Indians saw them coming one of those on foot sprang up behind one of the mounted ones, but a shot from one of the white men at this time brought the horse down and all of the Indians were left on foot. They then separated, running in different directions.

There were fifteen settlers on horseback who now joined in the pursuit and it seemed but a few minutes would be sufficient to run down and kill the bunch, but an Indian on foot was hard to get. They ran swiftly and never seem to tire and make curves and use all of their strategy in trying to throw off and elude their pursuers and have been

known to draw out and scatter their enemies and then turn and fight them in detail until they not only escaped but inflict severe loss on their pursuers. It took four hours to get all of this bunch, and the last one was killed twelve miles from where the chase commenced.

A Mr. Haynes singled out an Indian and ran him for some distance getting a good shot he brought him to the ground. Dismounting he approached the body with an empty gun when suddenly the Indian raised up and was about to send an arrow into Haynes but he was so near by making a quick spring he hit the Indian over the head with his gun and knocked him down, causing the arrow, which he was adjusting to the bow string, to fall. The Comanche arose again to continue the battle and tried to get another arrow to his string, but Haynes hit him another blow, which killed him.

Mr. Young also made a narrow escape under similar circumstances. He also shot down an Indian and went up to him with his empty gun on his shoulder. The prostrate Comanche lay still until the settler came close and then raised up in the twinkling of an eye and sent an arrow into his breast. All that saved Young was the waning strength of the dying Indian, the arrow failing to penetrate deep but making a painful wound which was a long time healing.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Send in your order at once if you want one of these. We printed 250, and have already placed 150 of the number, so we have only 100 left. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

A year's subscription to Frontier Times will make an ideal Christmas present to any pioneer citizen of Texas.

An Arizona Girl Kills a Bad Indian

Written by Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California

Foreword

This story, while not without precedent in the annals of the early settlement of the west, is an excellent reminder of the kind of women who, with their families, turned their faces to the setting sun, resolved to brave the perils of pioneer life. Ethel Harrington, the 16-year-old girl, was one of these. Her encounter with the Indian desperado, her cool and calculating demeanor, her final quick resolve to slay the brute, reads like fiction, but has the added value of truth. The character of Eskimezene, the Indian Chieftain, develops traits that, even with the rising anger at the killing of one of his braves, shows his ever-whelming admiration of bravery, even in one he chose to call his enemy.

In the early settlement of the San Pedro Valley in Arizona—then a hostile Indian country—there was established for the protection of the white settlers moving in there to make homes a military post known as Camp Grant, the object being to subdue the Indians and confine them to a reservation within that valley, which had always been their home, and there maintain them.

Although they at one time over-ran and held the country as far west as the Santa Cruz Valley and south into Mexico, they were now reduced to a comparatively small but formidable number, and, in all, did not exceed two hundred and fifty warriors, and were ruled over by a noted Apache chief named Eskimezene, who in his many battles against the whites displayed a quality of generalship surpassed by no Indian of his time.

The reservation set aside for them, extended from the military post down the east side of the valley about eight miles, and included a broad strip of river bottom covered with cottonwood trees, and

ideally situated for their villages, to which they were now confined; but at liberty to go beyond it, to hunt and to visit the more distant tribes on the San Carlos River, where nearly all the Apaches of Arizona were kept and cared for by the Government.

With the arrival of the Whites, who shortly began to move into the country, Camp Grant was abandoned and the soldiers removed; in the days I refer to, however, and some time after the departure of the soldiers, the Indians, who in the meantime had become more or less reconciled to their new surroundings were still a menace to the settlers, and liable at any time to take to the war-path if molested or unnecessarily interfered with, and the settlers knowing this, petitioned their removal, but the Government refused, instead, and in an effort to appease their fears, the Government ordered that the white settlers of the lower San Pedro be supplied with arms and ammunition, believing they were now in sufficient numbers to protect themselves.

As a result of this order, a wagon load of fifty calibre Springfield rifles, of Civil War days, and several thousand rounds of ammunition were distributed among the various settlers, to the number of six and eight, and as many as ten rifles to the family, and stacked away in the corner of one or more of the rooms in every ranch house—loaded in most cases and ready for immediate use. While the fifty calibre Springfield was not adapted for a range much beyond three hundred yards, it became the most deadly of rifles when brought into action at close quarters.

The space between the lower end of the Indian villages and where the San Pedro empties into the Gila River, was about six miles long, and was occupied with various ranch houses, a combination store, post office and saloon, called Dudleyville—a name it still bears. The country on either side of the San Pedro River was then a virgin cattle range for many miles above its junction with the Gila, and there being practically no

other water in the neighborhood, cattle were forced to come there every day or two to drink, and were thus kept under easy control. Heifers matured and became mothers there when only fifteen months old, and cattlemen soon grew rich.

One of the most prosperous cattlemen, as well as one of the first, to venture into the San Pedro Valley to engage in the raising of cattle was Dudley Harrington, for whom the post office was named, who with his wife and family had traveled across the Texas/Plains in wagons, to settle there and make a home. His house, which he shortly built, was made of adobe, and large, with port holes in the walls, for rifle fire, as was then customary in an Indian country, and contained as many as ten rooms, with a wide covered passageway running through the center.

Among the members of Mr. Harrington's family at this time was a daughter about sixteen years old, a remarkably fearless girl and an expert rider, who spent much of her time on the range looking after her father's cattle. She was of slight build, a blond, fairly tall, and might have weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, and had won the admiration of everyone who knew her, for the active interest she took in the management of her father's business, and withal, was a girl of rare attraction, and as may be supposed, did not lack for suitors among the young men of the San Pedro.

Across the river, a few hundred yards from the Harrington Ranch, was the store and post-office, where there always gathered on mail day, which came once a week, prospectors, miners, cowmen and others, to the number of fifteen or twenty, from the outlying sections and was the only store within fifty miles of there. The Indians all traded there, and more or less of them, with their squaws and children, were at the store every day, and usually rode down the east side of the valley, where the villages were, and crossed the river at the Harrington Ranch.

The settlers, ever in fear of an uprising among the Indians, were careful to give no cause which might bring that about, and to that end the Indians hid the re-

sentment they naturally bore the whites for encoaching upon their lands, and remained at peace, which to all appearances they meant to keep if nothing occurred to otherwise disturb it. It was under such conditions as these, that a tragedy occurred one afternoon in the Harrington home, in which Ethel Harrington was destined to play an important part, in that she battled there that day for her life with a drunken Indian, and killed him, and by that act, threw the community into a state of excitement, that for a time threatened to result in a war, which could only have meant disaster for the settlers. Among the Indians, who in passing by the Harrington Ranch often called in there to visit, going to or from the store, was a young, powerfully built Indian, considerably above the average height, with a bad and murderous reputation in his own tribe, who while yet a boy had taken part in many crimes against the whites, and was now looked upon as an outlaw among his own people.

He carried a deep scar across his face, from below the ear to almost under the chin, as the result of a recent quarrel with one of his own tribe, over the affections of a young squaw from the San Carlos River, which was fought out with knives and the other Indian killed. When he got drunk as he occasionally did, and in which condition this particular afternoon found him, his countenance, forbidding and evil-looking always, took on all the savage instincts of his nature.

This mail day that made that girl famous throughout Arizona, found her at home that afternoon doing the ironing.

The room she occupied had but one doorway, and setting back from the entrance some distance and crosswise of it, was a long table, behind which she was ironing, while back of her in the corner—and loaded—was a stack of these fifty calibre rifles. In the midst of her ironing, with no thought of danger from any quarter, least of all from within her own home, she was suddenly startled by the appearance of the Indian with the big scar—drunk and smiling—standing in the covered passageway looking in at her. She never heard him—only saw him, and it terrified her, but she kept her nerve and presence of mind. She was alone at the ranch that afternoon, and knew

it, and the Indian knew it, also. Dreading the outcome that she now felt was in store for her, unless she could escape, and that seemed a forlorn hope since the Indian was in the doorway, she ordered him away, thinking he might move to one side and let her by; but he only laughed at her and started to come in. As he entered the room and had about reached the table, she picked up the iron she was using and threw it at him, and for a young girl to hurl with much force, though a heavy and unwieldy weapon it, nevertheless, stopped and halted him. This for the moment and with the table still between them, gave her a chance to reach one of the big rifles before he could close in on her, which she instantly threw down on him, and taking deliberate aim at his body, shot him through the heart. The Indian staggered back a few steps, then fell, face down, across the doorway, but within the room.

She stepped lightly over the body, and fled to the store, where she found ten or twelve men, who were still there, and some Indians, and telling them what she had done, led them back to the ranch. When they viewed the dead Indian and were made aware of the circumstances that brought about his death, the gravity of the situation quickly came to them, and couriers were dispatched up and down the Valley to arouse the settlers. The Indians, who had followed over, viewed their dead tribesman also, and then hurriedly left for the villages to notify their chief. The excitement among the settlers that afternoon became tense and expectant, and war, with possible extermination in the background seemed close at hand.

When the news reached Eskimozene, he called his warriors together and with a band of them, mounted on their war ponies, hastened to the Harrington Ranch. Arriving there, and leaving all but two or three of his Indians in the river bottom among the cottonwoods, he strode into the dooryard of the ranch house, and addressing those who were there, told them that if the dead Indian had been shot face to face with the girl, he would commend her for her bravery and proclaim it to the whole tribe, but if he had been shot in the back, it would mean war. To that end, he approached

the house and entered the room where the dead Indian lay, and found him just as he had fallen—the girl, cool and self-possessed, stood there, also, and in Indian speech, which she knew well, told him how the tragedy had occurred.

He examined the gaping wound and torn flesh left by the bullet as it passed out through the Indian's back, then turning the body over—face up—and finding the wound over the heart no larger than the bullet that made it, he was satisfied. He then faced the girl, and in his Indian tongue, praised her, took her hand in both of his, told her it was well, and that she was brave.

Into a little wagon that evening, drawn by two Indian ponies, the dead Indian was placed, and, followed by warriors who had come there to avenge his death, and who in suspense had awaited the decision of their chief, upon whose findings that afternoon hung the fate of the white settlers, they moved away and returned to the villages, where, as became the Indian custom to their dead, and as a fitting close to that afternoon's tragedy, there could be heard resounding far into the valley, throughout all that night, to the beat of the tom-toms, the mournful death song of the Indians—the requiem for their departed.

Keep the Record Straight.

Frontier Times publishes below a letter from Mr. E. A. Brininstool, of Los Angeles, California, in answer to a very interesting article "Could Custer Have Won?" by Mr. Morve L. Weaver, of Visalia, California, which appeared in the November issue of this magazine. While we do not encourage controversy, we wish to keep the record straight, and take pleasure in publishing Mr. Brininstool's letter. Mr. Brininstool has written several books dealing with the frontier, and among the most interesting is his "A Trooper With Custer," wherein he gives full particulars of the Custer Massacre and many hitherto unpublished facts. His letter follows:

Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 22, 1926.
Dear Mr. Hunter:

I certainly take exceptions to the statement of Morve L. Weaver of Visalia, Cal., in regard to the alleged "coward-

ice" of Major Marcus A. Reno in the battle of the Little Big Horn—"disobedience and cowardice on the part of Custer's inferior officers," as Weaver puts it. Plainly this gentleman has not been on the ground or studied the situation and knows nothing whatever of the real facts of the case.

He says "How the battle would have resulted had Reno and Benteen done that which Custer expected, no man can say."

Had Reno done that "which Custer expected" not a man of his command ever would have got away alive from their position in the timber in the river bottom. Had Reno with his pitiful little 112 men charged that Indian camp, ("as Custer expected") they would not have ridden a hundred yards down through that four mile length of Indian tepees.

Plainly, also, Mr. Weaver is not aware of the fact that Custer ordered Reno to make the initial attack and promised to support him with his (Custer's) five companies; that Reno made the attack as ordered, and that Custer then diverged to the right, over hills and ridges, to attack the lower end of the camp, 4 miles down stream, and sent no word whatever of this move to Reno. In other other words, Custer deliberately left Reno with his 112 men to fight it out alone, with no support at all. This is HISTORY.

Early in July, after returning from the Custer semi-centennial celebration on the battlefield, I stopped in San Francisco for a talk with Col. Chas. A. Varnum, who fought with the Reno forces in the river bottom. In the course of the conversation, and in defense of Major Reno Col Varnum said this:

"If we had continued to advance not a man of us would have got out alive. As it was, when we finally reached the hills across the river, we did not average having five cartridges to the man."

As to Reno and Benteen obeying any "orders" from Custer—Custer had no plan of battle whatever right up to the time he sent both Reno and Benteen away—or detached them from the main command. As I happen to own a complete verbatim report of the Reno Court of Inquiry, and the testimony is right

there, I know what I am talking about, and if Mr. Weaver will take the trouble to make a trip down here—it is only a few miles—I will show him some testimony that will make his eyes pop out—and also a few other things, pertaining to this battle.

It is easy to see from Mr. Weaver's story that he is not acquainted with the real facts about the battle of the Little Big Horn—mighty few people are. But I never saw such a complete turn-about from Custer to the defense of Reno as was shown at the recent celebration, after people had gone over the field and had the various positions of the different battalions explained to them. Everywhere it was "Reno did the only thing possible under the circumstances."

Having made a particular study of this battle for more than 35 years, and visited the field twice within the last 13 years and gone carefully over the ground with many men who participated in the engagement with the Reno forces, as well as having talked with many of the Sioux who took part in the battle, I am not afraid to discuss the Custer fight with anyone who will listen to reason and accept proofs which I have in my possession. No person who has not visited the field and looked carefully over the ground can, with justice discuss this affair sanely and with "credit where credit is due." I challenge Mr. Weaver to produce a single man who fought with Reno who will call Reno a "coward" or say he did not do the wise and prudent thing in charging through the Indian cordon about him to the bluffs and higher ground where he would stand some chance of saving his command.

Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn was due to Custer himself and to nobody else. He disobeyed the orders of his superior officer (Gen. Terry) by arriving in the valley of the Little Big Horn from 24 to 36 hours in advance of the time he had been positively instructed to be there. This is also HISTORY, and if Mr. Weaver wishes the proof, I invite him down to Los Angeles to "be shown." And I can show him and back up what I say.

Sincerely yours
E. A. BRININSTOOL
Box 1072 Station C,
Los Angeles, California.

First Mob Violence in Lamar County

Written for Frontier Times by R. E. L. Jackson, Paris, Texas

In the early fifties there lived a man and his good wife just seven miles west of the city of Paris by the name of Emily Harris. Mr. Harris had living with him an Indian, a young man, called John, who in every respect had won the confidence of the Harris family, and also of the other people of the neighborhood who knew him, as they thought. In fact my father and mother thought a great deal of the Indian.

Early in the fall of 1860 or 1861 Mr. Harris had occasion to be away from home a day or two and left John and a negro boy by the name of Jim at home with his wife. John had always helped Mrs. Harris with the morning chores, so nothing strange was thought when John was left that morning to help Mrs. Harris to finish the morning work. The negro Jim was sent to the field to dig some sweet potatoes. Mrs. Harris told Jim that she and John would bring his dinner to him, but noon came and Jim looked, but no dinner came. Then two o'clock and still no dinner. By this time Jim was getting very hungry, so he proceeded to the Harris home and on entering the kitchen door he found the table just as it had been left from the morning meal. On entering the adjoining room he found Mrs. Harris lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with her throat cut. She was also stabbed in several places. Jim of course was scared almost to death. He gave the alarm and told just what he found on entering the house. Suspicion rested upon John, who was missing. Searching parties were formed, my father being in one of the parties. John was caught early the next morning attempting to cross Red River into the Indian Territory. He was hurried back to the place of the crime, where he admitted to it. He claimed that Mrs. Harris had told him early in the morning to drive some geese out of a small wheat patch that was near by. He left as though he was going to obey her, but soon returned and was asked by her if he had driven the geese out of the wheat patch; he replied that he had not, and could not do so. She caught him

by the ear, gave it a pull and told him that he had not tried to get them out. This angered him, and he decided to seek revenge for what she had done to him. He tarried around while she went to churning, and the opportunity presented itself soon. He approached her when her back was turned, caught her by the hair and pulled her back on the floor and cut her throat.

He was hanged by the people of the community near where the crime was committed. He begged to be shot, saying that dogs were hanged. His wish was not carried out. He was buried in a shallow grave on the spot, and the small mound can be seen to this day. Thus ended the first mob violence committed in Lamar County.

Our Best Offer.

We have put up certain back numbers of Frontier Times in bundles which we are offering at a bargain price to clear them out. Eleven numbers of various dates are included in each bundle as follows: November, 1923; January, June, July, August, December, 1924; February, March, May, June, July, 1925; and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," and "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Our regular price for these back numbers and the two booklets would be \$4.00. Our special price to you, postpaid, is \$2.50. Order today if you want one of these bundles, for we have only six of the bundles, and they will soon be sold. You will get a lot of real history for the small amount of \$2.50, and after receiving the bundle and you are not satisfied, just return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas—Published in 1884

(Continued from last month.)

How sudden the descent from the apex of hope to the abyss of despair. How quickly the clouds obscure the sun—how soon darkness follows light.

A few hours Thompson enjoyed the association of friends—a few hours, freed from care, he saw, to him, a smiling world, a future full of hope, a release from bonds that had bound him, on earth, peace, good will toward men.

Social ties brought the social glass—the social glass induced indulgence beyond prudence. The social glass begat confidences wherein secrets revealed, tales told, threats communicated, aroused passion and resentment. A brave man, while he ought to despise threats, yet he likes not to have them lurking through the air. They abrade the even temper, they ruffle the sober mind, they are not borne meekly, even by a meek man—they hurt and poison, they corrode and madden, particularly when the object of them is free from blame. But, however that may be, what was said to Thompson caused him to conclude to investigate and find for himself whether there were men in San Antonio who causelessly sought his life, or equally without cause designed to build themselves up as brave men by “loud-mouthed threats” against a man who had never known what fear was, nor turned his back on a friend or to a foe.

The old city, which was entered under circumstances so auspicious, was not to be left until after many weary months of imprisonment in the common jail—which however, was borne with that never-failing cheerfulness characteristic of the man.

CHAPTER XXII

Perhaps, in Texas, among all her bad men, there was never one who congregated around him so foul and damnable an element as Jack Harris. The owner of a lost and disowned name, the center of pollution, prostitution, debauchery and degradation, he was king of the “gutter-snipe” and “ward politician” world of

the Alamo City. Whiskey, cards and dissolute women he commanded, each more effective than the other, to work—seduce, subdue and accomplish the ends he had in view—to amass money and build up his influence. He was not all bad; generous qualities he had—or, rather, he had had generous qualities—but they had been subjugated; so much so, by his voluntary surroundings in his line of life, that they were seen but distantly—like one star that struggles out on the low horizon in a cloud-covered sky.

What men are, what they will be in the world to come, no sage or priest can tell, has never told and will never tell, but admit that all souls find their way to heaven, and each beatific to its degree, and uniting in streams of glory light, to brighten the crown of Christ, it would require millions of the souls of the satellites of poor Jack Harris to constitute even one of the divinest twilight rays. He was by nature far superior to the infamous parasite that fed on him, sucked his life blood, and dragged him down, body and soul, to the depths of degradation, and at last robbed him of his life by his too generous defence of their undenied infamy and crimes. A brave and intrepid soldier in the lost cause he never failed in duty on the field when enemies were present, on the march when fatigue was almost unendurable, in camp when and where hunger was an unwelcome guest. At all times Jack Harris was present in manhood; under the same blanket he and Thompson had slept, side by side they had marched, shoulder to shoulder they had fought, friends, comrades they had been. But alas! and alas! the day came when the beauty, the comradeship, the memory, the unforgettable ties of the past, were all forgotten, and where hands afore were in embrace—ment linked, now held angry steel to stab and cut the friendly breasts and pierce the brave, warm and generous heart.

Harris was interested in a gambling house in San Antonio many months before this visit of Thompson's. Among those connected with him was Joe Foster, who

was the dealer at faro. Whether there be skill in that game, it is not known to the outside world, nor whether the "faro box" can be so manipulated that cards can be placed or displaced to please the dealer, thus making the percentage of the game favor the "bank" ten-fold; however that may be shrewd gamblers know. Foster was the dealer, Thompson the betting man. To manipulate the box is to cheat; is no more nor less than sneak robbery. What Thompson did not know about cards was hardly worth knowing. He was expert, accomplished, undeceived. He and Foster played. Foster won, continued to win—won beyond the blindness of luck. Thompson wondered and watched—and, watching, he wondered the more. At last he discovered, or thought he discovered, wherein lay the secret of Foster's wonderful and uniform luck; whether true or false, Thompson was convinced that the game was not fair; being convinced, his resolution was instantly taken. He was wearing jewelry on his person, in value of several thousand dollars. He played it in all at once. That is, he turned his jewelry into the bank, and called for checks to a large amount. These he played recklessly to the limit of the game, and in a way so unsystematic that it could not be guarded against, even if Foster was playing the dishonest game Thompson thought he was.

The result was, that Thompson not only won his losses back, but considerably beyond. He was mad and angered at what he believed had been an effort to rob him, and determined to take advantage of circumstances. When he was ahead of the game in actual money, but behind in checks drawn out on jewelry put in, he handed in what checks he had and requested the jewelry to be returned. It was returned, but its return left him due the game several hundred dollars, on a square count, as matters had transpired. When he was thus in possession of the money he had previously lost and his jewelry, he arose to leave the room, when Foster demanded the amount due to the bank. Thompson denounced him as a swindler and a cheat, and pointed to Foster's methods, as he conceived, as to how and the manner the swindle that had been perpetrated. At this Foster,

as a matter of course, became indignant, and reached for his pistol; but Thompson was not taken unaware. In a instant his pistol was brought point blank in Foster's face, with the admonition that at a movement on his part was death. Foster was not a fool. Voluntary paralysis set in instanter. The tableau continued until Thompson quietly, slowly, with pistol gazing at Foster, backed himself to the head of the stairway, turned and left, going to the street, and there spoke of what had occurred; justifying himself in what he had done on the ground that he believed that Foster had used unfair means in the game, to win, and he used violent means to regain what he had lost.

Whatever may have been the merits of the foregoing episode, it was certainly the parent of very bloody progeny. While the matter was personal between Thompson and Foster—a charge of unfair play by the former and denial on the part of the latter—Harris took up the gauntlet thrown down by Thompson at the feet of Foster.

Thompson did not long remain in San Antonio—returned home, and was not there again until after he was elected city marshal of Austin.

There was an excursion by quite a number of the members of the Legislature, and city officers to Laredo. It was necessary to go through San Antonio, and as a matter of course, that city was "looked into," both on the downward and upward run. When at San Antonio, Thompson was informed that Harris was on the street with a double-barrel shotgun, avowing his intention to shoot him on sight. Through the influence of friends Thompson was kept from the street and remained in his room at the Menger Hotel. On the next morning, however, they met, and Thompson called to Harris, saying: "Hello, Jack! I understand you were on the hunt for me last night with your shot-gun, is that so?" "No," said Harris: "I was not looking for you, but I was waiting for you, and if you had come about my place, I would have filled you full of shot." There would have been a reencounter had not Senor Penolosa, a Deputy Sheriff, been present, and intervening prevented a difficulty. Thompson replied to Harris: "I under-

stand you and your crew are fortified for me and intend to shoot me, if you can get the advantage—now let me tell you, go and get your crew of assassins; arm them with shot-guns and Winchester rifles, and come out on the Main Plaza, and I will run all to your holes; come out and fight like men,” but Harris and his men did not meet the challenge.

It was reported to Thompson by men who were and are recognized as honorable and truthful, that Harris had on divers occasions and publicly declared that he should not come on the streets of San Antonio, that he should be shot as a vicious wolf; that men had been approached to assassinate him, being promised large amounts of money and a speedy trial and acquittal; that no man could be harmed for shooting him down whatever and where met with; that Harris had said that he, Thompson imagined that he bore a charmed life, but that he, Harris, could kill a bird on the wing, and supposed he could kill a man standing. Harris went to New Orleans and to New York, and in both cities made the most positive and dire threats against Thompson, saying that he only waited an opportunity to carry them into execution. To Edwards of Galveston, to Captain Edwards, of Austin, to Captain Martin, of Kyle, Texas, to citizens of San Antonio, of Laredo, and other places, he made threats, and repeated them; and when remonstrated with, he denounced Thompson as a coward—a cur—saying he would not fight, had no nerve, he was overated, and would not stand under the gaze of his eye. Thompson was warned of these sayings, advised to keep away from San Antonio, not to go anywhere unless accompanied by trusty friends. To all these—the threats, the denunciations and warnings, he listened, said nothing, but did not change his movements. Time and again he went to San Antonio, and still lived.

At this time Harris was the proprietor of the Vaudeville Variety Theater, a vile place fronting the main plaza in the city of the heroic dead, where lay the bones of Crockett, Bowie, Milam, and a host of others, who poured out their life blood for Texas Independence. A vile place where robbery at gambling, craziness for whiskey, woman's prostitution, and the

wreck and ruin of manly youth, is a nightly if not a daily occurrence. Here congregated the lewd, the dissolute, the wretched, the lost, human carrion, that prey on one another, and join in a common effort to drag to their infamous level, those who approached the accursed precinct, who yet have one unstained spot in their nature, whose souls have not been blackened all through and through by crime. Here Harris was king; here he was monarch of all he surveyed; here he was worshipped, and no one could say him nay. This is the place Thompson was forbidden to approach, under the threat of being shot like a vicious wolf.

The City of San Antonio has a great variety of population. There every nation on earth was represented. The Russian, Norwegian, Jew Yankee, Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Islanders, from every clime. The Malay, Hottentot and European, from all the States, Empires, principalities and powers, and yet the Saxon rule is complete—brave men, women, beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished as any on earth, and yet, being in power, they permit such an infamous blot in civilization, virtue and decency, as the Vaudeville den to stand, barefaced, and grim with its hideous features and rotten heart, out on to the main plaza—the very center of the city. It is not a wonder that the bones of the uncoffined heroes of the Alamo do not rise up in their ghastliness and move away to the shady forest, and there crumble to dust, ashamed of the place for which so much blood was shed, and so many lives surrendered. A whiskey shop below, gambling den above, leading into the theater beyond, where nightly, crowds gather, drawn thither by the bright electric light, and band of music, that poison the very atmosphere, as the rays radiate and then disperses itself from that foul den of crime.

Here Harris was king—here his sway was as absolute as the Czar of all the Russians; here the man-trap to fetter with ineradicable vice the young, here all to pander to the taste of him who had tasted the bitter waters; here allurements to seduce virtue, and here the place, one entered could not be left, without the blush of shame, that deepened into a

stain that all the waters of the ocean could not wash away.

W. H. Sims and Joe Foster were interested with Harris, exactly how, or to what extent, is not known, nor is it material to know.

Thompson went to San Antonio as has been related, with his children. Arriving, he placed the little boy and girl with friends and went down town. He had a friend called "Bones," who kept a table in the Vaudeville gambling-rooms. He went there. One or two others were present. As soon as he entered, "Bones" exhibited every evidence of consternation in so marked a manner, that Thompson at once became convinced that "Bones" at least believed that there was danger. Hitherto he had given no serious consideration to the volume of threats that had been hurled at him. He at once drew his pistol, put his back to the wall, and waited for developments. None were made. If there were those about, who had evil designs, they kept out of sight. "Bones" could not, or would not, at least did not, make any explanation as to the cause of his strange demeanor. Thompson remained but a short time and then quietly backed himself out. He had no fear of being shot when his face was to the foe; he was only apprehensive that some coward might shoot him in the back. The day wore on and as was usual with him Thompson repeated the social glass with his friends, until he was in good humor, and ready for any amusement that might turn up.

In the morning Sims had brought his pistols down to the den, Thompson having arrived in town the previous night, but his presence was generally known before business hours next morning. Harris was in the habit of going home about four o'clock P. M., and not returning until about eleven o'clock when the money at the theater had been taken in. He had a double-barrel shot-gun in the theater ticket office, which was on the same floor with the bar. The bar was in shape of a cressent, and between it and the outer door was a screen made of Venetian blinds that worked as such blinds usually do. Between this screen and the outer doors was a space four feet wide and extending the length of the front of the house. These were

swinging doors of lattice work, through which those passed who wished to go behind the screen and into the bar. It was now deep twilight, verging on to darkness. The electric lights burning. The band playing on the balcony. Thompson had made arrangements to go out to San Pedro Springs with some friends, and ordered supper to be prepared, which it was designed to take out to add to the pleasure of the occasion. The hack engaged was dilatory in coming, he waited for it awhile doing so stood on the northeast corner of the main plaza. A great many people were passing up and down the sidewalk and standing in front of the Vaudeville. He sauntered slowly westward until he came to the Vaudeville and went in with a friend to the bar, called for some light drink, and while it was being prepared, seemed to suddenly identify the place, and said to the bar-keeper: "Where's that shot-gun brigade, that is on the hunt for me?" The bartender denied knowledge of such a brigade.

Thompson then said, "You tell Joe Foster he is a thief, and tell Jack Harris he is living off the labors of these poor variety women." The bartender said, "If you want such word conveyed to them, you can tell them yourself." Thompson and his friend walked out. The fact that Thompson had been to the bar created quite a sensation. Employees went hither and thither. One was sent for Harris, who was at home, a short distance away. A Ransy Sniffle, who happened to be in, also hurried off to tell Harris. Sims went up stairs, got one of his pistols, and walked down the sidewalk, the way Harris would come. Other employees, whose names are forgotten, stationed themselves on watch and in reserve. In the meantime Thompson had met another friend who was on his way to the Vaudeville to get a lunch. They walked into the bar, when Thompson again took some light drink, and asked the barman "why the shot-gun brigade did not show up?"—that he intended to close up that house." While this remark was being made Harris arrived. The messenger and Ransy Sniffle had reached him, and Sims had met him and gave him a pistol. They returned together, Sims a little ahead. As Harris

reached the outer door, one of the employees met him and said, "Ben Thompson is in there." Harris replied, "What!" in a low and hesitating tone. He then stepped into the space between the outer door and the screen, stood there awhile, his pistol in hand, looking through the lattice-work at Thompson, who was in conversation with the bar-tender. In a moment Thompson turned and went out through the swinging door opposite the east door. As he thus passed through Harris passed into the bar through the swinging door opposite the west door. As he entered in front of the bar, he hesitated for a moment, and then muttered, "I will shoot the head off the s—of a —," and passed rapidly through the ticket-room, where his shot-gun was kept. As Thompson reached the outer door he was intercepted by Sims, who held him in conversation for a few moments, left him, went up into the gambling-room and got out his other pistol and was returning with it. At this moment Thompson was standing just where Sims had left him, with his hands folded across his breast, as was his habit. There was a rush of one or more men out of the bar, and the remark was made, "Jack has got his shotgun." Thompson stepped in front of the door, looked in through the Venetian blind, which was turned, and saw Harris standing half hidden behind the wall of the door-way that led upstairs and into the ticket-room, with his shot-gun in his right hand, the fingers about the triggers, and the muzzle rested on the left wrist. (Harris was crippled in his left hand, and his mode of shooting was to rest the muzzle on his left wrist. He was an expert shot.) Thompson hailed him, "Jack Harris, what are you doing with that gun?" The reply came: "To shoot you, you d—d — —!" Instantly Thompson drew and fired. The ball cut through the socket of one of the blinds into which the end of the blind rests, passed on its way and for many feet touched the side of the plastered wall and wainscoting, and struck Harris near the heart. He at once fired a second shot to catch Harris as he fell, being confident the first shot would cause him to fall. A third shot was fired at random, to frighten off the conspirators. He then stepped out among the hacks

that stood a little way from the pavement passed a few feet and pointed his pistol up at the band on the balcony. The musicians went in.

At the moment of the first shot Sims was at the head of the stairs that led down right to the rear of Thompson, pistol in hand, cocked. He did not come down. One employee was to the rear of Harris; at the second shot he turned in behind some whiskey barrels in a dark corner, and did not come out for awhile. Harris went up-stairs to the gallery of the theatre, laid down, where the women of the show, who had come—some of the employees and others joined him; he was wounded to death. After a brief examination by physicians he was removed to his home, where he died in a short time.

Thompson passed out of sight, went through several houses, and over to the Menger Hotel, where he remained during the night and most of the next day, when he sent for the sheriff, surrendered, and went to jail. No fair-minded man can have a reasonable doubt that there was a conspiracy to murder Thompson on the night of July eleventh, 1882. The plan was well laid, and would have fully succeeded had he not shot at about the moment he did. Had he gone into the bar Harris would certainly have shot him down; had he but waited a few moments, until Sims got to his rear, the murder would have been committed; recent events have made the conviction that such would have been the case doubly certain.

The death of Harris caused the greatest excitement throughout the city, and indeed, through the State. He was well known, liked by many, feared by more. He was a great factor in local politics, through his influence among the riff-raff element, some men had "bloomed" on office, to all such his death was a calamity.

Thompson surrendered, was placed in jail, not for the then present in the cell, but in a comfortable room upstairs, with iron bars for lattice work. There were employed to prosecute him, Judge Thomas J. Devine, Maj. T. T. Teel, Messrs. Tarleton & Boone, Messrs. Anderson & Anderson, Mr. Wallace, prosecuting attorney from the adjoining district, all of whom, actively and vigorously and ably aided Mr. Fred Cocke, the State's attorney. He was defended by Messrs. Walton &

Hill and Sheeks & Sneed, Wooten & Pendexter of Austin, and Messrs. John A. & N. O. Green, Jno. A. Green Jr., and J. Miner, Esq., of San Antonio. The excitement was unabated for months. There were many threats of calling in the aid of Judge Lynch, but better and wiser counsels prevailed, and the law was permitted to take its course. The examining trial was had, when he was committed to jail without bail. Appeal to the Court of last resort, returnable at Tyler, where W. M. Walton and Geo. F. Pendexter appeared for the relator, and Judge Devine and Mr. Tarleton for respondent. Ruling of the lower court was affirmed. Habeas corpus was then sued out before Judge Samuel M. Wilson, of the Court of Appeals, on the ground of newly discovered evidence. He went to San Antonio, and after full argument, ruled that he did not have jurisdiction. The writ then was sued out before Judge Noonan. He heard the evidence and remanded the prisoner; a second appeal was taken, and again the ruling of the lower court was affirmed. Having exhausted all remedies to get bail, Thompson was placed in a cell where he remained until his trial in January, 1883. The excitement still ran high, prejudice so dense, it could be felt in the very atmosphere. His counsel and friends were very apprehensive but public sentiment was so fixed against him that it would be impossible to obtain a fair trial, so believing friends were busily engaged weeks before court in preparing affidavits, on which to base an application for change of venue. Twenty-seven brave-hearted, honest, fearless men came forward and made the statutory oath. When the case was called the application was presented. The State, by counsel, denied the existence of prejudice. The code provides that the expurgators shall be attacked only as to their credibility or as to their means of information, but the court ruled that inquiry might be made as to prejudice or no prejudice. To have done that required the summoning and examination of the body of the county. Thompson was anxious to try—the jail life had become monotonous. He declared that he had shot in self-defense and could not and did not believe that any jury would convict. At his almost

peremptory command, his counsel withdrew the application to change venue, and announced ready for trial. A clap of thunder from a clear sky would have been a greater surprise to counsel for the State or to the great body of the people, but from that moment the crowd of prejudice began to break. The night was no longer all darkness; stars came out and shed their feeble rays; after a while the sun rose. The court house was crowded to its full capacity. The trial commenced on Tuesday morning and ended Saturday night. The case opened by Leo Tarleton for the State, who was followed by N. O. Green; succeeding him M. G. Anderson, followed by Dr. Sheeks and then W. M. Walton, who closed for defendant. T. C. Teel then made last argument for the State. Judge charged the jury at about nightfall. They retired, ate their supper, went to sleep, and at 8 o'clock next morning brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." When the verdict was read the applause was deafening and long continued.

On the evening train, Thompson accompanied by his wife and little daughter returned to Austin, where they arrived at sundown. A great concourse of people were at the depot. A carriage was in waiting; but when Thompson had entered it, some of the people, in their furious joy, unharnessed the horses and personally drew the carriage by hand along the principal street.

Thus ended the trial of a case that awoke the deepest interest throughout the State of Texas.

Thompson was once more a free man, with no criminal charge against him, in robust health, a happy home, with enough money to meet all necessary wants, and to gratify any reasonable fancy.

CHAPTER XXIII

It was omitted to state, at the proper place, that when the court committed Thompson to jail without bail he at once placed his resignation in the hands of the city council as city marshal, and thence on he occupied no official position whatever.

Freed from the long imprisonment, he felt the necessity of recreation, and after

remaining at home for a few days, he, in connection with his devoted friend, Monroe Miller, took a jaunt to San Antonio, the scene of many troubles and recent trial, down to Laredo, to Brownsville Matamoras, Corpus Christi, Galveston and New Orleans. The trip was full of pleasure, fun and recreation, nothing happening on the entire travel to mar the object for which it was undertaken. He returned but not at once to engage in business—for two sufficient reasons—the first because of the declining health of his mother, for whom he entertained the deepest, gentlest and most devoted affection: it was evident that her run of life was close to the western horizon, and but a short space of time would intervene until it disappeared for ever from the scenes of this life, where the good old mother had seen so much sorrow, so much grief, that her heart and eyes were wrung well nigh dry of tears. But around her boy the arms of her motherly love were wrapped in an embrace that none but the hand of death itself could unclasp. Thompson remained with his mother until she died and was laid away in the dread spot to which all mortality hastens. He mourned her sincerely, but his electric, rebounding nature could not long stay bowed, a tear, a sigh, one torn moan from the heart, and he shook the cloud of melancholy away; besides there was a duty to the living to be performed. His brother Billy was under arrest, charged with the crime of murder, committed years ago in Refugio county; he was in jail. Thompson addressed himself to the task, first of procuring bail. This he accomplished by suing out habeas corpus and having the circumstances of the killing investigated. The bail was readily granted in the sum of five thousand dollars, which was given. He next took steps to secure change of venue, in which he was equally successful, and the venue was changed from Refugio to De Witt County. Here, in due course, the trial was had, and a verdict of "not guilty" returned from the box by the jury without leaving it.

Thus the two brothers were both free and uncharged with crime, which had not been the case for many years. Hitherto, while one would be at liberty, the other was in jail or else under heavy bonds to

appear and answer for the taking of human life. Together they came to Austin, were congratulated by their friends at being wholly free from the meshes and shackles of the law. They were earnestly as ever men were advised, to shun gambling dens and whiskey hells, to engage in respectable business, retrieve their characters from their stains, become worthy and useful citizens. The opportunity was present, the opening wide; all they had to do was to enter and prosper. But the demon of drink and the fascination of gambling were too strong. What a myriad of noble natures have sunk, never to rise under the weight of these self-same vices. After a weak hesitancy they both again crossed the Rubicon—drinking deeper, playing higher and more desperately than ever. While sober he was polite, affable and as much the gentleman as in all the times past, but it early became an after-characteristic, that when indulging in drink beyond a certain degree he became dictatorial and dogmatic, making it extremely disagreeable to be in his company. Unfortunate circumstances! At times, without cause or provocation, undue indulgence in drink, made him insulting and overbearing towards those against whom he could entertain no reason for animosity. At one time, going into a saloon, he ordered that quite a number of negroes should be waited on at a place at the bar where they were not allowed to stand. The proprietor refused to break his rules. Thompson became furious, drew his revolver, struck the bar, and bloodshed would have followed almost to a certainty, if others had not instantly interfered and carried him away. That was whiskey; it was not Thompson. When reason returned, he humbly apologized for the wrong he had done and the insults offered.

Again in a spirit of very deviltry and mischief, at the time however, perfectly sober, being then the proprietor of gambling-rooms, and they empty, the frequenters as well as the floating crowd, being at a variety theatre, he staggered into the theatre hall and into a box, called loudly in a drunken manner for liquor, and at once commenced firing his pistol promiscuously into the crowd, and at the stage. In less time than it takes to tell it he was the sole occupant of the theatre hall, boxes, stage and retiring rooms, his

pistol had but blank cartridges in it, and there was no danger whatever. Being asked the motive for acting in such a manner—taking such personal risks—he replied it was a matter of business, in the first place, and in the second place on the “natural cowardice of the human heart,”—that his house was empty—all the players, regular and amateur, were at the show and his only remedy was to break the one up that the other might have a chance. He afterwards said that his rooms rapidly filled, and on that night won over two thousand dollars, and he said further, that he had not had so hearty a laugh for years as when he saw the people roll, tumble and mix as they did in their effort to escape from the effect of his exploding blank cartridges.

Again, when the Stockmen's convention was in session in Austin, only a few weeks since, a supper was given at a late hour of the night at Simon's restaurant, to some fifteen of twenty of the members. When the supper was in the most joyous stage, wine having flowed freely, and wit and repartee, playing battle-door, Thompson walked in, and for some reason had his pistol out; he either designedly, or by accident, knocked a castor over, which, falling made considerable noise, and attracted attention. Seeing who was the actor, the dining hall was soon cleared of most of its temporary occupants. Some few remained, and the matter was adjusted. None of the men were cowards, nor are they timid in the use of pistol or knife, when the necessity arises, but Thompson had a terrible name, he had, as the reader has seen, slain many men, always escaping unharmed himself. All men knew, who knew of him, that a struggle inaugurated, meant death, and all the probabilities were, that it did not mean death to him. This affair was greatly exaggerated at the time by sensational correspondents, and misrepresentations to the local papers, and the matter is mentioned here only for the purpose of showing that it was a trivial occurrence, wholly unworthy the notice it received and the comment it evoked.

While the police of the City of Austin are as brave and determined a set of men as are usually found in such a force, most of them having been soldiers and are used

to, toils and danger, yet it is undeniably true that they had a holy horror of coming in contact with Thompson. It is not supposed that any man with his sober senses about him is anxious and over eager to put his life in contest with such a skillful and expert killer as Ben Thompson. They even hesitated to go where he was when on one of his escapades and in open violation of the laws of both city and State, and indeed oftentimes did not go. He had the police afraid of him, and he knew it, and for that reason it seemed that he was worse than he otherwise would have been. He was fast becoming a terror, not only to the people generally, but even to his own immediate circle of friends. No night came that there was not nervous apprehension that before the morning came some terrible tragedy would be enacted. The report of his pistol had grown to be a nightly occurrence, and at all hours, sometimes at one point and again at another. On only a few nights since he met with an organ-grinder in the disreputable part of the city, and for some fancied offense of failure in prompt obedience to command he shot a half dozen holes through the organ in rapid succession, but next morning he hunted up the heart-broken Italian and paid him for all damages to his entire satisfaction. There was a great deal said about his attack on the Statesman office a few weeks since, but the matter was given perhaps undue prominence. There is no question that it was an outrage on private right, wanting in every element of justification or excuse. The boys were frightened. Thompson drunk, and under different circumstances might have resulted in very grave consequences, particularly so had the proprietor or editor been present, but they were absent and none but employees at hand whose duty required them to mail and distribute the morning's issue of the paper. Six charges of violation of the law were formulated out of the morning's spree. Only two were tried, two withdrawn, and two dismissed after his death. He and all the parties made friends, and he paid the office a pleasant visit only a few minutes before his last departure alive from the City of Austin.

CHAPTER XXIV

For some weeks Thompson had been drinking even more than usual, leading a life irregular and far from commendable. He suffered much from insomnia, and to this fact may be attributed his being before the public even more than usual. Restless, nervous and impatient, he sought to drown natural consequences by the effects of deep potations and constant excitement in variety of action, all or nearly all, of which was of questionable character.

On the 10th of March, 1884, he met with J. K. Fisher, in Austin, a man of little less note than Thompson himself. His life had been one on the border—daring, reckless, and for years criminal. He was younger than Thompson, of handsome presence and fine sense, undaunted nerve and bravery. Somewhere before this they had become angered at one another, and so remained for several months; but the intervention of friends had resulted in explanations, and a very hearty reconciliation. They met, as stated, and during the day "done" Austin in a quiet way. In the evening Fisher had to leave for Uvalde County, west of San Antonio. He was anxious that Thompson should accompany him as far as San Antonio. Thompson, for some reason, did not wish to go. At last, however, he consented to go as far as where the down and up-trains met, some fifteen miles south of Austin.

Engaged in one thing and another, they did not reach the train until it was moving off. They jumped into a carriage and drove rapidly to the bridge across the Colorado River, where the train slows up. They boarded and went forward. When the trains met, Thompson was induced to extend his trip to San Antonio. What occurred on the train is of trivial character, and will not be noted. The parties arrived at San Antonio somewhere about 8 o'clock P. M. and at once commenced their rounds. Thompson was drinking more or less. After taking one or more drinks, they made their way to Turner Hall and attended the play of East Lynne. The curtain fell at about 11 o'clock P. M. They then came down town, and it was suggested by one or the other that they

visit the Vaudeville Variety Theatre. It is said that Thompson objected to going there, but was over-persuaded, and went. He had not been to the Vaudeville since he had killed Harris there, just twenty months before to a day. After the death of Harris that den of infamy had been carried on under the management of W. H. Sims and Joe Foster, the same persons who were present or near at hand when Harris was killed. Foster and Thompson had not met before, but he and Sims had, since the death of Harris. Thompson and Fisher went to the bar, and there met Sims, who expressed his gratification at meeting them and seeing them at his place. After talking a while, Thompson expressed a desire to see Foster, and Sims promised to get him and let him and Thompson make friends.

They were invited up stairs into the theater. They went; took seats. Thompson called for drinks; they were brought and drank. Theatre full of people. Thompson, Fisher, Sims and a theatre policeman by the name of Coy were in the back part of the hall, higher than the forward part. After remaining awhile, Thompson asked Sims why he did not bring Foster, as he had promised. Sims said he would go and get him—left, and after awhile returned with Foster. Thompson proposed to shake hands with Foster. This Foster refused to do, when some confusion ensued; but in the confusion, it seems. Thompson and Fisher were left standing together, while Sims, Foster, and Coy were on one side or the other of them, several feet away. At this instant a volley was fired, and after the volley there was other shooting. At the volley Thompson and Fisher both fell dead—Thompson with nine balls in him, five in the head and four on other parts of the body, all entering from the left side of the person—those in the head, after entering, taking a downward course in parallel lines. Each wound in the head was mortal, and would have caused instant paralysis. Fisher was shot thirteen times, as reliably stated; but there was no autopsy of the body, as there was of Thompson's.

This assassination caused a greater degree of sensation, than any murder that

ever occurred in Texas. The daily papers were filled with despatches, editorials written, and communications published. A few of these publications are included in this sketch, of Thompson's life, for the purpose of giving to the public what may be gathered from them concerning him and the inexpressibly horrible manner of his "taking off."

(From the Austin Daily Statesman,
March 12.)

"San Antonio, March 11—(Midnight.)—Ben Thompson was shot and killed in the Vaudeville theatre. King Fisher was also killed, and Joe Foster was shot in the leg.

"Full Particulars—Special Telegram."

"Ben Thompson and King Fisher entered the Vaudeville theatre about 10:30 P. M. and purchased tickets for the gallery. Shortly after they had taken seats they became rather boisterous in language, and William Sims, manager of the theater, and William Foster an attache, requested them to desist. On approaching the couple, Foster held out his hand, saluting them, and Thompson cursed him, saying: 'You damned thief, I will not shake hands with you,' or words of a similar import. It is stated then that Thompson tried to draw his pistol, and Fisher, who was as game a man as ever stepped, followed suit. Thompson's pistol was grasped by Jacob Coy, a special officer attached to the Vaudeville, and then the ball opened. An eye witness states that Thompson went down first, and Fisher next, although on account of the affrighted crowd, the screams of the women and men, the dense smoke, the struggling knot of figures, and the rapid successions of reports it is impossible at this late hour to obtain a lucid and intelligent statement. When your reporter reached the scene the two bodies were weltering in blood, and were laid side by side, their hair and faces carmined with the life fluid. The stairs leading up to the scene of the horror (Foster having been carried down them), were slippery as ice, and the walls were stained and the floor was tracked with bloody footprints. The dissolute women, with blanched faces,

crowded around with exclamations and broken sobs, exclaiming. 'Which is Ben?' 'Show me Ben!' 'Is that him?' and even in his death, amid the garnish surroundings, the grim reputation of the man stood forth as strong as ever. Thompson was shot twice through the brain one ball entering squarely in front through the left eyebrow, and the other just above it. Both holes could have been covered with a half dollar. His face wore a stern expression, and the upper lip was drawn tight across the teeth. The brain is visible through the wound in the eyebrow.

"Andreas Coy, the brother of the policeman who first grasped Ben's pistol, says that he is persuaded that Ben never fired a shot.

"Fisher is also shot in the brain, the ball entering the left eye and completely smashing the pupil. He was Deputy Sheriff of Uvalde County, is about twenty-seven years of age, has a wife and family, and was by the odds, the most noted desperado on the Rio Grande frontier from New Mexico to the gulf. He lay with his arm across Ben's body, as though unwilling to desist, even in death, from his defence of his friend. Fisher's is the hand which struck down Joe Foster. Joe is shot through the left leg, just below the knee. He has bled terribly, and may die.

"The coroner's jury is now in session with closed doors. If the result is made known will wire tonight.

"Stripping the bodies has developed that each of the men are shot four times—Thompson over the left eye once, near the left ear, and once through the stomach. Fisher is shot once in the left eye, once near the heart, and twice through the left leg above the knee.

"The coroner's jury will find no verdict until tomorrow.

"It is currently reported and believed that Wm. Sims and Coy, the special policeman, did the shooting. Whoever handled the pistols, it was fatally well done.

"Bill Thompson was stopped and prevented from going upstairs to assist his fated brother. Had he done so he, too, would probably have been killed."

(From Austin Daily Dispatch, March 13.)

"There is little to record in the Ben

Thompson case to-day. The general verdict in our city is that Thompson was led into a trap and brutally assassinated, and that the affair was well laid, coolly prepared plan to murder him. The verdict of the coroner's jury is simply prepared to suit the case, and is not sustained by the facts. The evidence given before the jury is unworthy of credence, and was given merely by those who desired Thompson's death. That Thompson came to his death by shots from the pistols of Foster and officer Coy, is unworthy of belief. Thompson was shot nine times, and neither of the eight shots would have proved fatal. Neither Foster or Coy, or both together, shot him that often or at all. In an interview with Billy Thompson, the brother of Ben, he declares that Ben and Fisher were shot by parties in the boxes or behind the scenes, hired to do the shooting, and all the circumstances point to this being the fact. The jury returned the following verdict after hearing the evidence of six witnesses.

"That Ben Thompson and J. K. Fisher both came to their deaths on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1884, while at the Vaudeville theatre, in San Antonio, Texas, from the effects of pistol shot wounds from pistols held in and fired from the hands of J. C. Foster and Jacob S. Coy, and we further find that the said killing was justifiable and done in self-defence in the immediate danger of life."

"The verdict is signed by George Hilgers, H. L. Ansell, J. A. Bennett, E. J. Gaston, J. M. Martin, and R. W. Wallace, who comprised the coroner's jury. The inquest concluded at twenty minutes after four last evening.

"The facts of the case do not bear out this verdict. A reputable gentleman, not a resident of Texas, but who was in San Antonio on the night of the shooting, and who saw and conversed with Thompson half an hour before he was shot, says he was informed by a police officer that the police force had orders to kill Thompson on the slightest provocation.

"Ben Thompson was killed in San Antonio, and that city is welcome to all the glory there is in such a brutal and cowardly assassination. We had read in history that it was common in Italy and Spain to hire men to commit assassin-

ation, but it has been left to San Antonio to inaugurate this hellish business in this country. We hope never to hear anything said about lawlessness in Austin again. There never was, and we trust there never will be, such a cowardly and brutal act committed in this city. San Antonio is alone in this great country where hired assassination is endured and approved by the people and the press and it is welcome to the glory. No other city in Texas, nor do we believe in this whole land, has a human slaughterhouse like this den of hell, the Vaudeville theater, or a press that would palite and sustain such an infamous place.

"The funeral of Major Ben Thompson took place this afternoon at three o'clock from his residence near the University. Rev. R. K. Smoot, D. D., preached the funeral sermon. The funeral was largely attended, and a vast concourse of people followed the remains to the silent city of the dead. The funeral was in charge of Mount Bonnel Lodge of Knights of Pythias, of which he was an active member."

(Daily Galveston News.)

"San Antonio, March 11.—Ben Thompson and King Fisher are lying side by side in the Vaudeville theatre, dead. Both are shot in the left eye. Joe Foster, who attempted to separate the parties, was shot in the leg, and, it is thought will die of hemorrhage. The tragedy has just occurred.

"It is almost impossible to give accurate details of the tragedy at the Vaudeville theatre. Yesterday the representative of the News met King Fisher in the United States District Court-room, and elicited the fact that he was en route as companion to parties who assisted the Capital City on business connected with fence-cutters, who had assumed a threatening attitude toward county officials, especially in Medina County.

"The party, as it subsequently transpires, spent the day in Austin, and returned to this city by the evening train, accompanied by Ben Thompson, who had been drinking freely. After eating a lunch, Fisher and Thompson witnessed the performance of East Lynne at Turn-

er's Opera House. At the conclusion of its rendition they drove to the Vaudeville in a hack, where Thompson bought two tickets of admission and insisted that Fisher should go with him. Shortly afterward Thompson met Joe Foster in the dress circle, when some words were exchanged, which brought about the melee, during which both Thompson and Fisher were killed outright and Foster shot in the left leg, severing the main artery, from the hemorrhage of which it is feared he will die. The dead men met their fate side by side, in a corner formed by the partition wall separating the saloon from the auditorium, and the wall of a private box to the right of the entrance to the dress circle. With the firing of the first shot the circle was cleared, the occupants jumping into the parquette below, and through the side windows and into the streets. No one in attendance seems to know who fired the first shot nor how many were engaged in the shooting.

"When it became apparant that a bloody affray was imminent, an effort was made by the special police detailed in the Vaudeville and attaches of the theatre to prevent the shedding of blood, and it is at this crisis where statements become incoherent by all parties who were in a position to see the melee, and they are few in numbers, are mum, having been summoned as witnesses and cautioned to abstain from making public at this time the substance of their evidence, and all other parties who profess to have seen the affray locate themselves in the parquette and other portions of the building, it is unreasonable to suppose that they commanded a view of the spot where the killing took place.

"The news spread with remarkable rapidity. Before the theatre was fairly cleared of its occupants 1,500 people clamored at the closed doors of the building for admittance."

(San Antonio Daily Express.)

"Yesterday morning the only topic which excited any interest was the tragic death of the noted Ben Thompson and King Fisher, who were killed on the preceding evening at the Vaudeville. On the plaza around the bat cave there was

a crowd of over three thousand people all anxious to get a sight of the bodies, which were laid out in the room adjoining the marshal's office; but only the county and State officials and members of the press were permitted the privilege of viewing them. When the Express reporter reached the spot in company with the recorder he found both corpses encased in handsome metallic burial cases, the lids of which had not yet been placed on the caskets. The clothing worn by both men prior to their death, was in the right hand corner of the room, and was filled with blood. Both had worn boots of nearly the same pattern. In Thompson's hat was a bullet hole, located nearly in the center of the crown and the lining, which was yellow satin, was spotted with his brains. King Fisher had worn a large, broad-brimmed brown hat, which also was bloody. The gaping wounds in the temples of both men were horrible, and King Fisher's left eye had been entirely destroyed. Both corpses had been attired in handsome black cloth suits, and the hands of both were crossed over their breasts. Fisher's face wore a palid and peaceful expression, but the ghastly stare on the features of Thompson was a terrible sight to witness. The corpses were placed side by side, and the city prisoners, when taken upstairs to be tried by the recorder, had to pass between the coffins, and although many of them were hardened and accustomed to sickening sights, they were appalled at the spectacle which met their view.

"The jury having viewed the bodies where they lay on the previous night, reassembled at ten o'clock yesterday morning in Justice Adam's court. On account of the crowd which assembled thereabouts, the justice was compelled to give orders that no one be admitted to the room except witnesses, officers of an constable precinct No. 4, Bexar County. The testimony was then taken, two recesses occurring between ten o'clock and the time when the verdict was rendered. The testimony is as follows:

"A. Casanovas being sworn, said: I am constable precinct No. 4, Bexar County. I was sitting on the left hand of the Vaudeville theatre about 11 o'clock

P. M. March 11th, and Ben Thompson, King Fisher and another man, whom I do not know, were sitting about six feet west of the entrance to the dress circle when the shooting occurred. After they had been there a few minutes I saw Billy Sims going up to Ben and shake hands and take a seat on Thompson's left. Ben put his left arm over Sims' shoulder. They drank together and remained there about five minutes, when the whole party started toward the stairs. When they reached the door leading down stairs, Ben Thompson turned right around, and I then saw Sims go down to where Foster was sitting, about three rows of chairs off. Sims said smething to Foster, and they both came to where Thompson was and engaged in conversation which I did not hear. Thompson had a silk handkerchief in his left hand. Was moving both hands and seemed to be getting excited. Billy Sims, Joe Foster, Ben Thompson and King Fisher, as I remember, were all standing together close in front of the door. Foster and Thompson were facing each other, and stood there about three minutes, talking loudly. when after something that I did not hear was said by Coy, Thompson drew back. I did not see his hands. The shooting then commenced, but I did not know who had pistols. I ran from where I was along the theatre with my six-shooter in my hand, toward the crowd, and when I reached them I saw Thompson and Fisher fall. During the shooting the whole party were close together and I could see the pistol flashes as I ran, but could not see who was doing the shooting. I saw Coy rising up with a pistol in his hands, and think he and the other two fell together. After I gave information to the coroner, I missed Foster during the shooting, and did not know what he came of him until after it; saw no pistol before it occurred. I helped to carry Foster down stairs. I don't know who fired the first shot, and staid until Marshal Shardein came.

"J. S. Coy, being sworn, said: I am a special policeman at the Vaudeville, and was there on duty on the night of the 11th, when King Fisher, Ben Thompson and a red-faced man came into the bar

down stairs, at about 9 or 10 o'clock. I was standing between the bar and the entrance of the theatre with Mr. Sims who called my attention to Thompson and Fisher, and asked if I knew them, I replied that I did. He said he was afraid there would be trouble, and warned me to be careful. I replied that I would, and that I had already informed the chief marshal, and had asked for more protection. After taking drinks, they went up stairs. I went to Mr. Casanovas and told him to go up stairs. He did so, and then went to Assistant Marshals Karoer and Hughes and told them that King Fisher was armed, and my instructions were to allow none but city officers to go into the theatre with deadly weapons. They said King Fisher had a right to wear the pistol, as he was a Deputy Sheriff. I then went up stairs, and sat on the right and close to King Fisher. Thompson sat on Fisher's left. Thompson called a waiter, and told him to tell Billy Sims to come to him. Sims came and shook hands, and took a seat on Thompson's left. As soon as Sims was seated, Fisher got up and sat in front of me. He offered to treat, and asked the party what they would take. The order for the treat was two cigars, a glass of beer and one whiskey and seltzer. After the drinks had been taken, the conversation commenced, and the topic was the killing of Jack Harris, but was in such low tones that I could not hear or understand all that was said. At the conclusion of the conversation, King Fisher rose to his feet and said: 'Mr. Thompson, you told me we were going to have some fun; never mind talking about past times.' Thompson replied: 'Be easy; we'll get it pretty soon.' Fisher said: 'Well let's go down stairs; come, Mr. Coy and Mr. Sims'. Thompson and I started ahead, and Sims and Fisher behind us, and we were about to go down stairs, and reached the door, when Thompson turned and said: 'Billy ain't that Joe Foster?' and then said: 'Joe, will you take a drink with, us?' Foster replied: 'Ben, you know I would not drink. Ben Thompson then said something about shaking hands. Foster then asked Thompson to let him alone; that he had mistreated him. Thompson was then at my right, Sims on my left,

and Fisher on Thompson's right, while Foster was in front of Thompson. Thompson then said to Foster; 'Yes d—n you, I'm glad that you don't drink and shake hands with me.' I requested Thompson to behave, and he said: 'Get out of the way; let me settle this affair with Foster.' He then pushed me to one side. I then told him again not to raise a disturbance, and, if he wanted to have anything to do with Foster, to go somewhere else, for I will prevent it here. As I started towards him and walked up to him again, he pushed me to one side, Called Foster a thief and ———, slapped Foster in the face with his left, while he drew his pistol with his right hand. As soon as he drew the pistol, I jumped and grabbed it by the cylinder and it fired. He ordered me to turn it loose. I refused, telling him to keep quiet. He then said G—d d—n you, turn my pistol loose. Fisher also said: 'Turn that pistol loose.' I then said to Foster and Sims: 'Don't run, assist me.' We scuffled together from the door towards the corner, when Thompson, Fisher and myself all three fell. Thompson fell in the middle, and as he fell, he loosened his hold on the pistol, while I still held it. No parties were around except Sims, Foster, myself, Thompson and Fisher, but I saw Casanovas running towards the end of the theatre. I never drew my pistol, I think there were some twelve or thirteen shots altogether fired, in all. I turned over Thompson's pistol to Marshal Shardein. I am not sure at what time Thompson and Fisher came in. The parties who were shooting were behind us. I do not know whether Fisher had his pistol out or not. Thompson kept shooting all the time. I held his pistol until he fell. I was holding his pistol with both hands and he was twisting it around to fire. One of his shots passed right by my ear. I was wounded slightly in the leg, but did not discover it until the shooting was over.

"Officer Chadwell testified that he was standing on Solomon Duetsch's corner, about 11 o'clock, when the first shot was fired and supposed it was on the stage, and paid no attention to it. Then the firing commenced and Captain Shardein and others came running up to

the Vaudeville. The firing sounded like it was all in the rear of the theatre. Chadwell ran to the side door; but it was locked. He then found the firing was up-stairs, and ran around to the front of the theatre where some one said 'look-out,' and just then the witness saw, Bill Thompson coming up behind him. He asked witness where Ben was, and Chadwell said, 'I don't know.' About this time Captain Shardein came up and carried Bill Thompson out of the house. Chadwell then went up stairs, where he saw the dead bodies of Thompson and Fisher lying on the floor. No one was in the room then besides Chadwell and the night watchman. Thompson's head was lying towards the corner, and Fisher's head was right over him. Chadwell searched over him and took King Fisher's six-shooter out of the holster and handed it to Detective Hughes, who came in. Thompson's body was then turned to see if he had a pistol on, but there was none. Thompson was shot over the left eye, and Fisher was found to have been shot directly in the left eye. Both were bloody. As Chadwell ran into the house he saw Foster on the steps, with Sims and others holding him. He was wounded in the leg. Witness did not see Thompson's pistol. Eight or nine shots were fired. Coy was down stairs when Chadwell arrived. The shots were fired rapidly.

"Marshal Shardein testified as follows: About 9 o'clock last night special policeman Coy came to me and told me he expected trouble, as Bill and Ben Thompson were both in town, drunk. Coy asked for assistance. I sent John Ferris and Andreas Coy to the Vaudeville and followed immediately afterwards myself. When I arrived I learned that Ben Thompson had gone to the Turner Hall, and that Bill, his brother, was sober and had gone to get Ben to go off and lie down. I stood around then for an hour or so near the Vaudeville, and Chadwell came up about that time and I notified him to stay around there also. At about ten o'clock I was telephoned for at home on account of sickness in my family, and after telephoning for a doctor, went home. After the doctor left my house I then went back again to main plaza, and was stand-

ing at Sim Hart's when I was told that Thompson and Fisher had gone in there. In about fifteen minutes I heard a shot but thought it was on the stage. After this shot was fired there was a brief interval. I heard a number of shots, about eight or ten, in very rapid succession. I saw Bob Churchill, the bar-keeper at the Vaudeville, with a shot-gun pointed up stairs. I passed him and went up stairs, meeting Sims and some one else helping Foster down stairs, Foster being wounded. I do not know who the other man was, and did not notice whether it was Casanovas or not. When I got to the gallery I looked into the right hand corner and I then saw two men lying on the floor, one with his head apparently over the other. Some one said they were Ben Thompson and Fisher. At this juncture some one said: 'Look out for Bill Thompson, he is coming with a shot-gun.' I turned and went down stairs, passing Sims and Foster about five steps from the bottom, as I passed them I noticed that each had a pistol in his hand, and Sims called out, 'Give us protection.' As I reached the floor, Bill Thompson came into the front door and parties behind me said: 'Get out of the way.' I covered Bill with my person and put him on the street, where I searched him and found he was not armed. I then ordered the house closed immediately, and then met Coy, who turned over this pistol, telling me it was Ben Thompson's pistol. I examined it without revolving the cylinder and discovered that five shots had been fired. The cylinder has been moved since it was in my possession. When I had it the loaded cartridge was next to the barrell, and cocking it would have thrown the cartridge under the hammer. I had not seen either Thompson or Fisher that night prior to the shooting.

"J. M. Emerson testified as follows: I heard of the row about a quarter after eleven o'clock on my way home from the theatre. I came up and went in the side door of the Vaudeville; went up stairs and saw both corpses, and examined the wounds. Fisher was shot in the right leg below the knee, Thompson was shot in the right side of the abdomen, and one shot over the left eye; Fisher also had a wound in the left breast near

the heart, and one in the left eye, which went through and came out under the left ear. Thompson had two shots in the forehead and one in the chin on the left side. Last night a pistol was got at my store while I was at the theatre, about an hour after I left, and Coy must have got it about a quarter after nine. It was a 44-calibre, single action; I wouldn't be positive as to the time."

Wm. Sims being duly sworn, deposes and says: "Ben Thompson came up stairs last night accompanied by King Fisher, and when he first came in he walked up to the bar and called for two drinks a little before eleven o'clock. He stood talking to the bar-keeper four or five minutes and then walked up in the balcony of the show. After he had been up there five or ten minutes I followed on up stairs, and walked over and took a seat at the further end of the hall. After I sat there a few minutes he sent one of the waiter boys over to me saying he wanted to see me. I went over to him and when I got up to him he turned around and faced me, saying: 'Sims, I want to talk to you and tell you I haven't anything against you, but you have not treated me right.' He talked on in a rambling manner, and seemed by his pantomime to be half crazy. He said: 'I'm rich now; I can get out of any trouble. People might think I was taking chances to come in here, but I'm surrounded by my friends. I've got a six-shooter on, but I won't need to pull it, and if you move you will be killed.' I told him that I didn't want to have any trouble with him; that I had heard so much that I anticipated trouble with him. He said he didn't intend to hurt me, but thought I hadn't treated him right. I said: I'm glad to hear that, and that he had not to take any chances from me. He said a great deal about how devoid of fear and how rich he was. He then jumped up suddenly and started himself towards the door. Just as he got facing the door he whirled around and clinched my arm and kind of squeezed it. He commenced talking about Jack Harris and said old Jack Harris pushed himself in the way; that he did not want to kill him. He turned and said: 'Joe

Foster is the —who ought to have been killed.' He turned around and said: 'Ain't that Joe Foster?' I said 'yes.' He said: Tell him I want to talk to him. Foster got up, turned around in front of Thompson, looked up at him, adjusting his eye-glasses with both hands. Thompson reached out as if to shake hands with him. Foster seemed not to take notice of his hand at all. Thompson asked: 'Do you refuse to shake hands with me?' Foster replied: 'I've said Ben, I can't shake hands with you, and all I ask Ben is to be let alone, and I told Billy to tell you I never would put a straw in your way. The world is wide enough for both of us, Ben.' 'You wronged me and I killed Jack Harris without cause.'

'Ben Thompson then said, 'Don't treat me this way; don't force me to extreme measures. I'll bet you money you'll be sorry you didn't shake hands with me. I'll live a long time yet, Joe Foster, and I'll make you leave this country. I'll expose you as a thief.'

'Joe made answer to those threats, saying, 'Maybe so, Ben; I don't doubt it. I have been here twenty-five years, and I haven't stolen anything yet.' As Ben kept talking, he kept getting more wild and boisterous. He and Fisher seemed to keep on backing up towards the wall. It was in a narrow place, on a little elevation, and when he got to this elevation he suddenly jerked his six-shooter and struck it sideways in Foster's mouth, and cocked it as he pulled it back from Foster's mouth. As the pistol clicked, the policeman Coy grabbed it. As Coy grabbed it he said: 'Ben I'm an officer; don't do that.' After the first fire another pistol was drawn, and just as this pistol was drawn Fisher said, 'Don't you draw that, you s-b—.' The firing commenced then, on both sides. When it ceased, Joe Foster grabbed me by the shoulder and said, 'I'm shot; help me down stairs.' Thompson and Fisher had fallen by this time and the firing had ceased. I had started out. Foster said: 'Billy, I'm shot all to pieces; help me down stairs.' I did not then notice Thompson and Fisher particularly, as my attention had been called to Foster, whom I helped down stairs. Thompson fired the first shot, and while Coy was

holding it. I think Thompson fired twice before any other pistol was fired. Coy held on to it like grim death. The first shot was fired and sounded like my ear drum had burst. There was a crowd before the firing commenced, but they got out when they found out Thompson was there. Thompson had taken a drink, and asked the boy whether there was poison in it, and I took a cigar. He wouldn't pay for it, and the boy waited for it. He asked the boy if he was waiting for the money; the boy said, 'No; I've got plenty of time Mr. Thompson, and will wait as long as you want me to, Thompson—'Well, I'll not pay you for any drinks; I'll not pay for anything,' or words to that effect. Fisher said: 'Ben pay the boy,' and at the same time Fisher put his hand in his pocket, as if about to pay for it, and I am not certain whether he paid for it or Thompson. I am the administrator of the estate of Jack Harris, and have sole control of the house; I didn't think Fisher was drunk; Fisher was very quiet, and when I spoke he wouldn't answer, but got up and faced me. He took a cigar, I think, when I did. This occurred somewhere in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock last night at the Vaudeville. I saw Joe Foster with a pistol out after three or four shots were fired, but I don't know whether he fired or not. I don't know whether the policeman fired or not. My impression is he drew his pistol, but I was watching Thompson and taking right good care of Mr. Sims about that time. I would like to state that last night Marshal Gosling came and left word with my clerk that Thompson had come over on the train, had h—l in his neck, and I might expect trouble. Gosling had warned Coy, and Coy had gone to the police for assistance, and told me of Gosling warning him; also of having called on the police for assistance, and told me Captain Shardein had promised to send six officers up there, but I didn't see any of them until they rushed in while I was helping Foster down the stairway. I don't think Thompson slapped Foster, but he was gesticulating rapidly with his hands. I saw Foster cocking his pistol; don't know that he shot, but he ought to have done so.

'I am not shre if Foster got his pistol

out or not, but he reached for it, when Thompson said he had a pistol on and didn't move to pull it. He spoke very excitedly, waving his hand. I'd like to state that he spoke very loudly, and talked about being surrounded by friends."

"At the conclusion of the above testimony the jury retired, and after having been out for fifteen minutes, returned the following verdict: 'That Ben Thompson and J. K. Fisher both came to their deaths on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1884 while at the Vaudeville theatre, in San Antonio, Texas, from the effects of pistol shot wounds from pistols held in the hands of J. C. Foster and Jacob S. Coy, and we further find that the said killing was justifiable and done in self-defence in the immediate danger of life.'

"The verdict is signed by George Hilgers, H. L. Ansell, J. A. Bennett, E. J. Gaston, J. M. Martin and R. W. Wallace, who comprised the coroner's jury. The inquest concluded at twenty minutes after four o'clock last evening.

"During his testimony Wm. Sims was asked by one of the jurors who drew a pistol just after Thompson had drawn his and declined to answer the question, the justice sustaining Sims' objection to it. Sims, detailed his testimony clearly, coherently and graphically, depicting the scene of the tragedy with a vivid and realistic manner which caused his words to be listened to with intense interest.

"At about noon yesterday the left leg of Foster was amputated a short distance above the knee joint, and he was in a serious condition, having lost a great deal of blood, which flowed from the wound prior to the amputation. The bone was shattered by the ball, and the physicians deemed it impossible to save the limb.

"While over in Austin, King Fisher had been given a picture of Ben Thompson by Ben, and had the photograph in his pocket when killed.

"At noon, William Thompson, the brother of Ben Thompson, came after the latter's body, and requested permission to take it for burial to Austin. The marshal granted the request, and it went on the afternoon train. Fisher's body went to, Uvalde, Deputy United

States Marshal Ferd Niggli having been requested, by a telegram from Fisher's wife, to bring it there for interment. It was taken on the 6:40 Sunset train by Niggli and friends of the deceased."

(Galveston Daily News)

"San Antonio, March 12—The bloody tragedy at the Vaudeville theatre last night has been the one theme of town talk. Throngs crowded around the police station, where the bodies of the victims had been removed last night anxious to have a look at the faces of the two most noted desperate characters in Texas, and eager to learn the details of the encounter that sealed the fate of Ben Thompson and King Fisher and places the life of Joe Foster in jeopardy. No two accounts of the tragedy agree, and when analyzed were self-contradictory.

"All was gossip, however, until the jury of inquest returned a verdict to the effect that the killing was done by Joe Foster, William Sims, and J. S. Coy. It being known that King Fisher always had a contempt for Thompson, it was believed by many, as first stated last night, that he had given Thompson his quietus, and in the melee had accidentally received his death wound at the hands of friends. This belief drew color from the fact that Fisher and Thompson came very near clashing on the train from Austin, owing to Thompson's outrageous conduct toward a German passenger and colored porter of the train. Fisher stopped Thompson from striking the colored man a second time with the remark that if he did one or the other would die. It is not now believed, with the verdict of the inquest known, that Fisher was aiding and abetting Thompson, but was killed in the melee, through the misrepresentations arising from the fact that he accompanied Thompson to the Vaudeville. Foster, the party who was assaulted by Thompson, was loved by Fisher, who had been the recipient of his favors for nine months while incarcerated in the jail here, some years ago, not the least of which were his meals during the entire time from a restaurant at the expense of Foster. The presumption that Fisher

was not aiding Thompson is strengthened by the fact that his pistol was found belted around him, undischarged, and in its scabbard—a remarkable circumstance for one so quick in drawing and so self-possessed when in danger.

"The verdict of the jury is in accordance, however, with the following facts elicited: Thompson received four shots all of them mortal; and Fisher three shots, two of which would have produced death. The former was shot just over the left eye, in the left temple, in the breast and in the abdomen. The latter was shot in the left eye, in the breast just below the heart, and in the left leg. Both were powder burned about the face. The condition of Joe Foster is precarious. He was shot below the knee, the ball breaking both bones and passing immediately over the course of a ball which he had received in battle twenty years ago. The old wound had so enlarged the artery from the ankle upward to the small of the thigh that it readily admits the finger. The shattered limb was amputated this morning above the knee, and owing to the diseased condition of the main artery, it is feared that secondary hemorrhage may ensue. It is a strange coincidence that he was removed to the house of Jack Harris, and is now on the verge of death in the same room in which his partner breathed his last, from the effects of a wound given him by Ben Thompson, and out of which result grew the tragedy last night. While under the influence of opiates he speaks continually of King Fisher in the most affectionate terms. The city is growing calmer, and it is noticeable that no drunken nor disorderly men are on the streets. There is a belief, however, that the end is not yet.

The first witness examined by the jury of inquest was Constable Casanovas, who testified that he was in the Vaudeville theatre last night, sitting on the left side of the entrance, and that Ben Thompson, King Fisher and another party, to him unknown, were seated on the same side and six feet from the entrance. Sims approached and shook hands with Ben, and sat on the left of Thompson. The treats were ordered, and directly the party rose and started toward the

entrance down stairs. At the door Thompson turned and Foster came up. A heated conversation followed, during which Ben seemed to be getting angry. Heard him say something to Foster which he could not understand, and then drew back. Could not see Thompson's hand. Immediately after he heard a shot fired, and with a six shooter in his hand, started on a run round the house in order to reach where the party was. He saw pistol flashes as he ran, but could not tell who had the pistol. When he reached there he saw Fisher and Thompson fall and saw special policeman Coy rising from the floor with a pistol in his hand. Could not tell who fired the first shot.

"J. S. Coy, special police at the Vaudeville, was next sworn, and deposed: 'I saw Ben Thompson, King Fisher and another man come into the bar down stairs. Sims called my attention to Thompson and Fisher, and asked if I knew them, saying he was afraid there would be trouble, and warned me to be careful. I told him I had already notified the chief of police and asked for more protection. The men drank, and then went up-stairs. Casanovas followed. I told officers Karbers and Hughes that Fisher had on a pistol, and that my instructions were to let none but city officers go into the theatre with deadly weapons. They told me Fisher had a right to wear one, as he was a Deputy Sheriff of Uvalde County. I went up-stairs and took a seat beside Thompson. Fisher was on the other side. Thompson called a waiter, and told him to tell Sims to come there. Sims came, and, after shaking hands, sat beside Thompson. As he did so Fisher rose and took a seat opposite me. Thompson asked what they would have. Orders were given for two cigars, a beer and a whiskey and seltzer. After drinking, the conversation turned on the killing of Jack Harris, but was so low that I could not understand what was said. Soon Fisher remarked to Thompson: 'I thought we were going to have some fun, but don't talk about the past times.' Thompson replied: 'Don't be uneasy; we will have it soon.' King Fisher then arose and said: 'Well, let's go down stairs.' The party rose and started to-

ward the door, Fisher and I in front, and Thompson and Sims behind us. When we reached the door, Thompson turned and asked: 'Billy, ain't that Joe Foster?' Sims told him it was, and went to Foster who joined the party. Thompson asked him to take a drink. Foster replied: 'You know, Ben, I don't drink.' Thompson then said something about shaking hands, when Foster told him he did not want to shake hands with him, as he (Thompson) had mistreated him. At this time Thompson, Sims and myself were standing side by side. Fisher was behind Thompson, and Foster facing Thompson. Ben Thompson said; 'G—d d—n you, I'm glad you won't shake hands with me.' I requested him to behave himself, and he ordered me out of his way, saying: 'Let me settle this matter with Foster.' I told him if he wanted anything to do with Foster to go somewhere else, for I would prevent him there. He replied: 'Get out of my way,' and called Foster a thief and slapped him with his left hand, drawing his pistol with his right. I jumped and grabbed the pistol on the barrel with one hand and the stock with the other, when it exploded. I held on, and he said: 'G—d d—n you, turn my pistol loose.' King Fisher also said: 'Turn that pistol loose!' We scuffled from the door toward the corner, where we all three went down together, Fisher in the middle. I had hold of his pistol all the time of the shooting. When he fell, Thompson released his pistol. I afterwards turned it over to Captain Shardein. Did not see who else had pistols. Did not see Fisher draw his pistol."

Captain Shardein was next sworn, and testified that, having been informed that Ben Thompson and Bill Thompson were in town and the former under the influence of liquor, he made the necessary details to prevent trouble at the Vaudeville theatre, where it was apprehended it would occur. Going to the main plaza he learned that Ben Thompson had gone to Turner Hall; that his brother Bill was sober and had gone to the hall to take care of Ben and get him off to bed. Some time between 10 and 11 o'clock, while standing in front of the White Elephant, he was told that Ben Thompson and King Fisher had gone in-

side the Vaudeville. A few minutes after I heard shots fired, followed by others very rapidly. I at first thought it was on the stage, but when the others came so rapidly I rushed in. I think there might have been eight or ten shots, but there may have been many more. The first thing I saw as I was pushing in through the crowd that was rushing out was Bob Churchill, one of the bar-keepers, with a gun pointed over the counter. He said: 'Ben Thompson is upstairs. As I ran up-stairs I met Sims and Casanovas supporting Foster, who was coming down stairs, wounded. As soon as I got on the gallery to the right, upstairs, I saw the two men lying in the corner together. Some one called from the foot of the stairs: 'Look out for Bill Thompson; he's coming with a shotgun.' I turned and ran back down stairs to arrest him, passing Sims and Foster again. As I passed them I noticed each had a pistol in his hand and Sims cried out: 'Give us protection.' I got on the floor, and when Bill Thompson came in the front door. As I saw him I heard parties calling out from behind me: 'Get out of the way.' I was covering him with my body. I shoved him out behind the front stairs and searched him, found he was unarmed. I told him not to go in, and immediately ordered the house closed, and went to J. Coy, and he turned over Ben Thompson's pistol. I identified the pistol in court—a large 45-calibre, ivory-handled, engraved and silver-mounted. I looked at it without revolving the cylinder. There were five chambers empty. I had not seen Thompson or Foster or Fisher previous to the shooting."

"One of the proprietors of the Vaudeville theatre, W. H. Sims, testified that Ben Thompson came up stairs last night accompanied by King Fisher. When he first came in he walked up to the bar and called for two drinks. He stood talking to the bar-keeper four or five minutes, and then walked up in the dress-circle of the theatre. After he had been up there five or ten minutes I followed on up-stairs, walked over and took a seat at the further end of the hall. A few minutes afterward Thompson sent one of the waiters over to me, saying he wanted to see me. I went over to him,

and when I got up to him he turned around in his seat and faced me, saying: 'Sims, I want to talk to you and tell you I haven't anything against you, but you haven't treated me right.' He talked on in a rambling way, and seemed by his pantomime way to be half crazy. He said: 'I am rich now. I can get out of any trouble. I was taking chances to come here, but I am surrounded by my friends. I have a six-shooter, but I won't need to pull it, and if you move you will be killed.' I told him I did not want any trouble, with him; that I had heard so much that I anticipated trouble with him. He said he did not intend to hurt me, but I hadn't treated him right. I said I'm glad to hear you say so, and that you don't have to take any chance from me. He said a great deal about how devoid of fear and how rich he was. He then jumped up suddenly and started toward the door. Just as he got facing the door he whirled around and, clinching and squeezing, my arm, he commenced talking about Jack Harris, and said: 'Old Jack Harris pushed himself in the way. Joe Foster is the — — who ought to have been killed.' Turning around suddenly he said: 'Ain't that Joe Foster?' pointing in the direction where Joe Foster was seated. I said yes, when he added: 'Tell him I want to talk to him.' I walked over and told Foster that Thompson wanted him. Foster got up, turned around in front of Thompson and looked up at him, and adjusting his eye-glasses with both hands. Thompson reached out as if about to shake hands with him. Foster seemed not to take notice of his hand at all, when Thompson asked: 'Do you refuse to shake hands with me?' Foster replied: 'I've said, Ben Thompson, I can't shake hands with you. All I ask, Ben, is to be let alone. I told Billy to tell you I never would put a straw in your way. The world is wide enough for both of us, Ben. You wronged me and killed Jack Harris without cause.' Ben Thompson then said: 'Don't treat me this way; don't force me to extreme measures. I'll bet you money you'll be sorry you didn't shake hands with me. I'll live a long time, Joe Foster, and I'll make you leave this country. I'll expose you as a thief.' Foster answered:

'May be so, Ben. I have lived here twenty-five years, and I haven't stolen anything yet., As Thompson kept talking he got wild and boisterous. He and Fisher seemed to keep on backing up towards the wall. It was in a narrow place, on a little elevation, and when he got on this elevation he suddenly jerked out his six-shooter and stuck it sidewise in Foster's mouth and cocked it as he pulled it back from Foster's mouth. As the pistol clicked Policeman Coy grabbed it. As Coy grabbed it, he said: 'Ben, I am an officer, don't do that.' After the first fire another pistol was drawn, and just as this pistol was drawn, Fisher said: 'Don't you draw that gun, you son of a—.' Firing commenced then on both sides. When it ceased, Joe Foster grabbed me by the shoulder and said: 'I am shot; help me down stairs.' Thompson and Fisher had fallen by this time, and the firing had ceased. I had started out, when Foster said: 'Billy, I am shot all to pieces; help me down stairs. I did not notice Thompson and Fisher, particularly then, as my attention had been called to Foster, whom I helped down stairs. Thompson fired the first shot, and while Coy was holding the pistol I think Thompson fired twice before any other pistol was fired. Coy held on to it like grim death. The first shot fired and sounded like my ear had burst. There was a crowd before the firing commenced, but they got out when they found out Thompson was there. Thompson had taken a drink and asked the boy whether there was poison in it, and I took a cigar, he would not pay for it, and the boy waited for it. He asked the boy if he was waiting for the money. The boy said: 'No; I have got plenty time, Mr. Thompson, and will wait as long as you want me to.' Thompson replied: 'Well, I'll not pay you for any drinks.' Fisher said, 'Ben, pay the boy,' and at the same time Fisher put his hand in his pocket as if about to pay for it. I am not sure whether he paid for it, or Thompson. I am the administrator of the estate of Jack Harris and have entire control of the house. I don't think Fisher was drunk. He was very quiet, and when I spoke he wouldn't answer, but got up and faced me. He took a cigar, I think, which I did when Thomp-

son ordered the treats. I saw Joe Foster with a pistol out after the third or fourth shot was fired, but didn't know whether the policeman fired or not. I was too busy watching Thompson and taking right good care of Mr. Sims about that time. I don't think Thompson slapped Foster, but he was gesticulating rapidly with his hands. I saw Foster cocking a pistol. Don't know that he shot, but he ought to have done so.

"The jury retired, and in ten minutes a verdict to the effect that Ben Thompson and King Fisher came to their death at the Vaudeville theatre, from the effect of pistol-shot wounds from pistols held and fired from the hands of J. C. Foster, W. H. Sims and Jacob Coy, and further found that the killing was justifiable and done in self-defence, in the immediate danger of life."

(Austin Daily Statesman.)

"A good deal of curiosity has been felt in Austin to know the actual facts in regard to the killing of Ben Thompson. It was hoped that the investigation of the coroner's inquest would bring the facts to light, but instead, every witness seemed to studiously keep them from being made public. All classes in Austin not only Thompson's friends, but those who have no regret at his death, have a desire to know the truth respecting the matter, and not, a little disappointment was felt on every hand when the evidence of the inquest was read. To throw light upon this question, an autopsy was had yesterday morning, and the post mortem conducted by two of the leading physicians of this city, and perhaps the State—Drs. Worthington and Wooten—the latter one of the most scientific gentlemen in Texas. This was held at the residence of the deceased, and in the presence of representatives of the press, and other gentlemen. The coroner's jury at San Antonio only found that three shots hit Thompson, when, in fact, eight bullets entered his body, five of which entered his head. The cold, hard facts of science show how valueless is human testimony in a case like this. All of these eight balls entered the body on the left side; the back, the front nor the right side being hit at all. This, of course, proves that the shooting was all

done from the left of Thompson, and that whoever they were shot from the same point. The first wound probed made another startling disclosure. The ball entered the left side of the head near that point where the side head begins to round off to form the crown, and its course was downward, a little backward, and slightly inward, so that if the ball had come out its point of exit would have been just back of the right jaw in the neck. An inch and a half below this another ball entered and followed an exactly parallel course to the first, and had this came out its point of exit, would have been an inch and a half below that of the first one mentioned. A third bullet entered above the left eye, just where the side heads turns to the front, and passed in the same downward course, lodging in the mouth, to which it was traced and found. A fourth ball entered just below the point of entrance of the last one described, and cut through the arch over the left eye, coming out just over this eye-ball, and grazing the side of the cheek in its downward course which was almost perpendicular with the body when standing erect. The fifth ball entering the head entered the ear just above the ear opening, traveling a parallel line with the air passage of the ear and lodging in the brain. It will be noticed that the four first mentioned balls must have been shot from above, coming from the same general quarter and having the same downward course; the ball entering the ear being the only eccentric one of the five. The sixth ball struck the jaw bone in a downward course, against which it spent its force and passed into the neck where it lodged and was found; making five of the balls ranging downward inward and slightly backward. The seventh ball entered the outer side of the left arm, passing through the muscles at right angles with the body which it entered passing through the center of the heart. The course of this ball was at a perfect right angle with the body when in an erect posture. The eighth ball had a point of entrance on the left side above the hip and ranged upwards, coming out on the other side just below the ribs. Still another ball which did not enter the body grazed across the shoulders from the

left side to the right, leaving its track plainly marked on the dead man's skin, and holes in his clothes correspond with the track of this bullet. Some of the bullets were taken from the body, and these were submitted to experts, among them J. C. Petmecky, and they were found to have come from both Winchester rifle, and 44-calibre pistol cartridges, showing that both these weapons had been used in the deadly work. The effects of six of the eight balls that entered Mr. Thompson's body, as will be seen from this autopsy, were fatal, and he would have been powerless in an instant after any of these struck him. The conclusions of the post mortem are: First Thompson was shot when standing erect by persons who were above him, and who were also a little to the left, armed with both Winchester rifles and revolvers, as shown by the bullets found and by the same general downward track of all the balls except two; and that he must have been standing still at the time, as is shown by the parallel course of the bullets; secondly, that five of the balls were fired by different persons and simultaneously, as shown by the fact that he would have instantly fallen from the effect of any of them, and their courses being in the same general direction.

"The ball entering the heart, and the one shot from the hip upward may have been shot after Thompson fell; the latter must have been so fired. It would be interesting to have a scientific investigation of Fisher's wounds, to see what sort of evidence they would give."

"San Antonio, March 15—In conversation to-night with Billy Sims, of the Vaudeville theatre (the scene of the recent slaughter of Ben Thompson and King Fisher), he stated that he desired to have the killing of the two men fully investigated by the grand jury, and that himself, Foster and Coy were ready to abide the result. Why Sims should make such a bluffing statement as this is not quite clear, unless it be born of a guilty conscience. Ben Thompson was certainly unpopular here, and was greatly feared, and under ordinary circumstances his death would not be much regretted, but the more the terrible affair is sifted the more convinced are the people becoming

that the killing was simply a foul murder. It will require more than a hasty coroner's jury to remove this impression, and both Sims and his confederates have already realized a foretaste of this growing fact."

"Yesterday a Statesman representative met two gentlemen who were present at the Vaudeville theatre at the time Thompson and Fisher were killed, and the account they give of the matter is so at variance with the story told by the crowd at the dive itself, that it will be found to be most interesting reading. Both gentlemen are from the North, and are traveling men, one representing a wholesale liquor house in Kentucky and the other a wholesale tobacco house in Chicago. They appear like very candid, truthful men, and the story they give corresponds so closely with the post mortem examination that there can be no doubt but it is a correct statement of the tragedy. They gave their names as Alex T. Raymond and John R. Sublett. These gentlemen say they happened to be in San Antonio the night of the tragedy. They stayed with an old acquaintance, and he insisted on showing them some of the sights of the Alamo city. They went to hear Ada Gray, and then their friend proposed they take in the variety theatre, and in this manner they happened to be at the den of infamy. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when they reached this den of sin. They were in the bar-room when Thompson and Fisher came in, and their friend informed them that the gentleman who just entered was the notorious Ben Thompson. It was the first time they had ever seen him, and of course their curiosity was aroused. Their friend then informed them that he had killed a man in this very theatre. Jack Harris, and that the present manager had been the partner of the man killed by Thompson, and their friend remarked it was strange Thompson should come to the place. Neither Thompson nor Fisher were drunk. They talked in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, and both appeared to be in the most pleasant humor. Soon a man came into the bar-room, whom their friend told them was Sims, and he walked up to Thompson and

said, 'Hello, Ben; glad to see you.' Ben then introduced him to Mr. Fisher, and Fisher and Sims shook hands. Just then the officer, Coy came into the bar-room, and shook hands with both the murdered men. Sims then said to Thompson: 'Ben, I am awful glad to see you here. Let us forget the past, and be friends, in the future.' Thompson replied: 'I desire to be friends, and I have come here with my friend Fisher to talk the matter over, and have a perfect understanding. I have a perfect right to do that, have I not?' Sims said: 'Yes, Ben, that is right, and I know we can all be friends.' Ben then said: 'I have nothing against you or Foster. I am not afraid of you. I am here surrounded by my friends, but I want to be friends with you, and I have come here to talk this over.' Sims replied: 'That is all right; come up stairs and see Foster,' and after taking a drink Thompson and Fisher went up stairs to the theatre—neither the policeman nor Sims went up with them. Raymond and Sublett, with their friend, followed them and took a seat a short distance from them. In a short time they were joined by Sims and Coy, who sat by the side of Thompson and Fisher, and some pleasant conversation passed. Soon a girl came along and Thompson ordered drinks. After they had drank he teased the girl about paying for them, but finally pulled out a very large roll of bills, saying, 'I have lots of money. I have \$20,000 in that roll,' and he paid the girl for the drinks. After this he turned to Sims, saying, 'I thought you brought me up here to see Foster. Billy, don't you play any games on me. I did not come here for any fuss, and I don't want any, but you must treat me fair.' Sims replied: 'I am, Ben; it's just as I told you, and I will go and tell Foster you want to have a friendly talk with him.' 'Yes, go and get him,' Fisher said. 'I want to make you fellows good friends before I leave. I have invited Thompson here; he did not want to come, but you are all friends of mine, and I want you to be friends. I told him to come and talk the matter over like gentlemen together, and bury the past; Thompson is willing to do it, and I want Foster to meet him half way.' Sims said, 'All right, I will go and get

him.' He went into a box and came out with Foster, and they came down to where Thompson and Fisher were. As they came up, Thompson, without rising, extended his hand to Foster, and as he did so Fisher said: 'I want you and Thompson to be friends. You are both friends to me, and I want you to shake hands like gentlemen.' Foster said: 'I cannot shake hands with Ben Thompson, nor can I be friends, and I want him to keep out of my way.' As he said that both Sims and Coy stepped to one side, at least two feet from where Thompson and Fisher were sitting, and Foster was about as far on the other side of them. Thompson and Fisher sprang up, neither had a revolver in his hand, and before they got to their feet a volley that sounded as though there were a dozen carbines was fired from a box a little to the left and considerably above the doomed men, and both went down instantly. Neither Thompson nor Fisher drew their pistols, nor did they have time to do so. Any statement to the contrary is without the slightest foundation. Thompson fell on his right side and just as soon as the volley was fired from the box one of the two—either Sims or Coy rushed up and drew Thompson's revolver and bent over putting the muzzle close to his ear and fired. He then fired two other shots in his head and body and the other man shot Fisher in a similar manner. Foster tried to draw his revolver, but it caught and he gave it an angry jerk bringing it out, but the jerk discharged it and the ball struck him in the leg and he fell. The crowd then gathered around the dead men. 'It is monstrous,' said Mr. Raymond, 'the evidence those fellows gave at San Antonio, and the whole town seems to be in mortal fear of the tough crowd who have their headquarters at that den of infamy, the Vaudeville, Thompson, no doubt, was a bad man, but the crowd who murdered him ought to be hanged, for it was the coldest blooded murder ever committed.' These gentlemen were asked to give the name of the friend at San Antonio, who was with them, but this they refused to do, because they had promised him they would not disclose his identity, as he was afraid if these men knew he might be used as a witness against them they

would kill him; and he did not want to be mixed up in it at all. He did not want it known either that he had visited such a den, as he is one of the leading men of the city.

"This account corresponds with the facts shown by the autopsy, and is no doubt as near the truth as the public will ever get. It is given exactly as related to the Statesman representative."

It is not to be hoped that the truth, surrounding this assassination of Thompson and Fisher, will ever be reached by judicial investigation or otherwise until some one or more of the cowardly conspirators—as will almost assuredly be the case—and each of them may live in daily fear and trembling, for such a result—turn traitor to the others, and divulge the machinery of the plot. For the present the whole devilish secret is locked deep down in the dark hearts of the assassins—"Murder will out," "God will punish,"—"Who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Thompson, certainly, was the author of many deaths. His hand was carmined with the blood of human life to the very tips of his finger's ends, but did that fact justify excuse or palliate the infliction of the ghastly wounds, under the circumstances—through which his immortal soul passed out and took flight, to the world that ends not.

It is but just to say that Thompson left property which will realize about ten thousand dollars, of which his wife and children will have the use.

Since writing the above, Joe Foster has died from the wounds received in the tragedy in which Ben Thompson met his death.

Attorneys have been employed by the friends of Thompson to enquire into the manner in which he met his death, and it is confidently hoped that justice will eventually be dealt out to all concerned, as new facts are constantly coming to light which bid fair to unravel the dark mystery of the Vaudeville tragedy.

THE END.

Christmas

Lea Beaty Booton, Lockhart, Texas

The world is wrapped in gladness,
Each glorious Christmas day,
Every tinge of sadness
Gone, in some mysterious way..

'Tis a glad and joyous time,
Bringing memories back to me,
Of that childhood home of mine,
With it's loaded Christmas tree.

To me it looked like fairy land,
And I think I'll never see,
Another half so grand,
As that one looked to me.

After a long and sleepless night,
I thought it still a dream,
When the soft candle-light,
Fell upon the scene.

Sprigs of green lay on the floor,
A bunch of holly on the stair,
A wreath upon the door,
The Christmas spirit every-where.

Like sweet incense burning,
Comes the smell of cedar still,
It sets my heart to yearning,
As no other fragrance will.

I long to go again,
To the woods I used to know,
To bring red-berries in,
Along with mistletoe.

For Christmas time is here,
Bringing memories back to me,
As I greet the loved-ones dear,
Round the fragrant cedar tree.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Frontier Times will make an ideal Christmas present for your boy.

Letter Tells of Indian Fight

A letter more than 65 years old which presents a matter-of-fact picture of a fight between 19 Indians and 17 white men near Comanche on April 17, 1861, is in the possession of J. T. Lambert of Lueders, Texas.

The letter, faded with age, was written from Comanche county on April 19, 1861, by Mrs. C. M. Neal, wife of Bob Neal, to her sister, Mrs. Disa Cox. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Cox at Hope, Lavaca county, but was sent by way of Belton. The postmark reading "Belton, Texas, May 26," is well preserved on the face of the envelope. The envelope was formed by folding the letter itself. The postmark shows it required more than a month for the letter to travel from Comanche county to belton, whence it was forwarded to Hope.

Mrs. Cox was the mother of J. T. Lambert. He discovered the letter in a small desk belonging to his mother long after her demise. That portion of the letter which includes the story of the Indian fight reads as follows:

"STATE OF TEXAS,
"County of Comanche,
"April 19, 1861.

Very Dear Brother and Sister and family:

"It is with great pleasure that I now take the privilege of dropping you a few lines in order to let you know that we are all up and about. Lucy has been puny all winter, though is mending now. I sincerely hope when these ill-composed lines reach your absent hands, may find you all enjoying the best of health and doing well also. I haven't much news to write that is worth relating. Your connections are all well with the exception of Mrs. Welch. She is right poorly with the 'eresipelas. I guess you have heard that Silas was married. Malaki's wife has a fine son. Toke's wife has a fine son. I have forgot their names. Disa, Tom Wright got up here last Tuesday. He brought me a letter from home. They are all well except little Molly; she has the chills.

"I can inform you that the boys had a fight with the Indians day before yesterday. The fight lasted about three

hours. Bob (Neal, her husband) and Tom Wright were in the fight. The Indians made a raid in the town of Comanche Tuesday night about an hour before day and took the sheriff's horse out of the stable and took Tevery's buggy horses and one of his mules; cut them loose from the door they were tied to and took one from Dick Kiser and several other horses, and then they came by here and took two stray horses that Bob (her husband) had taken up. There was a company of men up by daylight and they caught the Indians about one o'clock on the Colorado, 30 miles away, and fought them five or six miles. They got one Indian skelp and wounded three or four others. The Indians didn't do no damage to our men, only killed one horse and wounded 2. Bob found a big knife and a blanket. Several of the boys found blankets. They got one six shooter and one shield. The Indians were all armed with six shooters and guns. There were 19 Indians and 17 white men. I will name them to you. I guess you would like to know. There were 4 Cunninghams, the old man, Aron, Dave and Billy; Bill Tonnor, Bill Carmack; Dick Kiser; Bill and Jim Author; Bob Marshall and Jim Marshall; Joal Neighbors; Jim Sanford; Tom and Berl (?) Homesly; Tom Wright and Bob (Neal). The Indians killed one of Dick Kiser's dogs. He lamented mighty about the dog.

"Well, Disa, I will tell you what I have been doing since I came from Bell (county). I have been trying to spin every chance. I have spun—yards of blanket warp, eleven yards of filling and some knitting thread. I am now spinning some harness twine to try to weave. My shoulder pesters me a great 'eal when I card and spin. I have went to the doctor's here to see if they could cure me but they have not done it."

The letter from here on out is concerned almost wholly with personal and family affairs, not of general interest. Something of the loneliness of the frontier woman is revealed in the closing lines, where Mrs. Neal exhorts her sister over and over again to write her, and to tell various other persons to write her.

The Killing of Chief Peta Nouona

Much has been said and written about the killing of Chief Nocona, the father of Quanah Parker, in the battle on Pease River. Quanah Parker always contended that his father was not killed at the time when the fight between Sul Ross and his rangers and the Indians took place on Pease river, but that he ended his life in peace very soon after his wife, Cynthia Ann Parker, was captured. In 1904 Col. Tom Padgitt, now living in Waco, wrote the following article, which was published in the Dallas News, and we pass it on to our readers:

In December, 1860, when Sul Ross was but a lad less than 21 years of age, he was at home on a vacation from school at Florence, Ala. The Indians made a raid through North and middle Texas and committed many crimes, stole and carried off something like 400 head of horses. Gov. Sam Houston, who was in office at that time, commissioned Sul Ross, half of which were white and the other half friendly Indians. After the Ross to organize a company of his selection of his company he started after the Indians, and in a short while struck the trail of the Indians, whose chief and leader was Peta Nocona, Quanah Parker's father. Ross had as his guide the old friendly Indian Placadore, and he followed the Indians until he found them, which required seven hard days of riding. On several occasions the trail was lost and the old guides insisted that they would find it again. On the sixth day Ross called his old guide and began to question his good faith and thought the Indian was fooling him into a trap, as Ross had not seen evidence of the trail for two or three days.

The guide requested Ross to camp for two hours, after which time he would return and make his report. He returned on time and escorted the company a few miles to a point of mountain and showed them fresh pony tracks and remarked that they would catch the Indians in a few hours' ride. They were on the head waters of Pease River then, and had not see a house in seven days hard riding.

The Indians were getting out so far

from habitation they began to think that they were out of danger after making a successful raid and would soon be home up in the Wichita Mountains.

On the seventh day Ross had his men in the saddle at daybreak. He rode up a gulch in the river valley ahead of his men with his guide with him, as he claimed that he could not see any sign of the trail. The guide laughed and said that it was very plain and was made only a few hours before. Every now and then they would peep over the ridge. Between daylight and sunup they saw the Indian camp in the distance. Ross sent the Indian guide back to notify his company to follow up his trail and that he would wait and watch the movements of the band of Indians. Ross was lying down on the grass but a few hundred yards from the camp with one lonely six-shooter for defense. He saw an Indian jump on a pony and come toward him in a gallop. Ross thought it was all up with him, for he was sure that the Indian had spied him and that it meant a single-handed fight or run. Just before the Indian got to Ross he stopped and dismounted and looked over the ground as if he had lost something, then mounted and rode back to camp.

Ross looked and saw his men coming, and when they came up to him he made known all that was necessary and requested that every man fight to kill, and above all else, try and recapture the stolen horses. The horses were quite a piece from the camp, grazing the valley below. Each and every man had positive instructions to single out a man apiece and fight it out until he got his man. When the word was given the company went over the hill and down on the Indian camp like a whirlwind. Part of the Indians had mounted and were ready to travel; the balance soon mounted and were ready to fight, while some of the women fled in all haste. The charge had been so sudden that the Indians began to make efforts to get away, and each man picked his man. Ross picked two Indians on one horse, and he ran onto them until he got in range with his six-shooter. At the second

shot the man in front, which was a large Indian, jumped off and Ross dashed by the pony with the single rider, and he turned to shoot this one and saw that it was an Indian girl about grown. He saw he had shot her through, as blood was flowing on her breast and he allowed her to go on and turned to look after the large Indian, who was the Chief, and whose name was Peta Nocona, and the father of Quannah Parker. The big fight was now to come off, and Ross said that he was the largest Indian he ever saw, and shot arrows at him almost as fast as he could shoot his six-shooter, and was advancing all the time. The second arrow went through the root of Ross' horse's tail close up to his body, and the horse began to pitch and the Indian was running at the horse trying to get him by the bridle, and it was a difficult matter for Ross to stay on the horse and shoot at the Indian; so finally, one of his shots hit the Chief in the arm and broke it just below the elbow. The Indian now paused and he and Ross both realized what had happened, and Ross was sure that he had the Indian conquered, but the latter dropped down on his knee and made arrows fly as if he were not wounded at all. He held the bow with his broken arm and puddled against his knee.

Ross had emptied his six-shooter, and rode a few paces away to reload, and in the meantime the Indian became very sick. Ross had reloaded and was preparing to finish the job when he heard the brush breaking and looked and saw his Mexican servant coming on a mule with a double-barrel shotgun in his hand, for Ross had told him to keep up with him, as he might need the shotgun. The Mexican boy, approaching, asked Ross what he was shooting at, and Ross pointed at the Indian sitting down. The Mexican said that he had one request to make, and that was that he be allowed to kill the Chief, and Ross replied that he was a prisoner now and it would not be right to kill him, and the Mexican replied that the Chief had killed his family, burned the house and stole all the stock, and "I want revenge and satisfaction." Ross gave his permission, and the Mexican approached the Indian and spoke to him in his own language,

and after a brief conversation, the Indian pulled his shirt open and the Mexican put both barrels of buckshot into him.

The other Indians captured, as well as Cynthia Ann Parker, admitted that the Chief killed was Peta Nocona, who was one of the greatest Chief's in the West.

In a short time the members of the company commenced to come together, some with scalps and some with prisoners. Tom Killheir came in, leading a pony with a woman and baby riding it, and Ross inquired of Tom Killheir what he had and Tom replied that he had an old squaw, and when Ross looked at her he told Killheir that she was no Indian, for there never was an Indian with blue eyes, and that she was a white woman. Cynthia Ann Parker was captured at Parker Fort massacre in Limestone County, in 1836, and lived with the Indians twenty-four years and afterward became the wife of Peta Nocona, as before stated. She had three children. The two oldest children were boys and the youngest was a girl. She was turned over to her brother a few years after the capture, and she and the baby both died at his home in Fannin County, Texas. The last time Sul Ross saw Cynthia Ann Parker was when he was returning from his brigade in Mississippi to his home with his wounded brother, Col. Pete Ross.

All of the regalia was taken from the body of Peta Nocona and placed in the Capitol at Austin, all of which was destroyed when the Capitol was burned.

The night of the fight Ross began to question the woman, and she knew that her name was Cynthia. She kept crying all the next day, and they told her not to cry, as she would not be harmed, as she was among her people. She said that she did not fear for herself, but that she had two little boys in the raid, and she was afraid that they would stray off and starve, and, after questioning her, they found out her history, and one of these boys referred to was Quannah Parker.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Capture of Coe of "Robbers' Roost"

A. W. Thompson in Clayton (New Mexico) News

Some years or so ago the Denver Post published an article of mine on "Robbers' Roost," descriptive of its proprietor and leader, a Mr. Coe, of bombardment of his stronghold, the remains of which still exist on an eminence some four miles up the North Carrizo from Kenton; of the outlaw's escape, subsequent capture and execution. The story was prompted by a somewhat disconnected array of verbal information from "old timers" who knew, it seems, as little of the truth of Coe's life and capture as I did, and was, though intended as truthful, more fantastic than genuine.

Some weeks after its publication I chanced to visit the Bud Sumpter ranch on the Cimarron, to be courteously informed by the proprietor, who knew and remembers Coe and figured in his final capitulation, of the error of my relation and who gave me the following:

Madison Emery, who trekked across the plains in the sixties and lost most of his oxen on the Smoky Hill trail, on reaching Denver turned south and eventually settled in the valley of the Cimarron, in northeastern New Mexico. Not only was he the first man to get a wagon down to the river through Emery Gap, but the primal farmer on that stream, where prior to 1868 he practiced irrigation and one year, perhaps 1869, freighted therefrom five ox-loads of oats across the plains to Ft. Leavenworth, where this grain met a ready market.

In the years just subsequent to the Civil War, a Mr. Coe (first name unobtainable) had become the leader of a notorious gang of desperate men, who infested the country between and tributary to Ft. Lyon, Colo., and Ft. Union, New Mexico. Coe, according to Sumpter, was a tall, well-built, prepossessing personage in 1868, some 35 years old; generally went well-dressed and fully and properly armed. His associates numbered some 40 men, as uncontrolled except by their leader as he himself, and their rendezvous was some four miles from the junction of the North Carrizo and Cimarron streams in Oklahoma of today, a stonehouse on an elevation which

commanded a fine vista in all directions, known as "Robber's Roost." The misdeeds of this gang consisted more in stealing government property, mules and stock from Forts Lyon and Union than in purloining from settlers and ranchmen.

In 1868 Madison Emery, Sumpter's step-father, and family were improving their valley farm on the Cimarron at the mouth of Toll Gate Canyon, just below the present Folsom, this being the now so-called John ranch.

On a hill back of the ranch house a small fortification had been built as protection from Indians and outlaws, in case of attack by either. To the Emery ranch Coe occasionally came, on such visits being entertained hospitably by Mr. and Mrs. Emery, who knew the desperate character of their guest and whose enmity they desired to avoid. Bud recalls that in 1867 or '68 on one occasion Coe and 10 of his men arrived at his father's ranch with a lot of government mules, presumably stolen from Ft. Union, which they proceeded to counterbrand in a canyon near at hand. At another time Coe drove up to their gate with a buckboard and four pairs of government mules, also taken from Fort Union. On this visit he was accompanied by a comely young Mexican woman.

Several times Coe, after running off government stock was followed, captured and jailed at Ft. Lyon, and on as many occasions he managed to escape, even breaking the shackles by which he was held, and continuing to commit depredations, perplexing military authorities and causing more or less apprehension among settlers.

It was in the summer of 1868 at the Emery ranch and not at "Robber's Roost," seventy-five miles east down the Cimarron, and after bombardment of the stone house as recited in my Denver Post story, that Coe met his final capture, and the incidents connected with it, are these:

In the spring of 1868 Coe had been arrested by the regulars at Ft. Lyon and in that army post on the Arkansas, just

below the town of Las Animas, of today, was confined. In characteristic fashion he effected his escape. From Ft. Lyon to Ft. Union word was sent of this and inasmuch as it was thought likely that the outlaw would return to his rendezvous on the Carrizo, from this latter post a small company of soldiers was ordered to proceed to the Emery ranch, where grain for horses could be purchased, and there encamp with a view of arresting Coe if he came that way on his journey down the river. Reaching the Emery place 25 men under a sergeant lay in wait for two weeks during which no news of Coe was had. Despairing of effecting his arrest orders were finally given to begin the return march to Ft. Union, and the following morning the journey was begun. As the soldiers left, Madison Emery accompanied the militia up the river onto the Ft. Union road, leaving Mrs. Emery, Bud and a man at the ranch.

Some hour or two after this departure Mrs. Emery was surprised, startled and not greatly pleased to see Coe himself ride up to the ranch. He was raggedly clad, mounted on a poor and common steed in contrast to his generally superb horse. Dismounting, he approached the house and was invited in. Here food was set before him, of which he ate heartily, Mrs. Emery not for a moment losing her composure or presence of mind. She informed her visitor, who knew nothing of the arrival or departure of the regulars, that her husband was away but would be back later in the day, remarking "Mr. Coe, you look tired. Why don't you go to the bunk house and rest?" an invitation that was at once accepted. Taking with him the only gun he had, an old cap-and-ball affair, secured after escape, Coe proceeded to the suggested quarters and was soon asleep. Then it was that Mrs. Emery took the situation in hand. She directed Bud, as quietly and unsuspectingly as possible, to get his pony, grazing near the house, saddle him and ride out to overtake the soldiers and his step-father, notifying them of the arrival at the ranch they had so shortly left, of the person they sought. These orders were obeyed by the lad who put his animal at top speed and came up to the re-

turning party 13 miles from the ranch house.

Apprised of the conditions, the sergeant at once detailed ten men to return with him, Mr. Emery and the boy, this being made without loss of time. Arriving they learned that Coe still occupied the bunk house, which they quietly surrounded. Then the officer knocked at the door, demanding the inmate's surrender. Incapable of defending himself and cut off from all possibility of escape, Coe accepted the situation and was at once placed under arrest.

As he was being marched from the bunk house an incident occurred which Sumpter recalls and which, had Coe again secured his freedom, would have been disastrous to the Emery family. Looking about him, Coe noticed Bud's white pony, sweat-covered from his hard ride, and remarked laconically "The little horse has been rode hard." At a glance he had fathomed from the foam-marked steed, as Sumpter remarked, that Mrs. Emery, pony and boy "had out-generaled him."

As soon as their departure could be arranged Coe, closely watched and securely manacled, was taken toward Pueblo, Colorado, for trial. It is presumed the necessary evidence was introduced to convict him, and though the final chapter is lacking, it is reported that he was speedily hanged.

Never again was he seen, either about the western cantonments or in the valley of the Cimarron.

Three soldiers were left on duty at the Emery ranch on the departure of the balance of the squad with their captive, and although next day 12 men, well armed, rode up to the ranch and asked for Coe, presumably members of his gang, on learning that he had been taken to Colorado, representing that they were attempting to locate and arrest him. They soon departed.

Thereafter for some years, or until the Indian raid of 1878 comparative tranquility reigned on the Cimarron. This was the last visitation of the Red Man in warlike attire and is recalled by some remaining settlers who were then living in what is a part of Union county, in which 8 or 10 ranchmen and herders were killed in a scattered and

uneven day's battle. Their names unfortunately are not preserved.

A woman's coolness, courage, and rare judgment in those colorful days when

the West was new was responsible for the capture and just punishment of one of its worst characters—now almost mythical. All honor to her.

Doughy's Cafe on the Range

Austin Concoran, Grand Junction, Colorado.

It was chuck time on the round-up and we heard "Old Doughy" shout—

"You had better come and get this, or I'll throw the whole thing out."

So we headed for the wagon like a wild stamped herd,

Fearful, every minute, lest the cook might keep his word.

The way we gathered round that mess-box, scrambling for tools;

Showed the disregard for ethics that is taught in other schools;

But what we lacked in manners we made up in friendly strife,

To see who'd get through quickest with the stuff that prolongs life.

And "Old Doughy" stood and watched us with the pot-hook in his hands

That he used for lifting covers from the pots and frying pans;

And also used to carry out remarks he'd sometimes make

To any thoughtless rider who, in fear of being late,

Would ride too near the pot rack and start a lot of dust

That would settle in his kitchen 'til "Cookee's" rage would bust.

For "Doughy" is particular, that is all there is to that,

But when it comes to sour-dough bread, we all take off our hat

To him and swear that, no matter where you'd mind to look,

You'd never find man to equal "Old Doughy" with the hook.

And when it comes to feeding men, that is, so they'll stay fed

And spend their nights in slumber, 'stead o' wrestling with the bed,

Your city chef can learn a lot from our old round-up cook,

Who never learned a thing he knows from recipes or book,

But just practiced on us fellows 'til he learnt all there is to know

About this cooking business and a mixin' sour dough.

Oh! There's many ways of dining, from what I've read and heard,

From meals that's served in courses, to "a bottle and a bird";

But when it comes to eating, stuff that tastes good all the way.

I wouldn't quit a mess-box for a Broadway cafe.

For when he slides the hooks along the pot-rack, piles on wood,

And, when the fire is burning down, starts mixin' something good,

An' you just keep a-lookin' 'til your eyes begin to ache,

And wonder what new kind of dish "Old Doughy's" goin' to make.

He puts in raisins, sugar, currants and a lot of other stuff,

'Til all at once you realize you're going to have "plum duff!"

Now I reckon in the cities they'd spell that word in French,

'Til you wouldn't know just what they meant—a latigo or cinch—

And you'd be none the wiser when they set it by your plate,

Now, after it was eaten, could you swear to what you ate?

In fact, you wouldn't know 'til morning that you had really dined,

And taken in a lot of stuff your inards wouldn't grind.

But you get the first reminder along about "last guard,"

When that "Frenchy" stuff starts quarrelin' down in your "front yard."

Somethin' like the cattle that start to "millin" in the night,

And try to quit their bed-ground at some imaginary fright.

But, unlike the friendly "Dogies," you
can't sing this stuff to sleep,
For all the music that goes with it was
furnished while you eat.

And perhaps it's just as well, for you
couldn't sing a note

With all that sorrow in your pantry
and that burning in your throat

That is caused by too much vintage of a
celebrated make,

Which early in the evening you thought
so nice to take:

But later showed developments which
led you to believe

That the stuff was manufactured from
a kind of "loco weed";

Then you recall the bottles that were
stored away so nice,

With some blankets wrapped around 'em
in a bucket o' cracked ice,

With their golden yellow labels, like the
"Dogies" from old Mex,

And you know it's something extra by
the figures on your checks.

But it differs from those "Dogies" that
have crossed the Rio Grande,

For you cannot tell the value by the col-
or or the brand.

So you have to take your chances on
what "Frenchy's" mind to serve,

And to catch the bedpost as it comes
around the cure;

Then commence an awful tussle when
you try to ride the bunk.

While the "wireless" keeps you posted
on the "doin' down in front."

For you keep a hearin' rumors of an in-
ternational riot.

Caused by the cost of higher livin' on
this purely foreign diet,

'Til' you are forced to take some is-
sue in the trouble near at hand

And try to organize your forces to
make a final stand

Against this food combine that has got
you in its grip

'Til you think you're in the stateroom
of an ocean-going ship.

That seems to take you further from
the scenes you recognize,

And you get to wonderin' how it feels
when a fellow really dies.

Still you keep on hearin' echoes of
last night's food and song,

'Till you realize it's morning and the
"French Revolution's" on.

Of course, you may recover, and perhaps
you're none the worse,

But for me, there's no "swell" eatin'
while "Frepchy" drives the hearse.

Oh! You who dine in cities, passing
through plate-glass doors,

Winding in around swell tables set on
polished marble floors,

Following a dorky who will show you
to your seat,

While one will take your hat and an-
other brush your feet,

Dining with fair ladies while sweet mu-
sic fills the room,

And you gladly tip the "leader" for the
lady's favorite tune.

You who linger long and listen to the
things you like to hear

In the swell cafes in cities that to you
are always dear,

May think that I am partial to the
"cowboy" and his "grub,"

But I've dined at all those cafes and
was fed once at a club,

And I've come to this conclusion, and
right here I want to say

When you eat at "Cafe Doughy's" you
feel all right next day,

For here is "Doughy's" record, and
beat it if you can—

He's cooked for us for twenty years,
and never lost a man.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben
Thompson" which has appeared serially
in this magazine, has been issued in
pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now
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already placed 150 of the number, so we
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true in every detail, and full of human
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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Mr. C. D. Carlisle, San Antonio, Texas, sends us good words of encouragement, and says: "I have been reading your magazine for one year and would not miss a copy. Enclosed you will find check to keep it coming. You have a great subject to write on, and I am sure of the success of Frontier Times. I feel that I am a Texian, coming to Fort Worth at the age of eight years, from Missouri, when Fort Worth was the terminus of the railroad. That was a western trading point for the big ranches and the market for buffalo hides. I have seen them coming over the prairies on trail wagons that resembled hay in the distance. Choice buffalo meat sold in the market for six cents per pound, and it was the most delicious meat I ever and it was the most delicious meat I ever and am thoroughly acquainted with this state from the Panhandle to the Gulf, and I love every nook and corner. Your magazine brings to mind so many historic places, such as Tascosa and others that figure in Texas history. I have a great respect for the pioneers who made way for this generation to enjoy life, and their deeds should have a place in the history of our state. I wish Frontier Times all success."

Within a month or two Frontier Times will begin the publication of "The Exploits of Jack Hays, the interpid Texas Ranger." We have the data in hand now and ready for publication, and it will run through several numbers of this magazine, and will prove of intense interest to our many readers, as much of the data has never before been published. The first installment of this splendid story will appear in our February number.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50.

SIGN LANGUAGE

By Morve L. Weaver, Visalia, Calif.

Certain signs, mostly made with the hands, seem to be understood universally even deaf-and-dumb people of different races being able to convey ideas by signs seeming arbitrary but no doubt having a direct relation between thought and gesture.

Our early Indians were masters of "sign talk" and the pioneer trapper, through this medium, were able to make themselves understood by any of the tribes they met even if they knew few or none of the spoken languages.

Each of the tribes had a sign of identification, as the few following: Sioux drawing the finger across the throat like a knife: Arapahoes or "Smellers" indicated by siezing the nose with the thumb and finger: Comanches "Snakes", by waving the hand like the crawling of a reptile: Cheyennes "Cut-arms" by drawing the finger across the arm: Pawnees or "Wolves" by placing a forefinger on each side of the forehead pointing like the ears of a wolf: Crows by clapping the hands in imitation of flapping wings: women moving the hand down toward the shoulder: to indicate their long hair: whites by holding the hand over the forehead in suggestion of the hat.

To ascertain whether strangers at distance are friends or enemies, some tribes raised the right hand with the palm in front and slowly moved it forward and back. This was a command to halt and was obeyed if the approaching party were peaceful. Then the right hand was again raised and slowly moved from right to left, as an inquiry "Who are you?" The strangers replied by giving the sign of their tribe or by raising both hands grasped as in friendly greeting or with the forefingers locked together in emblem of peace. If enemies, they refuse to halt, or place the shut hand against the forehead in sign of hostility.

This is the Christmas month, and when Frontier Times reaches all of its readers the Christmas season will be upon us. The publisher takes this opportunity in advance wish all a Merry, very Merry Christmas.

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Anything that will throw light on the early settlement, progress and development of the South, Southwest and West.

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Anderson, "From Plains to the Pulpit," cloth, \$1.50; Steele, "History Limestone County, 1833-1860," \$1.00; Strong, Capt. "Frontier Days and Indian Experiences," \$1.50; McConnell, "5 Years a Cavalryman," Jacksboro 1889, \$5.00. Postage extra. Exchange duplicates with us.

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Per Year

by J. Marvin Hunter

Office of Publication: Bandera, Texas

Frontier Times 10 Years for \$10

An Appeal to Our Friends

We are now making an offer which should interest every reader of Frontier Times who is anxious to see this little magazine made a permanent success. In order to make the improvements which we have been planning for some time we must raise \$1,000, and in order to raise this amount we have decided to call upon our friends to assist us. We want just 100 of these friends to subscribe \$10.00 each, in return for which we will enter them as paid up subscribers for 10 years. We do not want your money now, just a line from you saying you will be one of the 100 who will help Frontier Times to success. When we receive the assurances from 100 subscribers we will then notify you to send your \$10. If we cannot secure these 100 we cannot afford to put on the offer of a ten years' subscription for ten dollars.

Frontier Times now has a circulation of three thousand, when it should have 10,000. We know there are thousands of people over the United States who would subscribe for the little magazine if they knew of its existence, and this step is taken with a view to getting it before them. Our plans for doing this include giving Frontier Times an attractive lithographed cover, better paper, and bringing it out in neater and better form, and place it on news stands and trains all over the country. Without the help of our friends we cannot at the present time do this, but if 100 of these friends will promptly respond to this appeal it will be done very shortly. We want to end this campaign in sixty days—the 15th of February, to be exact.

You will gain by accepting this offer. Think of it! Frontier

Times ten years for ten dollars! If you have been a subscriber to this magazine since it started you are no doubt aware that complete files of back numbers are now selling at \$5.00 and upward per volume of twelve numbers. One bookseller in Austin, Texas, quotes the three complete volumes for sale at \$50.00. Ten years from now the early volumes will be almost priceless. Then, look at the proposition from another angle. One volume of Frontier Times usually contains 560 pages. Where, oh where, can you secure a set of books containing 5,600 pages of real border history for the small sum of ten dollars? Then again, in the event the subscription price of Frontier Times is raised to \$2.00 per year (and this may be done), you will have your own subscription paid up for a period of years and will save money thereby.

Frontier Times is going to grow; slowly perhaps, but grow it will. Its growth will be greatly stimulated by a generous response to this appeal.

Remember, this offer of ten years for ten dollars is made to secure only 100 subscribers at that rate. When these are secured, if they are secured within the next sixty days, the offer will be withdrawn, never to be made again. If you want to get on the Honor Roll please notify us at once. If the 100 is not secured you will be under no obligations, but if these loyal subscribers for ten years each are obtained, we will so advise you and ask you to send the \$10 for your ten years' subscription. That is fair, isn't it.

Help us now, and you will later rejoice that you did so.

Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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Vol 4—No. 4

JANUARY, 1927

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The Mystery Woman at Ft. Concho



LONG about 1870 there appeared among the wild dare-devil element of Fort Concho a reckless woman who became known as the "Mystic Maude," altho' she assumed different names as occasion might demand. She was a mystery to nearly all, good and bad, who chanced to know her and hence she was called the "Mystic Maude." She came in on the overland stage from San Antonio, secured and furnished a room in an adobe "Over the River" and during her stay exhibited all the traits of a refined, educated woman who had been brought up in the best society and was by birth and training a typical gentlewoman. Yet, as was subsequently shown, she became a member of the gambling fraternity who, night after night, might be found in the rooms over a saloon where she played for high stakes with a success that astonished the veterans of the card table. Otherwise this woman held herself aloof from the revel and debauchery that encompassed her about Strange stories gained currency about "Mystic Maude" by

those who knew her least, and some credence attached to the statement of one of the officers at the post to the effect that she was a woman leading a dual life—a saintly philanthropist in New Orleans, which it was claimed was her home city; in Fort Concho a desperate character of the booming West. This officer related that her father, a gallant knight of the Old South and an inveterate gambler, went down on the Alabama off Cherbourg, France, and that the money she won at cards went to an invalid mother at Montgomery, Alabama, and to defray the expenses of an only sister at a fashionable boarding school in Virginia, while neither mother nor sister dreamed that the money for their support bore the taint of iniquity. Outside the gambling room this strange, mysterious woman was unapproachable. For nearly a year she concealed her identity in the seclusion of the little adobe which stood on what is now known as Concho avenue, refusing to receive any visitors, male or female, and never appearing in public after night-fall when she wish-

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Beginning Next Month:
Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger

ed to take her place in the gambling rooms.

"Mystic Maude" was an attractive woman of medium size, with a sweet, pleasing face, heavy, luxuriant dark hair and black, sparkling eyes. She always dressed well and her deportment, outside of her gambling vices, was that of a perfect lady. Suddenly the "Mystic Maude" disappeared from San Angelo—then "Over the River"—and was next heard of at Fort Griffin, where she took the name of Lottie Deno.

The same mystery surrounded her at Fort Griffin as that which enshrouded her at Fort Concho. The same exclusiveness, the same isolation during the day and the same deportment in the gambling rooms. She took up her abode in a little shanty on the outskirts of the "Flat," a post suburb tenanted by the vilest off-scourings that ever escaped the lash at the cart's tail, and here she remained for two years or more, during which time she was present at many a rough house, saw the flash of sixshooters and heard unmoved the oaths of men in desperate conflict. It is related by an eyewitness that on one occasion a gambling hall was crowded with local sports who were attracted by the announcement of a poker game between "Monte Bill," the Arizona sharp and "Smoky Joe," the Texas champion. Lottie Deno, sedate, sphinx-like, occupied a seat at a nearby table playing in a game with a fifty dollar limit. All interest centered around the game where "Monte Bill" and "Smoky Joe" were pitted against each other. One thousand dollars was in the pot and the other players dropped out. "Monte" challenged "Smoky" to raise the limit. "Smoky" agreed and put up his last dollar on the results. "Monte" called his hand and laid down three aces and a pair of queens. "Smoky" dropped his hand to the handle of his gun and shouted; "Buncoed by a sneaking coyote from the 'Bad Lands,' who rings in a 'cold deck' and marked cards when he plays with a gentleman! Take that pot, Gabe," he stormed to the negro porter.

"No, you can't play your bluff game on me," shouted "Monte" in defiance as he pulled his gun from the scabbard

Both guns flashed at the same moment and the crowd rushed for the stairway the negro porter, minus the pot, lead all the rest. When the sheriff came he found the two men stretched in the floor in pools of blood while Lottie stood in the corner of the room, a calm and serene spectator. "Why did you do like the rest, quit the ranch and asked the officer.

"I was safe in here in the corner, sir."

"Well you'd better clear out now, before the coroner comes to look at these stiff," advised the sheriff.

"All right, sheriff; adios; I'm 'sleepy!'"

And this strange woman left the gambling hall for her lonely shack on the outskirts of the "Flat," laden with her own large winnings of the evening besides—well, she never did admit till she got off with the pot of more than \$1,000, and so there was an end of it.

Later events gave color to a rumor that Lottie Deno had known in early days a fast character who went under the name of Johnny Golden, but the rumor could not be traced to any reliable source. But one day Marshal E. Gibson and Deputy Sheriff Jim Dray arrested Johnny Golden for an infraction of the law. On their way to the guard house, where they aimed to hold him over night, the officers claim that Golden's friends tried to rescue him and that a fight came off. At all events, Golden's dead body was found beside the trail leading to the Fort. Whether there existed a bond of friendship between Golden and Lottie Deno will never be known, but when informed of Golden's death Lottie lost her nerve and gave way to a paroxysm of weeping, and the gossip around the saloons and dance halls claimed that if she wasn't his wife, there was some kind of relationship. Letting it be found on Golden proved him to be the scion of a wealthy Boston family and dissolute castaway.

Shortly after this occurrence Lottie quit frequenting the gambling rooms and was rarely seen in public, having all her necessary supplies sent to her shanty. It was only about a month later when the stage drove to this shanty and the mysterious woman departed nevermore to return. Her rent having been paid

in advance, no one felt at liberty to open the shanty until Sheriff Cruger arrived from the new county seat, Albany.

When the sheriff obtained the key from George Matthews and opened the door, he and the crowd that followed from curiosity, beheld a richly appointed bedroom and fire-place intact. On examin-

ation a note was found pinned to the bedspread with these words: "Sell this outfit and give the money to some one in need of assistance." There was not a line—no tell-tale scrap—of information among the articles she abandoned that throw any light on the past career, or the future of this remarkable woman.

A Letter from President Sam Houston

Mr. J. W. Jackson of Bartlett, Texas, sends us the following letter, written in 1843 by President Sam Houston to Major Benjamin Bryant, Indian agent at that time. Students of history will find it interesting:

Executive Department,
Washington, March 28, 1843.

To Maj. Benj. Bryant,
Indian Agent.

Sir:—Your letters were handed to me by the Lipans and Toncahuas. I will send you some forms of returns as soon as they can be prepared. It will be of some importance to have a complete census of those tribes.

I hope the commissioners will succeed in making a desirable treaty at the Waco Village. If they do, I am anxious that you should cultivate sentiments of friendship on the part of those Indians towards the other tribes. I am desirous of removing every cause of excitement to the Indians on our frontier. The future prosperity of Texas only requires peace to ensure its protection. I send you a copy of a letter which I had forwarded to you by Yonsey, a Toncahuas. I am afraid he did not deliver the original. Until the country has more ability to bestow favors than at present, I am anxious that the Indians should not resort here. To those who have come contrary to my wishes, I have made small presents. I have written by them a letter to Gen. Flaco. I hope it will be interpreted to him with care. I send him four plugs of Tobacco. To his wife I send eleven shawls, the mother of young Flaco that was slain. Of his murder I know nothing, only it is said that Mexicans from the Rio Grande killed him. Maj. Hays has written to me on the subject. When I get new par-

ticulars of his death I will write you and you can inform his father of the fact. If the Lipans and Toncahuas will go to take satisfaction for his death, I will do them by no means to harm women and children. The warrior scorns to hurt a woman or child and only fights with men. I will never shake hands with a red brother that has stained his hands with the blood of women and children. He is a "squaw" and a coward himself.

I will direct the Indians that are here to communicate with their tribes not to come to this place except on important business that cannot be done by agent, and I will tell them so to speak to their people. And that they are to listen to your talks and walk in the path which you point out to them. When I wish to see them here I will write to you and you can communicate to them my desires.

You will permit no persons to trade with the Indians, nor go amongst them without leave from you; and should you give leave to any, you will report the same to the Government by the first opportunity. I have the honor to be

Your obt. servt.,
SAM HOUSTON.

I hereby certify that the above foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original letter from Sam Houston to Maj. Benj. Bryant. I further certify that the original letter was given me by Sam Houston Blankenship in 1904, son of Susan Blankenship, who was the daughter of Maj. Benj. Bryant, and who occupied the old homestead and had the letter in possession. Witness my hand this the 27th day of November, A. D. 1926.

JEFF T. KEMP,
County Judge, Milam County, Texas.

The Print of the Crooked Hoof

Written for Frontier Times by Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California



UNROMANTIC persons, with a vulgar failing for facts, inform us that the famous rogues of romance immortalized by such novelists as G. P. R. James were, in truth, but a scurvy lot; that Jack Shepard, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and that ilk, were a measly bunch of pikers who ought to have been favored with the flavor of hemp long before Jack Ketch served it up to them.

As it has been, so it shall be. When through the mist of years the sanguinary patterns of desperate deeds shall have assumed a less hectic hue, there will arise a Homer of the future to play the "bloomin' liar" with regard to such "heroes" as Plummer, Ames, Murieta and Vasquez. Already I detect a tendency to minimize the vices, extenuate the crimes, and extol the virtues (God save the mark!) of unfortunate gentlemen like Joaquin, who aside from slitting travelers' throats and taking their money, seems to have been a very decent sort of fellow indeed.

But there really were some outlaws of our pioneer days who seemed to have a streak of genuine chivalry in their make-up—men who never complicated robbery with bloodshed and who, in their choice of a victim, exhibited a judicious fastidiousness which even won for them a certain degree of popularity, a sentiment entertained by all classes of the community except the express companies.

Such a man seems to have been Bill Brazelton, who enters upon the prologue of this brief drama as a big, fine-looking red-haired boy, of Tucson, Arizona, where after arriving at manhood, he worked in the corrals, drove team, tended stage-stock, and occasionally took the stage out over the first division to Maricopa Wells, ninety miles away.

Bill's reputation for boldness and bravery won him the admiration and the friendship of many, a fact which contributed not a little to the length and success of his career as a road agent. Six feet and more in height, sinewy and spare of build, he was always, in the saddle or out, a striking and handsome figure.

Armed, as he always was, with two 45-calibre Colt's revolvers, dangling at his hips, and a Winchester rifle, carried across his saddle in front of him, no man ever got the drop on him.

Bill seldom, if ever, bothered a passenger, never touched the mails, and confined his attentions almost solely to the Wells-Fargo express box, from which he took nothing but the money, which, in those days, was in coin, and for the most part gold. Even then he showed a thoughtful consideration rare in road agents; for he invariably placed the box with the rest of its contents intact, by the roadside, to be taken into Tucson by the next traveler passing that way.

He knew nearly every one in and about Tucson and along the stage-route as far as the Colorado river. He was especially well acquainted with the stage-drivers, stationtenders and freighters, all of whom had known and liked him from the days when he was a big red headed, hearty, wholesome, likeable boy.

In the latter part of his career he rode a famous blue roan of the California half-bred type, an animal of great speed and endurance. In selecting the time or the place, or in forecasting the result of a robbery, he never miscalculated, and if hard pressed by a posse, as he sometimes was, he invariably out-rode and lost them on the desert. On such occasions, when distance from his chosen field of operations became necessary, he often sought the lower San Pedro Valley, where he had many friends.

His favorite place for intercepting the Tucson stage was in what was then known as the Cactus Forest, forty miles northwest of Tucson, on the Picacho desert, a stretch of country which to the eye of a passenger on the night-coach took on the aspect of a field of phantoms. Among its varied forms of cactus stood out in bold relief, like a gigantic sentinel of the desert, the tall and picturesque sahuaro, which, in its lesser forms, tended to confuse the imaginations of those in the stage at that uncanny hour, rendering them unable to determine whether

Brazelton was alone or accompanied by confederates, the latter case seeming the more probable to those unfamiliar with the nocturnal apparitions of the sahuaro.

Time and again, elaborate plans were laid to capture or kill Brazelton, but only to fail. On one occasion the outgoing stage bore four armed men, there to finish him. Brazelton, who had advance information, met and stopped the stage that night on the open desert, called the men by name, told them he knew what they had come for.

Then, standing by the lead horses, and forcing the driver to act as receiver, he ordered them to pass out their arms through the side door, after which he started them back to Tucson on foot.

The time came, however, when, with a price on his head, he realized that if he persisted indefinitely in his course, he was doomed to share the fate of the pitcher that went once too often to the well. It was about this time that, departing from his invariable custom, he took a man named Miller, a stranger in the Territory, into his confidence, revealing to him his plans for the future and making him a partner in what he declared was his last stage robbery.

Then, on a bright moonlight night, the two set out for the Cactus Forest, at which they arrived after hours of hard riding, a little before midnight, the hour at which the incoming Tucson stage was due. There, in the shadow of a giant sahuaro, with his rifle across his arm, he awaited its coming, as he had so many times before.

On came the stage, with a clatter of hoofs, and the tinkle of harness metal. The bright moonlight rendered the sidelamps superfluous. Otherwise the equipage appeared as on any other night. The passengers were dozing inside and the express messenger and the driver were drowsing on the box, when the command to halt came from a stalwart figure in the middle of the road.

"Throw down the box, Messenger," ordered Brazelton, and the order was immediately obeyed. "Drive on," he commanded the driver, calling him familiarly by name, and stepped back to the shadow of the sahuaro. And the coach rattled off in the moonlight.

As on previous occasions, the box was

borne back from the road, the lock-broken off, the money transferred to a pair of canvas sacks, and the sacks fastened to the pommel of Brazelton's saddle. and again was the box, its other contents untouched, returned to the roadside, to be picked up in the morning by the first team bound for Tucson.

Out from the Cactus Forest, across whose weird shadows that night Bill Brazelton was destined to ride for the last time, the two men, slowly wending their way to avoid contact with the great clusters of prickly pear which bristled on every side, attained the open desert, and set out at a brisk pace. For the first few hours their route took the general direction of Tucson, but their final destination was a veritable forest of mesquite which spread, fan-like, for ten miles to the north of that place. In that forest Brazelton always kept a small cache of provisions for emergencies like this.

Arriving there next morning after a hard, swift ride, they went into camp by a little creek which coursed its way to the Santa Cruz. There they grazed their horses, rested, and, by turns, watched and slept.

But that evening, out on the desert over which Brazelton and Miller had ridden the night before, the sheriff's men from Tucson picked up the trail of the blue roan and found something they had never run into before in a pursuit of Brazelton—the track of a companion animal. And, more than that, the singularly round and large hoof-print of the blue roan went side by side with that of a steed with a crooked front hoof.

Wondering whom the other horseman might be (for they were certain the second animal was no pack-horse) they followed the trail till nightfall forced them to desist. At that time the trail led toward Tucson, but they were only too sure that it did not enter there.

When the deputies imparted the result of their observations to the sheriff next morning, he decided that Brazelton had at last succumbed to a longing for companionship and picked up a partner. And, in the hope that Brazelton's confederate would sooner or later make his appearance in Tucson on the horse with the crooked hoof, the sheriff ordered

at a close watch be kept on the corrals and on the roads leading in from the north.

It was a little before noon two days later when one of those on the watch for a crooked hoof espied the track of a crooked hoof on one of the roads leading southward toward Tucson. He followed it at a lope to town, and to a corral, where the horse that had made it was found. Armed with a description of the horse, it was easy for the sheriff to find Miller. He was taken to the corral and confronted with the horse, but, despite the damning evidence, denied all knowledge of, or connection with Brazelton.

Brazelton, in picking Miller for a partner, had made no mistake in deeming him a man of loyalty, firmness and luck. What followed was an evidence of his good judgment of men and the felicity he was able to inspire during a brief acquaintance. Neither he nor Miller could have foreseen the awful test to which that loyalty was to be put.

Certain of his connection with Brazelton and maddened by his persistent refusal to admit it, the sheriff's men strung him up by the neck until he was almost dead. Still he refused to confess, and they strung him up again. Again, he refused to speak, and for the third time they hoisted him into the air. Then poor human nature gave way. Suffering the most agony and all but dead, he agreed to their demands.

He had come that morning to Tucson for provisions, he said, and returning he was to meet Brazelton that evening at a title clearing in the mesquite, about seven miles from town. It had been rearranged that if he was alone and everything appeared to be safe, Miller was to whistle thrice as a signal for Brazelton to ride out into the clearing, whence both were to proceed to their camp, several miles away.

With these disclosures to guide them, the posse started out. Miller, though barely able to keep his balance in the saddle, was forced to take the lead on the horse with the crooked hoof, under threat of instant death if he made a false move, attempted to mislead them, or failed to give the proper signal at the appointed place. Thus they rode

north, a dozen resolute men, into the mesquite forest.

Arrived within a few hundred yards of where Brazelton was in hiding (and whence, owing to the denseness of the mesquite, he was unable to discern their presence) the posse dismounted, and leaving one of their number to care for the horses, moved stealthily forward.

As Miller, always a short distance in the lead and covered every step of the way by their rifles, arrived at the trysting place, he faltered and turned partially around, revealing to the man directly behind a countenance in which dread and despair were intermingled. It seemed for a moment as if he were undecided to go on with the tragic part he was there to enact. But he gave the fatal signal, and Bill Brazelton, all unconscious of the fate awaiting him, rode forth, dauntless and erect, as usual, into the mesquite clearing. There he fell from his horse, a dozen balls in his body.

So perished Bill Brazelton, at the age of twenty-eight. Miller, whose sufferings were considered punishment enough and who was accordingly freed, said that the raid in which he had engaged was to have been Brazelton's last; that with the supplies bought in Tucson they were to have made their way to a Mexican wood-camp, bought a pair of pack-mules, lifted Brazelton's various caches of gold totaling about \$50,000, journeyed across country to Sacramento, then by river to San Francisco, and finally to South America by the first vessel leaving that port. All that interfered with this elaborate and carefully-laid plan was the print of a crooked hoof.

A Safety Razor Free.

Secure one new subscriber to Frontier Times and send to us with \$1.50 for same, and we will send you free a Valet AutoStrop Safety Razor Outfit. Be sure to ask for your premium. We have secured just 100 of these razor sets for distribution to those who help increase the circulation of Frontier Times. We are sure the premium will please you. You will say it is the best razor outfit you have ever received.

Overland Trip in 1880

Written for Frontier Times by Morve L. Weaver, Visalia, California

IN 1880 Robert Johnston concluded to leave Texas and go, overland, to California. He outfitted with saddle and pack horses and at the start made the acquaintance of a young man bound in the same direction. Johnston offered the stranger transportation of his scanty outfit on pack horse in return for his company on the trail, and the offer was gladly accepted, and the start made.

The two emigrants took the regular route from San Antonio to El Paso, but shortly fell in with a wagon-train, thought to be from Bee County, Texas, and was also trailing west.

The train was of about twenty wagons, all outfitted and properly armed, but on a sort of go-as-you-please basis. Johnston and his companion traveled with them for several days, making separate trips at night and in no way becoming identified with the outfit.

On a dry march of nearly one hundred miles lay before the train on account of the drying of Van Horn Wells, Johnston's companion suggested to the wagon-master that the two would join the train and assist in its defense against Indian attack which was threatened between Van Horn Wells and Eagle Springs Station, if the wagon-master could furnish them with water during the dry march. This offer, made without the knowledge of Johnston, was refused.

At the end of the first day's dry march Johnston took the train about to Van Horn Wells. Johnston and his companion stayed alone for a night ride, unconsciously passing the crossing of the wagon road and an Indian trail, where trouble was apprehended, in the night and arrived safely at Eagle Springs during the second day. Owing to the length of the dry march, the two had proceeded slowly and were only fairly established at Eagle Springs when one of the wagons of the train, driven by "Dutch Willie," tore into the Station with the news that Indians had attack-

ed and scattered the wagon train, killing nearly all the members.

Johnston with three men from Eagle Springs immediately rode back on the road and near the crossing of the Indian trail found one dead man, Grant, and a very seriously wounded woman, as well as some overturned wagons. While the woman was made as comfortable as possible and the man, who had not been scalped, was buried, a member of the train, Murphy, came out from his concealment in the brush, together with his wife and child. Murphy was slightly wounded in two places, but his family had escaped harm. He stated that at the beginning of the attack the train had taken flight in every direction, that he had unloaded his wife and child and taken them into hiding in the brush, covering their retreat by bluffing the pursuing Indians with a disabled rifle, all finally evading the savages unharmed except for Murphy's two flesh wounds.

Continuing back on the road the train was found, bunched but still badly rattled and the woman, who eventually recovered, was turned over to her friends for care. The train got together and proceeded to Eagle Springs without further incident.

Johnston insists that the train was fully capable of resisting a more serious attack, being well armed and composed of men as brave as are common, but lacked organization and a leader. It was like a mob which usually fails of its object because none of its members place any reliance on his neighbors.

After a rest at Eagle Springs Station the wagon train proceeded, having invited Johnston and his companion to join it, which Johnston consented to do if a leader was chosen and the train proceeded with flanking scouts at all times on the march and with proper guard at camps. A day or so on the road, while eight men were scouting the flanks of the train, a panic struck it and it stampeded west on the road so far and so rapidly that it was several hours before the flankers could overtake it to learn

the cause of the haste. Once overtaken and rounded up, no one could give any reason for the wild dash. The partnership of Johnston and the train was quickly dissolved.

The fact that the man left dead by the Indians was not scalped was explained as a ruse of the Indians to shift the blame for the attack to white raiders.

Johnston and his companion left the train when near Whitman Canyon, and pushed on to near Fort Cummings where he found Captain Crawford in command of some Indian scouts. While resting at this place, camping with the officers, word was brought in that five "wild" Indians were coming down Cook's Canyon. Crawford sent scouts out to intercept the "wild" ones. Crawford's men ambushed the regular Indian trail and succeeded in shooting three from their horses. One of the wounded "wild" Indians was still alive and tried to use his gun as the scouts approached, failing to bluff them; so he changed his tune and protested that he was "good Indian" and not on the fight. The first statement was quickly made perfectly true. Examination of this dead Indian identified him as a son of the noted chief, Victorio. Johnston described the country where the wagon-train was attacked as cut up and eroded in every direction and as difficult as the "bad lands" of Wyoming. From Fort Cummings Johnston proceeded to El Paso and on to California without incident.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben-Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Send in your order at once if you want one of these. We printed 250, and have already placed 150 of the number, so we have only 100 left. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Photographs Noted Characters.

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others. I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Goodnight's Saddle.

Colonel Charles Goodnight has just presented the saddle used by Mrs. Goodnight more than fifty years ago, to the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society at Canyon, Texas. The saddle is of particular interest because the first of its kind was conceived in the mind of Col. Goodnight and because it marked a de-C. Gallup, of Pueblo, Colorado, in the parture from the old style of woman's side saddles. This saddle was made by summer of 1870. It was used by Mrs. Goodnight when it was necessary for her to stay with the roundup in order that she would have the protection of the cowboys from the Indians. She made a trip to Dodge City, Kansas, two different years with the Goodnight trail herds in the late seventies, riding this saddle on both trips.

The old side saddles which were in use before the invention of this type were dangerous and extremely severe upon the horse as well as the rider. Col. Goodnight conceived the idea of making a side saddle upon a regular men's saddle "tree," and talked with his old friend Gallup. Gallup was difficult to convince, but finally agreed to put Goodnight's ideas into form. He took a regular "California tree," cut off the horn, and added an adjustable side horn which could be regulated to fit the limb of any rider. This made a saddle as safe as that used by men, and contrary to Gallup's expectation, was very popular. It was sold all over America, and took the premium for women's saddles in London.

The first of these saddles was made in Pueblo, in June of 1870. In August of that year Col. Goodnight married, and bought the saddle which Mrs. Goodnight used for so many years. She rode it over the trail from Colorado to the "Old Home Ranch," located in the Palo Duro Canyon by Col. Goodnight in 1876. Besides those weeks spent on the trail she went to Dodge two years. These trips form additional evidence to refute the attack by a few northern critics upon the representation of Emerson Hough, in "North of 36", who maintain that there were no women on the trail.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

The Ill-Fated Beales' Colony

From John Henry Brown's "Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas," Published 1894

Before narrating the painful scenes attending the attempt to form a colony of Europeans and Americans on the Rio Grande, about thirty miles above the present town of Eagle Pass, begun, in New York in November, 1833, and terminating in bitter failure and the slaughter of a portion of the colonists on the 2nd of April, 1836, a few precedent facts are condensed for the intelligent and comprehensive understanding of the subject.

Dr. John Charles Beales, born in Aldborough, Suffolk County, England, March 20, 1804, went to Mexico, and, in 1830, married the widow of Richard Exter, an English merchant in that country. She was a Mexican lady, her maiden name having been Maria Dolores Soto. Prior to her death Mr. Exter had become associated in certain empresario contracts for introducing colonists into the northern or rather New Mexico, with Stephen Julian Wilson, an English naturalized citizen of Mexico.

In 1832 Dr. Beales and Jose Manuel Roquella obtained from the State of Coahuila and Texas the right to settle colonists in the following described limits:—

Beginning at the intersection of latitude 32 degrees north with longitude 102 degrees west from London, the same being the southwest corner of a tract petitioned for by Col. Reuben Ross; thence west on the parallel of latitude 32 to the eastern limit of New Mexico and the provinces (the State) of Coahuila and Texas, to a point twenty leagues (52 2-3 miles) south of the Arkansan river; thence east to longitude 102 on the west boundary (really the northwest corner) of the tract petitioned for by Col. Ross; thence south to the place of beginning. Beales and Roquella employed Mr. A. LeGrand, an American to survey and mark the boundaries of this territory and divide it into twelve of more blocks. LeGrand, with an escort and proper outfit, arrived on the ground from Santa Fe, and established the initial point, after a series of observations, on the 27th day of June, 1833. From that date until

the 30th of October, he was actively engaged in the work of running lines north south, east and west over most of the large territory. In the night eight inches of snow fell, and on the 30th, after several days' examination of its topography, he was at the base of the mountain called by the Mexicans "La Sierra Oscura." Here, for the time being, he abandoned the work and proceeded to Santa Fe to report to his employers. Extracts from that report from the base for these statements. Neither Beales and Roquella nor Col. Reuben Ross ever proceeded further in these enterprises; but it is worthy of note that LeGrand preceded Capt. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A. twenty-six years in the exploration and survey of the upper waters of the Colorado, Red, Canadian and Washita rivers, a field in which Capt. Marcy has worn the honors of first explorer from the dates of his two expeditions, respectively, 1849 and 1853. LeGrand's notes are quite full, noting the crossing of every stream in all his 1800 to 2000 miles in his subdivision of that large territory into districts or blocks number 1st to 12.

LeGrand, in his diary, states that on the 14th of August: "We fell in with a party of Riana Indians, who informed us they were on their way to Santa Fe for the purpose of treating with the government. We sent by them a copy of our journal to this date."

On the 20th of August they invited a large encampment of Comanche Indians, who were friendly and traded with them.

On the night of September 10th, in the country between the Arkansas and Canadian, five of the party, Kimble, Bois, Baseboth, Boring and Ryon, deserted, taking with them all but four of LeGrand's horses.

On the 21st of September, near the northeast corner of the tract they saw, to the west, a large body of Indians. This was probably in "No Man's Land," now near the northeast corner of Sherman county, Texas.

On the night of September 27th, twenty miles west of the northeast corner of Sherman county, they were attacked by

a body of Snake Indians. The action was short but furious. The Indians, evidently expecting to surprise and slaughter the party while asleep, left nine warriors dead on the ground. But the victors paid dearly for this triumph; they lost three killed, McCrummins, Weathers and Jones, and Thompson was slightly wounded. They buried the dead, on the 28th and remained on the ground until the 29th. The country over which this party carried the compass and chain, between June 27th and October 30th, 1833, measuring on the ground about 1900 miles, covers about the western half of the present misnamed Texas Panhandle, the eastern portion (or a strip thereof) of the present New Mexico, the western portion of "No Man's Land," and south of the Panhandle to latitude 32. The initial or southeast corner (the intersection of longitude 102 with latitude 32), judging by our present maps, was in the vicinity of the present town of Midland, on the Texas & Pacific Railway, but LeGrand's observations must necessarily have been imperfect and fixed the point erroneously. It was, however, sixteen miles south of what he called throughout the "Red River of Texas," meaning the Colorado, or Pasigono, while he designates as "Red river" the stream still so called.

BEALES' COLONY ON THE RIO GRANDE

Dr. Beales secured in his own name a right to settle a colony extending from the Nueces to the Rio Grande and lying above the road from San Antonio to Laredo. Next above, extending north to latitude 32, was a similar privilege granted to John L. Woodbury, which expired, as did similar concessions to Dr. James Grant, a Scotchman naturalized and married in Mexico (the same who was killed by the Mexican army on its march to Texas in February, 1836, in what is known as the Johnson and Grant expedition, beyond the Nueces river), and various others. Dr. Beales entered into some sort of partnership with Grant for settling colonists on the Rio Grande and Nueces tract, and then, with Grant's approval, while retaining his official position as empresario, or contractor with the State, formed in New York an association styled the "Rio Grande and

Texas Land Company," for the purpose of raising means to encourage immigration to the colony from France, Ireland, England and Germany, including also Americans. Mr. Eggerton, an English surveyor, was sent out first to examine the lands and select a site for locating a town, and the first immigrants. He performed that service and returned to New-York in the summer of 1833.

The Rio Grande Land Company organized on a basis of capital "divided into 800 shares, each containing ten thousand acres, besides surplus lands." Certificate No. 407, issued in New York, July 11, 1834, signed Isaac A. Johnson, trustee; Samuel Sawyer, Secretary, and J. C. Beales, empresario, with a miniature map of the lands, was transmitted to me as a present or memento, as the case might be, in the year 1874, by my relative, Hon. Wm. Jessop Ward, of Baltimore, and now lies before me. As a matter of fact, Beales, like all other empresarios under the Mexican colonization laws, contracted or got permission to introduce a specified number of immigrants (800 in this case) and was to receive a given amount of premium land in fee simple to himself for each hundred families so introduced. Otherwise he had no right to or interest in the lands, and all lands not taken up by immigrants as head-rights; or awarded him as premiums within a certain term of years from the date of the contract, remained, as before, public domain of the State. Hence the habit generally adopted by writers and map-makers of styling these districts of country "grants" to A, B, or C, was and ever has been a misnomer. They were in reality only permits.

The first, and so far as known or believed, the only body of immigrants introduced by Dr. Beales, sailed with him from New York, in the schooner Amos Wright, Captain Moore, November 11, 1833. The party consisted of fifty-nine souls, men, women and children, but how many of each class cannot be stated.

On the 6th of December, 1833, the Amos Wright entered Aransas Bay, finding nine feet of water on the bar; on the 12th they disembarked and pitched their tents on the beach at Copano and there remained until January 3,

1834, finding there only a Mexican coast-guard consisting of a corporal and two men. On the 15th of December Don Jose Maria Cosio, collector of customs, came down from Goliad (the ancient La Bahia) and passed their papers and goods as correct and was both courteous and kind. Throughout the remainder of December, January and February there were rapidly succeeding wet and cold northers, indicating one of the most inclement winters known to the inhabitants, flooding the coast prairies and causing great discomfort to the strangers, who, however, feasted abundantly on wild game, fish and water fowl.

On the 20th Dr. Beales, his servant, Marcelino, and Mr. Power started to Goliad to see the Alcalde, Don Miguel Aldrete, and procure teams for transportation, the roads being so flooded that, although the distance was only about forty miles, they did not arrive till the 22nd. Returning with animals to draw their vehicles, they arrived at Copano late on the 31st of December, having halted, both in going and returning, at the Irish settlement of Power's and Hewetson's infant colony, at the old mission of Refugio.

The party left Copano on the 3rd of January, 1834, and after numerous vexations and minor accidents, arrived at Goliad, crossed and encamped on the east bank of the San Antonio river on the 16th, having thus left behind them the level and flooded coast lands. Dr. Beales notes that, while at Goliad, "some of the foreigners in the town, the lowest class of the Americans, behaved exceedingly ill, endeavoring by all means in their power to seduce my families away." But only one man left, and he secured his old majordomo (overseer or manager), John Quinn, and a Mexican with his wife and four children, to accompany the party. He also notes that on Sunday (19th) a Carancahua Indian child was baptized by the priest in Goliad, for which the collector's wife, Senora Cosio, stood god-mother.

On the 20th of January, with freshly purchased oxen, they left for San Antonio and after much trouble and cold weather, arrived there on the 6th of

February. A few miles below that place (a fact stated by Mrs. Horn, but not found in Beales' diary, they found Mr. Smith, a stranger from the United States lying by the roadside terribly wounded, and with him a dead Mexican, while two others of his Mexican escort had escaped severely wounded. They had had a desperate fight with a small party of Indians who had left Mr. Smith as dead. Dr. Beales, both as physician and good Samaritan, gave him every possible attention and conveyed him to San Antonio, where he lingered for a time and died after the colonists left that place. While there a young German couple in the party were married, but their names are not given.

On the 18th of February, with fifteen carts and wagons, the colonists left San Antonio for the Rio Grande. On the 28th they crossed the Nueces and for the first time entered the lands designated as Beales' Colony. Mr. Little carved upon a large tree on the west bank, "Los Primeros colonos de la Villa de Dolores pasaron el dia 28 Febrero, 1834," which being rendered into English is: "The first colonists of the village of Dolores passed here on the 28th of February, 1834," many of them, alas, never to pass again.

On the 2nd of March Mr. Egerton went forward to Presidio de Rio Grande to examine the route, and returned at midnight with the information that the best route was to cross the river at that point, travel up on the west side and re-cross to the proposed locality of Dolores, on Las Moras Creek, which is below the present town of Del Rio and ten or twelve miles from the northeast side of the Rio Grande. They crossed the river on the 5th and on the 6th entered the Presidio, about five miles from it. Slowly moving up on the west side, by a somewhat circuitous route and crossing a little river called by Dr. Beales "Rio Escondido," the same sometimes called Rio Chico, or Little River, which enters the Rio Grande a few miles below Eagle Pass, they recrossed to the east side of the Rio Grande on the 12th and were again on the colony lands. Here they fell in with five Shawnee Indian trappers, two of whom spoke English and were not only very friendly, but be-

came of service for some time in killing game. Other Shawnee trappers frequently visited them. Here Beales left a portion of the freight, guarded by Addicks and two Mexicans, and on the 14th traveled up the country about fifteen miles to a creek called "El San-cillo," or "El Sanz." On the 16th of March, a few miles above the latter stream, they arrived at the site of the proposed village of Dolores, on the Las Moras creek, as before stated said to be ten or twelve miles from the Rio Grande. The name "Dolores" was doubtless bestowed by Doctor Beales in honor of his absent wife.

Preparations were at once undertaken to form tents, huts and cabins by cleaning out a thicket and building a brush wall around it as a fortification against the wild Indians who then, as for generations before and for fifty years afterwards, were a terror to the Mexican frontier. On the 30th, Dr. Beales was unexpectedly compelled to go to Matamoras, three or four hundred miles, to cash his drafts, having failed to do so in Monclova. It was a grave disappointment, as money was essential to meet the wants of the people. Beyond this date his notes are inaccessible and subsequent events are gleaned dimly from other sources. It must suffice to say that without irrigation the colonists, in the remainder of 1834 and all of 1835, failed to raise crops and, though guarded part of the time by a company of Mexicans employed for that purpose, were ever uneasy lest they should be attacked by the savages. As time passed dissatisfaction arose and the colonists in small parties left the settlement, at one time four families leaving, all probably to the Mexican towns of Monclova, Santa Rosa and San Fernando, but of their ultimate fate no information is at hand. From Mrs. Horn's narrative it is learned that after many had left and some time in the winter of 1835-6, a new settlement of seven men and a boy (their nationality not given), some thirty or forty miles distant, while two of the men were absent for a few hours, was attacked. Four of the men and the boy were killed, the fifth man left for dead, and all of them scalped. The wounded man, much mutilated, was

conveyed to San Fernando, about twenty miles distant, one arm amputated, and, scalpless, he recovered, only to exist as an object of pity and charity.

This last calamity determined all the remainder, excepting Mr. Power and seven others, to abandon the country and return to the gulf and their native lands. Power and party went to San Fernando, in vain to await the arrival of other immigrants. What became of them is not known.

This brings us to the sad story of the murder of the twelve colonists and the captivity of Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Horn and two children. Mrs. Horn has been several times mentioned in this narrative and before proceeding with it, her history previous to leaving New York, on the Amos Wright, November 11, 1833, may be briefly stated from her own notes. The youngest of ten children of a Mr. Newton she was born in 1809 in Huntingdon, sixty miles north of London, her parents being respectable and sincerely pious people. When three years old she was left fatherless. Her mother successfully fulfilled her double mission and trained all her children in the strictest principles of virtue and religion. At the age of 18 this baby daughter, on the 14th of October, 1827, in St. James Church, Clerkenwell, London, married Mr. John Horn, who proved to be all, as husband and father, that her heart desired. They settled in Arlington, No. 2 Moon Street, Giles Square, London. Her mother resided with her till her death late in 1830. Mr. Horn was well established in mercantile business in a small establishment. Soon after this many English people of small means were migrating to America to improve their condition. Mr. Horn was seized with the same desire and, after due deliberation, they sailed from London July 30, 1833, in the ship Samuel Robinson, and arrived in New York on the 27th of August. They took lodgings at 287 Madison Street, and Mr. Horn procured a satisfactory clerkship with Mr. John McKibben. About this time Dr. Beales, from Mexico, was in New York preparing for the colonization trip to the Rio Grande, already described. Omitting many strange incidents and forebodings of evil—presentiments, as generally ex-

pressed on the part of Mrs. Horn, they sailed on the voyage as has been narrated, November 11, 1833.

On the 10th of March, 1836, the disconsolate party which we are now to follow, left Dolores with the intention of reaching the coast by way of San Patricio, on the lower Nueces. It consisted of eleven men, including Mr. Horn, his wife and two little sons, John and Joseph, and Mr. Harris, his wife and baby girl about three months old, probably the only child born at Dolores—in all fifteen souls. To the Nueces, by slow marches, they traveled without a road. Santa Anna's invading hosts had but recently passed from the Rio Grande on the Laredo and Matamoras routes to San Antonio and Goliad. The Alamo had fallen four days before this journey began, and Fannin surrendered near Goliad nine days after their departure, but these ill-fated colonists knew of neither event. They only knew that the Mexicans were invading Texas under the banner of extermination to the Americans, and they dreaded falling into their hands almost as much as they dreaded the wild savages. They remained on the Nueces, near a road supposed to lead to San Patricio, several days, protected by thickets, and while there saw the trains and heard the guns of detachments of Mexican soldiers, doubtless guarding supply trains following Santa Anna to San Antonio.

They resumed their march from the Nueces, on the San Patricio trail, on the 2nd of April. Early in the afternoon of the 4th they encamped at a large lake; containing fine fish. Not long afterwards, while the men were occupied in various ways and none on guard, they were suddenly attacked by fifty or sixty mounted Indians, who, meeting no resistance, instantly murdered nine of the men, seized the two ladies and three children, plundered the wagons and then proceeded to their main camp, the entire party being about 400, in an extensive chaparral, two or three miles distant. Here they remained till next morning, tying the ladies' hands, feet and arms so tight as to be extremely painful. Next morning, before starting, a savage brute amused his fellows by tossing the infant of Mrs. Harris in the

air and letting it fall to the ground until it was killed. Next they brought into the presence of the ladies, Mr. Harris and a young German, whom they had supposed to be dead, but who were only wounded. Compelling the heart-broken wife, and the already widowed Mrs. Horn to look on, they shot arrows and plunged lances into the two men until they were dead, all the while yelling horrid shouts of exultation. The mind directing the pen recording this atrocious exercise of savage demonism, as it has recorded and has yet to record innumerable others, involuntarily turns with inexpressible disgust to the sickening twaddle of that school of self-righteous American humanitarians, who utter eloquent nonsense about the noble savage and moral suasion, and dainty food at public expense, as the only things needful to render him a lamb-like Christian.

For some time before her capture Mrs. Harris had been suffering greatly from a rising in her breast, from which her infant was denied nourishment, and it had been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Horn. Though the little innocent was now dead the mother, in addition to brutal treatment otherwise, suffered excruciatingly in her breast, the heartless wretches for days not allowing Mrs. Horn to dress it. But finally she was permitted to do so and had the sagacity to dress and cover it with a poultice of cactus leaves, than which few things are better. Its effect was excellent. Both ladies almost, and the little boys entirely, denuded of clothing, their bodies blistered and the skin peeled off, causing intense suffering.

From the scene of slaughter the savages traversed the country between the lower Nueces and the lower Rio Grande, killing all who came within their power.

They came upon the body of a man apparently dead for about a month, which, from Mrs. Horn's statement, I have no doubt was that of Dr. James Grant, the Scotchman, previously mentioned as associated with Dr. Beales, who was killed by Mexican cavalry near the Agua Dulce creek, 20 or 30 miles beyond the Nueces, March 2, 1836, some distance from the spot where his men were slain, he and Col. Reuben R. Brown having been chased four or five miles

from their party, Grant killed and Brown captured; to be imprisoned in Matamoras till the following December, when he and Samuel W. McKneely, who was captured in San Patricio by the same party, escaped and made their way into the settlements of Texas—Brown ever since living at the mouth of the Brazos and commanding a Confederate regiment in the civil war, and McKneely deceased in 1889 at Texarkana, Texas. They also passed the bodies of those killed at the original point of attack, the Indians saying they were "Tivos," or Americans. This event, together with the night surprise at San Patricio, the killing of some, the capture of others and the escape of Col. Frank W. Johnson, Daniel J. Toler, John H. Love and James M. Miller, was the disastrous termination of what is known in Texan history as the Johnson and Grant expedition, part of a wild and disorganizing series of measures set on foot or countenanced and encouraged by the faction-ridden council of the provisional government of Texas, against the wise and inflexible opposition of Governor Henry Smith and Gen. Sam Houston, and culminating in the surrender and subsequent slaughter of Fannin and nearly four hundred noble and chivalrous men.

During this raid in that section the Indians caught and killed a very genteel well dressed Mexican, then surrounded and entered his house, killing his young wife and two little children, and then rushed upon a neighboring house, killing two men near it and one inside. At another time along a road they waylaid and murdered a handsomely dressed Mexican and his servant. At another a portion of them rushed across a creek when, through the timber, Mrs. Horn saw them advancing upon a man, who exclaimed, "Stand back! Stand back!" but seemed to have no arms. Numerous guns fired, all apparently by the Indians, when all of the party, four or five in number, lay dead upon the ground. So far as Mrs. Horn could determine all were Americans. This occurrence and the surrounding facts, considering the locality and the fact that no party of Americans could have been there from choice, can only be explained on the hypothesis that these men had escaped

from prison in Matamoras, and, without arms, were endeavoring to return to Texas. If so, their fate was never known in Texas, for only through these two captive ladies could it have been made known and this they had no opportunity of doing excepting after their recovery and through the narrative from which these facts are collected. Neither was ever afterwards in the settled parts of Texas, and indeed never were before, excepting on the trip from Copano, via Goliad and San Antonio to the Rio Grande.

On another occasion, after traveling for a short distance on a large road, evidently leading to Matamoras, they arrived near a rancho, near a lake of water. The main body halted and a part advanced upon the house which, though near, could not be seen by the captive ladies, but they heard the fight going on, firing and defiant shouts, for a considerable time, when the Indians returned, bearing two of their comrades severely wounded, and showing that they had been defeated and feared pursuit. They left the road and traveled rapidly all night, and then made no fire. On the following day they moved in haste as if apprehensive of attack. They made no halt till night, and then for the first time in two days, allowed the prisoners water and a small quantity of meat. After two hours travel the next morning, to the amazement of the captives, they arrived at the spot where their husbands and friends had been murdered and where their naked bodies still lay, untouched since they left them, and only blackened in appearance. The little boys, John and Joseph, at once recognized their father, and poured forth such wails as to soften any but a brutal, savage heart. They soon passed on to the spot where lay the bodies of Mr. Harris and the young German, who, Mrs. Horn says, fell upon his face and knees and was still in that position, being the only one not stripped of his clothing.

Starting next morning by a different route from that first pursued, they traveled rapidly for three days and reached the spot near where they had killed the little Mexican and his family and had secreted the plunder from his house and the other victims of their bar-

barity. This, Mrs. Horn thought, was on the 18th day of April, 1836, being the fifteenth day of their captivity. This being but three days before the battle of San Jacinto, when the entire American population of Texas was on, or east of the Trinity, abundantly accounts for the fact that these bloody tragedies never became known in Texas; though, as will be shown further on, they accidentally came to my knowledge in the year 1839, while in Missouri.

Gathering and packing their secreted spoils, the savages separated into three parties of about equal numbers and traveled with all possible speed till the middle of June, about two months. Much of the way was over rough stony ground, provisions scarce, long intervals, without water, the sun on the bare heads and naked bodies of the captives very hot, and their sufferings were great. The ladies were in two different parties.

The narrative of Mrs. Horn, during her entire captivity, abounds in recitals of cruelties towards herself, her children and Mrs. Harris, involving hunger, thirst, menial labor, stripes, etc., though gradually lessened as time passed. To follow them in detail would become monotonous repetition. As a rather extreme illustration the following facts transpired on this long march of about two months from the extreme Southwest Texas (it is supposed) the headwaters of the Arkansas.

Much of the route, as-before stated, was over rough and stony ground, "cut up by steep and nearly impassable ravines, with deep and dangerous fords." This is Mrs. Harris' language and aptly applies to the headwaters of the Nueces, Guadalupe, the Conchos and the sources of the Colorado, Brazos and Red rivers, through which they necessarily passed.) At one of these deep fords little Joseph Horn slipped from his mule while ascending the bank and fell back into the water. When he had nearly extricated himself, a burly savage, enraged at the accident, pierced him in the face with a lance with such force as to throw him into deep and rapid water and inflict a severe wound just below the eye. Not one of the demons offered remonstrance or assistance, but all seemed to exult in the brutal scene. The little sufferer,

however, caught a projecting bush and succeeded in reaching the bank, bleeding like a slaughtered animal. The distracted mother upbraided the wretch for his conduct, in return for which he made the child travel on foot and drive a mule the remainder of the day.

When they halted for the night he called Mrs. Horn to him. With a knife in one hand and a whip in the other, he gave her an unmerciful threshing, but in this as in all of her afflictions, she says: "I have cast myself at His feet whom I have ever been taught to trust and adore, and it is to Him I owe it that I was sustained in the fiery trials. When the savage monster had done whipping me, he took his knife and literally sawed the hair from my head. It was quite long and when he completed the operation, he tied it to his own as an ornament, and, I suppose, wears it yet. At this time we had tasted no food for two days, and in hearing the moans of my starving children, bound as on every night with cords, I laid down, and mothers may judge, if they can, the measure of my repose. The next day a wild horse was killed and we were allowed to partake of the flesh."

The next day, says the captive lady, they came to a deep, rapid stream. The mules had to swim and the banks were so steep that the riders had to dismount at the edge of the water to enable them to ascend. They then soon came to the base of a mountain which it was difficult to ascend. Arriving at the summit they halted, when a few of the Indians returned to the stream with the two little boys and enjoyed the barbaric sport of throwing the little creatures in till life would almost be extinct. Reviving them, they would repeat the torture and this was done time and again. Finally they rejoined the party on the mountain, the children being unable to stand, partially unconscious and presenting a pitiable spectacle. Their bodies were distended from engorgement with water and Joseph's wounded face was terribly swollen. Water came from their stomachs in gurgles. Let Eastern humanitarians bear in mind that this was in the spring of 1836, before the Comanches had any just pretense for hostility towards the people of Texas (however much they

may have had in regard to the Mexicans), and that this narrative comes not from a Texan, but from a refined English lady, deeply imbued with that spirit of religion whose great pillars are "faith, hope and charity." My soul sickens in retrospective contemplation of that (to the uninformed) somewhat plausible gush of philanthropy, which indulges in the pharisaical "I am holier than thou" hypocrisy at home, but soars abroad to lift up the most inferior and barbaric races of men!—a fanaticism which is ever blind to natural truth and common sense on such subjects—ever the fomentor of strife rather than fraternity among its own people—and which is never enjoying the maximum of selfrighteousness unless intermeddling with the affairs and convictions of other people.

Referring to the stream and mountain just described, and the probable time, in the absence of dates, together with a knowledge of the topography of the country, and an evidently dry period, as no mention is made in this part of the narrative of rain or mud, it is quite certain that the stream was the Big Wichita (the Ouichita of the French.) The description, in view of all the facts, admirably applies to it and to none other.

On the night of this day, after traveling through the afternoon, for the first time Mrs. Horn was allowed the use of her arms, though still bound around the ankles. After this little unusual happened on the journey till the three parties united again. Mrs. Harris, when they met, seemed barely to exist. The meeting of the captive ladies was a mournful renewal of their sorrows. Mrs. Harris' breasts, though improved, were not well and her general health was bad from which, with the want of food and water, she had suffered much. The whole band of four hundred then traveled together several days, till one day Mrs. Horn, being in front and her children in the rear, she discovered that those behind her were diverging in separate parties. She never again saw her little sons together, though, as will be seen, she saw them separately. They soon afterwards reached the lodges of the band she was with, and three days later she was taken to the lodge of the

Indian who claimed her. There were three branches of the family, in separate tents. In one was an old woman and her two daughters, one being a widow; in another was the son of the old woman and his wife and five sons, to whom Mrs. Horn belonged; and in the third was a son-in-law of the old woman. The mistress of Mrs. Horn was the personification of savagery, and abused her captive often with blows and stones, till in desperation Mrs. Horn asserted her rights by counter-blows and stones and this rendered the cowardly brute less tyrannical. She was employed constantly by day in dressing buffalo robes and deer skins and converting them into garments and mocassins. She was thrown much with the old woman who constituted a remarkable exception to the general brutality of the tribe. In the language of the captive lady: "She contributed generally by her acts of kindness and soothing manners to reconcile me to my fate. But she had a daughter who was the very reverse of all that was amiable and seemed never at ease unless engaged in some way in indulging her ill humor towards me. But, as if by heaven's interposition, it was not long till I so won the old woman's confidence that in all matters of controversy between her daughter and myself, she adopted my statement and decided in my favor."

Omitting Mrs. Horn's mental tortures on account of her children, she avers that the sufferings of Mrs. Harris were much greater than her own. That lady could not brook the idea of menial service to such demons and fared badly. They were often near together and were allowed occasionally to meet and mingle their tears of anguish. Mrs. Harris, generally, was starved to such a degree that she availed herself of every opportunity to get a mite of meat, however small, through Mrs. Horn.

In about two months two little Mexican boy prisoners told her a little white boy had arrived nearby with his captors and told them his mother was a prisoner somewhere in the country. By permission she went to see him and found her little Joseph, who, painted and his head shaven excepting a tuft on the crown, recognized her at a distance and ran to

her overflowing with cries and tears of joy. She was allowed to remain with him only half an hour. I draw the veil over the heart-rending scene of their separation.

It was four months before she heard of John, her elder son, and then she saw him passing with a party but was not allowed to go to him. But some time later, when the different bands congregated for buffalo hunting, she was allowed to see him. Time passed and dates cannot be given, but Mrs. Horn records that "some of Capt. Coffee's men came to trade with the Indians and found me." They were Americans and made every effort to buy her, but in vain. On leaving they said they would report to Capt. Coffee and if any one could assist these captives he could and would. Soon afterwards he came in person and offered the Indians any amount in goods and money; but without avail. Mrs. Horn says: "He expressed the deepest concern at his disappointment and wept over me as he gave me clothing and divided his scanty supply of flour with me and my children, which he took the pains to carry to them himself. It is, if possible, with a deeper interest that I record this tribute of gratitude to Capt. Coffee because, since my strange deliverance, I have been pained to learn that he has been charged with supineness and indifference on the subject; but I can assure the reader that nothing more can be unjust. Mrs. Harris was equally the object of his solicitude. The meeting of this friend in the deep recesses of savage wilds was indeed like water to a thirsty soul; and the parting under such gloomy forebodings opened anew the fountain of grief in my heart. It was to me as the icy seal of death fixed upon the only glimmering ray of hope, and my heart seemed to die within me, as the form of him whom I had fondly anticipated as my delivering angel, disappeared in the distance."

(The noble-hearted gentlemen thus embalmed in the pure heart of that daughter of sorrow, was Holland Coffee, the founder of Coffee's Trading House on Red river, a few miles above Denison. He was a member of the Texian Congress in 1838, a valuable and cour-

ageous man on the frontier and, to the regret of the country, was killed a few years later in a difficulty, the particulars of which are not at this time remembered. Col. Coffee, formerly of Southwest Missouri, but for many years of Georgetown, Texas, is a brother of the deceased.)

Soon after this there was so great a scarcity of meat that some of the Indians nearly starved. Little John managed to send his mother small portions of his allowance and when, not a great while later, she saw him for the last time, he was rejoiced to learn she had received them. He had been sick and had a sore throat, but she was only allowed a short interview with him. Soon after this little Joseph's party camped near her and she was permitted to spend a day with him. He had a new owner and said he was then treated kindly. His mistress, who was a young Mexican, had been captured with her brother and remained with them, while her brother by some means had been restored to his people. He was one of the hired guard at the unfortunate settlement of Dolores, where Joseph knew him and learned the story of his captivity and that his sister was still with the savages. By accident this woman learned these facts from Joseph, who to convince her, showed how her brother walked, he being lame: This co-incidence established a bond of union between the two, greatly to Joseph's advantage. As the shades of evening approached the little fellow piteously clung to his mother, who, for the last time, folded him in her arms and commended his soul to that beneficent God in whose goodness and mercy she implicitly trusted.

Some time in June, 1837, a little over fourteen months after their capture, a party of Mexican traders visited the camp and bought Mrs. Harris. In this work of mercy they were the employees of that large-hearted Santa Fe trader, who had previously ransomed and restored Mrs. Rachel Plummer to her people, Mr. William Donoho, of whom more will hereafter be said. They tried in vain to buy Mrs. Horn. Although near each other she was not allowed to see Mrs. Harris before her departure, but rejoiced at her liberation. They had

often mingled their tears together and had been mutual comforters.

Of this separation Mrs. Horn wrote: "Now left a lonely exile in the bonds of savage slavery, haunted by night and by day with the image of my murdered husband, and tortured continually by an undying solicitude for my dear little ones, my life was little else than unmitigated misery, and the God of Heaven only knows why and how it is that I am still alive."

After the departure of Mrs. Harris the Indians traveled to and fro almost continually for about three months, without any remarkable occurrence. At the end of this time they were within two days' travel of San Miguel, a village on the Pecos, in eastern New Mexico. Here an Indian girl told Mrs. Horn that she was to be sold to people who lived in houses. She did not believe it and cared but little, indeed dreaded thereby that she might never see her children, but hope suggested that as a prisoner she might never again see them, while her redemption might be followed by theirs. A great many Indians had here congregated. Her old woman friend, in reply to her questions, told her she was to be sold, wept bitterly and applied to her neck and arms a peculiar red paint, symbolic of undying friendship. They started early next morning and traveled till dark, encamping near a pond. They started before day the next morning and soon reached a river, necessarily the Pecos or ancient Puerco, which they forded, and soon arrived at a small town on the margin, where they encamped for the remainder of the day. The inhabitants visited the camp from curiosity, among them a man who spoke broken English, who asked if Mrs. Horn was for sale and was answered affirmatively by her owner. He then gave her to understand that if he bought her he expected her to remain with him, to which, with the feelings of a pure woman, she promptly replied that she did not wish to exchange her miserable condition for a worse one. He offered two horses for her, however, but they were declined. Finding that he could not buy her, he told her that in San Miguel there was a rich American merchant, named Benjamin Hill, who would probably buy her.

Her mistress seemed anxious that she should fall into American hands, and she was herself of course intensely anxious to do so.

They reached San Miguel on the next day and encamped there. She soon conveyed through an old woman in the place, a message to Mr. Hill. He promptly appeared and asked her if she knew Mrs. Harris, and if she had two children among the Indians. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "You are the woman I have heard of," and added, "I suppose you would be happy to get away from these people." "I answered in the affirmative, when he bid the wretched captive 'Good morning,' and deliberately walked off without uttering another word, and my throbbing bosom swelled with unutterable anguish as he disappeared."

For two days longer she remained in excruciating suspense as to her fate. Mr. Hill neither visited nor sent her anything, while the Mexicans were very kind (it should be remembered that, while at Dolores, she and her two little boys had learned to speak Spanish and this was to her advantage now, as it had been among her captors, more or less of whom spoke that language.)

On the morning of the third day the Indians began preparations for leaving, and when three-fourths of the animals were packed and some had left, a good hearted Mexican appeared and offered to buy Mrs. Horn, but was told it was too late. The applicant insisted, exhibited four beautiful bridles and invited the Indian owning her to go with her to his house near by. He consented. In passing Hill's store on the way, her mistress, knowing she preferred passing into American hands, persuaded her to enter it. Mr. Hill offered a worthless old horse for her, and then refused to give some red and blue cloth, which the Indians fancied, for her. They then went to the Mexican's house and he gave for her two fine horses, the four fine bridles, two fine blankets, two looking glasses, two knives, some tobacco, powder and balls, articles then of very great cost. She says: "I subsequently learned that for my ransom I was indebted to the benevolent heart of an American gentleman, a trader, then absent, who

had authorized this Mexican to purchase us at any cost, and had made himself responsible for same. Had I the name of my benefactor I would gratefully record it in letters of gold and preserve it as a precious memento of his truly Christian philanthropy."

It was shown in the sequel that the noble heart to which the ransomed captive paid homage, pulsated in the manly breast of Mr. William Donoho, then of Santa Fe, but a Missourian, and afterwards of Clarksville, Texas, where his only surviving child, Mr. James B. Donoho, yet resides (1894). His widow died there in 1880, preceded by him in 1845.

The redemption of this daughter of multiplied sorrows occurred, as stated, at San Miguel, New Mexico, on the 19th of September, 1837, one year, five months and fifteen days after her capture on the 4th of April, 1836, on the Nueces river.

On the 21st, much to her surprise, Mr. Hill sent a servant requesting her to remove to his house. This she refused. The servant came a second time saying, in the name of his master, that if she did not go he would compel her to do so. A trial was had and she was awarded to Hill. She remained in his service as a servant, fed on mush and milk and denied a seat at the luxurious table of himself and mistress till the 2nd of November. A generous hearted gentleman named Smith, residing sixty miles distant at the mines, hearing of her situation, sent the necessary means and escort to have her taken to his place for temporary protection. She left on the 2nd and arrived at Mr. Smith's on the 4th. The grateful heart thus notes the change: "The contrast between this and the house I left exhibited the difference between a servant and a guest, between the cold heart that would coin the tears of helpless misery into gold to swell a miser's store, and the generous bestowal of heavenly friendship which, in its zeal to relieve the woes of suffering humanity, gives sacred attestation that it springs from the bosom of 'Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we, through His poverty, might become rich.'"

Her stay in the home of Mr. Smith was

a daily repetition of kindnesses, and she enjoyed all that was possible in view of the ever-present grief over her slaughtered husband and captive children.

In February, 1838, she received a sympathetic letter from Texas, accompanied with presents of clothing, from Messrs. Workman and Rowland, Missourians, so long honorably known as Santa Fe traders and merchants, whose families were then residing in Taos. They advised her to defer leaving for Independence till they could make another effort to recover her children and invited her to repair, as their guest, to Taos, to await events, provided the means for her doing so, placing her under the protection of Mr. Kinkindall (probably Kuykendall but I follow her spelling of the name.)

"But," she records, "friends were multiplying around me, who seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to meet my wants. Other means presented themselves, and I was favored with the company of a lady and Dr. Waldo."

She left Mr. Smith and the mines on the 4th of March, 1838, and after traveling in snow and over rocks and mountains part of the way, arrived at Taos on the 10th. From that time until the 22nd of August her time was about equally divided between the families of Messrs. Workman and Rowland, who bestowed upon her every kindness.

She now learned that these gentlemen had formerly sent out a company to recover herself and Mrs. Harris, who had fallen in with a different tribe of Indians and lost several of their number in a fight. Her friend, Mr. Smith, had performed a similar service and when far out his guide faltered, causing such suffering as to cause several deaths from hunger, while some survived by drinking the blood of their mules. While Mrs. Horn remained with them these gentlemen endeavored through two trading parties to recover her children, but failed. A report came in that little John had frozen to death, holding horses at night; but it was not believed by many. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Plummer reached Missouri under the protection of Mrs. Donoho. On the 2nd of August, all efforts to recover her children having failed, leaving only the hope that

others might succeed, Mrs. Horn left in the train and under the protection of Messrs. Workman and Rowland. She was the only lady in the party. Nothing unusual transpired on the journey of 700 or 800 miles, and on the last day of September, 1838, they arrived at Independence, Missouri. On the 6th of October, she reached the hospital home of Mr. David Workman at New Franklin.

This closes the narrative as written by Mrs. Horn soon after she reached Missouri and before she met Mr. Donoho. Her facts have been faithfully followed, omitting the repetition of her sufferings and correcting her dates in two cases where her memory was at fault. She sailed from New York on the 11th of November, 1833, a year earlier than stated by her, hence arrived at Dolores a year earlier, and consequently remained there two years instead of one, for it is absolutely certain that she arrived there in March, 1834, and left there in March, 1836. I have been able also, from her notes, to approximate localities and routes mentioned by her, from long acquaintance with much of the country over which she traveled.

Mr. Donoho, in company with his wife—a lady of precious memory in Clarks-ville, Texas, from the close of 1839 till her death in 1880—conveyed Mrs. Plummer, one of the captives taken at Parker's Fort, May 19, 1836, and Mrs. Harris from Santa Fe to Missouri in the autumn of 1837. He escorted Mrs. Plummer to her people in Texas, left his wife and Mrs. Harris with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lucy Dodson, in Pulaski county, Missouri, and then hastened back to Santa Fe to look after his property and business, for he had hurried away because of a sudden outbreak of hostilities between the New Mexicans and Indians formerly friendly, and this is the reason he was not present to take personal charge of Mrs. Horn on her recovery at San Miguel. When he reached Santa Fe Mrs. Horn had left Taos for Independence. Closing his business in Santa Fe he left the place permanently and rejoined his family at Mrs. Dodson's. Mrs. Horn then for the first time met him and remained several months with his family. Prior to this her narrative had been written, and she still saw little of

him, he being much absent on business. Mrs. Harris had relatives in Texas but shrunk from the idea of going there; and hearing of other kindred near Boonville, Missouri, joined them and soon died from the exposures and abuse undergone while a prisoner. Mrs. Horn soon died from the same causes, while on a visit, though her home was with Mrs. Dodson. Both ladies were covered with barbaric scars—their vital organs were impaired, and they fell the victims of the accursed cruelty known only to savage brutes.

In verification of the facts not stated by Mrs. Horn, because when writing they were unknown to her, I have the statements of Dr. William Dodson and Mrs. Lucy Estes of Camden County, Missouri, brother and sister of Mrs. Donoho, who were with all the parties for nearly a year after they reached Missouri.

A copy of Mrs. Horn's memoir came into my possession in 1839, when it had just been issued and so remained till accidentally lost many years later, believed to have been the only copy ever in Texas. The events described by her were never otherwise known in Texas and have never before been published in the State. This is not strange. Beales Colony was neither in Texas at that date, nor in any way connected with the American colonies or settlements in Texas. It was in Coahuila, though now in the limits of Texas. When its short life terminated in dispersion and the butchery of the retreating party on the Nueces, the Mexican army covered every roadway leading to the inhabited part of Texas, before whom the entire population had fled east. None were left to recount the closing tragedy except the two unfortunate and (as attested by all who subsequently knew them) refined Christian ladies whose travails and sorrows have been chronicled, both of whom, as shown died soon after liberation, and neither of whom ever after saw Texas.

The novelty of this history, unknown to the people of Texas at the time of its occurrence, has moved me to extra diligence in search of the truth and the whole truth of its elucidation. As a delicate and patriotic duty it has been faithfully performed in justice to the

memory of the strangely united daughters of England and America, and of those lion-hearted yet noble-breasted American gentlemen, Messrs. Donoho, Workman, Rowland and Smith, by no means omitting Mrs. Donoho, Mrs. Dodson and children, nor yet the poor old Comanche woman—a pearl among swine—who looked in pity upon the stricken widow, mother and captive.

Lamenting my inability to state the

fate of little John and Joseph, and trusting that those to come after us may realize the cost in blood through which Texas was won to civilization, to enlightened freedom and to a knowledge of that religion by which it is taught that "Charity suffereth long and is kind—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, doeth all things, and endureth all things," I do not regret the labor it has cost me to collect the materials for this sketch.

Comrade's Appeal Awakens Memories

From Kerrville (Texas) Mountain Sun, November 25, 1926

Ghosts of the Old West long since re-treated before the march of progress, memories of Indian raids and long patrols along uninhabited outposts lived again in Kerrville this week when Thomas J. Frayne, ranking surviving officer of Company F, Frontier Battalion Texas Rangers, received an appeal from G. F. Steinbeck of San Diego, Calif., for aid in securing a pension under provisions of an Act passed by the Texas Legislature on March 4, 1917.

Frayne, now in his 81st year, was first sergeant of Company F, when the organization was sent out into the Hill Country to guard the pioneer families against Comanche atrocities. Capt. Neal Coldwell, commander of the company, was one of the outstanding figures of the era when this section of Texas was carved out of a rugged wilderness with black powder and lead, passed away at his home, "Fairlands," near Center Point, last year and an eventful life was brought to a close.

Few of the men whose names are on the musty roster of Company F are known to be living today. Steinbeck's name is on the roster; but in order to benefit by the Ranger Pension Act, it is necessary for him to be remembered by two of his old comrades. For the past 35 years he has lived in San Diego and has lost all trace of the men with whom he served under the late Captain Coldwell.

Sergeant Frayne does not recall Steinbeck as a member of Company F and he has asked The Sun to assist in reaching

other members of the company in the hope that they will remember some incident that may serve in establishing the identity of the aged San Diego man as an old Texas Ranger.

Steinbeck has written that he joined Captain Coldwell's troop on April 7, 1876, and was transferred to Captain Long's Company A in July of that year. He recalls having made a trip from San Antonio to Austin as a member of an escort of 10 members of Company F to guard the transportation of tax funds from Bexar County to the State Capital. This incident, he believes, was shortly after he joined the company, and he also mentions a man by the name of Corn, of whom he has vague recollection. Much of the time he was in Company F, it was stationed somewhere on the Pedernales River.

The muster roll of Company F, in 1876, as shown by records was as follows: Neal Coldwell lieutenant (later captain); T. J. Frayne, 1st sergeant; W. H. Witt, 2nd sergeant; R. Jones, 3rd Sergeant; J. H. Rhodes, 1st corporal; Chas. Elston, 2nd corporal; R. B. Moore, 3rd corporal; Privates, J. Beakley, S. C. Bowman, W. Clifton, W. G. Coston, J. B. Dollahite, M. Fanning, E. Faulkner, J. Gibbens, A. B. Glisson, S. Guajardo, G. Johnson, T. Lane, W. Layton, G. T. McCann, A. Merrit, M. F. Moore, Frank Moore, Frank Morgan, J. H. North, J. C. Nowlin, T. Patton, George Patton, B. F. Peterson, G. W. Saunders, G. F. Steinbeck, H. F. Wellborn.

James Gibbens, now a resident of San

Antonio, and one of the few surviving members of Company F, has informed Sergeant Frayne that he clearly remembers Steinbeck as one of his old comrades. Mr. Frayne requests any other of the old Rangers in the company to communicate with him at Kerrville.

Sergeant Frayne, who is spending his declining years as a merchant in this city has witnessed many stirring incidents in his long life. Born in County Kildare, Ireland, in 1845, he answered adventure's call as a youth, going to Argentina while still in his teens. There he went through a war in which Brazil, Paraguay Uruguay and Argentina were embroiled. He came unscratched through the horrors of a cholera epidemic, greater than those of the armed conflict. Leaving South America, he came to the U. S. rent asunder by the Civil War and after two or three years of moving about shipped from New Orleans to Indianola, then the chief seaport of Texas, finally landing in Kerr County in 1868. At that time, Capt. Chas. Schreiner's picket store and a few scattered houses made up what is now Kerrville.

After playing his role in the winning of the West, Sergeant Frayne established the little store on Water Street which he now conducts.

JAMES ALFRED CHEATHAM

(Brownwood Bulletin)

James Alfred Cheatham, 84, died at the family residence in the Clear Creek locality December 17, 1926, following an illness that lasted several weeks.

The funeral ceremonies took place at Clear Creek cemetery Wednesday evening, conducted by the pastor of the Christian church at Bangs, of which church he had for many years been a member. Following the religious feature of the funeral the Masonic fraternity took charge.

James Alfred Cheatham was born in Kentucky, August 18, 1842. He came to Texas when a young man and settled in Brown county, when Indians and buffalo were in evidence, one of the decisive Indian fights of the pioneer days taking place in the locality where the Cheatham home now stands.

Mr. Cheatham lived during a period that required men of heroic resolve and

determination, and during these times the record shows that he did his full part on all occasions when men were wanted to do things worth while. In temperament he was as gentle as a child, and yet when danger was near, it is said of him by those who knew him, that he knew no such thing as fear. In his humble way James Alfred Cheatham did what he could in the best way he knew how to help rescue the wilderness from the savage forces of nature and dedicate it to civilization. Men like him are few and scattering. Soon they will all be gone, and in their passing will be lost forever figures and factors in pioneer history that can never be replaced.

Deceased leaves a widow and 12 children, 8 sons and 4 daughters; Joe Cheatham, of Amarillo; Hop Cheatham of Brownwood; Jim Cheatham, Dan Cheatham, of Sherman; Roland Cheatham, of Abilene; Will Cheatham, of Panhandle; Sam Cheatham, Ivan Cheatham, of Abilene; Mrs. Hattie Bonsick, Mrs. Emily Mauldin, Mrs. Zola Gwathney of Brooksmith, and Miss Flora Cheatham of Abilene. Also one brother, Dick Cheatham of Whon, and one sister, Mrs. H. Hunter, of Cisco.

Deceased served with credit in the army of the Confederacy and was also a member of the original company of Texas Rangers.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Send in your order at once if you want one of these. We printed 250, and have already placed 150 of the number, so we have only 100 left. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Texas' Oldest Twins

Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Two rough hewed cabins set back in a wilderness of brush that fringed a muddy creek, stick in the memory of Mrs. Amanda Veale, 2932 Meadowbrook Drive who with a twin brother, was born 85 years ago in Rusk County. This was their first home.

W. R. Ables, together with his sister, Mrs. Veale, watched the state evolve from its wilderness period. Ables lives in Dublin, but both take delight in visiting each other to talk over the pioneer days.

They believe themselves to be the oldest pair of living twins in the State. And from the present state of health they expect to add many more years on what each jokingly terms, "borrowed time." In their span of 85 years they have seen hardships, wars, pleasures, and the world readjust itself a half dozen times. But each gets the same enjoyment out of just living and comparing.

Mrs. Veale declares the one big regret is that she did not reserve on paper the impression of that pioneer age when Texas was being exploited by the early settlers. "Just think about putting in writing the conversations we had about the airplane or the railway when both were being looked upon as mad men's fancies."

Harrison Ables, father of the twins came to Texas in 1836. He joined forces that fought for Texas' independence, fighting under Sam Houston and being a member of that detachment that captured Santa Anna. With a free State, Ables envisioned the future empire and established the Texas home in Hill county, on Jacks Branch, four miles from the present town of Hillsboro stands.

Ables died in 1860, just previous to the outbreak of the Civil War. But he had heard the rumblings of war clouds and warned his children of what was to come before he died.

Miles from any settlement, Mrs. Veale admitted that the howl of the wolf mingled with the savage war cry was often dreaded terror in their little clearing. "But as a general rule the Indians

were pretty friendly. They stole horses and cattle. But the Indians came from Oklahoma and struck mostly on the run."

Farm diversification was a necessity in those days and not a matter of dollars and cents, Mrs. Veale declared. "If we didn't raise a variety of food we went without it," she said "Brother and I helped to grind our own meal in a hand made mill that set in the front yard many a time. We just had to raise most of our groceries," she smiled.

Flour, coffee, and sugar, known as the three great luxuries of life, were obtainable by a long wagon trip to a small settlement near where Houston now stands. The goods were transported by wagon trains from New Orleans and distributed to Texans. "Those were real meatless and sugarless days," she declared.

Mrs. Veale looks with disgust or disillusion upon the modern age. "Young folks are living and having a good time and why shouldn't they? But they should remember the early pioneers who shouldered the work of opening the way to settlement of Texas. Most of them have passed on; brother and I are living on borrowed time."

Except for being slightly blind, Mrs. Veale appears in perfect health. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Casey, who keeps her in touch with present day events by reading the daily papers. Three months' education, with split logs for seats and dirt floors for a carpet, was not noticeable in a conversation which was both intelligent and graphic.

"And to see the people some of them looking like scared rabbits, when the first puffing train came steaming in," she smiled. "Oh, yes, it's different. But it's still old Texas to us and we love every foot of its ground."

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Restoration of Warren Lyons

*Written for Frontier Times by Capt. D. W. Roberts,
2714 Nueces St., Austin, Texas*

It was about 75 years ago when Mr. Lyons and family settled on the Navidad, Lavaca County.

At that time the entire State of Texas was a frontier and it took men and women of wonderful courage to brave the dangers and endure the hardships and privations to which they were subjected, and of such were the Lyons family, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and three sons.

The two older boys were away from home when their father was murdered by the Indians and the youngest boy, Warren, eleven years of age, was with his father at the cowpen when the Indians attacked them, killing the father and taking the boy prisoner. Mrs. Lyons was at the house and was not molested.

Eleven years later, my uncle, James B. Roberts, while locating the German Land Colony at Fredericksburg, visited the Comanche camp six miles west of where Mason is now, on Honey Creek and saw a white man there. He spoke to him and asked him if his name was Lyons. He replied in the affirmative, but said, "Don't talk to me here," but told him where to sleep and he would come to him in the night, which he did. My uncle then told him his mother was alive and living in the old home and told him the next time the Indians went on a trading expedition to San Antonio, which was allowed at that time, he would have some men there to take him home. Warren seemed very anxious to return after hearing his mother was alive and at the old home. He said he had had opportunities to escape from the Indians but he knew his mother was contemplating returning to her native home (Illinois) and supposed she had done so and if he returned he would find all of his folks gone.

The arrangement my uncle proposed was carried out. I was at Mrs. Lyons' when Warren came home and although I was a little boy, the reunion of mother and son made a lasting impression on my memory. Warren and his escorts enter-

ed the house, greeted Mrs. Lyons, who had no idea her boy was among the crowd. One of the party, who knew her, said, "Mrs. Lyons have you heard from Warren?" She replied, "No, and never expect to." When Warren heard her say that, he rushed to her, embracing her and calling her "Mother." After she recovered from the fright it was indeed a joyful meeting. It was Sunday and they were having services at the church. A couple of girls who were visiting Mrs. Lyons rushed to the church and publicly announced, "Warren has come home," which caused such an excitement that the minister had no time to dismiss church. The benediction had to be dispensed with and in an incredibly short time the congregation was at Mrs. Lyons' shaking hands with Warren and rejoicing over the return of the long lost boy. He had left them a little boy and in the eleven years had grown to manhood—a great change! But to Warren it was a greater change. He found his home had grown to a little village and bearing the name of Lyonsville. He had not forgotten the English language and was very talkative and told us so much about the customs of the Indians. His hair on one side of his head was cut very short. He said that was a sign of disgrace, that he had run while in a fight with Mexicans and that was his punishment.

After he had been home a few days he became so dissatisfied and had he not been watched would have run away and gone back to the wild life. He found it hard to adapt himself to the new conditions. Children soon forget, and it was in the last eleven years of his life that he had formed his strongest attachment. He loved the Indians, although he had seen them kill his father, and would take big cries to go back. But he gradually embraced the idea of civil government, married Miss Lucy Boatwright and became a good citizen, and later was in an Indian fight against the Comanche Indians under the command of Col. John S. Ford.

First Panhandle Stockmen's Association

O. H. Nelson, Romero, Texas, in Southwestern Plainsman, February 2, 1926



OUR well known Charles Goodnight brought the first herd of cattle and started the first cow ranch in the Panhandle in the fall of 1876, coming from Colorado. He was followed the next year by T. S. Bugbee, H. W. Cresswell, Reynolds Brothers and a few others from the same state, who located on the Canadian River. In 1878 and 1879 many more ranches were started, both large and small. While as a rule they were owned by high class, honest men, there were among both classes some of the other sort; and cattle stealing and rustling became frequent and ultimately unbearable.

During the fall and winter of 1878-79, Colonel Goodnight and a few other leading cowmen began suggesting the advisability of organizing in self protection, and in the spring of 1880 they called a meeting of the stockmen of the Panhandle in Mobeetie, then the capital of the Panhandle, and organized the Panhandle Stockmen's Association for the purpose of mutual benefit, co-operation and protection, especially for the small ranchmen. Any reputable man owning as many as one head of horses or cattle was eligible to membership. Charles Goodnight was chosen as president; Hank Cresswell, vice-president, and I think a man by the name of Rising, as secretary. The business management of the organization was delegated to an executive committee composed of the president and four members to be elected annually. In addition to Colonel Goodnight the members of this committee, to the best of my recollection, were H. W. Cresswell, T. S. Bugbee, Robert Moody and J. F. Evans. Unfortunately the records of the organization and of its subsequent proceedings have been lost. The membership grew rapidly, and from 1881 to 1886 it represented more cattle than any other similar organization in this or any other state, has been and still is, a great factor in the wonderful development of this great Panhandle of Texas.

It is impossible for me to recall the names of all of the several hundred

members at this late day, but the following were among them. Many of these men were really great men in any position in life. All were men of nerve and desirable citizens. Practically all were honest and loyal to their associates. It took such men to pioneer and lay the foundation for the almost bloodless settlement of the Panhandle. It is, I believe, conceded that the Panhandle has been settled and developed with fewer killings than any like territory in the United States. We owe this to the organization. In the northern part of the Panhandle were Tom S. Bugbee with Quarter Circle T. brand; R. L. (Dick) McNulty with the Turkey Track; W. E. Anderson with the Scissors brand; H. W. (Hank) Cresswell with the Bar C C; Robert Moody with the P. O.; Tom Connell and D. Eubanks with the D; Joe Morgan, Mose Hays, Huff and Mell Wright, Bee Hopkins, Frank Biggers, George Anderson, F. B. York, Judge Paulley, Tuttle & Chapman, a Mr. Burdick, J. V. Andrews, Alex Young, William Kelly, Dick Bumgreaser, Brennan & Hill, Mr. Ewing, (father of Judge Reece Ewing, now of Miami), Al Clay, Henry and Dick Barton, J. M. (Doc) Day, Tom Word, and many others whose brands I do not recall.

In the Mobeetie-Ft. Elliott country were; G. W. Arrington, Cape Willingham, Perry La Force, Colonel B. B. and Harry Groom, D. W. Van Horn, Henry Fleming, Harry McGahey, the Standard Cattle company, Mr. Allen, manager with 3 D brand; Smith, Reed & Evans, with S R E brand, Mr. Thurmond, manager. N. T. (Nick) Eaton, U U brand; Tobe Odom, T T brand; Mark Hussellby, Mr. Schick, Judge Dubbs, Frank Clampit, Frank Goodwin, Mr. Cantrill on White Deer; John M. Shelton, R. B. Masterson, John Powers, owner of the J Buckle brand; Mattox Brothers and Day of Y-Cross, both of the latter in Greer county, then a part of Texas; Bill Miller, Henry Fry, the Rev. Alexander, father of R. T. Alexander, the now well known breeder of Herefords, of Zyback, Hemphill county; John Tod,

anager for the Laurel Leaf brand, on the Canadian River, and many others I will recall.

Then in the Clarendon vicinity and in the Red River and south thereof were Adair & Goodnight of the JA and Lazy F brands; Gunter Q. Munson of the T Anchor; J. F. Evans of the Spade; Lowe Brothers of the R O; Morrison Brothers of the Doll Baby; Coleman & Meyer of the Shoe Bar, and Goodnight & Meyer of the Flying T brands. The latter firm was composed of Mrs. M. A. Goodnight and her brother, Walter Dyer who in 1883 sold to Bugbee & Nelson, a firm composed of Thomas S. Bugbee and O. H. Nelson; Finch, Lord & Nelson of the Bar 96 and Bar O H brands; J. H. Carhart of the Quarter Circle heart brand; Brown & McClelland of the Bar M, a firm composed of Judge G. L. Brown and T. S. McClelland; Sawyer, Leigh Dyer, Rev. W. A. Allen, Attorney L. & C. Co., H. H. Campbell, manager; Britain & Lomax of the Spur brand; Frank Houston on the McClelland Creek; Archie Williams, Col. Edwin E. Wilson representing Underwood and Clark of Kansas City, who sold several large ranches to English and Scotch capitalists, and for a few years handled some of them. J. M. Ceburn of the Hansford County L. & C. Co., of the Urkey Track brand; Glidden & Sanborn of the Frying Pan brand; Campbell & Austin of near Tascosa; J. P. Fisher, W. P. Herring and Pat Doyle of the Dominion Cattle company, owners of the Box T; Charlie Rath, Henry Hamberg, Conkle & Lytle, with Rocking Chair brand; Bill Koogle, Mr. Forrest, and many others whom I wish I could recall.

Colonel Goodnight was re-elected president in the spring of 1881, and in the spring of 1882 he declined to serve longer, feeling that he could serve the association better otherwise, and I was chosen as his successor, and was re-elected in 1883 and 1884. During all these years my executive committee was Earlie Goodnight, Hank Cresswell, Nick Eaton and Bob Moody. A quartet of great and forceful men, to these all questions of any magnitude were referred for adjustment, and during the years 1882, 1883 and 1884, our troubles were

many and grave. Rustlers both large and small were active in the spring of 1882. We employed several brand inspectors. I recall that we sent one each to Kansas City, St. Louis, Dodge City and Caldwell, Kansas. Probably others to other places. The number of cattle recovered that were being wrongfully shipped was simply astounding. At Caldwell and Hunniwell, Kansas, it was not uncommon to cut one-fourth of a herd as strays belonging to members of our association. The rows and troubles that our inspectors had in cutting and claiming these cattle, if told, would fill volumes and be both humorous and serious. I will mention only one incident. At St. Louis we had as inspector a Mr. Plummer, an elderly quiet gentleman, who on one occasion cut 25 per cent out of a sixteen-car shipment made from the Cherokee Strip by a large man of fine physique. Naturally the shipper made a strenuous kick; but Plummer held the cattle and the rightful owner got the proceeds of sales. The shipper on meeting Plummer later proceeded to beat him up, injuring him so seriously that he had to retire for some months, and we sent Tom Martindale, later county clerk of Donley county, to succeed him. Tom went there with instructions to go armed and to shoot to kill if attacked. We prosecuted the above mentioned shipper for theft in the Illinois court at East St. Louis, but could not convict him. He paid a small fine for assault, getting off easily, but the resulting publicity received by the association was of inestimable value.

The return of cattle, or the proceeds of sale, to the real owners the first year of market, range and shipping point inspections was enormous, but gradually grew less as dishonest shippers and handlers learned of the new difficulty to be met in getting away with strays because of inspectors.

During the winter of 1882-83, rustling became so prevalent that a strong minority of the association were in favor of organizing ourselves into a vigilance committee to deal summarily with the well known leading rustlers. We had succeeded in getting indictments against some of them time and again, but seldom could get better than a hung jury

they came to trial, although our nce was incontrovertible. This quite a strong sentiment favor-aking the law into our own hands hanging or shooting a few of them. ver, the majority of us were bitter-posed to this. One of our by-laws ded as cause for expulsion from the iation the employment of a known thief or rustler. One of our mem- had as ranch foreman one of the cow hands in the country, a good nan and a very likeable chap, but as also a shrewd rustler. Many of new this, but this employer would believe it possible that this foreman guilty and refused to discharge foreman. In August 1884 we held ecial executive session of the associa- in Mobeetie, not permitting anyone a member to be present, for the pur- of having this member show cause he should not be expelled. After deliberation we gave this gentle- 30 days to further consider the ter. He was perfectly willing to fire man when convinced of his guilt. t afternoon while we were in secret ion it became rumored that we were nizing the long talked about vigil- e committee.

Within less than 36 hours, 24 well wn rustlers had quit the country, er to return; among them the fore- above mentioned and another fore- of one of the largest ranches in the ntry. In addition to our brand in-ctors every member was a detective brand inspector, and we had paid etives on all the larger ranches and where. These all reported to me as rman of the executive committee I reported to the committee, so that kept a close line on what was going all over the country. As an associa- a we favored the settler or "nester" termed in those days. If he was a ight, honest, law and order man, we ended the hand of fellowship to him; otherwise in character we gave him "cold shoulder" and he soon left. extended the same protection to od citizen nestors that we did to stock- n, realizing that we needed them for velopment of the country. This is e principal reason why we had no ace cutting or other lawless or mob

acts. The association assessed its mem- bers to pay the sheriffs and county judges of Wheeler and Donley counties and the district attorney of the Pan- handle district a salary upon which they could live. The fees of office from these offices would not have supported a man a month out of the year. We did this to enable us to get good men. We got them too; the records show this.

Another of the accomplishments of the Panhandle Stockmen's Association was the maintenance of the Winchester quarantine against Texas fever. It had long been known that when our cattle in the Panhandle came in contact with southern Texas cattle, or a trail over which they had recently traveled, they gave the Panhandle cattle the so-called Texas fever. No one knew the cause of this and it was a great mystery in-asmuch as the cattle communicating the disease were absolutely healthy and those affected did not communicate the disease. However, we did know that the disease was fearfully fatal. The writer and partners lost in 1882-83-84 over \$200,000 worth of cattle with Texas fever and we were only one outfit out of many sufferers. So it became necessary that southern cattle be prevented from passing through the Panhandle. At that time there were no laws to prevent them from so doing. The southern cow men did not believe there was any such disease and honestly thought we were simply agitating the question in order to keep them from encoaching on our good ranges. In the early part of 1882 there was called a trail meeting of all parties interested at Dallas and a stormy meeting it was; but after three days conference, trails to the east and west of the Panhandle were agreed upon, one crossing Red River at Doan's Store, thence on to Dodge City, and another south and west. We built a large tank on the Running Water in Hale county, where herds crossing the Plains could get water without an excessive drive, plowed a furrow as a guide from the Caprock to the New Mexico line, all through an unoccupied country. A large majority of trail drivers confined their drives to these trails, but there were some who would not. These gave us much trouble and necessitated the es-

establishment of a patrol to the south of us to head off such herds as were going to try to pass through. We kept from four to six reliable, level-headed men, at all times well armed, on this patrol for several years at a cost of from \$150 to \$200 per month per man to turn back such trespassing herds. Their instructions were to use moral suasion first, bluff second, and if both failed to send for help from the nearest ranches to check them until an injunction could be secured and served on the Herd Boss, which usually took several days, but was always effective. This soon was termed "The Winchester Quarantine." A full history of it would fill a volume of mighty interesting reading.

At the spring meeting of 1885, Robert Moody was chosen president, W. L. R. Dickson elected secretary for the third time. In 1886 the association having accomplished the objects for which it was formed, concluded to discontinue the organization and consolidate with the Northern Texas Cattle Raisers Association, (now the Texas & Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association) realizing that in numbers there was strength as well as economy.

All of our meetings in the early days were held in Mobeetie, and although being 200 miles from a railroad they were attended by hundreds, the little town handling the crowds well, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. We held two day sessions, which were always well attended. Many, of course, had to camp out, as hotel accommodations were limited. I look back to those meetings as being among the most enjoyable occasions of my life.

I have failed to give the credit due the Texas rangers for the great help they rendered in those troublous days in preserving order, enforcing the laws and making this country a safe place in which to live. We were fortunate in having an unusually fine set of officers and men sent here. No country has ever produced braver or more competent men than Captains McMurray, G. W. Arrington and Bill McDonald. These commanded the rangers in the order named. The men under them were high class, as a rule, always ready for service. The services rendered by them

in the development of the Panhandle—and I am safe in saying the whole state of Texas—were beyond estimate. Thus we planned and prepared the way for all subsequent development of the country that you might live peacefully and prosperously in this the best part of this great state of Texas.

Encouragement from South America.

Frontier Times continues to receive words of encouragement from appreciative readers, the following coming from Dr. O. Eastland, on board Grace Line S. S. Santa Elisa, Valparaiso, Chile, South America:

"Dear Mr. Hunter:—It is my pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your very nice package of Texas historical pamphlets, all of which were of live interest to me and at intervals on the voyage down have used leisure moments to read with profit. I am glad to feel that your work of bringing out the details of Texas history is growing. But I do very much wish that you had greater publicity, for I am certain you would have the active support of thousands who are not now aware of the splendid campaign you are engaged in. Let me urge on you the importance of getting your excellent work under the public eye. I am fully assured that many every month are becoming aware of your good work, but it deserves more extended publicity. My subscription to Frontier Times expires in two or three months and I am much of the time so far away that I send now you a check to put it forward a year. I am including in the check a subscription for my nephew, John Orin Cutter, at Palestine, Texas, and also the amount of another subscription of a year for some old veteran or pioneer whom you may select."

BOOKS FOR SALE

Anderson, "From Plains to the Pulpit," cloth, \$1.50; Steele, "History Limestone County, 1833-1860," \$1.00; Strong, Capt. "Frontier Days and Indian Experiences," \$1.50; McConnell, "5 Years a Cavalryman," Jacksboro 1889, \$5.00. Postage extra. Exchange duplicates with us.

VON BLON BOOK STORE,
Waco, Texas.

The Chisholm Trail

By Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California

The Editor, Frontier Times,

I am herewith enclosing you the story of the oft-repeated Chisholm Trail, for publication in the Frontier Times, if you will so condescend. This, to clear up the many disputed points that seemingly, still cling to it. To Mr. George W. Saunders of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," for whom I have a high regard, and only the most kindly feelings, I particularly wish to dedicate it, D. F. McCARTHY.



THAT much misapprehension has always existed as to the origin of the Chisholm Trail, is a well known fact, a misconception that still holds and finds ready reception in many minds and occasional expression in magazine articles dealing with that subject—though nowhere with the degree of interest that once attached to it—which in the days of the great trail-herds, led to a bitter discussion around many a camp fire, and at times, to physical combat.

Due to the confusion of names, John Chisum, big cattleman of the upper Pecos River, near Roswell, New Mexico, was generally credited by many cowmen with being the originator of that trail, which lay, as a matter of fact, nearly four hundred miles east of his ranch on the Pecos, a country through which John Chisum never drove cattle, and probably never even saw.

The origin of the Chisholm Trail, over which were driven the greatest herds of cattle known to history, and the first and most famous ever blazed in this or any other country, was always more or less a mystery and a source of much dispute among early cattlemen, until cleared up some years ago by the late Captain Henry Spekes; of Bryon county, Iowa, then passed eighty, who took the first herd of cattle ever driven over it, to Kansas City, in the Spring of 1866.

Jesse Chisholm, for whom the trail took its name, was an Indian trader and trapper, and had an extensive ranch,

and a trading post, at Council Grove, on the north bank of the North Canadian River, a few miles west of the site of Oklahoma City. The winter preceding the arrival of Captain Spekes at the North Canadian, had been an unusually profitable season for trapping and hunting, and as a result, Chisholm had collected great piles of fur pelts, beaver and otter, deer, elk and wolf skins, and many buffalo hides, which he hauled to Kansas City the following Spring.

Arriving at the crossing of the North Canadian a few days after the Chisholm wagon train had departed from Council Grove, Captain Spekes, in view of the plain wagon trail that now lay ahead of him, cut deep into the soft prairie soil, followed it up to its junction with the Santa Fe Trail, and thence over the latter to the Missouri River. It was thus that the historic Chisholm Trail came into existence.

This pioneer herd was driven from Southern Oklahoma, and led by two Indian guides, beat out its own trail to the North Canadian. Other herds followed shortly in the wake of Captain Spekes, and soon, the Chisholm Trail for several years, became the one great highway, and outlet, from the Texas and Oklahoma ranges for practically all the cattle driven north from the Texas and Oklahoma ranges to the railroad terminals then being established in Kansas, of which Abilene was the dominating center.

So extensively was the Chisholm Trail used by Texas and Oklahoma stockmen, that the Santa Fe Railroad Company later paralleled it with steel rails from Wichita, Kansas, to Fort Worth, Texas, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

Jesse Chisholm was born in East Tennessee in 1806, his father being of Scotch parentage and his mother a Cherokee, whose sister, the beautiful Talahina Rogers, married General Sam Houston.

Chisholm died in 1868 at Council Grove, which during the years he lived there, had become to him and his kin a sort of feudal domain from which they derived all that makes for the even ways of life.

Historic Jackson Cabin

Fort Worth Star-Telegram



THE Jackson cabin stands in the southeastern corner of Mills county, about two miles off the road that leads to Regency from Mullin. The territory or locality in which the old-time cabin stands used to be in Brown county. When Mills county was created in 1887 out of parts of Brown, and Comanche, the locality in which the cabin is located was taken from Brown county.

The cabin is still in a splendid state of preservation. It is made of elm logs and is 16 feet square. It has a rock chimney in as good a state of preservation, or perhaps better than it was the day it was finished by Mose Jackson, the man who settled in that wild locality, and who with his family, or most of it was murdered by the Indians. The cabin at the time it was built must have been six or seven miles from the nearest neighbor, and the nearest settlement was probably the Williams Ranch, which had just started. There was no such place as Brownwood, Goldthwaite, Comanche, or any of the towns now known in Central West Texas. It was just a waste, howling wilderness, full of wild animals, and occasional struggling bands of murderous Indians. The cabin was built within a few steps of a fine spring, that gushed from a bluff of rocks. A small stream flowed between the house and spring and furnished water for stock. This old-time spring is still flowing just as freely as the time when Jackson lived there. Many names are to be seen on the rocks of the bluff, cut there in the passing years by visitors to the tragic locality. Following the death of Jackson, it was rumored that he had a considerable sum of money when he moved to the place, and as none of the money was ever found, the report got out that it was buried somewhere in the vicinity of the old house. This led to nocturnal visits as the years passed, from money hunters so the premises show the many holes that have been dug in the search for this supposed buried treasure of Mose Jackson. If anybody ever found one penny of the supposed lost

treasure, it has not been made known.

In the early part of the year 1858 a man by the name of Mose Jackson and his family settled at a place that afterwards came to be known as the "Ja Spring," then in Brown county, now Mills county. The family consisted of Mose Jackson, his wife, one daughter 18 years of age, and two smaller children, one boy and one girl, both of them being in age from 7 to 12 years. Late in the autumn of 1858 Jackson and his neighbors, Albert Jay and Charlie Kirkpatrick, went to look for a tree suitable for making boards, as they needed boards for covering their houses. A large pecan tree was found on the hill about six miles distant, and as the trees were maturing, the three men agreed to bring their family and make a day of getting out boards, and gathering up the cans. Accordingly the next morning all three families started for the hill on the bayou. The Kirkpatrick and Jay families reached their destination all right and worked all day without molestation; wondering why Jackson and his family did not come, but suffering no trouble. Several reports of the men were heard towards their home early in the morning, but it was attributed to hunters and no attention was paid.

On the return to the tree the following day, one of the boys belonging to the Kirkpatrick family came suddenly to the Jackson wagon, in a small boat about one mile from the place where the pecan tree had been cut. A fearful tragedy had been enacted the previous morning. The family had been seized and murdered by the Indians. The Indians, a marauding band passing through the country, had suddenly heard the noise made by the son-wagon, as it was driven along the road and had concealed themselves in the ravine or depression along which the small stream ran. They had attacked Jackson as he was driving up the hill coming out of the ravine, according to all appearances. Jackson, his eldest daughter, two smaller children had been killed and the Indians carried into captivity two smaller children.

boy and a girl between the ages of 7 and 12 years.

The bodies were in a state of decomposition when found, and were buried where they were found, in two graves, which are still in a good state of preservation, loving hands having gone there many years ago and placed large stones around each grave. The graves are about two hundred yards apart which shows that the family fled the wagon when the Indians attacked it, and ran in different directions.

While the bodies were being buried, couriers were dispatched to Camp Colorado, and soldiers were at once sent out to take up the Indian trail. The Indians continued their raid into Coryell county, stealing horses and marauding in general. They turned back into Coryell county and across into Brown county in the mountains near Mercer's Gap. Late one evening as the mail carrier from Brownwood to Meridian came along he saw the Indians at a distance, and turned back to Elijah Barcroft's place to give the alarm. The next day Barcroft, his son, Jim Barcroft, Don Cox, Tom Denton, Williams Clements, Jesse Bonds, John Carnes, Jim Holmsley, Sim Walsh, Frank Collins, Lou Price and two other men, started out to hunt the Indians and soon struck their trail. Six of these men were sent to Salt Gap, which was then a noted Indian passage way, in the hope of intercepting them. The other men followed the trail. When near Salt Gap the six men saw the Indians going into camp, on the bank of a creek at a spring. The white men dropped back out of sight into a ravine where they lay concealed until near daylight next morning. Just before daylight they took a survey of the situation and located the bunch of horses the Indians had stolen and quietly drove the animals out of the way. They then charged the Indians just as the savages were arising. The Indians were completely surprised. Dan Cox shot one, he rolled into the creek. The others ran into a thicket, except one, who proceeded to shoot arrows in a perfect stream at the white men, until his supply was exhausted. It is said this Indian put 18 arrows into a tree behind which William Clements had dodged for shelter. Tom Denton also shot an In-

dian but didn't kill him. Jesse Bond was shot in the breast, the arrow going through and coming out in his back.

This was the last ever seen of the Indians, as the white men drew nearer and the savages made good their escape. They abandoned the two Jackson children who were subsequently found hidden in a thicket.

Was With Gen. McKenzie

Captain R. G. Carter, U. S. Army, Retired, writes us from Washington, D. C. and says: "Enclosed please find me check for \$1.50 for one year's subscription to Frontier Times. I am probably the only surviving officer of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry who, under the command of General R. S. McKenzie served in Texas during the eventful years from 1870 to 1876, at Forts Concho, Griffin, Richardson, McKavett and Clark. I was his adjutant on his first Indian Expedition in pursuit of Kicking Bird's band of Kiowas, after Satanta's, Satank's and Big Tree's arrest at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, (now Oklahoma), for the Salt Creek massacre in May, 1871, by order of General Sherman. Our expedition led us to the North Fork of the Red River, McClellan's Creek and the Sweetwater, where Fort Elliott was later built; also to Canyon Blanco and the Staked Plains in pursuit of Quanah Parker's band of Ona-ha-da Comanches whom we lost on the Plains in a sleeting "norther" as darkness overtook us. I was on his second expedition to the same point (Canyon Blanco) in 1872 and across the plains to Forts Bascom and Sumner, N. M., in 1872, when we destroyed Mow-wi's band of Comanches on the North Fork of Red River, near McClellan's Creek, September 29, 1872, capturing 130 squaws. I helped organize and plan his (McKenzie's) great raid into Mexico in 1873; also his fourth expedition to the Panhandle (Southern Column) and actions at various points notably Tule and Palo Duro Canyons September 27 and 28, 1874, capturing all of their ponies, which we killed at a Tule Canyon, destroyed all of their villages, (confederated bands of Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes) all of which resulted in their giving up and ultimate surrender at Fort Sill."

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Fred L. Napier, Menard, Texas, writes: "Please find enclosed my check for \$1.50 and keep Frontier Times coming. I have spent 58 years of my life on the frontier of the grand old state of Texas, and was ten years old when I came to the state. From a personal knowledge I know but little about the Red Man, but of the so-called bad white men I knew quite a lot. Several of them were forced into trouble. We will take Bill Longley for instance. I was well acquainted with his father and all of the family. I don't think I ever met a better man than Bill's father, Mr. Campbell Longley. He was a Christian gentleman. But Bill got into trouble by protecting a white lady just after the Civil War, and had to kill a negro; then is when the trouble started. Bill was hung, but I don't believe he was killed."

Capt. C. M. Grady, of 1512 Vine Street Brownwood, Texas, sends us a clipping from the Brownwood Banner-Bulletin, announcing the death of J. A. Cheatham, which we reproduce elsewhere in this issue. Captain Grady says: "J. A. Cheatham and I were boys together over in the good old state of Kentucky. He was some older than I, for I was born in 1854. I was with him in Company E. Major, John B. Jones' Battalion, in 1875 and 1876, under Captain Maltby. He was a good Ranger, a good man, and did his full duty to his captain, his comrades, to the lieutenant, and then some. He was a real man, as kind as any woman in peace, and brave as a lion when real men were needed. He left Kentucky about 1870 and went to wild and woolly Kansas, where he secured a contract to furnish meat to workers building the M. K. & T. railroad down through the Indian Territory, where it took real men to get by."

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Judge Robt. T. Neill, of San Angelo, who has from time to time sent us subscriptions to Frontier Times to be sent to his friends, sends in two more this month, one to Hon. T. W. Gregory, Houston, and the other to Hon. Jules Henri Tallichet, Houston, Texas. Judge Neill says: "You will be pleased to know that beside the number of subscriptions I have made to your magazine, I am confident that I have induced quite a number of individuals to subscribe themselves. I hope that you will not change the form of the magazine. It seems to me most appropriate."

Several of our friends have expressed the hope that we will not change the present form of Frontier Times when we make the improvements we contemplate. Other than giving the little magazine a more attractive cover, increasing the number of pages, and printing it on a better grade of paper and in plainer type, we do not expect to change the present page size of the magazine, nor the nature of its contents. It will always be devoted to frontier history, border tragedy and pioneer achievement.

Our Advertising Rates.

Frontier Times offers the following rates to advertisers. One page, inside cover, one time, \$20.00. Outside back cover page, one time, \$25.00. Inside pages, one time, \$20.00. Half page, one time, \$10.00. Quarter page, one time, \$6.00. One inch, one time, \$1.25. Reading notices, five cents per word each insertion. Estimate 30 words to the inch on display advertising. Cash must accompany all orders for advertising. Send to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

BOOKS WANTED

Letters, Journals, (Diaries,) Documents, Public and Private, Pamphlets, newspapers, Books, Maps. Proceedings of Public Meetings, Political, Religious, Commercial, Social. Legislative Journals, and Laws.

Anything that will throw light on the early settlement, progress and development of the South, Southwest and West.

E. L. SHETTLES

3904 Speedway, Austin, Texas.

You Should Take Frontier Times

Read what our readers say about this little magazine

Major W. M. Green, of the Texas Ex-Rangers Association, writes from Colorado, Texas: "As I don't want to miss a number I am enclosing my check for \$1.50 for Frontier Times another year. It seems to get better each issue, and should be in the hands of every school boy and girl in Texas. Long lives Frontier Times."

Geo. F. Atkinson, Dalhart, Texas, writes: "Enclosed you will find my check for \$1.50 to pay for another year's subscription to your valuable magazine. I don't want to miss a copy of it, for I very much enjoy reading it. It has been the means of my getting in touch with some very dear friends that I had not heard from in many years, besides it has refreshed my memory in many instances on the depredations of the frontier."

Judge R. C. Crane, president West Texas Historical Association, writes us from Sweetwater, and says: "I read Frontier Times with a great deal of interest. You are doing a very distinct service to the truth of the history of the frontier and its place in the development of our country, and I never miss an opportunity of speaking a good word for it."

G. W. Harnening, Grandview, Texas, writes: "I have been a long and appreciative reader of your valuable magazine, Frontier Times, and I have tried to do a little missionary work with spare copies after I and my family have read them. Today I found a man who loves old Texas and wants to become a subscriber. His name is L. Combs, Maypearl, Texas. Please let his subscription start with the November number."

Send Us a new subscription before February 1st and receive as a premium a Valet AutoStrop Safety Razor Outfit. Ask for it

Hidden Treasure

Have you any old stamps, a stamp collection, or envelopes bearing stamps from correspondence before 1885? You may have something of considerable value, that will otherwise be burned. Send one sample of each kind of stamp or envelope for pricing, for I can't price till I see what you have. I don't want common stamps or anything used since 1885.

Reference, First National Bank of Valley City, or President of this Institution. My father, A. T. Gamber of Wakeman, Ohio, is well known among the sheep men of the Menard and Kerrville neighborhoods.

A. F. GAMBER
State Teachers College,
VALLEY CITY, NORTH DAKOTA

N. B. I also buy U. S. pre-cancelled stamps, large or small lots.

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This handsome outfit consists of a highly polished, nickel-plated, self-stropping Valet AutoStrop Razor; one blade; leather strop especially prepared. The razor case is of metal, finished in maroon, crystallized effect. Lined throughout with velvet, harmonizing with the pleasing color scheme of the entire package.

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Now, ask some friend to give you his subscription to Frontier Times for one year, at \$1.50 send us his name with the amount mentioned, and we will send you postpaid this handsome set. We have made a deal with the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. for 100 of these sets, which we will distribute to our friends who are disposed to do a little work for us. Just a few minutes of your time is all that is necessary to secure one new subscriber to this growing magazine. No doubt you have heard someone say they intended to subscribe for Frontier Times. Ask them to give you the subscription, and send it in at once. We want to add 100 new names to our list before February 1st, 1927, by this remarkable offer. You can help us do it.

Frontier Times itself is worth more than the \$1.50 subscription price, as you will agree. This AutoStrop Safety Razor Outfit is worth—we'll let you say what it is worth when you receive it and use it awhile. If you are not satisfied, tell us about it.

In sending in subscriptions be sure to ask for the AutoStrop Safety Razor Outfit.

Frontier Times

Bandera, Texas

Frontier Times

Monthly

*Frontier History,
Border Tragedy,
Pioneer
Achievement*



15¢
Per Copy

Vol. 4 February, 1927 No. 5

\$1.50
Per Year

by J. Marvin Hunter

Office of Publication: Bandera, Texas

Frontier Times 10 Years for \$10

An Appeal to Our Friends

We are now making an offer which should interest every reader of Frontier Times who is anxious to see this little magazine made a permanent success. In order to make the improvements which we have been planning for some time we must raise \$1,000, and in order to raise this amount we have decided to call upon our friends to assist us. We want just 100 of these friends to subscribe \$10.00 each, in return for which we will enter them as paid up subscribers for 10 years. We do not want your money now, just a line from you saying you will be one of the 100 who will help Frontier Times to success. When we receive the assurances from 100 subscribers we will then notify you to send your \$10. If we cannot secure these 100 we cannot afford to put on the offer of a ten years' subscription for ten dollars.

Frontier Times now has a circulation of three thousand, when it should have 10,000. We know there are thousands of people over the United States who would subscribe for the little magazine if they knew of its existence, and this step is taken with a view to getting it before them. Our plans for doing this include giving Frontier Times an attractive lithographed cover, better paper, and bringing it out in neater and better form, and place it on news stands and trains all over the country. Without the help of our friends we cannot at the present time do this, but if 100 of these friends will promptly respond to this appeal it will be done very shortly. We want to end this campaign in sixty days—the 15th of February, to be exact.

You will gain by accepting this offer. Think of it! Frontier

Times ten years for ten dollars! If you have been a subscriber to this magazine since it started you are no doubt aware that complete files of back numbers are now selling at \$5.00 and upward per volume of twelve numbers. One bookseller in Austin, Texas, quotes the three complete volumes for sale at \$50.00. Ten years from now the early volumes will be almost priceless. Then, look at the proposition from another angle. One volume of Frontier Times usually contains 560 pages. Where, oh where, can you secure a set of books containing 5,600 pages of real border history for the small sum of ten dollars? Then again, in the event the subscription price of Frontier Times is raised to \$2.00 per year (and this may be done), you will have your own subscription paid up for a period of years and will save money thereby.

Frontier Times is going to grow; slowly perhaps, but grow it will. Its growth will be greatly stimulated by a generous response to this appeal.

Remember, this offer of ten years for ten dollars is made to secure only 100 subscribers at that rate. When these are secured, if they are secured within the next sixty days, the offer will be withdrawn, never to be made again. If you want to get on the Honor Roll please notify us at once. If the 100 is not secured you will be under no obligations, but if these loyal subscribers for ten years each are obtained, we will so advise you and ask you to send the \$10 for your ten years' subscription. That is fair, isn't it.

Help us now, and you will later rejoice that you did so.

Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



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Rangers Rescue Three Children

By Taylor Thompson



IN THE EARLY autumn of 1862 with a detachment of sixteen rangers, I followed an Indian trail away out somewhere to the northwest of old Fort Mason. We were not familiar with that section of country, and I did not know just where we were when we abandoned the trail and gave up the pursuit. Fort Mason is forty-five miles from the German town of Fredericksburg. Kerrville and Comfort were settled at first exclusively by Germans. They were a hardy class of settlers who came to that new country and some of them more bold and daring than others, had settled on ranches adjacent to the village named, along the beautiful streams and valleys in that section and these isolated ranches as well as the villages themselves at the time of the settle- and for years were subject to frequent raids and incursions from hostile bands of Indians. It is well known that the early German settlers of that section made several different treaties with the Comanche Indians by which they hoped to enjoy im-

munity from Indian depredations. It is also well known that the Comanche Indians were never good hands to keep treaties. They were wont to abide by the terms of the treaty when it was to their own advantage but when they saw an opportunity to rob and plunder a German ranch and thought they could escape with the booty a little thing like a treaty did not count for much with them.

At the time we abandoned the Indian trail above spoken of our horses were much jaded and we were out of meat and the first place we came to where water and grass was plentiful and game abundant we went into camp for five or six days in order to recuperate our animals and kill and dry enough meat to last us back to our own homes. We remained there five days and when we started back I determined to pass the town of Bandera, which is situated on the bank of the Medina river, which heads above the now thriving town of that name. But the country around the head of the river was then wholly unsettled and

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it was said that the head of the Medina was a rendezvous for Indians; that when coming down upon the settlements during a raid they came in large bands together, divided up into smaller parties there, raiding into different sections of the country and meeting there again as they went out.

We camped one night about ten miles below the head of the river, and about twenty miles from the town of Bandera. We had seen no Indians nor Indian signs since we had started on our return, but of course we kept a vigilant lookout on our horses when we camped at night. There being fifteen of us together we had no fear of an attack, the only real danger being that the Indians might stampede our horses at night. I should have stated the town of Bandera was settled originally by Mormons, that some thirty miles below on the same stream was the town of Castroville, which was for many years the county seat of Medina county and was settled exclusively by Germans, while there were a few German ranches near the town as was the case near the other German settlements. On the night in question the moon was past the full and shone brightly at intervals, being occasionally obscured by drifting clouds, in fact the weather reminded one of what the old settlers called a weather breeder. There was not a settlement within twenty miles of where we were camped and about 10 o'clock I was making the round alone among the horses and when approaching a small thicket of bushes, I heard a voice distinctly saying, "Say, Mister, stop!" Of course I promptly halted and asked who was there. The voice replied, "Mister, you're a white man ain't you?" I replied in the affirmative and told the speaker to come out and he should not be hurt. Whereupon two small boys emerged from the thicket and approached, holding each other's hand. I took them back to camp and began to question them. The elder said he was 11 years old, that his name was Fritz Krawitz, that his little brother aged 8, was named Willie; that the Indians had come to his father's ranch about ten miles from Castroville three or four nights before, while his mother was at-

tending a sick neighbor. The father was at home with these two little boys and a little girl of 6. The Indians killed their father, and carried off the three children. The boy said the Indians had camped, he thought, not more than three miles from us and that he and his little brother had found an opportunity soon after dark of stealing out of camp; that he hated to leave his little sister, but she was not near them at the time and these two little children had stolen out into the wilderness not knowing where they were, and only intent upon escaping from their captors.

I asked Fritz how many Indians he thought there were in the party and he said he thought about thirty. When asked if he could find the camp again, he said he believed he could. Justo Rodriguez, my corporal, old Macedonia, the trailer, and myself, held a hasty council of war and when I had interpreted to them all Fritz had told me, we determined to attempt the rescue of the little girl, though we had no doubt but that the Indian camp would be astir owing to their having missed the two boys.

Fortune favored us for though the boy was unable to locate the camp himself we accidentally came upon it and found it more quiet than we had expected. The fact was, though we did not know it then, a portion, probably one-half, of the band were scouring the adjacent woods and brush for the fugitives, and it seemed almost miraculous that we had not encountered any of these. We stopped about four hundred yards from the camp and Macedonia and I went cautiously forward through the brush to reconnoiter. We heard the little girl crying but could form little idea of the number of Indians there were in camp. Returning I left the little boy with two men to guard him behind some rocks and dividing the remaining fourteen into two parties we approached the camp from different directions as cautiously as possible. We had probably got within thirty or forty steps of the camp before we were discovered. Then the Indian lookout or sentinel gave a whoop and then all dashed into the camp with a yell. By rare good fortune one of the men came to the child when there was

no Indian nearer than ten or fifteen steps of her. Of course several had been left to guard her, but had evidently left their post for some purpose. There was a quick, sharp skirmish for five or ten minutes and then all the warriors who were able took to the brush. The only wonder was that they stood as long as they did, for they never could stand firearms at close range. We had the little girl, however, and hastily started for where we had left our horses. Macedonia, however, stayed behind long enough to count the dead Indians, and said he found six lying among the trees. One of my men was killed and five wounded slightly in the skirmish.

In the meantime we heard horses coming toward us from different directions and we then knew that a part of the Indians had been out hunting for the missing boys. Our own dead comrade had been carried back to where we left the horses and we remained where we were until daylight. Macedonia dressed the wounds of the five men, and the dead man was buried there, the grave being scooped out with hatchets and bowie knives. Five days later we delivered the three children to their parents, the father not having been killed as Fritz thought, though he was severely wounded.

Altogether we had made a pretty good night's work of it, for we had rescued the three children, had made six "good" Indians, as General Sheridan would have called them, and the morning after the fight we gathered up eight or ten horses before we left the scene.

Miss Nina Kountz, a student in the Texas Christian University at Fort Worth, sends us a very interesting sketch given by Mrs. I. M. Williams, 85 years old, of Saragosa, Texas, which will appear in the March number of Frontier Times.

Photographs Noted Characters.

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others, I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Arnold Capt, Trail Driver.

When A. W. Capt died at his San Antonio home, January 6, 1927, the Old Trail Drivers' Association lost one of its active members and one who was among the first to make the trip "North of 36." Mr. Capt wrote for the Trail Drivers of Texas an interesting sketch of the times in Southwest Texas during and following the Civil War. It was customary while all men were in the army for their families to milk cows on the range and brand their calves in the spring, but to do this some one who could handle a cow pony well was necessary to round up the stock and put them in corrals and as he expressed it he was the only person in that immediate section, "who wore pants," so he was pressed into that service "from Dan to Bersheba." As a cowboy, after he became older, he ran stock in Kendall, Gillespie, Llano, Burnet and other counties in that section, and in 1870 he went up the trail for Sam and Thomas Johnson, who, he said, were the largest individual trail drivers operating in the counties just mentioned. He gave in his sketch the names of those who were with him on the trip, several of whom will be remembered by the older cattlemen in Southwest Texas. His companions were Dick Johnson, boss; Nat Lewis, who still lives in San Antonio, second boss; Tom Moore of Llano, Tom Logan, Bill Hitchbreath, Bob Collins, Gus Butterfield, James Smith, Pete Lindweber, Henry Lindweber Sr., Thomas Colbath, Hilary Colbath, Fritz Hitchfelt, "Kansas" Miller, Arnold Capt, H. C. Aten and Josh Nicholson, the cook. Mr. Capt closed his sketch with the following lines expressing his appreciation of friends:

"It is my joy in life to find
At every turn of the road,
The strong arm of comrades, true
To help me on with my load.
And since I have no gold to give
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is while I live:
God make me worthy of my
friends."

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

John Day Morgan, a Texas Pioneer

Written by S. H. Morgan, Georgetown, Texas



JOHN DAY MORGAN was born in London, England, May 15, 1819. His father's name was Thomas Frances Morgan; his mother's name was Sophia Elizabeth Morgan. Her maiden name was Day.

John Day Morgan's father and his father's brother, Charles (I think) came to America in the latter part of 1818 or in the early part of 1819. John D. was born after his father left England, for America. His father was in America eight years before he sent for his family, so his son, John Day, was eight years old when he first saw his father. He had one sister born in London, Sophia Elizabeth, and there were two other children born in the United States, namely, Thomas Frances Morgan and Ellen Morgan.

The family first settled in Philadelphia where they spent several years. Young John well remembered seeing the old Liberty Bell hanging in its original place.

The next we know of this family they were living in Indiana which was then a new and sparsely settled country. Young John was bound out to learn a trade. He sought the first opportunity to make his escape, which came in a very short time, when a captain came along, drumming for recruits to go to Texas to fight the Mexicans and Indians. This appealed to the adventurous spirit of the lad, so he joined the captain and his company and started for Texas. This perilous venture was fraught with many dangers and hardships. Not much is known of their trip to Texas, however, much of this trip was made on foot. They, no doubt, traveled some of the time on rafts on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. This journey must have covered several months time. His parents did not hear from him until he had been in the Lone Star State for a year or more. They arrived in Texas about the middle of July 1836, which was too late for them to have a part in the great battle of San Jacinto that was fought on April 21, 1836. This battle established the independence of Texas and hostilities ceased for a time.

My father, (John Day Morgan) was at this time only seventeen years old; quite a youth to cast his lot in the wilds of this almost unknown land. He soon drifted into the Valley of the Colorado River and into what is now known as Bastrop county. Here he found a home and friends with Captain Wiley Hill, an early pioneer of this far away land. This friendship continued through all the succeeding years. The palatial colonial home built by Captain Hill in those days still stands and is now occupied by one of his grandchildren.

Roving bands of Mexicans and Indians infested the land, and no one was safe alone and especially unarmed. Also buffalo, deer and wild turkey were abundant and could often be shot from the door of the settler's home, or rather his cabin. The whole country was open, unoccupied and filled with game of all kinds. Wild horses were also to be seen in large herds. My father had one of these horses and one of my earliest recollections was the pleasure of riding "Old Eagle." I am getting a little ahead of my recital of events but since I am, at this point, I will say that one of our neighbors was a Choctaw Indian. We called him "Choctaw Bill." He and my father would often hunt cattle together. The Choctaws were never very savage and soon became civilized.

I will give a little history of Texas in those early days. It will be a background to the succeeding activities of my father.

The Independence of the Republic of Texas was declared, March 2, 1836. The capital of Texas was then at Washington, Texas, on the Brazos River. The Mexicans were coming into Texas to subdue the revolutionists. 186 men constituted the garrison at San Antonio, when a large Mexican Army marched into that frontier village. The Texans took refuge in the Alamo, an old Catholic mission, built more than a hundred years previous to the time of which I am writing. The Catholics of Spain came into this country in the latter part of the Seventeenth century and builded mis-

sions in many places to convert the Mexicans and Indians. This venture, however, was a failure. The Alamo was one of these missions. In this place the brave Texans barricaded themselves. They held out against thousands of their enemies for several days. In the meantime the Texans killed many hundred of the Mexicans. The large court yard, and the streets were covered with the dead bodies. Finally the provisions and ammunition of the Texans gave out. Then the Mexicans rushed in with ladders and scaled the walls. The battle continued with swords and bowie knives until every Texan was killed. The Mexicans were lying several deep where the Texans had killed them in the last death struggle. No help could be sent to the brave men who perished there. General Sam Houston, for whom the writer is named, was at Gonzales with a small army. He gave orders for the settlers to flee for their lives. This is known as the "Great Run Away." Houston retreated with his small army to the east, and General Santa Anna and General Cos pursued after them with large and constantly increasing armies. When Houston reached Buffalo Bayou, near the town of Houston, the Mexican forces were at his heels. The two armies were now in sight of each other. The Mexicans stopped at noon on April 21st to eat their dinner and rest and regale themselves. About three o'clock p. m. Houston lined up his men and told them in a few words that he had decided to attack the Mexicans. His men, about seven hundred in all, were eager for the fray. So while the Mexicans were off their guard and many of them asleep, the Texans rushed madly upon them, shouting their battlecry, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

These were the scenes of brutal murder of small armies of helpless Texans. The Mexicans were taken by surprise and more than half of them were slaughtered in an hour or so. Santa Anna was taken prisoner. Some escaped and fled across the Rio Grande. This was the decisive battle of the infant Republic. The Texans lost less than ten men. They fought like determined, desperate men. Peace reigned now for awhile and the

soldiers returned to their devastated homes.

Santa Anna was not executed as many thought he should have been, but he was sent to Washington, D. C., for their disposal and after much diplomatic correspondence, he was released and sent home. He called himself "The Brave Napoleon of the West."

This much history is given to let the readers have a glimpse of conditions in Texas at the time when my father first came here. He did not take part in this battle, however, since this battle was fought in April, and he did not arrive in Texas until the following July.

The Mexicans continued to cross the Rio Grande and depredate on the scattered settlements. And of course, the Indians were ever present foes. The Comanches were the worst Indians. They were the terror of the white man. They would steal horses from the white settlers as well as the scalp of any human found away from their cabins and unable to defend themselves. These Indians glorified in these scalps. They would string them on their belts and the one who carried the most scalps was considered the greatest warrior.

The early settlers of Texas made Indian forts for the protection of the women, children and live stock, during the raids of the redskins. These forts usually included about an acre of ground and were inclosed by cedar posts set upright in the ground and were usually about ten or twelve feet high. Inside of this inclosure were some log houses for shelter. The Indians would seldom make an attack on these forts for they were very much afraid of powder and lead. Their only weapons at this time were the bow and arrows and a scalping knife. One of these forts was near my father's home when I was a boy and we afterwards owned the land where it stood. Some of the palisades were still standing when I was almost grown. Another such fort was about two miles from our home.

When my father was about twenty three years old, he was in one of these forts, in company with several other people. It was in the fall of the year. So one day he and a little boy about five years old went out a short distance from

the fort to pick up some pecans. While they were gathering these pecans they saw several savage warriors approaching them at a rapid gait. His first impulse was to run for the fort, which he did, but as he ran he thought of the little boy. Could he dare to enter the fort and meet that mother without the boy? He knew that he could not, and looking back he saw the little fellow coming as fast as his little legs could bring him, and my father turned back in the face of the savages, took the boy in his arms and made good their escape into the fort. This boy's name was Dave Owens. He grew to be a man and spent many years of his life in California and I think died there. Many were the close calls of the early settler in those daring days. And now and then a man would fall a victim to the scalping knife of the red skins.

When I was born the Indians had retired from the settlements at least a hundred miles to the north and west. However, on moonlight nights the tracks of the Indians could be seen as near as Austin, then a village of a few hundred people. I never saw a wild and savage Indian, and I don't regret the fact.

In those days the men who did service as Rangers were paid by the government in land scrip. Often they would receive a land certificate for 1280 acres of land. This, they considered of little value as the whole country was open to public use. The early settlers thought that the country would never be settled up and that land would always be worthless. A man would often trade his certificate for a pair of boots. My father gave a 1280-acre certificate for a pony and in a short time the Indians stole the pony. That land, if it had been well located would now be worth near a quarter of a million dollars.

Such were the ways of those early days. "Free grass and free water," was all that the Texans thought they would ever want, but time has revealed their folly. There are many things like this that I might relate but space will not permit. I will hasten to the recital of the famous Santa Fe Expedition. I cannot go into detail but will only give a few facts. This famous Texas expedition started from Austin in the early

summer of 1842. There were about 180 men in the company. There were also some ten wagons loaded with dry goods. The expedition was not intended to be a hostile invasion of Mexico, but an exploration and trading adventure. The men were mounted on horses and armed with guns. They started northward through what is now known as Williamson, Bell and McLennan counties. They camped on Brushy Creek, about 20 miles from Austin, several weeks, for what purpose the writer knoweth not. When they crossed Little River near Temple, they sighted a very large herd of buffalo. There were thousands of them and when they ran it sounded like thunder. The men killed several of the huge monsters and they had a feast that night. The next stop was at the Waco Indian village. This was on the same spot where the city of Waco now stands. The Indians fled and the men took possession of the village. They supplied themselves with corn and pumpkins from the stores of the Indian village.

From there, after several days of travel in a northwesterly direction, they came to the dry arid plains of West Texas. Here the game ceased to be found and water was very scarce. Their hardships now began. With much difficulty they crossed ravines and streams; food became scarce, and the men ate thing they could capture. One night my father saw a man cooking a rattlesnake on his iron ramrod over the fire. When it was done my father ate some of the venomous reptile. He said that it tasted very good to a hungry man. He said the biggest cursing he ever got was given him by his pal who intrusted him with a piece of horse neck to keep for their supper in the event that they captured no better food during the day. Father, being very hungry, kept picking on the bone all day and at night his pal called for the horse neck and behold! it was a dry bone. So they were both supperless. At one time the Indians killed several of the men and when they were ready to bury them some one remarked about how good the human flesh looked. He said that if one of the men had cut off a slice from those human bodies and began to cook it, that in a little while those bodies would have been all de-

voured. Such was the famished condition of the men.

That vast expanse of what was then a howling wilderness, is now one of the most beautiful parts of Texas. It is crossed by many lines of railroads and covered by villages, towns and cities, beautiful residences, fine farms, and large ranches stocked with fine herds of cattle abound everywhere.

After many months of fatigue and famine they came in sight of San Miguel, a town not far from Santa Fe. One of their men, named Lewis, went in and betrayed them. The Mexicans forces came out and of course the only thing to do was to surrender. The Mexicans took them prisoners and confiscated their wagons, goods and horses. Here they were held for some time. In the meantime they recovered their strength and health somewhat. From here they were marched to the City of Mexico, a distance of about 2000 miles, under the command of Salazar, a brutal, cruel tyrant, and they made the journey on foot. Many died on the way. The ears of the dead were cut off and carried as trophies of war and proof that they had not escaped. Of this long and perilous journey we can give but little. On the way there was what was called "The Dead Man's March" a desert waste of 100 miles without water. They made it in two nights and a day. They started with their canteens full of water, but this did not last long. Many died on this awful trip. Those that survived were barefoot and almost without clothes. When they reached the City of Mexico, they were confined in a walled in space with no roof or floor. My father with others, was paroled. He then made his way to Vera Cruz, from whence he made his way to Texas. His friends fitted him up with clothes, hat and shoes. Not many months after this, he joined an expedition known as the Mier Expedition. This expedition started from San Antonio and they marched direct to the Rio Grande river, opposite the Mexican town called Mier. They captured this place and then marched on to Salado where after a hard fought battle the Texans were taken prisoners. The order was then given that every tenth man should be shot. In order to

determine who was to be the tenth man, they were to draw a bean from a box in which had been placed as many black and white beans as there were prisoners; every tenth bean was black, and the men who drew the black beans were to be shot. Father avoided having to take part in this drawing by being sick; however he was not as sick as he pretended to be. An officer was sent in to see if any of the men on the sick list were able to come out and draw the beans and the way this officer determined if they were able to go or not, was to run at them with a set bayonet. If they jumped then they were made to go out. My father understood the game and did not flinch, so the officer reported that he was about dead anyway.

From here they were marched to Matamoros and then to the City of Mexico. On the trip some of the men tried to escape, but were recaptured. For this act about twelve of the men were ordered to be shot. Father was one of the doomed men. They were placed in line and a company of the Mexicans were in front of them ready to obey the command to "fire", when a horseman appeared, riding very rapidly and carrying a piece of paper in his hand. It was an order from a higher officer not to shoot these men. So again father's life was miraculously spared.

From the City of Mexico, he and a companion made their escape by climbing over the wall. They found the guards asleep and so passed safely. They traveled by night and hid themselves by day until they again reached Vera Cruz, where they got aboard a U. S. vessel and made their way back to Texas.

In 1845, father was happily converted old Bastrop after hearing a sermon by Dr. Homer S. Thrall, the Historian of Texas, on the text, "Choose you this day whom you will serve." He ever afterwards lived a faithful member of the Methodist church.

After the Annexation war broke out between Mexico and the United States, for three months father drove a commissary wagon for Taylor's Army and then resigned. He decided that he had had enough of war and its hardships.

He returned to Cincinnati where his parents had moved while he was in Tex-

as. I think that he had never heard much from them during this sojourn of eleven years in the wilds of Texas and Mexico. When he arrived home his mother did not know him. She said "That is not my boy, Jack." His father said, "It is our boy." After a time his mother yielded and claimed her long lost boy. He remained with them several years and during this time he married Miss Rebecca Rogers.

Soon after their marriage, my father and mother started for Texas. They came down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans and from there across the Gulf to Galveston, from there up Buffalo Bayou to Harrisburg, five miles from Houston. Here father bought a cart and yoke of oxen. They placed their belongings in the cart and started for Bastrop. Their earthly possessions consisted of a cherrywood table with a folding top, a bureau, feather bed, a trunk and some other smaller articles. It took them about a week to make this trip. They settled on Oscar Creek, twelve miles west of the town of Bastrop. Here they lived until God called them home. My mother died Nov. 17, 1891, in her seventieth year, and father died June 30, 1899, at the age of eighty years, one month and fifteen days.

To them were born Sophia E., Thos J., Sam Houston, Joseph Rogers and Julia Ann Morgan, in the order named. My brother Tom lived to be nine years old, Joe about four and Julia about two. They all died in the same year and two of them in the same month. They died with diphtheria. The doctors of that day could do nothing with that disease. My sister Sophia died October 21, 1923, in the 72nd year of her life. She was born in a little log cabin with dirt floor and died in sight of the same spot. I am the only survivor of this family.

I could give many more interesting details but space will not permit. The cherrywood table above mentioned is in my home, and I prize it very highly. It is somewhat like the Ark of the Covenant to me.

From Curley Hatcher.

Curley Hatcher, old time Texas Ranger, now living at Myrtle Point, Oregon, sends in his renewal subscription to

Frontier Times and says: "I see so much about the cattle drives over the old Chisholm Trail and so many different statements that I would like to help enlighten some of those writers. There were three main trails, but those writers get all mixed up. I don't claim to know all, but I had experience on those three trails. The first drives to Kansas from Texas were to Barter Springs, in the southeast corner of Kansas. We drove there for three seasons; then drove to Coffeyville, further west. The next change was to Caldwell, then to Abilene, then to Dodge City, and then to Ellsworth. None of these trails ever touched the old Santa Fe Trail, except the drive to Ellsworth crossed it near Dodge City. The Santa Fe Trail kept on the north side of the Arkansas River and crossed at the Lone Tree Crossing west of Dodge City. Neither trail ever touched the Staked Plains. John Chisum never moved his cattle from Coleman and Brown county, Texas, until 1871 and 1872. Sam Gholson of Tucumcari, New Mexico, can give you facts in regard to this. Gholson and Miles drove more cattle over those trails than anybody else from 1866 to 1872. I was at their last round-up on the Pecan Bayou in Coleman county, in 1874, when they had supposedly 200,000 cattle in one round-up. Sam Gholson was, in my opinion, the best cow man of his day. They had over sixteen hundred marks brands, and he seldom if ever missed cutting every herd belonging to Gholson and Miles at any round-up. Find enclosed my check for \$1.50 for which set my subscription up another year. I will be 80 years old in September, and I am still going strong, and frequently ride my own races."

Mr. Hatcher has a string of race horses, and is noted as a turfman throughout Oregon and Washington.

Frontier Times at the present time cannot use photographs unless the half tone cuts are furnished by those sending the pictures. We have no engraving plant and the cost of getting halftones is high. We expect to, within the next year, use illustrations, especially pictures of old time Texans, in this magazine.

Christmas in Junction 50 Years Ago

John W. Gray, Stephenville Texas, in Junction Eagle.



WONDER if there are many people living in Kimble County at this time, who were living there and were old enough to remember the Indian raid and murders committed on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1876, just 50 years ago this Christmas. I am sure there are a few, and they will be glad to hear from one who was there and felt the pangs of seeing relatives who had been shot down by this murderous band of Indians, who came down the South Llano River that cold morning when the ground was covered with ice, and made their first appearance near Dr. Kountz's place just above Junction, where John Kountz now lives.

It was about the middle of the morning when they reached this place. Isaac and Sebastian Kountz, had turned the cows, and I think a small bunch of sheep out of the pens, and were driving them out towards the mountains just west of the house, when they saw, what first appeared to them to be a company of Rangers coming right down the public road, but when they got closer the boys realized that it was Indians—15 or 20 in the bunch, and as they came closer they made an attack on the boys. I cannot recall now for sure whether Isaac had his six-shooter and attempted to defend himself and brother, or whether the Indians shot him down before he fully realized who they were. Sebastian made a run for the house and two of the Indians tried to catch him. He was running right next to the rail fence and as one of the Indians reached over to grab him, he ducked and then jumped over the fence. The other Indian took a shot at him, and they then turned back and joined the band and all started across the mountains towards the North Llano.

Sebastian was a black headed boy, Isaac was red headed, and I was told at the time, and before then, and many times since, that the Indians would not kill a boy or girl who had black hair. Sebastian was then 11 or 12, and Isaac was 16 or 17.

I was 13 years old only a few days be-

fore this and knew the boys well, in fact all of the Kountz family.

These Indians then crossed over the mountains and came down on the North Llano, just west of the first cliff, about 1/4 mile above where the road then and now crosses the North Llano.

I lived with my grandmother, Spear, in a little log house a few hundred yards below the crossing of the river. Her two young children, George, 17, and Nora, 13, and myself made the family.

Tom Doran's family lived between us and the crossing. The alarm of Indians and the murder of Isaac, spread fast, and a runner came by our house, and then on to Doran's, telling us that the Indians were crossing the mountains. The Indians crossed the river about 100 yards above where Tom Spear lived, on the north side, or bank of the river. Tom Doran had gotten to Spear's place before the Indians crossed, and found that Tom had gone out in the mesquite flat after the horses. His brother, Sam, 17 years old, took Tom's gun and cartridges, and ran out in the mesquites to find Tom, so neither of them were at the house when the Indians crossed the river. Sam found Tom driving up the horses, and gave him the gun and told him to go on to the house and he (Sam) would bring the horses in. As the Indians went on out through the mesquites towards the hills, they missed Tom, who was on foot, but came upon Sam who was driving the horses. Of course the only thing for Sam to do was to out-run them, which he tried to do. Two of the Indians took after him and ran up by the side of him, and one of them stuck his gun against him and shot, killing him instantly. The other one grabbed the bridle of the horse, and one of them took a shot at Tom, who was not more than 100 yards away, and then turned back and joined the band and took all the horses. Tom Spear seems to have completely lost his head, or his nerve, for he was armed with one of those Sharp Shooting Needle Guns, 50 caliber, and he could have killed an Indian at 500 yards. Sam was killed within 200 yards of the

house, and Tom gave as his reason for not shooting, that he was between the Indians and his horse where his wife and children were, and also that it might have caused the band of Indians to have attacked and murdered all of them. Tom's wife was a sister to my Uncle George Spear. I have always believed that if George, who was then only 17 years old, had been placed where Tom Spear was with that Sharp Shooter, that he would very coolly have sat right down and took deliberate aim at every Indian that showed up, and as he was a good shot, there would have been fewer Indians for the Rangers to have followed. Well, while the latter killing was taking place, my grandmother and we three kids were on the way to Tom Spear's afoot, and had to wade the river at the old crossing. We heard the shots when Sam was killed, and reached the house before he was brought in. I have forgotten whether I helped to carry him in or not; I guess I did, because there were no men except Tom Doran and Tom Spear, and I guess George and I helped. This band of Indians, after killing Sam Spear, drove their horses out upon the first rise going up the mountains, east of the draw that comes down just east of what we call the "Double Cliffs," and there stopped and from what we could make out, changed horses and probably ate some lunch. By the time the Doran family had come on up to where we were, and I am not sure but what the Dick Rawls family was there, and possibly others.

A company of Rangers was then stationed at the head of Bear Creek, and the Fort McKavitt road, and a runner was then on the way to the Ranger camp. It was late that evening before the Rangers got on the trail. This band of Indians went on east and circled around through the edge of Gillespie, Kerr, Bandera and Kinney Counties, and committed several other murders. The Rangers never caught up with them, though I think now that they followed them to the Rio Grande somewhere above Fort Clark.

Of course this tragedy was felt more keenly by the Kountz family than our family, as Tom Spear was not related to

us except by marriage of his brother to my aunt.

In the Kountz family there was the father and mother of Isaac, and three brothers and two sisters, who were grief stricken on that eventful Christmas Eve, when that fine, noble young man was wantonly murdered.

I can recall just now only a few of the families that lived near us. There were the Pattersons that lived down the river in the bottom just north of the business part of Junction, and the Meeks lived across the river from the Pattersons, also the family of Latta in the edge of the bottom. The Brownings I think were still down near the mouth of Johnson Fork, where they settled some time Browning was a little older than I. The before this event. I think Jimmie Temples and Smiths had settled up the South Llano, and Jim Deaton was just across the river south of Dr. Kountz. My uncle, Charlie Spear, was living up the North Llano about two miles above the mouth of Bear Creek, at an old settled place, on the south side of the river, and on Fort Mason and Fort Terrett Government road.

I was herding cattle for Jim Deaton in the spring of 1876, and had these cattle grazing in the mesquite flat where the public square of Junction now is, when Dr. Kountz, John Kountz, Mr. Patterson and others, including Sel Denman, the surveyor, were engaged in surveying out the town of Junction City. I was right on hand July 4th, 1876, when the people of Junction and Kimble County held the first big celebration of the new town with a barbecue-picnic, with an all day and night dance, under an arbor, just down under the hill south of the Square, at or near the point where there was later a water mill. If there are any old timers there, who remember me as a boy, and care to communicate with me, I would be glad to hear from them. I first saw Kimble County in 1873, and lived with my grandmother there five years, leaving in 1878.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Pronounced the Death Sentence

Written for Frontier Times by Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California



THE OLD DAYS in the west were grim days when it came to exacting Justice. The Mosiac rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth endured then, as it did in the remote pastoral era when it was first put down in writing. They were the days when the man who did a thing must do it well, and most of all that applied to him who slew his fellow beings. Once he started he must be prepared to keep on, for when he faltered there was no mercy shown him. This applied to most individuals. Men were willing to take the consequences for their own acts and prepared to exact the consequences from others. The same spirit crept into the courts at times, and, although justice was sometimes lame in functioning, there were many cases where the convicted man faced a tribunal as stern as any that sat in the old biblical times.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the sternness of frontier judges came in the case of Jose Maria Martinez, a young Mexican who was convicted of murder in Taos, New Mexico, in March, 1854. He had shot down his victim, a well known man of the community, from ambush, that he might rob him. Judge Kirby Benedict, who presided at the trial, was but 22 years of age, the youngest jurist ever to attain the federal bench. When the jury brought in its verdict, the court, in passing sentence, delivered himself of the following remarkable language:

"Jose Maria Martinez, stand up. Jose Maria Martinez, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martinez, it is a painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features, and the court takes

positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martinez, apparently of good physical condition and robust health. Ordinarily, you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the court has no doubt that you have, and expected to die at a ripe old age, but you are about to be cut off in consequence of your own act. "Jose Maria Martinez, it is now Spring-time. In a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mesas and mountain sides flowers will be blooming; birds will be singing their sweet carols, and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and her most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay. But none of this for you, Jose Maria Martinez; when these things come to gladden the senses of men, you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod, and the green grass and those beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of death is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you be there kept safely and securely in the custody of the sheriff until the day appointed for your execution (Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time) That you be so kept, Jose Maria Martinez, until Friday, the twenty-second of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from the place of your confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

"And the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martinez, 'May God have mercy on your soul,' but the court will not assume such responsibility of asking an all-wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord could not have mercy on your soul. However, if you affect any religious belief, or are connected with any religious organization, it might be well

(Continued on Page 55)

Overland Trip to California in 1850

Written by J. Frank Bowles. Sent to Frontier Times by His Son, Hy J. Bowles, San Antonio, Texas

MY father and family and myself and family came to Texas from Mississippi in 1849, in ox-wagons, and we settled four miles from Belton on the Lampasas river, where we built log houses, opened up farms, bought some stock, and settled down to grow up with the country. All went well until the gold fever broke out in California in 1850. Along came a wagon train going to the gold fields, and I told my father if he would stay at home and take care of our families I would go to California, make a fortune, come back and we would all enjoy it. So it was agreed that I should go. I bade my wife and three little boys goodbye, and joined the caravan that was passing through the state on the way to the land of gold. My baggage consisted of my old fiddle, a change of clothing, and blankets. My two single brothers also joined the wagon train. This was in February, 1850. We took the Southern Route by way of San Antonio, Uvalde, San Felipe (now Del Rio) Comanche Springs, Limpia Canyon and El Paso. When we reached Devil's River it was a very dry time, and the water was very low in the river. We camped and prepared to stay there a few days to rest the stock. There being lots of catfish, all we had to do was to tie a butcher knife on a stick and we could get all the fish we wanted out of the crevices in the rock bed of the river. About the fourth day cholera broke out in camp and seven people died. The captain ordered us to break camp at once, and after burying the dead, we started on. My friend and partner was one of the unfortunate ones, and I helped to bury him on the bank of Devil's River, and placed large rocks over the grave to keep the wolves from uncovering and eating the body. (Twenty-two years afterward I was on Devil's River hunting deer and bear, and I looked for and found my friend's grave. Some of the rocks had been rolled away from it.) After traveling for a day or so the cholera ceased,

and our next stop was at the famous Painted Cave. I will state there were 95 wagons in our train, about 300 men, and about that many women and children. We stopped at the Painted Cave and let our teams rest, and we danced three days and nights in the Cave, I being one of the fiddlers. You see we had to dance that long in order to give every one a chance to dance. The music sounded splendid and inspiring in that cavern, there being lots of room, and we all had a good time. Leaving Painted Cave, we headed for Howard's Well. We made camp, and both stock and people were suffering for water when we reached the Well, and when we got there we found a dead mule in the well! The Indians had killed the mule and placed it in the well to keep us from getting water to drink. We first had to clean out the well and wait for clear water before we could get a drink.

Our next stop was at the Pecos River, where we rested several days and built large rafts to carry the wagons over. The river being narrow, we had no trouble in crossing the stock. After all were crossed we headed for Comanche Springs (now Fort Stockton). We were now in the sure enough wild country, and could see Indians almost every day. Our men were under strict discipline, and we had both front and rear guards. Our caravan made a train some three miles long, as we had 95 wagons with two to three yoke of oxen to each wagon. We had about 500 head of work oxen, besides the horses. Every night we would stop the wagons in a circle, making a corral of the wagons, unhitch the stock and let them graze under guard until dark, then drive them inside of the corral, and place guards for the night. The Indians would often steal into the herd and stampede them before we got them into the corral, and would lose both oxen and horses on such occasions. We generally made about twenty miles per day, making only one camp per day for the reason that it was too much work and trouble

to hitch up so many oxen. We would break camp early in the morning, get started by sun-up or a little after, travel until about 3 o'clock p. m., strike camp, unhitch the stock and put them out to graze until dark.

On one occasion, after camping one afternoon, a widow in the party, who carried all of her belongings in a large purse on her arm, discovered that she had left the purse at the last camping place, twenty miles back. She had laid it down by a bush, while eating breakfast, and had forgotten to pick it up. When she found it was gone she began to cry, saying all she had in the world was in the purse, mostly money and valuable papers. She begged some one to ride back and get it for her. I thought some of her people who were along with her should go back for the purse, but no one seemed to want to take the risk of going back twenty miles through that Indian-infested country. Finally, she appealed to the captain to detail some one to go after it, but the captain would not ask anyone to go, as the risk was too great. I never could stand to hear a woman cry and take on as this poor widow did, so I told the captain that if he would furnish me with a good mount I would go. He selected a young mule, fat and saucy. I mounted the mule but had a hard time making him take the back track. He would bray about every half mile. I tried to make him quit it, for fear the Indians would hear him. I rode in a gallop all of the way, reaching the old camping place about one hour by sun, and found a number of wild animals there fighting over the waste left at the camp, lobo wolves, timber wolves, coyotes, wildcats, buzzards, hawks, eagles, etc. I never saw such a sight. My mule was afraid to approach the camp, and kept trying to turn back and go to camp. I rode around and found the purse right where she said it was, but I was afraid to get off my mule for fear he would break away and leave me afoot. Finally, I eased down, held the bridle over my arm, secured the purse, mounted the mule, and let him run all of the way back to our camp. The crowd cheered

when they saw me coming, and praised me as the hero of the day.

Leaving Comanche Springs, our next stop was Linapia Canyon, then to El Muerta Springs, then to Van Horn Wells, and the next water then was the Rio Grande River. We followed the river to Old Franklin, now El Paso, then went up the river to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where we rested several days preparing for a long dry stretch to the Mimbres River, New Mexico. From the Mimbres we journeyed on to Tucson, Arizona, where we rested and inspected the old town, and then set out for the Gila River. As all of the watering places were a long ways apart we carried what water we could, but there was much suffering on the trip. As the Gila river was almost due west we traveled parallel with it, camping on its banks every night so as to have plenty of water, following the Gila to its confluence with the Colorado of the West at Fort Yuma. This country was truly the wild frontier. We saw Indians every day, and at night could see their camp and signal fires on the mountains. They were afraid to attack us as we had so many men well armed with guns and plenty of ammunition. Game was plentiful, deer, antelope, buffalo, and some bear, and the captain would detail several of us to go out after fresh meat. I, being a good shot, was often sent out to kill game, and on one occasion while hunting I found a gray horse grazing in the valley. I could see he was a saddle horse, but he seemed to be afraid of me. I began to whistle and sing to him, and circle around until he became accustomed to me, and then circled a little nearer gradually. I could see he had worn hobbles, by the great scars on his legs, so it occurred to me that if I could get near enough to him and stoop down as though I was going to remove his hobbles, I could catch him. I dropped down on one knee, crawled to his forefeet and caught hold of one foreleg, then raised up slowly to his neck. He stood perfectly still and trembled a bit. I placed my belt around his neck, tied my handkerchief to the belt and led him to camp. The Indians had rode him down poor and left him, but he had picked

up and rested, and made a good saddle horse. I had walked all of the way from Texas, as the wagons were filled with goods and women and children, so you can imagine how I enjoyed riding my horse.

We were now on the great Colorado River, where we struck camp and began to prepare to get across into California. While we were camped there, the captain sent me out to kill a deer for fresh meat. I soon found a large buck, and dismounted from my horse to take a shot at him, but only severely wounded the deer. In getting back on my horse my foot slipped out of the stirrup, and I fell. I had a big bandana handkerchief tied around my neck, and as I fell this handkerchief caught over the horn of the saddle and my horse became frightened and stampeded, running across the prairie with me hanging by the neck to the saddle horn. The boys with me thought of shooting the horse to relieve me of my dangerous predicament, but were afraid they would kill me instead, and all they could do was to let the horse run himself down. They finally caught him and lifted me clear of the saddle. It was a very narrow escape I had.

The captain, when starting on this long trip, had three sky-rockets made, each one being nearly as large as a churn. He also brought along 1,000 feet of rope cable. When all was in readiness to cross the Colorado, two of our men swam the river. We tied one end of the cable to a rocket, pointed it across the river and set fire to it. The cable unwound as the rocket shot across, and the two men on the other side caught it and made it fast to a tree. Then we constructed a large raft and floated the wagons, and women and children across, without any loss whatever. The big question was how to get the oxen across. The captain ordered each teamster to hitch up his steers, chain each yoke to the next, and it made a string of oxen some two miles long, all chained together. We drove them to the water's edge and pushed the lead steers into the river. A man was on each side to guide them to the opposite bank. When the lead oxen reached the other side and went

up on the bank, the drivers with whips made them pull as though they were hitched to a load, and that pulled the other oxen into the river from the first bank. When an ox got down on his side or became entangled in the chains they kept right on, in many instances breaking their legs, and some of them were drowned. Sometimes the steers in mid-stream would be under water for several seconds and when they would come to the surface they would blow a stream of water from their nostrils. When we finally got all across we found we had lost fifty oxen, dead or out of commission. Those who had three yoke of oxen had to divide with those who had lost some of their steers. I think the captain made a mistake by chaining all of the oxen together, as he should have turned them foot-loose and swam them as a herd of cattle, and I venture to say that if he had done so we would not have lost a single head.

Leaving the Colorado river we started across the great California Desert. We had suffered many hardships on our trip, but now the real suffering had just commenced. Deep sand to pull through, no vegetation for our stock to eat, and water scarce, with a blazing sun pouring its blistering rays down upon us. We would leave water late in the evening and travel most of the night. We traveled this way for several days, and when we reached the Salton Sea four of us decided to quit the caravan and strike across the country. I traded my gray horse for a little mule, which we used for a pack animal, and we bade our friends goodbye, telling them we hoped to see them in the gold fields. We had no road—just a course—and when we had traveled for several days our provisions gave out and we found ourselves in a larger desert than ever. We were about ready to give up. My younger brother was with us, and he became so weak he could not travel without holding to the mule's tail. So, as a last resort, we decided to kill the little mule and drink his blood to quench our consuming thirst, but my brother begged us not to do so, saying he could not walk without the help of the mule. Then we discovered a lone Indian on

foot, with nothing but a stick in his hand. No sooner had he seen us than he began to run away. One of our party unpacked the mule and started after the Indian. We had to catch that Indian in order to learn where we were and get him to show us where we could get water. Had to run him fully a mile before we caught up with him, the Indian thought his time had come to die. He made all kinds of signs for us not to kill him. Our man told him by signs that we had lost our way and that we were perishing for water. The Indian was so glad that we did not kill him that he made signs for us to follow him and he would take us to food and water. We did not know where he would lead us, but we had to take the chance, as it was death anyway, and so we followed him, and he took us to an Indian village where he presented us to the big chief and told him we were friends, as we had a chance to kill him and did not do so. The chief gave us plenty of food, such as it was, and sent a guide along to show us out to the San Bernardino Mountains, where the guide left us, and we made it safely to the town of San Bernardino. There we found plenty of company going to the gold fields in San Joaquin Valley. When we got there we staked our claims. I found a partner by the name of Love Witt, and together we established our camp, made us a cradle and commenced panning and we soon washed out lots of gold dust and nuggets. We moved from time to time, following the extensions and the new strikes for a year or more. One evening while in camp cooking supper, I saw a man coming up the valley toward our camp, with a rifle on his shoulder, and I soon discovered that it was my own father. I was greatly surprised and delighted to see him, and asked him how he came to be there, when he told me he had become involved in a difficulty in Belton which had terminated seriously, and he thought it best to come out to California where I was. I had some younger brothers at home and he had left them in charge of everything, and had come the long distance on horseback. Father worked with us a year or more, and

when we thought we had accumulated enough gold for a stake we began to make preparations to return to Texas. We bought a span of good horses and a hack, and planned to start from San Diego. While we were there getting ready a gang of outlaws, headed by a character known as Six-Toed Pete, became very friendly with us, saying they wanted to go to Texas too, and would travel along with us for company and as a protection from Indians. We stayed in San Diego about two weeks, thinking this gang would become restless and leave, but we were not to get rid of them so easily. One night we gave a big fandango or Mexican dance. We paid for the music, supper and all, and about midnight, when the dance was going strong, we slipped out and made our get-away. There was a soldier camp some seventy-five miles distant, and we traveled all night and reached the soldier camp the next night where we rested, and within a short time here came Six-Toed Pete and his gang on our trail. He came to our camp, very much peeved, and asked why we went off and left him. He also asked why there were so many camp fires near us and when we told him it was a soldier camp, he and his gang immediately left and rode off in the dark, as they had no use for the soldiers.

There were four of us in the hack, a man and his wife and Father and I. The road to Texas dipped down into the State of Sonora, in Mexico, and I venture to say that our bones would be bleaching now somewhere in Mexico, if we had not given that gang the dodge as they knew we had gold which we were taking back to Texas. It is a wonder that we ever made it through, as there were just four of us and one was a woman. We traveled mostly by night and rested in the daytime. We were twenty days making the trip from San Diego, California, to El Paso, Texas, and fifteen days later we reached Uvalde, where my father decided to stay. I went on to Belton, sold out everything but the best horse stock, and then drove back to Uvalde county. Father settled in Uvalde and opened

up a stock ranch on the Sabinal river. He helped organize Uvalde county in 1856, and was one of the commissioners who selected the townsite. He had many Indian fights, as he always kept

good horses, and the Indians tried to steal them. He was finally killed by the Indians in Uvalde county in 1859. And to this good day some of our family still reside in Uvalde county.

"The Old Sergeant's Story"



FRONTIER TIMES is in receipt of a splendid book, "The Old Sergeant's Story," as told by Capt. R. G. Carter, U. S. A., Retired, and published by Frederick H. Hitchcock, New York. Captain Carter, who is probably the last surviving officer of McKenzie's campaign in Texas, 1871-1876, very kindly had his publisher send us this book, which we are indeed glad to add to our collection. It concerns Sergeant John B. Charlton, who for many years was a citizen of Uvalde county, and died in 1922. We will not attempt to review the "Old Sergeant's Story," but will publish instead a review given by J. Frank Dobie, of the University of Texas, in the Dallas News December 26, 1926, which we think does full justice to the work. The review follows:

The Old Sergeant

"Oh, pray for the soldier, you kind-hearted stranger,
He has roamed o'er the prairies for many a year,
He has kept the Comanches from off your ranches
And chased them far over the Texas frontier."

This is not Sergeant Charlton's epitaph, but it is one on a stone very near his grave in the old post cemetery at Fort Clark, Texas, down close to the Rio Grande, and it may well be taken as a summary of "The Old Sergeant's Story," as told by Capt. Robert G. Carter.

Sergeant John B. Charlton had been out of the army for nearly fifty years and had been living in Uvalde, Texas, for thirty-five years when in 1920 he began a correspondence with his former commander, Capt. Carter. From that

time until his death two years later he continued to write. His letters, interspersed with necessary but not redundant explanation on the part of Capt. Carter, comprise the bulk of the "Story."

They are interesting letters for two reasons. In the first place, they reveal a loyal, sensitive, honest and gallant soul. I have read many a novel that left the main character less realized than these letters realize Sergeant Charlton. Here is a fine and true man, the humanity of him is a cordial. The letters show perspective, too, and a quiet sense of humor.

In the second place, the letters reveal a great many interesting sidelights on army life on the Texas frontiers and in the Indian Territory during the early '70s. In them we see very plainly what has never before been fully brought out, the enmity that existed between the frontiersmen of the Southwest, right after the Civil War, and the army. In the fight on the Indians there was little co-operation between citizens and soldiers. Sometimes the fight was three-cornered. To the Texans, Government troops patrolling the borders were often "damned Yankees," and to the troops the Texans were often unreconstructed rebels that the Indians would do well to butcher. The accounts of Charlton's detached scoutings are full of interest. His killing of Setank is a real episode and the peculiar thing is that another soldier has for fifty-five years been credited with having done the work. The glimpses of Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Red McLaughlin and other Western celebrities are not consequential.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

The Fight at Ledbetter's Salt Works

Written by John Warren Hunter, in 1914



ROUND the army posts of Forts McKavett, Concho and Griffin in the early days were two characters, Indian Kate was half torious for depravity. Kate was half Indian and Mexican, and the wife of Cato, a negro who had served in the army. He possessed the cunning of the Indian and all the treachery and cruelty of the African and Indian combined. They showed up in Fort Concho early in 1870 and during their stay here it was observed that Cato was absent most of the time and no one was able to discover the cause of his absence. Finally Cloud, the scout and post-guide went to the commanding officer and advised him to have him arrested and hung. "He is a renegade," said Cloud, "and a spy. He is in league with the Comanches. He will slip into the post after a month's absence, size up the situation, lay in a big supply of ammunition, and then he is gone again, whether no one knows. And moreover, the night following pay day among the troops, the Indians come right into the post and get off with a bunch of horses. This has occurred twice since that scoundrel came to this post and it happened more than once at McKavett. Those Indians are posted by some one and Cato is the spy that is doing the devilment." Orders were issued for the arrest of the negro but he failed to show up again in Fort Concho. Evidently, through Kate, he had warning and stayed away. Shortly after this, Indian Kate left and went to Fort Griffin where, later she became a leading factor in a tragedy that was the sensation of the period.

Men and women are yet living who remember Cloud, the old scout who made his home at Fort Concho in the early days. For some reason, Cloud cherished a mortal hatred toward this renegade negro Cato, and swore he would never rest until he had killed or captured the scoundrel. He finally succeeded and this is how it came about:

Ledbetter's Salt Works, an extreme outpost, were located on the head of Salt Creek some ten miles west of where the

town of Albany now stands. During the war these works were extensively operated, being guarded by a company of rangers, but at the close of the war the rangers were withdrawn and all the families that had gathered there left except the Ledbetters. For better protection Mr. Ledbetter erected two block houses within gunshot of his big salt kettles and for defence he secured from the commander at Fort Griffin a six-pounder gun. To operate these works, Ledbetter kept in his employ five or six men, all of whom were well armed and could be depended upon in case of an attack.

In the meantime, Cato's devilment had become so notorious that the few stockmen and others living at Fort Griffin offered a large reward for his apprehension dead or alive and Cloud determined to try to secure this reward. He took into his confidence Tonkawa Charley, who frequented Fort Concho in those days and who next to Cloud knew Cato and his habits better than anyone else. These two left Fort Concho and went to Fort Griffin, where they found Chief Johnson and his tribe of Tonkawas in camp just outside the post. They had been there but a few days when a runner came in with the news that a band of twenty-five Indians had attacked Ledbetter's Salt Works. Afterward a participant gave this account of the fight: It was a bright moonlight night and when the attack began, Ledbetter and his wife and their children were in the block house used as the family residence. Mrs. Ledbetter, with the courage of a while her husband fired through the average pioneer mother, loaded the guns loop-holes at the Indians who were trying to get into the building where the main stores were kept. This, with the deadly cross-fire kept up by the men in the bunk house, forced the Indians to fall back. During the fight, and amid the yelling, an Indian was herad to curse Ledbetter in English and dare him to come out and fight like a man. He recognized the voice and accent of the braggart, Cato, and with a well directed

shot succeeded in giving him a slight wound. The Indians retreated, carrying off their wounded, among whom was their leader, Cato, leaving four of their dead on the ground.

Early next morning while Ledbetter and his men were burying the four "good Injuns," Cloud, Tonkawa Charley Chief Johnson and a large number of his Tonk braves rode up. They were accompanied by a troupe of ten men under command of Lieutenant Turner of the Fourth Cavalry. Halting only long enough to prepare breakfast and to feed and water their horses, the troupe, with Cloud and the Tonks in the lead took the trail and just after sunset on the second day Cloud discovered a smoke rising from a canyon or arroyo near a place known as Mountain Pass. Halting the command, Lieutenant Turner waited while Cloud, Chief Johnson and Charley went forward to reconnoiter. It was sometime after dark when these returned and explained fully the position of the Comanches, who evidently felt themselves in a state of entire security. When Lieutenant Turner heard Cloud's report, he said to Sergeant Jones: "Put two men on guard; no fires tonight. Cloud will take Charley and keep a sharp lookout from that mountain over there in the direction of the Comanche camp. Call me at 3 o'clock. Roll in your blankets boys and try to get a little sleep."

An hour before dawn, the men were in readiness to mount, and when the command was given, like spectres in the dim starlight, Cloud and his Tonks led the way over the open prairie, carefully avoiding the rocky roughs that would give forth sounds to alarm the Comanche camp. Arriving on a brow where the ground sloped off toward the arroyo, Cloud raised his hand as a signal to halt. Tonkawa Charley was sent forward to reconnoiter and spy out the situation and in less than twenty minutes he returned and reported all quiet. Day was dawning, the column advanced in open formation, the command encircled as near as possible the Indian camp in order to prevent the escape of any, and when within 150 yards Lieutenant Turner shouted "Charge!" Like an avenging Nemesis, riding on the wings of swift destruction, the Tonks and soldiers swept

down the slope of the arroyo, shooting yelling and riding down the bewildered Comanches before they could secure their arms and horses. Those who had not fallen at the first onset began to rally around a big savage whose stentorian calls to his men revealed his identity. Cloud and Tonkawa Charley kept close together at the front. "That's Cato, Charle, he's the man we are after!" shouted Cloud, and the two dashed into the group of rallying warriors riding down all who opposed; their pistols flamed and Cato's career was forever closed. The fight in the camp did not last over five minutes. Lieutenant Turner and his men dashed off after the fleeing Indians, keeping up a running fight for an hour, while the Tonks remained behind, killing the wounded and scalping those left on the field. The victory was complete. Twelve of the enemy, including Cato, were killed, while only two of the attacking party were wounded and none killed.

Cloud returned to Fort Concho. As to whether he ever obtained the reward offered for the apprehension of Cato I am not informed. The presumption is that he and Charley were well paid.

The question has been often asked: What became of the old scout, Cloud? I do not know. There had been circulated a story to the effect that family troubles arose, and he left the country. This was after the Indian moccasins tracks had faded from the trail in Concholand and left the brave old scout and post guide without employment. His occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and he also went; whither, no one seems to know. But his good name and the record of his services will ever endure in the hearts of the Old Guard in Concholand.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Another Pioneer Passes on.

Hon. A. J. Durham, of Sabinal, Texas, writes:

"On November 15th last, my dear good, christian mother-in-law passed peacefully to her reward, age 92 years and three days. She came from Ireland to New York in 1850 and married the late Ross Kenedy in 1857, in Brooklyn, and came immediately to Sabinal, Uvalde county, where she remained until called to a far better country. She raised nine children, all of them living. She was a pioneer in all that the word implies. She lived a life of self sacrifice, hardship, devotion to her family and her friends, always ready to do a kindly act and has left her foot-prints upon the sands of time that point the way to all that is noble, uplifting and praiseworthy in human endeavor. About eleven years ago she fell and broke her hip, since when she had been a cripple walking around with drutches, yet she was always cheerful, kind, sympathetic and unassuming. She carried her purse always open and ready to help the needy. All who knew her loved her because of her gentle kind, motherly disposition, and these good friends showed their love and admiration for her when she was laid to rest by piling the mound, under which she sweetly sleeps, high with beautiful flowers. Today she is with her Master, who she so faithfully and lovingly served through all her earthly pilgrimages, yet her influence for what was right before her God and her neighbors will go on for generations that will come after her."

Forty-three Years a Postmaster.

Postmaster B. F. Sullivan of Rockwood, Texas, writes an interesting letter to Frontier Times, in which he says:

"I went to Louisiana in 1875 and helped to gather an orange crop in Assumption Parish, not far from Morgan City, and from there I came to Camp Colorado and helped to organize Coleman county in 1876. My intention was to go to South Texas, but on coming across the Gulf of Mexico I got acquainted with a family by the name of Paulk, a man and his wife, three daughters and one son. The eldest girl was 18 years old, and I was 30. We were married on

November 9, 1876. Mr. Paulk also had two other sons at Camp Colorado, John and G. K. Paulk. The last named had been a Ranger for several years, so we went there. To our union was born one boy and seven girls, and all of them are doing well. My wife died in 1907. Later I married another good woman. From 1876 to 1882 I had some duty to perform during every district court. At times we were short on help. In 1882 I went to work for Hon. Henry Sackett who was engaged in the mercantile business, and I was assistant postmaster under Mr. Sackett for fourteen years. In 1897 I was appointed postmaster here and have been in office ever since. With the exception of two years I have held three commissions, so you can see my work with Uncle Sam has been almost continuous for 43 years. Some of the old timers at Camp Colorado upon my arrival there were L. D. Greaves, F. M. Alexander, Ike Christman, R. C. Morgan, Al Cheatman, M. R. Cheatham, G. F. Gordon, L. E. Collins, Sam Gholson, Kin Elkins, J. M. Elkins, Jim Sanders, Curley Hatcher, Sid Sackett, George McNamara, D. J. McNamara, John Thomas and others. Most of these old friends are still alive I think, and nearly all of them were Rangers. Some of the first named have passed over the river. With a little help I could give you a pretty good history of Coleman county for the past fifty-one years."

C. S. Stuart, known all over Texas by his pen name, Clifton Seymour, writes us from Scottsdale, Arizona: "Please send me a copy of the Blue Back Speller. I want to hand down to my grandchildren a copy of the book that caused my jacket to receive constant dustings." Mr. Stuart has promised to furnish Frontier Times an account of the shooting of Actor Barrymore by Jim Curry, in Marshall, Texas, in 1878. He is a splendid writer and his contributions to the Dallas News are read with much interest by Texans everywhere.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription,

Free Masonry on the Frontier

Written by John Warren Hunter



THE heroine of this story and her brothers and sisters are yet living and although well advanced in years, they vividly recall the events which I shall relate in these columns. As I write this without their knowledge and consent, and knowing their aversion to publicity in any form that would bring them before the public gaze, I shall not give their true names but will substitute names that will serve the purpose of all things, each character with his or her own individuality.

In 1859 a man whom we will call Thomas moved from Alabama to Texas and settled in Hopkins county. He was a Free Mason and his wife belonged to the Order of Eastern Star. Before leaving their home lodge in Alabama, each had procured a demit, he a demit from the Masonic lodge, she from the Eastern Star lodge.

These worthy people brought with them to Texas, four children; two sons and two daughters. Three of these children were quite small. The father engaged in farming and was in a fair way when the great war of the States came on. There was no Masonic lodge near him and save among the Free Masons that lived in the thinly settled country, an Eastern Star lodge had not been heard of, hence, the father and mother allowed their demits to rest in the seclusion of their humble home.

Shortly after the war came up, the mother was called to join the celestial hosts in the house of many mansions. The elder son, then about 16, drifted away and did not return until three years later or at the close of the war. During his absence, and along about 1863, the father was called by the Great Architect to come up higher leaving the three little children alone and utterly helpless in a land of strangers. Not a known relative lived west of the Mississippi, and yet they were not friendless.

At the time of Mr. Thomas' death, there were few men in the country, as all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 were supposed to be in the army, leaving only young boys and old

men to guard the homes and to care for the families of those in the ranks. Among the old men, neighbors and friends of Mr. Thomas, were four or five Masonic brethren and these hastened to perform the duties Free Masons owe to an afflicted brother and his helpless children. Tender hands ministered to Mr. Thomas in his last illness and when the end came devout men reverently laid him to rest in the neighboring cemetery.

After the obsequies, these four or five Masons took counsel as to the proper course to pursue with regard to the care of the three orphans and the disposal of the small personal property of the deceased brother. To administer on the humble estate was not deemed advisable, since, owing to the civil war, the civil laws were as a dead letter and therefore it was decided to appoint three of their number to sell at public sale the perishable property and to select homes among the neighbors for the three little children. This plan was carried out to the letter, faithfully. A sale was advertised and the neighbors attended. Everything was sold on twelve months' time with proper security and payable when due, in the currency of the country. At the end of twelve months, everybody came forward and paid up in Confederate money which was turned over to the elder son on his return at the close of the war. It was, of course, worthless.

Homes were chosen with fatherly solicitude for the three children—Erin, aged 10, Alice, aged 8, and Knox, aged 5, and each home selected was presided over by a Mason and each of these Masons was a righteous, God-fearing man.

In the disposal of the household effects, each child was assisted in the selection of such articles as were suitable for keepsakes and mementoes and the mother's Eastern Star demit fell to the lot of Erin, the eldest of the two little girls. This demit was what we now call a folder—a sheet some 12x14 inches, probably larger, and contained besides a large number of symbols, understood only by a Mason or a lady member of

the Eastern Star lodge, a certificate of former membership, duly signed and it also contained the signature of the lady to whom the demit was granted. I am thus minute in the description of this valued document because of the important part it was destined to play.

The family with whom Erin found a home had only six or eight months before moved out from Arkansas. In other words, they were refugees from the presence of Federal troops, and a few months after Erin had been with them, they moved over some thirty or forty miles into Hunt county, taking Erin with them. One month later, the father of this family died, and the mother, with her children returned to Arkansas.

In September, 1865, the elder son and brother returned. He had been away more than three years and in all this time had never heard a word from home. He was overcome on meeting a former neighbor who told him of the death of his father and mother and of the fate of his little sister Erin. He pointed across the prairie to the homes of Alice and little Knox but no one could tell what had become of Erin. She had gone with a family out West, and that was all any one knew.

The meeting between the young man and the sister and little brother was touching and pathetic in the extreme and when he asked about Erin, "Where is Erin?" they could only answer with sobs and tears.

After a few days' rest the young man set forth in search of the lost sister. He was well mounted and armed—all men carried six-shooters in those days—and was directed to go to White Rock, in Hunt county, where it had been learned the Arkansas man had located. Reaching that point, he was told of the death of the man from Arkansas and of the return of the family to that state. But what became of the little girl?

At the time of the death of this Arkansas refugee, there lived a family in the neighborhood that was preparing to move west. The head of this family had seen service in Missouri and Arkansas under General Price and Hindman. He came home on a furlough and decided not to go back. Like many others who

had tired of serving in the ranks against the Yankees, he decided to go beyond the conscript line on the border and enlist in the frontier service, preferring to fight Indians rather than face the Federals. The lady having the little girl in charge being a humane, honest mother, set about finding a home for her ward. She told her neighbors of her strong attachment for the child but she could not think of taking her further away from the little brother and sister, hence she must find some one who would take the child off her hands. The people were poor and no one came forward to offer the little girl a home, until finally the wife of the man who had just come home on a furlough agreed to take the little girl. And this was about all the brother could learn concerning his lost sister. To his question, where did the family go? The only answer was, "He moved out West." "What was his name?" "Well, being a deserter, he assumed an alias, so it was reported, and nobody knows what name he will go under out west."

This was along in September and with only the shadow of a clue this young man set out to find his sister. He had a description of the man, his team, and the number in the family, that was all. He rode all over Montague, Wise, Jack and Parker counties, often exposed to Indian attacks, but without success. No one, and he enquired of all he met, could tell him anything about the persons sought.

Now we will leave the young man near Weatherford as he starts on his way to continue his search in Denton county and follow the steps of the little girl.

The family that had taken her in charge moved to Denton county, at that time on the extreme frontier, and as if determined to get as far out on the border as possible and regardless of the dangers to which his family would be exposed, this man located in a deserted cabin in the northwest part of Denton county. On the route he had fallen in with another man who, like himself, wanted to shirk the Confederate service by getting in the frontier service, and these two families became the sole occupants of a large territory in northwest Denton county and directly in the

path of marauding bands of Indians.

After having located their families in old abandoned log cabins, built by settlers who had been driven back by Indians, these two men joined a frontier company and became as they believed full-fledged rangers.

One day, shortly after their arrival in this wilderness and while the children were playing about the unenclosed yard, Erin found an old looking glass frame, and the thought occurred to her childish mind that she could utilize this old frame and so fashion it that it would become a neat ornament for the bare walls of the little cabin she had learned to call home. She polished the frame the best she could and going to the little box in which were stored the few but precious mementoes of happier days, she took out her mother's Eastern Star demit and detaching the folder from the little black, clothbound booklet, she fitted the demit into the mirror frame, hung it upon the wall and clapped her hands in childish glee over having provided such a pretty ornament for the rude home. Now, it must be remembered, that this child had no idea touching the value of that demit. It contained certain symbols, also the pictures of fair ladies and these appealed to the childish fancy and the innate feminine taste for home adornment predominated and hence the attempt to add charm to a bleak, cheerless home.

The summer and fall months drifted by without molestation on the part of the Indians. The two men took turns in the frontier service so that one could always be at home to protect the families. The winter drew apace and during an extremely cold day early in December, three men, nearing middle age, rode in front of the cabin and being benumbed with cold asked permission to warm themselves by the roaring fire within. The request was readily granted and while sitting before the fire, one of these men chanced to see the queer little ornament on the wall and leaving his seat approached the picture and gazed at it long and intently, greatly to the delight of the little blue-eyed girl whose hand had placed the ornament on the wall. Even the stranger took notice of her pretty picture!

Turning to the lady—it chanced that

neither of the two men were present—the following conversation was had: "Madam, is this yours?" pointing to the framed ornament.

"No, sir; it belongs to that little girl," pointing to Erin. "She is a little orphan child we have taken to raise. She was without a home and I almost just had to take her." Then she proceeded to explain all the circumstances in connection with the case in so far as she could. Resuming his seat, he called Erin to him, took her affectionately on his knee and began to ask her about her father and mother, to all of which the child gave ready answer. He had read the signatures on the demit and when he asked her to give her mother's name he saw that the name she gave was identical with that affixed to the demit.

Turning to the mother, the ranger, for such he proved to be, said:

"Madam, this child is the daughter of a Free Mason! That little sheet in that frame is her mother's demit from a lodge in Alabama. I beg you to remove it at once and replace it in its original receptacle. Only a Mason knows its value to this child. Moreover, I see that you are poor and have a large family. Would you be willing for us to take this child and give her a good home and clothe and school her as we, as Masons, are in duty bound to do?"

Tears came into the good mother's eyes and with voice trembling with emotion she said: "We are very poor and our burdens are so heavy. We have a large family and we can't do as we would by our own children, but we love Erin; she is so gentle, always obedient and affectionate, but if I knew she could get a good home and be properly treated, I suppose I would have to give her up."

Then in compliance with the ranger's request and in his presence the lady took the framed demit from the rude wall and gave it to him. Erin went to the little box containing her keepsakes, brought forth the little booklet and with his assistance the precious document was removed from the frame and restored to its original receptacle.

"Guard this, for this child, as you would a sacred treasure," said the ranger, as he placed the booklet in the lady's

hand. "It won't be long until some of us will pass this way again." Placing a silver coin in the chubby brown hand of the Mason's daughter, the three rangers mounted and rode away.

Four days later, a covered wagon containing two ladies and an old gentleman, accompanied by two men, well armed and mounted, pulled up before the same cabin door. The lady had seen His Star in the East and the men wore the "Square and Compass," I have had no account of the parting further than that there were many tears when the Mason's wandering child bade her erstwhile foster-mother, father, brothers and sisters goodbye.

We left the brother on his way from Weatherford to Denton. It was late in December, 1865. Ten miles from Denton he put up at a house on the wayside to spend the night. The night was cold and there were a number of wayfarers present who found lodgings at the comfortable home. To these guests at the supper table he told his story; told of his long search for the lost sister. It so chanced that a lady from Denton town was visiting at this house and standing near the dining room doorway overheard the young man's earnest enquiries about the little sister. As he left the dining room this lady approached him and said: "I believe, from what you have said, that your sister is in Denton. Was your father a Mason?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Was your mother a member of the Eastern Star lodge?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"In Alabama?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thank the Lord, your sister is saved! She is in Denton and well cared for. The Masons found her with a family far out on the frontier and brought her away and in less than a month the entire family with whom she had lived were murdered by the Indians."

The young man dropped into a chair and wept for joy, and he did not weep alone. Among all the guests, most of whom were frontiersmen, there was not a dry eye.

The lady visitor gave him directions that enabled him to find the home where Erin had found shelter and by 8 o'clock

the next morning he stood in the presence of the long lost sister. I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. I draw the curtain, allowing the reader to picture in fancy that which no pen can describe.

The brother found Erin in a good home where every want was supplied and the object of parental care, love and solicitude. She was a pupil in the best private school the village could afford and was a favorite with teacher and classmates, and it was indeed a sore trial for her to sever all these ties and go home with her brother. But that was her decision and her Masonic friends interposed no objection when the young man offered the credentials furnished him by the Free Masons at home had so long befriended the family.

There were no railroads, not even stage lines in that country in 1865 and how to convey the little sister so great a distance was a puzzling proposition until Erin said: "I have a pretty horse and I can ride all the way." The horse proved a beautiful iron gray animal, a good traveler and quite gentle, the gift of her Masonic foster-father, and after a week's stay, the twain set out and without mishap reached the point of destination in Hopkins county.

Two years later this brother met a man who served as a ranger in Buck Barry's Company and who at the time lived in Jack county. This man was also a Mason and knew of the rescue of Erin. He stated that shortly after her removal to Denton, he had been informed that the family from which she had been taken by the Masons, had been murdered by the Indians. Whether or not this is true, I am unable to say.

That little girl is now a woman, well advanced in life. She married a man who has climbed high in the Masonic Order and professionally is well known among the brethren of the legal profession. They have a beautiful home in which sons and daughters have been brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord and have gone forth to fill their respective spheres of usefulness in the world. And over the mantel in that home, set in a costly frame that reveals the hand of the skilled workman, is the mother's demit from the Eastern Star

lodge in Alabama, and in a corner of this glittering frame is a neatly engraved card on which one may read:

"By one God created, by one Savior saved,
By one spirit lighted, by one mark engraved;
We're taught in the wisdom our spirits approve,
To cherish the Spirit of Brotherly love,
Love, love, Brotherly love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly love."

Passing of a Pioneer.

The life of John W. Davenport, the "Scion of Little Blanco," who died in Sabinal November 11, 1926, spanned almost completely the history of Uvalde County. He was the son of John and Mary Davenport, one of the first four families to settle near Sabinal at Ranchero, then the frontier, and was born January 13, 1854, less than two years after the Ross and John Kenedy, Bowles and Davenport families landed here. Mrs. Jane Kenedy (wife of Ross), who died recently, was the last survivor of these original immigrants.

The early life of these pioneers was one of terror and fear and Indian fighting. On October 29, 1859, John Davenport and John Bowles, two of the family heads, were killed and scalped by Indians. Davenport's body, full of arrows and scalped, was found by Ross and John Kennedy, just east of Sabinal at a spot on the present San Antonio highway, opposite the Monroe Fenley corner. His grave, two miles east of Sabinal in the old Ranchero cemetery, is marked by a stone, on which appears a bow and arrow and a brief story of the Indian fighting life. John's own grandfather, Claiborne Davenport, had been a soldier in the Revolutionary war and his life was once saved by George Washington personally calling him from the path of a firing cannon. Bowles was killed near the Woodley Hill some five miles northwest of town.

"Aunt Mary" Davenport, the widow, under the friendly protection of the remaining families, continued to struggle with the Indians, for many years running a store or a frontier trading post at

Ranchero. She was accustomed to such hardships, for her own father, Captain Crane, who has many descendants living in Sabinal, after fighting as a captain in the battle of San Jacinto, had been killed in a battle with the Cherokee Indians, who attacked and attempted to plunder his home town of Nacogdoches. And this was not all. Her uncle, Captain William Ware, whose numerous descendants also live in Uvalde county, had been in the same battle and in addition, had led a wing of Old Ben Milam's army in the battle of San Antonio in 1835.

In his early life, when this country was still a wilderness, John W. Davenport was a surveyor and it is to the accuracy of his early work that many of our landmarks and landlines shall ever lay their claim.

He was one of the last living who could remember the buffalo and had killed bear when deer were too numerous to be interesting hunting.

He was a member of the Old Trail Drivers' Association and had driven cattle to Kansas. He had also assisted Chris Kelley in starting his three-year' cattle drive to California.

On July 31, 1878, he married Chris Kelley's daughter, Emma, and of this union were born three daughters, Mrs. I. C. Honneger and Mrs. Eugene Locke of San Antonio, and Mrs. N. W. Burt of Luling, and seven sons, James, Raymond, McCormick, Rollie, Tomo, Ira, and Newell, all of whom survive, in addition to seventeen grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Nearly fifty years he and his wife became members of the Church of Christ, of which he was always an active worker and whose pastor, Brother A. E. Wood, conducted the funeral service.

While there has never been any family ties between the numerous descendants of the four original families, there had during these three quarters of a century, remained that tie of close comradeship between them that only pioneers of a wilderness can appreciate. This friendship was evidenced by the large attendance of these families at the funeral. Many relatives and early settlers now living in San Antonio, Hondo, D'Hanis, Uvalde, Del Rio, Rio Frio and Utopia, attended the funeral.—Uvalde (Texas) Leader-News.

Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger

From Materials Furnished by Colonel Hays and Major John Caperton in California, and from Other Sources.

The exploits of Jack Hays in Texas and California, if told in detail, would fill several volumes, but at this late date it is impossible to secure a complete record of his adventures and his daring deeds in Texas, Mexico and California. Through the enthusiastic co-operation of W. P. Webb, Adjunct Professor of History in the University of Texas, and Mr. D. S. McMullin of San Rafael, California, and by gleaning from various Texas writers, A. J. Sowell, Rev. Z. N. Morrell, James T. DeShields, Yoakum, Brown, Mrs. Mary A. Maverick, and others, some of whom personally knew him, we are enabled to present a very accurate record of the achievements of the premier Texas Ranger Captain.---Editor.



JOHN C. HAYS was born at Little Cedar Lick, Wilson County, Tennessee, near the Hermitage, on the 28th of January 1817. General Jackson purchased the Hermitage from his Grandfather, whose name was John Hays, and who was an officer under Gen. Jackson in the Creek War and other wars, and who built Fort Maysboro in Tennessee. His father, Harmon Hays, went into the army and was an officer under Jackson in all his wars. The boy was named John Coffee Hays; after General Coffee. He had a common school education in Tennessee, and left school when he was about 15, and went to Mississippi, where he went out surveying in the swamps, and made enough money to carry him to Texas, whither he went, and joined the army on the Brazos River, shortly after the battle of San Jacinto, in 1836. After that battle, where Gen. Sam Houston commanded, the command of the army devolved on Gen. Felix Huston, and then on Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson. Hays was there before Gen. Johnson took command. He served two or three years as a private, and was employed as a spy. He was on the Colorado for six or eight months, and then along the frontier, under different commanders. He and one or two others would go out scouting, and report to headquarters. During that time he belonged to various companies, and was engaged in a great many fights. He was in Col. Smith's Company at first for three or four months. Smith always went by the name of "Deaf Smith." He came into Tennessee with consumption

in early days, and went from there to Texas to live as a hunter. He was a very peculiar man, a famous frontiersman, one of the best scouts and fighters ever in Texas, and when the war broke out, he commanded a spy company, and was Houston's right hand man as a spy. Hays afterwards went into Col. Karnes' company. Karnes was a frontiersman, with red hair, desperately brave. He came from Tennessee also. Under him the company had various Indian fights with the Comanches, who fought on horseback, with bows and arrows and lances. Some of them also had shot guns which they obtained from the traders, and from which they fired balls. The Indians had their families far up in the interior, and kept large herds of horses. They lived there, and came down to the settlements from time to time, to commit their depredations. They came in considerable bodies and carried off the stock from the ranches, and murdered the settlers, whenever they could catch them. They never attacked or burned houses, but always attacked the people outside. Deaf Smith's company was mostly employed in guarding the Mexican frontier, and his fights were with the Mexicans. Karnes' company fought more with the Indians; when they heard of the Indians coming into the neighborhood, they would go out and fight with them. They were principally the Comanches, and ranged through Texas, and clear up to nearly where the railroad runs now. That was their country, and had been for generations. They were a powerful nation, and very warlike and savage and

eruel, at war with everybody, Mexicans, Americans and other Indian tribes.

After the independence of Texas was established, the government gave out what were called head rights to the people who came there to settle, and to those who had performed military service, entitling them to so much land, and during his stay in Texas, Hays was engaged more or less all the time in surveying, when not actively employed in military service, and he located and surveyed the land for the people which was granted by the government under these head rights. He surveyed on nearly all the streams of Western Texas. These surveys were made to secure the people in their titles to the land, and at their expense, not for purpose of immediate settlement. The Surveyor's office was opened in Texas in 1838. When a party went out surveying, they generally had a guard for protection. Hays sometimes commanded the party. The first time he went out to make a survey, his party of four or five were taken prisoners by the Cherokee Indians. They first discovered them in the evening, and laid off at night, and the Indians came around them the next morning. They started along the trail, and the Indians followed, and got between them and the timber. The party broke and ran about a mile and a half, when a little fellow who was along as chain carrier gave out, and they stopped, and sent off one of their men who was mounted on a horse to the camp for aid. The Indians came up and said they were friends. When they got around the little party they said they were prisoners. Hays told the others they would not give up their guns, and they didn't. The Indians kept them that night, and the next day they held a council of war. A negro who was along with the party, and who understood what the Indians said, interpreted their talk to them. They discussed the matter among themselves and said they would let the party go provided they would say the Indians were friends, but if they killed the party, the men from San Antonio would be after them. The Cherokees were at that time at war with the whites, and also with the Comanches, and this body of them were fleeing from the latter. Finally, about 2 o'clock,

they made the party a proposition to the effect that if they would sign a paper saying that these Indians were friendly they would let them go. The paper accordingly drawn up and signed by the members of the party, who were allowed to depart. During their captivity they were guarded day and night, but retained their guns, and told the Indians if they attempted to take them away they would kill some of them. The Indians had a lot of scalps of the Comanches, which they were cleaning all day, and putting on hooks. This was at Comal Creek. One of the party, though not a coward, became so frightened, thinking he would be killed by the Indians, that his hair turned gray, and he shortly became sick and died. There were no settlements where these surveys were carried on, and there was great danger on account of the Indians. The first year after the Land Office was opened the larger portion of the surveyors were killed off.

Deaf Smith was in Texas before the Americans came in. He used to go off in the mountains by himself, hunting, and on one occasion while riding his horse along, he discovered that some Indians of the Tueckonee tribe, who go afoot altogether, were following him. Along the trail he was following there would be a little hill now and then, and he would lie down behind it to watch the Indians a little, out of their sight, and then continue on his way. He got to a river a little before night and stopped at a little opening or prairie, and at dark built up a fire, and put a log beside it about the size of a man, and placed his hat on one end of it to deceive the Indians, and went off a few steps into the brush. Along about midnight he heard them coming up towards the fire, and he had to catch a log he had with him, by the mouth, so as to prevent his growling or barking. Presently he saw a flight of arrows go into that log, and a big Indian run up to tomahawk the man he thought was lying there. Smith said if he lived through a thousand years he never could describe the expression that came into that Indian's face when he saw he had been fooled. He then raised his gun and shot him dead.

At Laredo, a little town on the Rio

Grande River, about 200 miles southwest of San Antonio, the Mexicans had a garrison, with troops quartered there, and on one occasion Deaf Smith, with about 25 of his men, including young Hays, went on a scouting expedition and approached within two or three miles of the town, when about 80 Mexican soldiers came out to attack them. They retreated about two miles, the Mexicans following, and then took up their position in the chaparral whereupon they were surrounded by the enemy, who commenced blackguarding and insulting them, calling them "damned rascals" and worse things, and demanding of them to surrender; said they had them sure and told what they would do with them after they had taken them. Smith kept his men quiet and would not let them fire a gun. The Mexicans commenced firing their escopets, but did no harm. Finally they dismounted and hitched their horses, and came into the brush to within 40 or 50 yards of Smith's men who were lying under a little bank. They were all good shots, but had never met the Mexicans before. Then Smith gave the order to fire, and they let in upon them and completely routed them. They broke and ran; 20 or 30 of them were killed on the spot, and a number of them were taken prisoners while the rest ran away, and their horses were taken by Smith's men, not one of whom was killed.

The Mexicans used to come over across the line (the Rio Grande) in little invading parties. They were regular guerillas, but sanctioned by the Mexican government, had considerable skill in shooting, and were not cowards, but the Americans always whipped them, having better arms than they had and picked men to fight them. Those Mexicans were fully as cruel as the Indians, and often put their prisoners to death. Their incursions were generally in the direction of the towns, Goliad, San Antonio and Corpus Christi.

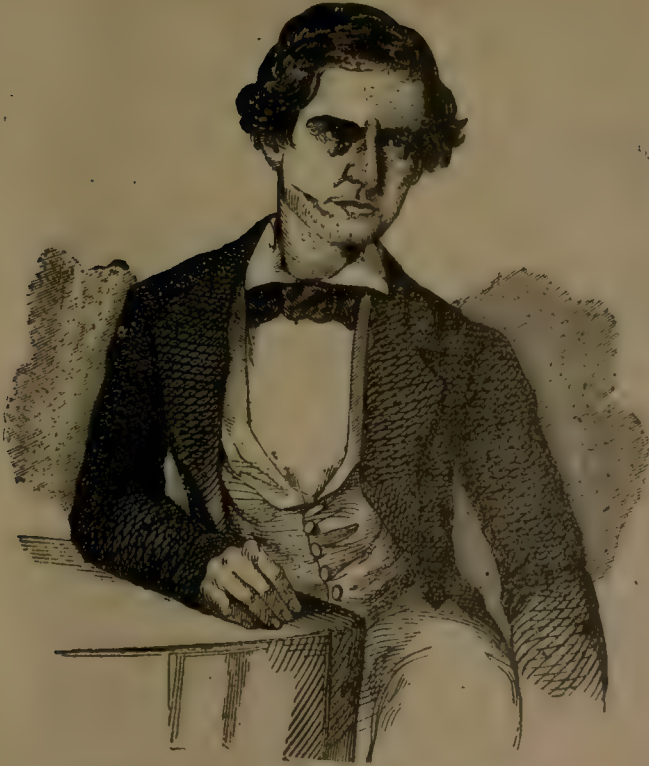
Karnes, who was Smith's first lieutenant, afterwards had a company of his own, which Hays joined, and in whose movements he took an active part. On one occasion Karnes and his men pursued an Indian robbing party for a long distance on the Perdenales River and

finally came upon their encampment, having learned through their scouts where they were, and during the night, Hays, who was acting as scout, and a few others got quite close to them. In the morning he crawled to within a few feet of the Indians, who were asleep in their blankets, the main body of the troops being some little distance off and while he was in this position, one of the men in the rear, either from excitement or trepidation, foolishly discharged his piece. The Indians were instantly aroused, and jumped up, on the alert. They never act with precipitation or get flurried, always are cool and wait for orders, though their movements may be remarkably quick. Hays had an old-fashioned flint-lock rifle, such as was used at that day, and had it cocked; but he was so much interested in observing Indians, and so overcome with astonishment and admiration at seeing the chief give orders to his men, and noticing their manouvers, that he quite forgot to fire his gun until the Indians began to fire at him, and had discharged two arrows at him, whereupon he fired his gun and killed the chief. He jumped up and hallooed, "I've killed an Indian! I've killed an Indian!" He had killed an Indian chief.

In 1840, Texas being too poor to maintain a large army, the regular forces were disbanded, and the Texan Congress authorized the creation of a force for the protection of the frontier against the Mexicans and Indians. Its organization took place at San Antonio, where the men were enlisted and mustered into service to the number of seventy-five at first, and the force was called the "Texas Rangers," and was composed mainly of young men from the settlements in Texas, hunters, trappers and adventurers, frontiersmen. Hays, though quite a young man at that time, only 23, had done good service as a spy and scout, and had gained an enviable reputation for bravery, daring, endurance, and skill in commanding men, and success in opposing the Mexicans and Indians in their frequent invasions, and was appointed to the command of the Rangers, and commissioned by Congress for that post. This was a very great compliment to the young man, inasmuch as there were many

men in Texas at that time who had had a much longer experience on the frontier, and who would have made admirable leaders, and also many officers of high rank and long military service in the regular army who sought the position, and whose bravery and skill were unquestioned. But the honor thus conferred by the government was not misplaced, as was shown by the subsequent career of young Hays. This body of men was a nucleus about which a much larger force could be collected at any future time in case of need. They furnished their own arms, equipments, horses and everything, except ammunition, which the government furnished, and provisions, which it also claimed to furnish, but as the force was most of the time away on the frontier, out of the reach of supplies, without any of the usual accompaniments of troops in service, they depended mostly upon their guns for food, in fact wholly when in active service, save an occasional supply obtained when they routed the Mexicans. The men were promised \$30 a month by the government. At first they got no pay, but after the money of Texas became good they were paid. The commander received at first \$5 a month, afterward \$150. There were two companies at first, afterwards three. The number of men in the service varied, at times reaching as high as 500. The frontier to be thus protected extended from the mouth of the Rio Grande up to the headwaters of the Colorado, a distance of several hundred miles, the Indians on one side, and the Mexicans on the other. Without disparagement to the regular army it may be said that this frontier was never so well protected before, as by this little band, who month after month, and year after year, were in the field, and moving against the Indians or Mexicans, by day or night. Each man was armed with rifle, a pistol, and a knife, and with a Mexican blanket tied behind his saddle, and a small wallet in which he carried his salt and his ammunition, and perhaps a little panola, or parched corn, spiced and sweetened, a great allayer of thirst, and tobacco, was equipped for months; and the little body of men, unencumbered by baggage wagons or pack trains, moved as lightly over the prairie as the

Indians did, and lived as they did, without tents, with a saddle for a pillow at night, blankets over them, and their feet to the fire. Depending wholly upon wild game for food, they of course sometimes found a scarcity of it, and suffered the privations which are known to all hunters. Sometimes there was a necessity of killing a horse for food, when all else failed. The men were splendid riders, and used the Mexican saddle, improved by the Americans, and carried the Mexican riata, made of rawhide, and the cabrista also, a hair rope, and the lariat used to rope horses with. The Rangers were frequently divided into little parties and sent to different points for special purposes. Whenever they started after the Indians, if the force was large enough, they never came back until they caught them. They would follow them for days and weeks, if they could not surprise them, which was a difficult matter, though sometimes it was done, until they finally overtook and punished them. The Indians and Mexicans were very numerous, and active, and they kept the Rangers busy. They would at times have to ride day and night, for a long time, all the time going. The settlers looked to them for protection along the frontier, and to prevent incursions beyond it, and in turn did what they could to aid them, furnishing them with horses and such other supplies as they could, as they passed over the country. If they had not protected the frontier in this way, the settlers could not have stood it, and would have been wiped out by the Indians and Mexicans. It was a life full of the most intense excitement and attended by the greatest peril. About half the Rangers were killed off every year, and their places supplied by new men. The lives of those who went into the service were not considered good for more than a year or two. Fighting was their business, and they got to like it after a time, and took all the risks. Hays was extremely fortunate, and though constantly in the field, and the leader in all the important expeditions and movements, was wounded only three times, and then not dangerously. The Comanche and Cherokee Indians were hostile throughout, but the Lipans were



Captain Jack Hays, the Texas Ranger

friendly, and rendered efficient aid as spies and scouts, and helped the Rangers in various ways in their movements. There were no roads in those days; they travelled altogether by courses, making their own way from point to point. There were no settlements west of San Antonio, that being the extreme out-post up to 1842 or 1843. There were a few people on the Colorado, and down about Port Lavaca. The Indians captured at different times a good many men, women and children; the men they always killed. The Rangers rescued some of the women and children from the savages. There was continual skirmishing between the Rangers and the Mexicans and Indians, and many small fights, and some very desperate and bloody conflicts, in which Capt. Hays bore a very prominent part. This condition of things continued up to the time when the Mexican war commenced. Before the annexation of Texas the Indians in that part of the country were pretty well whipped out, and they retreated far back into the in-

terior with their families, and mostly ceased their depredations upon the whites.

The Rangers would occasionally go into San Antonio to report, and take a little rest and recreation. Among other amusements were chicken fights on Sunday, in which the Padres participated, or anybody else who would join in. The priest after celebrating mass in the church would go out and heel a chicken; the best heeler they had was the padre. The fandango was the great event every night; a dance where the Mexican men and women and the Rangers all took part; and their Captain was sometimes seen whirling around with some fair senorita.

Western Texas, which was the scene of the Rangers' exploits, from the Brazos to the Rio Grande, and from the Gulf to the headwaters of the Red River and the Colorado, embraced some of the most beautiful country to the eye in the world. Broad prairies and live oak openings, hills and dales, rivers and little streams, and

the whole country at that time abounded with game of every description, buffalo, bear, deer, antelope, wild turkeys, sand-hill cranes and other birds, to say nothing of coyotes and wolves and smaller game. The deer were there by tens of thousands. It was a lovely country to campaign over. In the spring the whole territory was carpeted with flowers and the grass was luxuriant, and in South-western Texas there were vast herds of wild horses and cattle, and the streams were filled with fish, so that it was truly a hunter's paradise.

About the first fight the Rangers had with the Mexicans was at Laredo, a little Mexican town of perhaps six or eight hundred people, where the Mexicans generally kept a force. Capt. Hays went there to reconnoitre and get a few horses, with about 15 of his men, Americans, and three or four Mexicans who had volunteered into his company, among them Antonio Coy, his servant, as brave a man as ever lived. They went to the town, and entered it at night, and the Mexicans seeing there was but a small force, resolved to follow them when they left and attack them, which was just what Capt. Hays expected and desired. He went off with his men six or eight miles and took a good position, and the Mexicans with their whole force of 75 followed, and commenced an attack. Capt. Hays and his party drove them off and followed them up, killing several and after the Mexicans had taken their position he charged them, and they dismounted from their horses and he captured the whole force except one, save those who were killed, 15 or 20, and took all their horses, saddles, plunder and everything. Capt. Hays then sent into the town and demanded of the Alcalde to send out a supply of provisions, and threatened, in case he refused to comply with the demand, to enter the town and kill them all. The Alcalde, under the impression that the enemy were there in large force, immediately furnished the provisions required. Capt. Hays then turned the prisoners loose and allowed them to go back. The commanding officer of the Mexicans was a brave fellow, and during the last charge of Hays' men he pulled out his sword and ran at them, and Capt. Hays shot him with a pistol,

about eight feet off, during the fight. The Rangers lost none of their men. During this battle, after Hays had taken his position, Major Chevallier was coming up behind, and a Mexican made a dash at him, and his horse threw him and he ran, pursued by several Mexicans with their lances. Hays, seeing his difficulty, ran out with Nat Harbert, one of his men and shot one of the Mexicans who was after the Major with a lance, whereupon the others retreated, and the Major escaped. They had a feast from the provisions furnished, and then retired with the spoils of their victory. They frequently had fights with the Mexicans, whom they often surprised, and almost always came off victorious. Occasionally, when the force of the Mexicans was very much superior to theirs, they were compelled to retreat before them, although they were never surprised by the Mexicans.

It was the custom of Capt. Hays to take a small body of his best men, mounted, and go from time to time to spy out the Indians and watch their movements. On one occasion, shortly after the organization of the Rangers, he took twelve of his men and went towards the Canyon de Uvalde, and when within five or six miles of the Canyon, they saw some signs of the Indians, and knew they were in the neighborhood of the Indian encampment, mainly on account of the large numbers of buzzards they saw flying about, thousands of these birds always hovering about the place where the Indians make their camp. Going along cautiously, and getting within two or three miles of the Canyon, they discovered some Indians camped on the bank of the creek. Capt. Hays told his men to remain behind quietly, and he himself dismounted and crawled up to within a short distance of the Indians, counted them, and noticed their situation. He saw they were a party of twelve Indians scouts, who had started out on an expedition, and they were camped on open ground on the creek bank, in the middle of the day, three or four miles from the main camp, as it proved afterwards. Capt. Hays then mounted his horse, and took the creek under them, and rose before them within 60 or 80 yards. Meantime the Indians took the alarm and

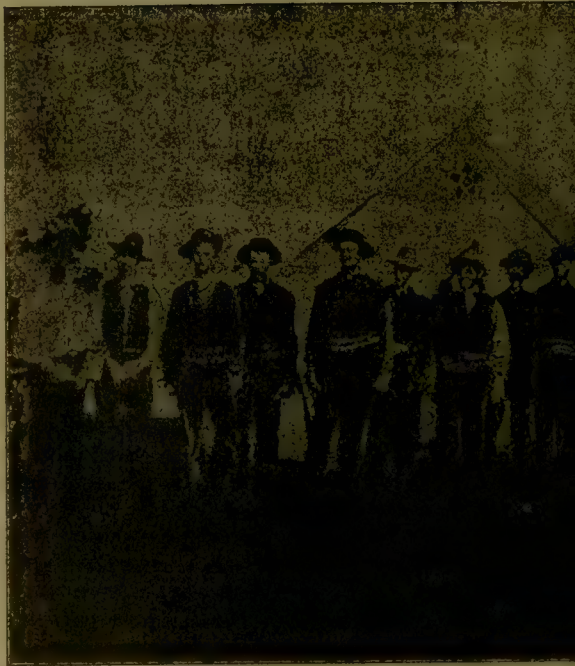
started down to fight the party. About a hundred yards off was a dogwood thicket, right in the middle of which was three oak trees together and a log, which offered a good shelter. The Indians broke and ran for that place, and only one of them was killed before they got into this retreat. He was shot by a man who did not belong to the company, a man who was connected with some mercantile house in New York who went out to Texas to sell goods, and while there he fell in with the Rangers, and went along with this little party just to see the fun. He had a double-barrel shot gun, and killed this Indian. The men dismounted, and Capt. Hays stationed them around the place where the Indians were concealed, to prevent their getting away, and took two men with him, old Trueheart and another, into the thicket, to fight the Indians. The brush was so thick that nothing could be seen until right upon it. As they advanced the Indians commenced upon them, and shot Trueheart in the neck badly, also shot Hays in the finger, and killed the other man. The two men then ran out of the thicket, and Trueheart was taken aside, and Hays decided to go in alone and fight the Indians. He took a double-barrel shot gun and a pistol, and went in again, crawling through the brush, until he got quite near them again, when three Indians charged on him with their arrows. They were all singing their war songs. They could not shoot their arrows very well through the brush, it was so thick. Hays lay as snug as possible, watching his opportunity, and when they got within about fifteen steps of him, he discharged the two barrels of the gun, killing an Indian with each, and drew his pistol on the other one, who ran to the shelter. Capt. Hays then went back and took a Yager rifle and went in again, and for about three hours fought the Indians in this thicket, over about an acre of ground, they shooting their arrows around him but missing him on account of the density of the brush and he constantly shifting his position and firing whenever an Indian exposed himself within range, until he finally had killed all but one of the remaining Indians, ten out of twelve having fallen victims

to his skill in marksmanship. Every time he shot, he killed an Indian. The Indian who gave him most trouble had a gun, the only one the savages possessed, and concealed himself behind a log. Hays was on the other side, a few steps off watching him, and could just see the top of his head, and as the Indians have a good deal of hair, he could not tell how deep the hair was, and so didn't risk his shot until he got a better sight. The Indian was also watching Hays, with his gun over the log. At last he put his head up a little; both fired, the Indian's bullet grazed the shoulder of Hays, while with his own ball he killed the Indian dead. This was the last but one; the last one ran out of the thicket and the boys shot him. They captured the horses of the Indians, and fearing that the main body of the Indians might have heard the firing, and would start in pursuit of them, they travelled all that night as fast as they could back to their camp, carrying Trueheart on a litter. He finally recovered. For the bravery, coolness and daring displayed by Capt. Hays on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of major. These 12 Indians who were killed were picked men, the best men of the tribe always being employed as scouts, and there was probably never before a fight of this kind on the continent, where one man, single-handed, fought and killed so many savages who were bent on killing him.

Shortly after they returned from this expedition the whole company of 120 men started out in pursuit of the Indians. They followed the main body for many days, up on to the Llano River. They had with them about 15 or 20 of the Lipan tribe of Indians (who were friendly to the whites) under command of the celebrated Flacco. The Lipans were a small tribe, a branch of the Apaches. They were the allies of the Rangers, and enemies of the Comanches, and sometimes came down to the settlements for protection. Flacco, their chief, was a great pet among the Americans. The Comanches moved their families with them as they marched, and burned the grass behind them, so that the horses of their pursuers could not get any feed. Major Hays attempted to surprise them, but failed through an ac-

cident, and with his party came upon their encampment about sunrise in the morning. They had about a thousand men, one or two thousand women and children, and four or five thousand horses. The fighting commenced in the morning. The Rangers whipped them out of their encampment, but could not take their horses. They fought them all day, the Indians retreating slowly all the while, with their families and horses, and owing to their greatly superior numbers, they proved too strong for the little force of Rangers and friendly Indians on the prairie, and got away entirely, but a large number of them were killed, and Major Hays lost 20 or 30 of his men. It was a long and desperate fight. The Indians had firearms besides their bows and arrows. It was a kind of drawn battle, and neither party gained a decisive victory, but the Rangers burned their village and everything on the spot, though they did not succeed in taking their women and children nor their horses. They retreated to the mountains and did not after that come and camp near the settlements. They were effectually driven back. Flacco was a very remarkable Indian, an intelligent and very brave man. During the fight just described, Major Hays' horse ran, and carried him across the Indian lines into their midst. Flacco, thinking he was charging, charged after him, and commenced fighting the Indians. An Indian presented himself before the Major's horse, the horse suddenly stopped, the Indian raised his gun to fire whereupon the Major shot him, and Flacco tried to get his scalp, but the other Indians were too quick for him, and he dashed on after the Major, who made a circle round and got back to his men.

Not long after the Rangers were formed, they received a lot of Colt's pistols, five-shooters, the old style, which the Texan government bought of Colt. Going out to look for the Indians as was their custom; on one occasion, the Captain took 15 of his best men, each armed with a gun and two of these revolvers. They went up the Perdinales River, a long way, and discovered no Indians. On returning, they set the prairie on fire, in order to let the Indians know, if any



Major Jack Hays and his Company of

of them were in the country, that the Rangers were about. In travelling along one of the men would follow four or five miles behind the rest of the party, and stop at a hill here and there to look out for the Indians, and see if they were following the party. When within about 35 or 40 miles of San Antonio, at a place called Cista's Creek, the guard behind came up, and said he had seen Indians following them. They turned round and retraced their steps, prepared to fight the Indians, and see what they were about. There was timber along the creek, and a trail through it, and on going back they saw two Indians off their horses, sitting down by them on the trail, and when they saw the party they pretended that they were much alarmed. In the meantime the main body of the Indians had hid themselves in the brush. The two Indians ran, expecting the Rangers to follow them along the trail by this brush, when the Indians hidden in it would rush out and attack them. But the Rangers knew their tricks, and were too wary to be caught



in 1844. Major Hays in white shirt.

in any such trap, and whirling around on the trail, the Captain dismounted himself and his men, and they went afoot into the brush. The Indians seeing this changed their tactics, abandoned their ambuscade, and went out boldly on the plain, formed in line, and dared the Rangers to come and fight them, called them cowards and everything else; they entertained the idea that they could easily whip the Rangers on horseback. There were 76 of them. Hays had but 15 men with him, and knew it was a desperate thing to attack the savages, but his men were "spoiling for a fight," and he told them it was all right, and they would go forward. He mounted his men, and made them throw their guns away, all but one, and depend wholly on their pistols. The Indians retreated slowly until they got a good position on the prairie, and then formed on a little hill, but they could not see down the valley beyond. Capt. Hays pretended to charge them up the hill in front, but went round and came up on the rear, and charged right into them. It was a

fearful fight. They broke the Indians' line, and prevented their forming again, by keeping them on the move, never allowing them time to come into order again, and when the Indians charged on them they shot them down with their pistols. They kept together and when the Indians charged them from every side, they turned their horses tails together so that they could not be taken in the rear, and faced them on all sides. In this way they fought along for about a mile and a half, and the Indians were reduced to about 25, and nearly half the Rangers were killed, and all the rest wounded but one. The chances were now desperate for the gallant little band. They were nearly exhausted, their pistols empty, and their ammunition nearly spent. The Indians began to form anew. Hays asked if any body was loaded. He knew they could not stand another charge. Capt. Gillespie, who had not thrown away his gun, a short Yager, replied that it was loaded, whereupon Hays ordered him to kill the chief. He got down took aim and killed him. whereupon the rest ran off and the fight was ended, much to the relief of the little party that was left. The Rangers had killed 31 of the Indians, and disabled several others, and probably most of them were wounded. They secured 31 horses and saddles. That was considered the best contested fight that ever took place in Texas, and it showed that they could whip the Indians on horseback. The Indians had good horses, but the horses of the Rangers were better trained than theirs, and the pistols gave them the advantage. That was the first time pistols were used in a fight with the Indians. The firing so often with the pistols demoralized them. In that fight, the celebrated Capt. Walker was run completely through the body with a lance, and yet fought all through to the end, and afterwards recovered from the wound.

After the defeat of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna in 1836, there was no general invasion of Texas by the Mexicans until 1842. At that time a large force came up to the Rio Grande, under command of Gen. Woll, a Frenchman by birth, who then went on to San Antonio, with 1500 picked troops, about 1000 in

fantry, and 500 cavalry, and artillery. Major Hays was there at the time, without any of his men, they being scattered about in various directions. There was only a few hours notice of the approach of the Mexicans. At that time the District Court was in session there, and a good many lawyers were collected. It was then a place of two or three thousand inhabitants. Major Hays collected the citizens together to the number of fifty or sixty, for the purpose of fighting the Mexicans, who surrounded the town in the night and demanded its surrender. Hays declined to surrender, and they started in, whereupon his little company fired on them, killing a drummer and several others, and they retreated. They then sent in a flag of truce to say that they did not come there to fight citizens, but soldiers, and if the citizens would surrender they should be treated right and protected. The citizens then relying upon the good faith of the Mexicans, thought it best to surrender and declined to fight any more. Hays, being a soldier, and in command of the frontier forces, and a price having been set on his head by the Mexicans, who looked upon him as their chief enemy, knew it would not do for him to surrender, as it would be certain death. The citizens advised him to go, and as he could do nothing there without their aid, he left with one man, Mr. James Robinson. They were mounted on fine fast horses. Hays put on a Mexican blanket and hat to disguise himself, and rode out through their lines in the early morning and, counting their forces, as well as he could, as he went along, and passed unrecognised. He dispatched Robinson east into the settlements to carry the news that the Mexicans had come in force, and to raise forces to fight them, and himself remained near the town, going in and out at night, watching the movements of the enemy. This continued for about eight days. Every day a man would come in from the east and bring him a fresh horse, and meet him at a place agreed upon, and report what was doing, and learn what the Mexicans were doing, and return. Meanwhile the Mexicans, who were waiting for the main body of their troops to come up, took the 50 or 60 citizens who

had at first organized under Hays to defend the town, and made them prisoners, and sent them off to Mexico, breaking their promise made to them before they surrendered. Robinson succeeded in collecting about 200 men and boys on the Guadalupe River, about 35 miles from San Antonio. Major Hays went out to them, and brought them through in the night to the Salado, to a good position to fight from, about five miles from the Mexican forces. The Mexicans knew nothing about this movement. In the morning he took fifteen or twenty men, and went to the edge of the town and showed his little force. Whereupon Gen. Woll, a highbred Frenchman, came out with his cavalry, and Hays went back to where he had left his main force, the Mexicans following. They had a skirmish, and the Mexicans slipped off. Then about 12 o'clock Woll brought out his infantry, and three or four pieces of artillery, and Indians, thirty or forty Cherokees. Then a desperate fight commenced. He first fired his artillery pieces. While the engagement was going on, Capt. Dawson, with 65 men, approached in the rear of the Mexicans, coming to reinforce the Americans. Woll turned his artillery on them, and killed 50 of them and took 14 prisoners, thus destroying the whole force. The fighting continued during the afternoon, and towards evening the Mexicans advanced in full force to make a charge on the Americans. The latter held their fire until they were quite near, and then picked off the officers, killing them first, and then made a furious onslaught against the Mexicans, killing a very large number. They had come within 15 or 20 steps of Hays' line. Among those who fell was the celebrated Cordova, who commanded the Indians, a man who had given Texas a great deal of trouble, who was killed fighting gallantly, within 20 steps of the line. Woll, after this fearful havoc among his troops, having lost 300 men, killed and wounded, then withdrew his men and retreated. The Americans lost only a few men. The Mexicans went on towards the Rio Grande. A reinforcement of two or three hundred men was coming up from the Colorado to aid the Americans under command of Moore, and the Mexicans

did not dare remain. They moved west about 25 miles from San Antonio, and camped for the night on the Medina River. Hays was following them with the 200 men who had been engaged in the fight, and he and Ben. McCulloch were in advance of the party. On reaching the camp, they dismounted and disguised themselves by putting on Mexican blankets and other rig, and went through the whole camp, and took observations of everything and saw the position of the enemy. Some of the Mexicans were asleep, some sitting around smoking their cigars, but none of them discovered the spies. They had given their horses to a man who was with them to hold. On coming out and mounting again, they were hailed by an outpost guard, who called out. "Who goes there," "Texans, d—n you!" replied Hays. It was a bright moonlight night, and McCulloch said, "Take care Jack, or that fellow will shoot you." Hays said, "He won't shoot, I judge by his voice that he is scared. You hold your gun on him, and I will go up and take him." McCulloch pointed his gun at him, and Hays went up and took him prisoner. At that time the horses of the Mexicans were all out and McCulloch suggested that they should go and capture them that night and then the Mexicans would be unable to move the next day, and they would take them also. Hays said no, that if they attempted to take the horses then it would raise an alarm, whereas, in the morning with the aid of the reinforcements which were coming up, they would take the Mexicans, horses and all. They went back and reported, and urged the reinforcing party to join with them in attacking the Mexicans the next day, saying they could certainly whip them. But they declined to join Hays and his party, saying that he and McCulloch were wild boys, and they didn't care to go on any rash expedition of that kind. The next day the Mexicans marched on, and Hays urged the new party who had come from the East to join in an attack on the enemy. They still declined, and said finally that they were afraid of the artillery. Hays said to them that he would take the artillery first. They said that if he would take some of his best men

and capture the artillery, they would come up and sustain him. He accordingly made a charge on the Mexicans, and took the artillery that was there, and the moment he and his force became thus engaged, Colonels Moore and Mayfield countermarched and went back with their forces; they did not come up to sustain the attacking party, as they had agreed, and Hays and his men had to fall back and the Mexicans got away. Previous to this battle on the Salado, Major Hays was in the saddle constantly day and night, for eight days and scarcely slept at all during that time. When the Mexicans saw the two or three hundred men who had come up from the Colorado to the aid of the Americans, as they supposed, they made a very hasty march to the Rio Grande, abandoning their wagons, baggage and everything, or ran in fact, and went so fast they could not be overtaken, and crossed the river into Mexico, and thus ended the Mexican invasion of 1842. This showed what this unorganized force of volunteers, under skillful leadership, could do. At that time most of the Rangers were away on furlough, and so but few of them took part in this fight. After that there was no trouble with the Mexicans in the way of invasion, except by guerrilla parties, which were somewhat similar in their make up and mode of operation to the Rangers, but greatly inferior in skill and fighting qualities. They sometimes crossed the line in little parties, and invaded the Texan territory and sometimes the Rangers crossed to their side, and invaded there. The Rangers never knew what was coming, but were always ready for them and always whipping them back. There were now and then little fights and skirmishes with them, and also with the Indians, and off to their right in the grass, who kept for three or four years until annexation.

In the battle of the Salado above described there was a brave Cherokee Indian fighting for the Mexicans, who lay off to their right in the grass, who kept up a constant firing on the Americans. On the bank of the river there was a big mesquite tree, behind which one of Hays' men concealed himself, and another man behind him, trying to get a chance at this Indian. He was a splendid shot,

and every time he fired he would break some fellow's arm behind the tree, as he dodged out and in or grazed him in some way, while nothing could be seen of him but the blast of his gun in the grass. He had wounded a good many men in this way, and at last Hays and Henry McCulloch slipped round and got within 20 yards of him and killed him, both firing at the same time.

On one occasion Major Hays was out with a scouting party of 25 or 30 men, away up in the Llano River Valley looking out for a body of Indians, and one morning he left the others, as he frequently did, and went off by himself to spy and scout, giving orders to the officer second in command, Captain Gillespie, to meet him at a certain place later in the day. He went on for an hour or two, and then saw that the Indians were not far away, by the number of buzzards flying about, and presently met three Indians. Being mounted on a fine horse, he ran and they took after him, and were presently joined by five or six more. They pursued him from point to point, his horse easily keeping in advance of theirs, and when they came near enough he would halt, and they would stop, and pass a shot with him. This continued for several miles, Major Hays going in the direction he thought his men would come from, but he saw nothing of them. His horse began to show fatigue, and the Indians were crowding him pretty closely. He could hear them yelling in every direction, and knew that he was in the vicinity of their large encampment. He rode on, the number of his pursuers increasing, and presently he saw before him in the valley a large rock standing alone, somewhat like a sugar loaf in shape, a celebrated peak, known as the "Enchanted Rock", so called from the curious lights that were sometimes seen about it, probably some electrical phenomenon. He made a dash for this rock, the Indians close by, they having run him then eight miles, jumped off his horse at the base, left him there, put his pistol into his belt, and ran up the side of the rock to the top. At the top he found some loose rocks, which he hastily piled up to form a kind of shelter. The Indians stopped a little while at the foot

and then commenced to fight him. They fired at him, but did not reach him behind his little protection. As they attempted to climb up, he would shoot down at them, and they would drop back, and then return to it again. He hour or two, and in the meantime the Indians were becoming more numerous continually, their main encampment, as he afterwards found, being only two miles off. He would come out of his retreat, fire on them, and drive them back, and then return to it again. He had driven them back several times in this way, until about a hundred of them had collected at the base of the rock, and surrounded it on all sides, and were about to make a general assault. Hays, lying there, thought he was gone, as he could not resist a combined effort of this kind on the part of the savages. Just then, however, to his great relief, his men appeared in sight, having heard the firing and the yelling of the Indians. They fought their way through them, and compelled them to fall back, and thus rescued their commander.

Ben. McCulloch was a capital scout, and he and Hays frequently went out together. When scouting they did not go with the intention of fighting, and never took anybody with them but the best men who were able to take care of themselves in any emergency, such as might arise at anytime. Ben. McCulloch was the second officer in command of the Rangers. The first year after the Land Office was opened in San Antonio, before the Rangers were formed, there were 140 young men in San Antonio, and during that year, a hundred of them were killed in various fights with the Indians and Mexicans.

There was a humorous side to the life of the Rangers, as well as a more serious one, and practical jokes were not unknown among them. An Englishman named Self was camped near San Antonio, a regular John Bull, a great fat fellow, much given to bragadacio, and always boasting what he could do in fighting with the Indians. He played the fiddle finely, and Major Hays on one occasion invited him down to his camp to spend a few days with his men, and asked him to bring his fiddle along. He accepted the invitation, and after he had

been there a few days, entertaining the party with his music. Major Hays thought he would test his courage, and so told two or three of the boys to dress themselves like Indians, and presently make a feint of attacking him and Self on the road, who would go out for that purpose. They accordingly pulled their shirts off, made black and white stripes on their bodies, rolled themselves in the mud, decorated themselves like Indians, got spears, and started off. Major Hays then invited the Englishman to take a ride with him, and after going a short distance, the Major remarked that he saw sign of Indians, and presently called out, "Here they come now, yelling at us!" and just then the mock Indians appeared in sight. "Take a pistol and shoot," he said to the Englishman, who was frightened out of his wits, and could only exclaim "Lord! Lord!", and turned his horse and ran. The Major accompanied him, exchanging a shot occasionally with the "enemy". The fat man had his fiddle strapped round him and as he galloped on, it kept banging against him in the most ludicrous manner. They made for the timber, and just as they got into it, one of the boys came up with a wooden lance and thrust it against the Englishman's back and knocked him off his horse. He then ran into a prickly pear patch, and fell down. Hays went on to camp, and after a while getting uneasy about the old fellow, sent out a man to look after him. He found him in a thicket, perfectly motionless, and he would not say a word. He thought it was the Indians. Hays afterwards went out himself, and found him there, a woeful looking object, nearly dead. He had him brought into the camp and attended to. He told the most terrible tale about his experience with the Indians, and how when they came to him in the thicket, he played Indian on them, and made himself resemble a stump. He made himself out quite a hero, but he was such a coward and so frightened that his hair turned white just after. When Col. Hays went to the Mexican War with his regiment, he took this man Self along as one of his musicians. In coming up from Vera Cruz, Self was always dropping behind the others, being very fond of drink,

and one day a band of Mexican robbers came along and took him prisoner, and carried him away five or six miles, and seeing that he was a musician, they made him play the fiddle for them unmercifully. Col. Hays sent back a company, who took the Mexicans prisoners; and Self went on playing, not knowing he was rescued, until the captain of the company ran up and hit him on the shoulder. He said they had kept him playing there all night, and as he had heard that music would "soothe the savage breast," he had kept on, afraid to stop.

On one occasion Hays was out scouting with one of his men, Alligator Davis, and they came upon two little bears, about as large as big tom cats, about 30 miles from the settlement. They took after them, and the bears ran up a black jack tree, a kind of oak. Davis proposed to Hays to go up the tree and shake them off, and he would catch one and tie him up, and take him as a present to Mrs. Jacques, an elegant lady who was much admired by the Rangers, and who was fond of pets. They accordingly took a string off the saddle of one of the horses, and Hays went up the tree and shook it vigorously, and down went one of the bears and Davis caught him in his arms, they having no blanket. The bear resented this movement, and proved a very active opponent, and a most extraordinary tussle took place between Davis and the bear, the latter biting and scratching furiously, and Davis doing his best to master him. Hays meanwhile looking on convulsed with laughter, and every now and then calling out, "Hold on to him, Davis!" Finally Davis got him down, and Hays gave him a "side wipe" on the head, which knocked the breath out of him for a time, and then tied his legs with the string, and put him on to "Bally", a big-bellied horse with a glass eye. Bally didn't like the bear, and as they tied him on, looked round with his glass eye, and gave a kind of snort. Davis said "Bally, you damned fool, didn't you ever see a bear before?" Finally the bear was tied on securely, and Davis mounted the same horse, and Hays mounted his, Bally every now and then looking round and snorting very uneasily. The bear be-

gun to revive by this time, and as they had neglected to tie his mouth, he presently reached round and bit Bally on the rump. Bally commenced bucking, and Hays shouted "Hold on to him Davis," but the advice didn't avail, for shortly he went 15 or 20 feet over the horse's head, and away went Bally and the bear. Hays took after him, but soon lost sight of him, he went so fast, and he got into the track of the wild horses, and neither Bally nor the bear were ever seen again.

The Texas Rangers were undoubtedly, as a body, the best horsemen, the best shots, and the best fighters on the American continent. They could run on foot like deer for long distances, and could fight equally as well on foot or on horseback, and in either case could discharge their weapons while going at full speed, and with good effect. On one occasion, shortly before annexation, there was a friendly riding contest between the Rangers and the Comanches on the Medina, and the former showed themselves in every way to be as good horsemen as the Indians. The Rangers proved to be admirably fitted for the service which they undertook to perform, and accomplished it in a manner which entitled them to the highest credit and to the gratitude of the whole country. For their excellent training, courage, skill, aptitude, and success in this perilous service, they were largely indebted to their leader, a man of rare qualities and a natural commander. Major John Caperton, who has known him long and intimately, and who was with him much of the time in Texas and Mexico, regards him as one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived, in the line which he marked out for himself, and in which he accomplished results so satisfactory. He says of him, "As a hunter, a pathfinder, a scout and Indian fighter, his superior could scarcely be found in America. His powers of endurance were almost unexampled. He could ride for days and nights in succession, could run very long distances, could carry on his surveys for an indefinite time, and such a thing as fatigue seemed to be unknown to him. He was the most tireless man I ever saw. Added to that, he was a most industrious man, for instance in attending to all the

laborious duties of the camp, getting wood, bringing water, cooking, staking out horses, hobbling horses, and other hard work, which in hot or cold weather is very trying, and not many men would keep it up persistently, day after day, as he did always. As a illustration of his power of endurance, I will mention an incident that came under my observation. A party which he was conducting in the western part of Texas, in 1847, came within sight of a herd of buffalo bulls. It often happens that the bulls of the herd are driven out of it, and go off by themselves and become fat. When these bulls were noticed, the company, being in want of meat, decided to camp and send out their best hunters to bring in some. As a matter of course, Col. Hays, being considered one of the best went. There was in the party a Delaware Indian named Jack, a famous hunter, and a Mexican named Lorenzo, who was the head guide of the party, and who had been 15 years with the Comanches, both priding themselves upon their fleetness and endurance, and they asked to go with the Colonel, and were permitted to do so. They prepared themselves accordingly, put on their belts, took their rifles, and girded themselves up for the race, and the three started off on an Indian trot after these buffaloes, which were feeding on a little hillside two or three miles distant. The ground was covered with a kind of rotten limestone, which made it very difficult for a horse or buffalo to run over. Before the hunters reached the herd both the Indian and the Mexican gave out in the run. The Colonel overtook the buffaloes, who started off as he came in sight, and fired at them while he pursued them, loading and firing as he ran, on foot, kept up with them, and killed three, and came into camp, and asked me to go out and bring in the meat on a mule. There were 72 persons besides myself who witnessed this feat.

"The most remarkable thing about Col. Hays was his capacity to control men. The men that he campaigned with, hunted with, surveyed with, and fought with, were the most adventurous and turbulent and unmanageable men probably that could be found on

the continent; but they yielded passive and complete obedience to him; and he exercised this control over them without being conscious that he did control. by a certain good natured cheerfulness, without a particle of arrogance or dictatorial bearing, being always ready to lead in everything, however dangerous or disagreeable, and doing more than his share of camp duty; and he thus won the respect and confidence of his men, and there was no such thing as any man showing the least insubordination to him. Besides this, he always took the best care of his men. If a man was sick, wounded, or gave out in any way, or if his horse gave out, Hays was always ready to nurse him, watch him, care for him, and help him in any way, and did it from the promptings of a kind nature, and this won these men to him, and they conceded to him the qualities that belonged to him, as a brave man, a capital hunter, and a splendid strategist in military movements. No one, seeing the quiet, unobtrusive, slight-built man that he is, would suppose that he could have controlled the turbulent spirits about him as he did. But I have seen it, have seen the Indians, Mexicans, and his old Rangers, following him day after day, and week after week, in a country where they had never been before, he always ahead, and they having entire confidence in their leader, and proud to acknowledge him as such. He was empowered with authority by the Republic of Texas to defend the frontier. He was familiarly known as Jack Hays at first, then as Captain Jack up to 1842, afterwards as Major Jack Hays, and then was made a Colonel at the time of the Mexican War. He was almost always in the saddle with his Rangers, moving from one part of the country to another, attacking the Indians, driving them, and again the Mexicans, until he had established a degree of security in Texas that was felt and appreciated by the settlers there, and which otherwise would not have existed. This continued for a number of years, up to the time of the Mexican War in 1846. The line of frontier was all western Texas, along the Colorado, the Rio Grande, and all

the streams of Western Texas for several hundred miles; and he defended this frontier with a bravery, endurance, persistence and success that were astonishing and admirable in the highest degree.

Among the persons who were prominent in Texas in 1840, 1841 and 1842 were the following: In San Antonio, which was a Mexican town, there were Mrs. Jacques, her husband and daughter, Mrs. Riddle, James Robinson, Guilbeau, the French consul, Callahan, Nat Lewis, Maverick, and George Van Ness. The Jett brothers were there quite early, and located on the Medina River, west of San Antonio, frontiersmen on the extreme border. These two brothers were both in the company of Rangers, and one was killed at the battle of Salado, and the other was murdered on the coast afterwards. On the Guadalupe River was the small settlement of Seguin; old Ezekiel Smith and his sons were there. At Capote on the same river were Major Erskine and sons; that was the extreme frontier up to 1843. Among the frontiersmen who joined the Rangers, and more prominent among them or became so afterwards elsewhere, were Major Chevalier, Ben McCulloch, who was second in command to Hays; his brother Henry McCulloch; Capt. Gillespie, who succeeded to the command of the Rangers when Hays went into the Mexican War, and was afterwards killed at the storming of Monterey; John and Andrew Erskine; Sam Walker, who was famous in the Mexican War, then a Captain in the regular army, the same who was run through the body by an Indian at the battle of Cista's Creek; Tom Green, who was afterwards famous in the Civil War; Big-foot Wallace, Kit Acklin, Coleman, King, Nat Harbert, Roman, Judge Craner; David S. Terry, afterwards Judge of the California Supreme Court. The fame of the Rangers extended all over the country, and whenever one of them went east in after years, he was welcomed and entertained in the finest manner. Griffin Jones, Frank Paschal, Joe Minter, a very brave man, Groover Henderson, and John McMullen, an officer in the regiment afterwards, were

famous frontiersmen, out in all the battles. King was one of the few people living on the Guadalupe River, a very remarkable character; also Bateman was a man of wealth, who had a cotton plantation on the Mississippi River, and took a fancy to live on the frontier where he could have a great deal of land and stock. He was an oddity, very peculiar, and lived almost like an Indian, only he had a kind of house. He was well known, and his house was a kind of halting place. He at one time had a lot of wild steers in a corral, and sent his negroes in to attend to them, and they were frightened at the bull which was enclosed with them, and ran out. He laughed at them and told them he was not afraid of the bull, and he would show them that he wasn't, and how to get the advantage of the bull. He then went into the corral, and got down on all fours, and began to imitate the bull; when the bull bellowed he would bellow, and when the bull pawed he would paw, and so on. This performance went on for some time, and eventually the bull charged up on Bateman so precipitately that he was unable to resist the attack, and became suddenly discomfited, and was knocked out of the corral, to the great amusement of the spectators. He was laid up several months in consequence of this experience.

One of the Rangers was called Alligator Davis, a great, big, gawky fellow. At one time, when they were camped on the Medina River, they saw an alligator in the stream, about five or six feet long, and Davis swore he would take him out of the river, and actually did take him out with his hands, and thereafter he was called "Alligator Davis."

Ben. McCulloch, Chevalier, Walker, Gillespie, McMullen, Acklin and others were distinguished on the Texan frontier for their bravery and gallantry among the Rangers, and had a reputation throughout Texas, and any of them was competent to command a regiment. In the Mexican War they were officers in Col. Hays' regiment, and honorably distinguished themselves in various battles.

When the Mexican War broke out, and the United States Government call-

ed for volunteers, the First Regiment of Texas Volunteers was formed, under command of Col. Hays, the old Rangers forming the nucleus of this regiment, which fought all through the war, and was known always as "The Rangers." Seven captains in this Regiment were appointed from the Rangers. There were about 1300 men in the command, mostly cavalry. On Scott's line Hays' command was increased, and included thirteen companies of rifles and three companies of dragoons, and amounted to nearly a brigade, though Hays' rank was that of Colonel. It was rather an independent command, not attached to any division, but to the Commander in Chief. It served on both Taylor's and Scott's line, and probably did more fighting during the war than any other regiment.

After the regiment was formed it crossed the Rio Grande and reported to Gen. Taylor, and marched up to Camargo in the direction of Monterey. While Gen. Taylor was moving along slowly with the main army, the Texas Regiment was employed in scouting through the country in advance. When within 75 miles of Monterey, they discovered that a large force of Mexicans were concentrated at that point, and reported the fact to Gen. Taylor. Before the main army reached Monterey, Hays' regiment came in and joined it, and participated in the battle before that place, taking the advantage throughout. In the approach to Monterey, on the 19th of September, 1846, Capt. R. A. Gillespie, of the Rangers, was selected from the whole command to accompany the Engineers in their reconnoissance, and during the following days his services were availed of by them in the formation of their plans against the place. Before the attack on the city commenced a body of Mexican cavalry came out to meet the enemy. There was a mountain on one side, and a corn field on the other. Hays seeing them approach, dismounted a large number of his men, and hid them in the corn field and under the fence, and placed Capt. McCulloch with his company in front as a blind.

(Continued next month.)

Nineteen Skeletons in a Grave

Jourdanton (Texas) News-Monitor

Until a farmer's pick had reopened a grave, where nineteen skeletons, one an infant lay, only time, which always dulls the memory of man, knew the secret of a frontier tragedy that now stands revealed to the populace of Christine, a town located 10 miles south of Jourdanton.

W. G. Wiley, the farmer, lives three miles from Christine on Turkey creek. He was excavating for a water tank when he chanced upon a mound topped by a skull in which an arrow head was lodged.

At a depth of three feet the bosom of a grave lay open. Therein were eighteen skeletons. Examining the excavation, he found that once it had been lined with logs, which now were only charred fragments. All of the skeletons were brittle as if they had been subjected to heat.

This evidence supports the belief that nineteen persons, at least, were the victims of an Indian massacre. All indications are that the hole, which the farmer dug, once was a "dugout" and that the savages hurled the bodies into it before firing the mass.

The location of the tunnel-grave is on Turkey creek, about two miles from the old time Tilden-San Antonio road. The grave is in a hollow and Mr. Wiley who was digging out to increase the natural depth of the hollow for use as a tank, when he unearched the first skeleton. He then notified Sheriff L. D. McAda of Atascosa county at Jourdanton, who in company with Justice A. N. Steinle and County Attorney Slatton, went to the scene of the discovery. They viewed the skeleton, and brought with them to Jourdanton a portion of the skeleton, including a jawbone, the teeth of which were well preserved. The bones had the appearance of having been burned, and it surmised that the body was placed in the grave, covered with wood and burned, as charcoal was found about the bones.

After discovery of the first skeleton, further investigation was made, and eighteen additional skeletons were found ly-

ing in a tunnel grave about three feet deep, and with exception of two of the bodies which were piled cross-wise, as if they had been hurriedly thrown into the grave, all were placed in regular order, and were with the head to the east.

Near the grave is a tree which bears an arrow mark pointing downward. Other Indian symbols, which erosion has almost erased, are carved in the bark of the tree. Some believe these signs to mark the spot of a treasure and others believe that they may have been the victorious gesture of the band of Indians which wiped out a frontier settlement.

Meanwhile, excavation near the spot continues. Men, women and children are digging into the ground for more traces of the tragedy. Nothing has been discovered, however, which might reveal the identity of the ill-fated settlers and it is believed that they will be nameless forevermore.

The memory of them will be preserved, Mr. Wiley says, for all of the articles discovered will be given to the Alamo museum.

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"Comanche" Still Lives

United States Army Recruiting News, December, 1926



IN THE SPRING of 1868 a tall, handsome claybank gelding was purchased at St. Louis, by the United States Government with other horses destined for military service. This particular animal was selected for use by the cavalry and sent, with other horses to the Seventh Regiment which was then in camp near Ellis, Kansas. At that time he was between four and five years old, a fine specimen of horseflesh and upon being assigned to Troop I, his fine points were so much admired by Captain Myles W. Keogh, the troop commander that he chose the animal for his own field mount. This was the horse Comanche, later the sole survivor of Custer's Massacre.

"Comanche won his name upon the field of battle. In those days horses were referred to usually by their-hoof number but such was not the case with this unusual specimen. He was "Comanche," and the mere mention of his name even now carries much significance to the Indian War veteran "Comanche" was conferred upon the animal following a hot engagement on the Cimarron River in which the 7th Cavalry met the Comanche tribe which had taken the war path against the whites.

While carrying Captain Keogh in action against these hostile redskins, the horse was wounded by a rifle bullet, but continued to perform his duty. When I Troop returned to camp at the close of hostilities, the animal was nursed back to health, and the soldier who attended him pointed with great pride to his wound. "Comanche" they would say and gently massage the scar. In time the animal and not the scar came to be known as Comanche.

When in the early summer of 1876 the 7th Cavalry rode out to Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, with General George A. Custer at its head, Comanche carried Captain Keogh on his back.

What followed is now written indelibly on the minds of all Americans: how Custer with a small advance party

of 264 men rode into the full body of the Sioux at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn Rivers on the afternoon of June 25, 1876, and were exterminated to a man by the overwhelming hostile odds against them. History further relates of the arrival of the main party in time for it to avenge, in a measure, the terrible disaster which had overtaken their outnumbered comrades in arms.

On June 27, while the last sad rites for the victims were being performed on the battlefield, a lone horse behaving in an unusual manner, was observed by Lieutenant H. I. Nowlan, field quartermaster. Returning again and again to the bloody field, it seemed to be seeking someone; it neighed softly, as though to call some beloved master back; its bewildered eyes appeared to seek familiar faces and summon back affectionate human friends. It was "Comanche," sole survivor of the dark page in American history which ever will be known as "Custer's Massacre."

What harrowing experiences befell the faithful animal! What scenes "Comanche" must have witnessed! What deeds of valor must have been performed that afternoon on the Little Big Horn which must forever be unknown and unwritten history. "Comanche", the only witness, could only express by dumb actions the frightfulness of the savages' attack, the grim stand of the troopers against what they must have known to be ultimate annihilation.

It is evident that in the last stages of the battle the troopers' mounts had to be pressed into service by the embattled soldiers as breastworks. From beneath the bodies of their dead and dying animals, the men had fought to the last ditch. Perhaps "Comanche" too, had interposed his heaving body between his loving master and the quivering arrows and leaden bullets of the Sioux horde.

For the noble animal himself was dripping with blood. Many crimson blotches stained his once sleek coat. He could hardly drag his feet. The burial

party of soldiers could only guess at what the animal had suffered and endured with the human heroes of the column.

So weak and emaciated was he that it was at first thought the wise and humane thing to put him out of his misery at once. Seven bullets had pierced the animal yet the poor creature clung tenaciously to life. Lieutenant Nowlan, however, had been an intimate friend and he decided to try to save "Comanche" if it were at all possible.

The badly wounded equine was tenderly conveyed to the steamer "Far West," lying at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn some 15 miles from the battlefield. Once aboard the "Far West," everything possible was done to make his journey downstream as comfortable as conditions would permit. His wounds were attended on board, he was nursed along like a baby and given as much attention by the veterinaries and hospital corpsmen aboard as any of the wounded soldiers.

Arriving at Bismarck, "Comanche" was carefully placed aboard a special conveyance and rushed to Fort Abraham Lincoln, the same post from which Custer and the Seventh had so gallantly marched away to the martial strains of "Garry Owen," just five weeks previously. Here "Comanche" rapidly regained his full health under the careful and tender care of the skilled Army veterinary corps men.

Colonel E. H. Sturgis, who was then commanding officer at the frontier post, ordered "Comanche" to be shown every consideration. No one was permitted to ride the animal and he was turned loose in the post pasture to graze and frolic about at will. Colonel Sturgis also had the following historic general order published:

"Headquarters Seventh U. S. Cavalry,
Fort Abraham Lincoln,
Dakota Territory,
April 10th, 1878.

General Orders No. 7.

1. The horse known as "Comanche" being the only living representative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25, 1876, his kind

treatment and comfort should be a matter of special pride and solicitude on the part of the 7th Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very silence speaks in terms more eloquent than words of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which all went down that day.

2. The commanding officer of I Troop will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for "Comanche," and he will not be ridden by any person whatever under any circumstance, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

3. Hereafter upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation), "Comanche," saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Troop I, will be paraded with the regiment.

By command of Colonel Sturgis:

(Signed) E. H. Garlington,
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant,
7th U. S. Cavalry."

When the 7th was ordered to Fort Riley, Kansas, the animal was taken along and for many years he received the most tender care it was possible to give him. In the winter of 1891-'2, however, when he was 28 years old, a fatal illness seized him and he died in spite of the best medical treatment.

The noble steed's death was sincerely mourned by the entire regiment, and the officers of the 7th determined to have the body of "Comanche" mounted and preserved.

Professor Dyche, a distinguished naturalist at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, proposed either to stuff and mount the body of the animal for \$400, the regiment to retain the mounted carcass, or to prepare the animal and mount it at no expense if it were presented to the University of Kansas' historical museum.

Captain Nowlan called a meeting of the regimental officers to decide the matter. As the organization was changing station frequently and it had no way of transporting the mounted pet from place to place, it was decided at this meeting to present the body to the Kansas University.

Henry A. Crabbe, Filibuster

Written for Frontier Times, by Donald F. McCarthy, Montrose, California



STIMULATED by the success of the Walker government in Nicaragua, in 1856, through the efforts and indomitable will of William Walker, the most renowned filibuster of his day and time, led to the formation and departure of an expedition the following year from the shores of California, bent on the establishment of a similar government in Mexico, with the State of Sonora as its first objective, the most inviting then of any of the states of that unsettled Republic for the designs of those who were to participate in the adventure. The nucleus of this expedition, numbering about 75 men, left San Francisco on the steamer "Sea Bird" for Los Angeles, January 21st, 1857, there to outfit and to enlist additional strength to its numbers for the overland trip across the Colorado Desert to Fort Yuma and thence into Sonora. In all it numbered about two hundred men well equipped for all contingencies.

To this number, however, were to be added another thousand men, who were to have left San Francisco by sea, thence down the Pacific and around into the head of the Gulf of California to Point Lobos, there to disembark and proceed inland to the town of Caborca, where both expeditions were to have met.

Henry A. Crabbe, the leader and prime factor in the organization plans of this adventurous and far-reaching expedition, was a warm, hearty and sympathetic friend of William Walker, whom he hoped to meet and greet, in a common camp in the ancient capital of the Mayas, Yucatan, there to celebrate the conquest of Central America and Mexico. A native of Mississippi, Crabbe was a Southern man of the most determined bravery and of uncommon ability, sturdy of nature, robust in constitution, gallant, generous and gentle as a woman in the even ways of life, yet bold and courageous as a lion when aroused, and of a disposition and habits calculated to inspire and bind friendships, to bring men to honor him and to become devoted to him. He was then the most popular of the ele-

ment in California which was the readiest for adventure and eager for new fields of fortune. He was of the class of old Whigs who could not become reconciled to Democracy, and while his soul abhorred proscription in any form on account of nativity or religion or principle, he had, in the singular exigency of the political situation in California—in 1855—preferred even the Know Nothing organization to any affiliation with the Democratic party. The overwhelming success of that organization that year had brought his name into prominence for a seat in the Senate of the United States, vacated by Dr. Gwin, March 3, 1855. But the failure of the State Legislature to elect a Senator during the session of 1856, and the foreshadowed improbability of the dominant element to prevail in the campaign of that year, impelled Crabbe to look elsewhere for a field of action to give play and scope to his energy and ambition.

He had meantime married into the Ainzas family, that had come from Manila with immense wealth and settled in Sonora, investing all their capital in mines and lands, which were, in the due course of revolution, confiscated, and the family came to Los Angeles as refugees, afterwards settled in Stockton and later in San Francisco, where they dwelt in 1855-56, an old man broken in health, wealth and spirit, with three highly educated sons and several beautiful and accomplished daughters, the youngest of whom married Crabbe.

Following the reverses that so disastrously overtook them, the Ainzas family, so beloved in Sonora, and maintaining the most friendly relations with many of the most distinguished and influential people there. But with the appointment of Governor Gandara by the Central Government as executive head of the state, the Ainzas were forced to leave all they possessed and flee to the United States. Came then on the scene of action at this time, Ygnacio Pesqueira, one of the most prominent men of his day in Sonora, as well as the

vilest and most unprincipled, who himself aspired to the Governorship of that State by the suffrage of its own people in opposition to the Federal Government appointee, in the person of Gandara, whom he openly opposed and revolted against with all the power at his command, which as a factor of importance, was negligible unless he could enlist the services of men and money from outside sources.

Crabbe being thoroughly conversant at this time with the state of affairs in Sonora, and being warmly appealed to by Pesqueira for men and money to oust Gandara, responded to the call, and visited Pesqueira at his home in Ures, Sonora, in March, 1856. There an arrangement was entered into between the two, by which, for Crabbe's help in ousting Gandara, Pesqueira was to restore the confiscated Ainzas estate, and welcome that family back to Sonora with open arms, and reward Crabbe's followers with land grants and horses and such like privileges, all of which was but the entering wedge to the towering ambition of Crabbe, who hoped ultimately to conquer the entire country and become its chief executive.

Crabbe, while still in San Francisco perfecting his plans for the invasion of Sonora, had intrusted the raising of the thousand men who were to go by sea, to General John D. Crosby, who had commanded a regiment of volunteers in the Rogue River Indian War in Southern Oregon. Having committed to Crosby the military organization to be enlisted from his own Indian War veterans, for which ample money and credit had been provided, Crabbe proceeded to the selection of his own company of friends, among whom were a number of much prominence in the political affairs of California.

Hundreds of men from the southern counties, where Crabbe was best known and popularly beloved, came to him offering their services, but on account of his agreement with General Crosby he could not accept them. To avoid interference, on the part of the United States Government, with his projected invasion of Sonora, Crabbe had given to his organization the name of the American and Arizona Mining and Emigration

Company, which he had incorporated under the laws of California, and in this way hoped to overcome the neutrality laws.

In his abiding and unshaken faith in Crosby as his military commander for the expedition, to follow at the appointed time, Crabbe left San Francisco and journeyed onward, even into the jaws of death at Caborca. He never learned to the contrary, his faith in Crosby having perished with himself. Crosby lived in Siskiyou county, California, and upon Crabbe's departure from San Francisco, returned to his home in the Siskiyou Mountains, to never again appear in either Sacramento or San Francisco, where he was anxiously awaited by hundreds of those who were to compose his expedition. Repeated letters from Crabbe's more influential friends in Sacramento were sent to him, even by special messenger a-horse back, a ride of three hundred miles, for an explanation of his delay in returning to San Francisco to keep his covenant with Crabbe, but no word ever came from him. He had, as a matter of fact, been bought off by emissaries from the wealthier element of Hermosillo and Guaymas, who stood to lose all they possessed had the proposed revolution been carried through as planned. Crosby, up in his Siskiyou county home, suddenly began to live as one in great affluence, to the great surprise of everyone in and around the community in which he lived, where formerly he had been considered as anything but rich, or even as one in easy circumstances. But the fates, seemingly, interposed before many months had gone by to deprive him the further pleasure of his ill-gained wealth, and in a manner that found hearty approval among those who knew of his untimely betrayal of Crabbe. While driving a pair of fast roadsters to a light buggy down a mountain grade in the Siskiyou, Crosby lost control of his team and was thrown from the vehicle and killed, and thus had tragedy taken its final toll in Crabbe's elaborate dream of empire.

Crabbe remained in Los Angeles a week, outfitting with wagons, teams, riding animals and provisions, and other necessary equipment, including firearms and ammunition, and started for

Fort Yuma with about two hundred picked men. Arriving there February 27, some defection took place and many abandoned the enterprise, Crabbe, like Pizarro of renown, gave all who chose, the privilege of backing out, but informed them that after breaking camp at Fort Yuma all would be subject to strict military discipline and desertion would be punished by death.

Among the party was a boy of only fourteen years, named Charles E. Evans, a young and adventurous Californian from Tuolumne county, who of all the party with Crabbe was alone spared from death by his captors, solely on account of his youth. The expedition set out from Fort Yuma with about a hundred men and made a temporary camp at a place on the Gila River long known as Filibuster Camp in order to rest and prepare for the march across the arid desert that lay between them and the town of Caborca, two hundred miles distant.

In the meantime Pesqueira and Gandara had made up their quarrel on the common basis of "death to the filibusters." On reaching the frontier town of Sonoyta, Crabbe was first made aware of Pesqueira's treachery, and that the compact between the two patriots was to be sealed with the blood of himself and his followers. But he had gone too far to retreat and determined to go on, still having the most unbounded faith in General Crosby's arrival at Point Lobos with a thousand of the best Indian fighters in California to join him in Caborca, 3 or 4 days march from their landing point on the Gulf—a dream that was quickly seized upon by the Mexicans to foster and convey to Crabbe, that he might be drawn farther into the country and there annihilated. This was done in such a manner as to throw Crabbe completely off his guard and to lead him to believe that Crosby's ship was in sight, sailing up the Gulf to Point Lobos. Innocent of any design on their part to deceive Crabbe, the bearing of this message to him at Sonoyta was intrusted to Papago Indians from the Altar River, near Caborca, who knew naught to the contrary, and Crabbe naturally, believed them. Had he known, however, of its falsity he

would have turned back to California to bide his time for another day. Deceived, as he now was, into the belief that Crosby and his gallant fighters were at hand and probably marching inland to Caborca, Crabbe issued the following proclamation, here given word for word, setting forth his peaceful and legitimate object in coming, his determination to stay, his ability to defend himself if attacked, and then pushed on to Caborca.

"CRABBE'S PROCLAMATION"

Sonoyta, March 26, 1857

Don Jose' Maria Redondo,
Prefect of the District of Altar.

Sir:—

In accordance with the colonization laws of Mexico, and in compliance with several very positive invitations from the most influential citizens of Sonora, I have entered the limits of your state with one hundred companions and in advance of nine hundred others, in the expectation of making happy homes with and among you. I have come with the intention of injuring no one, without intrigue, public or private. Since my arrival I have given no indication of sinister designs, but on the contrary have made pacific overtures. It is true that I am provided with arms and ammunition, but you well know that it is not customary for Americans or any other civilized people to travel without them; moreover, we are about to travel where the Apaches are continually committing depredations. From one circumstance, I imagine, to my surprise, that you are preparing hostile measures and collecting a force for destroying me and my companions. I know that you have given orders for poisoning the wells and have prepared to use the vilest and most cowardly measures, but bear in mind, Sir, that whatever we have to suffer shall fall upon the heads of you and those who assist you. I could never have believed that you would defile yourselves by such barbarous practices. I also know that you have not ceased to rouse against us, by mischievous promises, the tribe of Papagos, our best friends. But it is very likely, consider-

ing my position, your expectations will be baffled.

I have come to your country, having a right to do so, and as has been shown, expecting to be received with open arms, but now I conceive that I am to encounter death among enemies destitute of humanity. As far as concerns my companions now here and about to arrive, I protest against any evil procedure towards them. You have your own course to follow, but bear this in mind, should blood be shed, on your head let it fall and not on mine. Nevertheless, you can make yourself sure, and proceed with your hostile preparations. As for me, I shall lose no time in going to where I have for some time intended to go, and am only waiting for my party. I am the leader, and my intention is to obey the promptings of the law of nature and self-preservation. Until we meet at Altar, I remain,

Your ob'dt serv't,
HENRY A. CRABBE.

This letter is given to the Warden of Sonoyta, to be delivered without delay to the Prefect at Altar,—H. A. C."

Four days later Pesqueira issued the following modest Proclamation to the gentle people of Sonora,

"Ygnacio Pesqueira, Substitute Governor of the State and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of Frontier—to His Fellow Citizens—

Free Sonorens!—To Arms!!—All!! The hour has sounded, which I lately announced to you in which you would have to prepare for the bloody struggle which you are about to enter upon. In that arrogant letter you have just heard a most explicit declaration of war made by the chief of invaders. What reply does it merit? That we march to meet him. Let us fly, then, with all the fury of hearts intolerant of oppression, to chastize the savage Filibuster who has dared, in an unhappy hour, to tread our national soil and provoke, insensate, our rage.

Show no mercy, no generous sentiments towards those hounds. Let them be like wild beasts who, daring to trample under foot the law of nations, the rights of States and all social institutions, dare to invoke the law of nature as their only

guide and appeal to brute force alone.

Sonorens, let our conciliation become sincere in a common hatred of this accursed horde of pirates, destitute of country, religion or honor. Let the tri-colored ribbon, sublime creation of the genius, Iguala, be our distinctive mark to protect us from the enemy's bullets, as well as from humiliation and affront. Upon it let us write the beautiful words "Liberty or Death" and hence forth it shall bear for us one more sentiment, the powerful invincible bond that now unites the two parties of our State, lately divided by civil war. We shall soon return covered with glory, having forever secured the welfare of Sonora, and having, in defiance of tyranny, established in invincible characters this principle. The people that wants liberty will have it.

Meanwhile citizens, relieve your hearts by giving free scope to the enthusiasm that oppress them.

Viva Mexico! Death to the Filibusters!

YGNACIO PESQUEIRA.

Ures, March 30, 1857.

Upon entering Caborea, Crabbe was attacked in front, rear and flank, desperately fought his way to the Cathedral Plaza, entered that edifice, and was there forced to assume the defensive, which was maintained against twenty times his number for several days. Forced, eventually, to leave the Cathedral, he took refuge in an adobe building with a thatch roof, within the church grounds, and finally, under solemn guarantees, and after more than half his men had been killed, and nearly all wounded, himself included, his ammunition exhausted, the house in which he had taken refuge burning over his head, the result of a flaming arrow which had been shot from the belfry of the Cathedral by an Indian exploding their powder, Crabbe laid down his arms and surrendered.

Within less than twelve hours the party was marched out on the Plaza, the well and the wounded, and there murdered in the most barbarous manner, Their heads were severed from their mutilated bodies, and for the time being, to the utmost delight of the Mexicans, the head of Henry A. Crabbe was stuck on the end of a pole, and for hours car-

ried through the streets of Caborca. They were led out at sunrise in squads of five and ten, and butchered, though Crabbe was reserved for a more brutal death. He was led alone to the slaughter, his hands bound and stretched above his head, there fastened, his face turned to the wall, his back exposed to his executioners, and then shot through the body, after which his head was instantly severed from his body. Two days later Crabbe's head was placed on a dish, preserved in mescal, to adorn the head of the table at a grand banquet given in celebration of the massacre, over which his former and unfaithful ally, Ygnacio Pesqueira, presided. His and the bodies of his followers were stripped and left on the Plaza to be devoured by hogs and buzzards and even by coyotes from the outlying desert.

There was one survivor, as has been noted, in the person of the fourteen-year-old boy, Evans, who was permitted to witness the massacre of his companions and to be present at the feast reconciliation. It was from this boy, who was later permitted to leave Sonora and return to California, that the details above stated, were learned.

The reader will lose no time in coming to the conclusion that Pesqueira was a monstrous fiend, whose true merits might be given the meed of his just deserts only by a second Shakespeare, an ordinary pen would fail to do him justice.

The true actor and superlative villain in the horrible conspiracy and tragedy, however, was one Pablo Hernandez, whose antecedent history I am quite familiar with, and will proceed to give, although it goes back to the first exploring expedition to the then unknown region in 1844 by John C. Fremont, who says in his narrative that on his way from Los Angeles to Santa Fe in 1844, on reaching some springs in what is now known as the Mohawk Desert, he found a party of Mexicans recently murdered by Indians; that one very small boy, five or six years old, had escaped the general massacre, and when discovered was clinging to the body of his dead mother and crying piteously. The sight of the dead mother and the living child excited such sympathy and indignation in the

minds of the brave men of Fremont's party, that Kit Carson and Alexis Godey obtained permission to pursue the murdering savages, which they did, the two men only, following the trail for two days. They overtook, surprised, killed and routed the murderers, re-captured and brought back the horses of the murdered Mexicans, one of the most brilliant exploits recorded in the annals of Indian warfare, and placed the names of Carson and Godey at the head of the column of American pioneer heroes. The little Pablo was tenderly cared for, taken to Washington, adopted in the family of the great Benton and raised and educated as a gentleman. Attaining the age of about eighteen years he left the Benton home under the most favorable auspices for a bright and honorable career, and came to Los Angeles, a fluent English and Spanish scholar, and shortly afterwards went to Sonora. It was he who negotiated between Pesqueira, the Ainzas and Crabbe, and procured the assistance of Crabbe for Pesqueira. It was he who negotiated the terms of peace between Gandara and Pesqueira, to be based on the massacre of the Crabbe party of Americans, and it was he who acted as chief butler and master of ceremonies at the feast of the demons. Far better for the good name of humanity had Fremont been a day or two late at the scene of the murder of the boy's parents, in order that the jackals or vultures could have feasted on his infant carcass, and saved the world so great a shame.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Send in your order at once if you want one of these. We printed 250, and have already placed 150 of the number, so we have only 100 left. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Stage Hold-Up at Pegleg in 1877



ANY YEARS AGO there was a scope of territory, about ten miles east of the town of Menardville, which was known as Pegleg Pocket, so-called because it was an open pasture a mile or two wide by three or four miles long. Near the San Saba river in this "pocket" was an old stage stand used as a relay station during the early days when the overland mail line was in operation between San Antonio and Fort Mason, Fort McKavett, Fort Concho, and other frontier posts. For a long time a one-legged man named Perkins kept this relay station, and it became known as "Pegleg," later the region surrounding it took the name of "Pegleg Pocket."

Being on the great overland stage line leading from San Antonio to El Paso, and thence to Los Angeles, California, its isolation in the then almost unbounded wilderness, made it a favorite point of operations for "road agents" of that period, and because of the frequent "hold-ups" and robberies committed in that vicinity, Pegleg became quite as well known abroad as Austin or San Antonio. It was only a stage stand and was never a town or village, its only occupants being the hostlers and never more than two families. We have in our collection of historical material a copy of a letter written by Lieutenant Kirby of the Tenth Infantry, then stationed at Fort McKavett, in which the young officer gives a very graphic account of a hold-up at Pegleg, in 1877. It is a Class Letter, written by Lieut. Harry Kirby, as follows:

West Point February 22, 1877.

I left home for my post December 1st; was joined at Salisbury, N. C. by Glenn, who made the trip to Texas with me. In New Orleans we met several officers. "Old Gimlet" came over to the St. Charles Hotel and introduced himself to us. His beard had changed his appearance so much that neither of us knew him until he spoke. I guess "Modoc" will tell you all about our pleasant trip across the Gulf, as it was his first launch upon the bosom of the

mighty deep. Upon our arrival at Galveston on Sunday morning we were surprised to find all the stores open the same as upon a week-day. Upon inquiry, we found that the law only required them to be closed between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. The beach at Galveston is very fine and well worth a long journey to see. Brereton joined us at Houston. It is a fine farming country all along the railroad for a hundred miles or more after leaving Houston. We found Bigelow and Safford (this officer died at Fort McKavett) at San Antonio. I had to be over here two days, as the stages only make three trips a week. I thought while there that it was the last place in the world I would select for beauty or pleasure, but I have changed my mind since. There are worse places. The streets of the city are narrow and the sidewalks are especially so; it is impossible to walk two abreast on them without crowding every one you meet off into the gutter.

The houses are low and awfully ugly, and the inhabitants are a mixed race of dirty Mexicans, negroes, Frenchmen, Germans and Americans.

Now comes my one hundred and eighty miles stage ride across country from San Antonio to McKavett, the most interesting part of my trip. In fact, I would have preferred to have it less entertaining.

Having heard in San Antonio of two recent murders on my road, I purchased a large revolver before leaving. I set out alone in a tolerable comfortable coach. Twelve miles out met a conveyance containing the corpse of a young man who had been murdered the night before but a few steps from the road. This did not make me feel very comfortable nor tend to lessen my vigilance. I reached Fredericksburg late at night, took a room at the hotel (?) and slept till five in the morning.

Our coach was here changed for a vehicle resembling an ambulance but not so good, and having no hinged doors but simple openings which could be closed only by curtains fastened on the

outside by small staples and pins. I again set out, this time in company with Mr. Blacker, a district judge in western Texas. At Mason we were joined by a Jew from New Orleans and still later by a blacksmith in the employ of the stage company.

Feeling now quite secure, I forgot all about danger, and about 11 p. m. dropped into a doze from which I was awakened by a man yelling at the driver to turn out of the road or he would blow his d—d head off. The Judge and I were on the back seat, the Jew on the front and our packages and valises on the bottom. The curtain was fastened down on my side, and I could only see or get out on the Judge's side.

Looking through this opening, I saw a man about ten yards off, pointing a gun directly at the door. I seized my pistols, which I had unbuckled and laid on the seat, and offered one to the judge, asking him to use it, but he declined, saying, "There is no use; there's a large gang of them and we will all be killed if we resist." Then I offered it to the Jew, but he refused, being busy stowing away his money and, as he afterward said, looking to see if he could jump out and run. I aimed at the only man I could see; but the judge caught my pistol and begged me not to fire. I told him that I did not propose to be robbed without fighting, but he insisted that there was a large gang and resistance would be rashness. As by this time the only man I could have shot had gotten out of view I concluded that it would be better to surrender. The stage was driven about two hundred yards from the road and we were ordered to get out, one at the time without arms. As I was the last I had time to take all my money except five dollars and put it down my left boot, putting my small pistol down my right boot and my watch in the case of a pillow that was lying in the seat. As soon as I was out they took me to the rear of the coach and demanded my money. I gave them my purse and they, finding but five dollars, swore that I had more money and that if I did not tell them where it was they would blow my brains out in case they found it. They then searched me,

taking the studs from my shirt, and not finding any money, repeated their threats. I told them they might search as thoroughly as they pleased, and suggested that they look in my boots, but as I expected they declined with an oath. I was then sent to join the other passengers at the head of the team, and they proceeded to search the coach, which they did so thoroughly that they found some money that the judge had hidden in the straw, and also my watch. They cut our valises all to pieces, completely ruining them. They then searched me a second time, tearing the lining from my hat, and were about to let me go, when one of them said, "Make the d—d scoundrel pull off his boots, anyway." Now, if you have never looked down the barrel of a six-shooter within a few feet of your head, I can assure you that it is not pleasant, especially when it is held by a man whom you have no reason to doubt will pull the trigger under certain conditions, which conditions are pretty certain to be fulfilled in the next minute or two. I made a desperate resolve that should they find the money I would close in with the nearest robber and sell my life as dearly as possible. I pulled off my right boot first, telling them I had a pistol in it. While they were searching that and looking at the pistol, I pulled the other boot off cautiously, pressing my heel against the roll of money and succeeded in throwing it out on the ground, and when they looked in the boot it was empty. They then gave me back the small pistol.

I insert here on account of the affair written by Judge Blacker for "The St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer."

Ben Ficklin, Texas.

December 16, 1877.

My Dear Major: — On Saturday morning at one o'clock near Pegleg I was startled from an indifferent slumber in the stage coach by the clicking of a winchester rifle and voices from without hallowing to the driver, "Turn into the brush, g—d d—n you, or I will shoot the side of your head off! Will not tell you again." At the same time I saw two men with guns, one

bearing on the driver and the other pointing at the opening in the coach. There were two passengers besides myself in the coach: Lieutenant Kirby, a graduate of West Point assigned to duty at Fort McKavett in the Tenth Infantry, the other a drummer from New Orleans. My pistol was rolled up in my blankets; the drummer had no arms, but Lieut. Kirby was well heeled. We had from the time we left the road until we were stopped in the brush to consider what we should do.

The drummer and myself concluded that we were not in a condition to risk the fight, but the Lieutenant insisted upon a fight, not on account of the money he might lose, but on account of his profession. We overruled him and were ready to submit to the robbery when the coach stopped again in the brush two hundred or three hundred yards from the road. One at a time was called and stepped forward, was robbed and sent to the front of the horses. The coach was then plundered of money, jewelry and arms. Each one had hidden a portion of his money and valuables while in the stage. I threw mine in the hay in the bottom of the coach, the drummer tucked his in the top of the coach; the Lieutenant put his in his boot; mine was found, the balance they did not get. The drummer delivered them thirty dollars, the Lieutenant five dollars and I twenty five. They also got the Lieutenant's and drummer's watches, which were left in the coach. While the coach was being robbed we were all guarded, a Winchester being on us. The robbers—the two we saw—were men of good address and executed the robbery skillfully. They attempted no disguise, except the boss, who evidently thought I knew him; to the others he was unreserved. They talked among themselves from which we learned that another party were to rob the down stage and that they were within supporting distance. When they commenced cutting the mail-bags open, I made an appeal to them, stating that they hardly would find any money in registered letters going up the country. They cut two, however, and stopped, putting all the mail back. They then asked about the

paymaster. A short time after this the lights of the down coach came in view. They then told us we could get in the coach and not to make any move or strike a light, and if we did they would fire on us. The down coach tumbled along in a few minutes, and we got back on the road and came along. Before we left the boss said, "You may tell the Menard people Dick Dublin has come back to, stay a while."

The robbery will not net them more than three hundred in money, arms and jewelry. My first sensation was that of a bad dream which soon vanished before a humiliating and outrageous reality. I was struck with their coolness and audacity. One thing seemed singular. They declined to touch us personally, that is, to put hands on us in any way. They frequently threatened to kill us if they caught us in a lie, but never made any personal search. A little less than a year ago the stage was robbed on the very spot where we were robbed then and in this last case the intention was to rob the United States paymaster.

I was impressed with the terrible earnestness with which they acted, something like that displayed by an executioner when he executes the penalty of death. I understand they did not rob the down stage. I can only account for it on the theory that they found they would not get anything but arms, with probably some jewelry and a little money.

A. BLACKER.

The Judge is mistaken as regards the down coach, as it came along a good deal later than he states. We obeyed to the letter the order concerning noise and lights, but during the time I got out, crawled around on the ground and found my money. When I arrived here there were no single officers at the post and I felt rather lonely, despite the kind attention of the married officers and their families. Since, however three companies of our regiment and one of the 10th Cavalry have returned, and it is much more lively for a "youngster." I like my regiment very much, and those who know say that McKavett is the most pleasant

post in Texas. The country is very barren-looking, the vegetation being stunted and the streams few and shallow except during freshets, when they are impassable. There is a place on Bear Creek where the road passes about six feet above the bed of the stream and the trash and grass from the last freshet showed that the water had been high enough to float off the hat of a man riding horse-back. The hunting is good, deer and antelope being found a few miles from the post. Geese and

ducks are very abundant, but turkey are rather scarce, except at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. There have been five persons shot and killed within less than three-quarters of a mile of the post since I arrived, and it is said to be rather quiet compared to what it was some years ago.

Having a pretty good hall, we have organized a hop club and give hops once a week. We also have amateur theatricals by the ladies and officers of the post.

Hardships of a German Family

Written for Frontier Times by Bernard Monken, Boerne, Texas



JOURNEY from Galveston to New Braunfels today is considered a pleasure trip. At night you enter a comfortable Pullman; next morning you enjoy a good breakfast in San Antonio; this ended you step on a train going north east and in about an hour's time you arrive safely at your destination. Like a fairy tale though sounds the description of such a trip made in the year 1845-1846. Perhaps the younger generation have heard of the hardships and trials that our forebears had to undergo; but at the same time they can never fully realize the conditions as they actually existed then. In the following I will try to describe a trip of those bygone days. I was then merely a boy of eleven years but even now the tragic details of such a trip live undimmed vividly before my eyes. My father was a wine grower on the banks of the river Rhine. The immigration fever, so prevalent at that time all through Germany, also struck my father. Partly after going through a half dozen poor crop years and probably the unrest of the year 1848 was already ready in the air. Duped by the promises of the Nobility Club of Nayence, of whose true worth no one had a clear conception, my father finally decided to also join to go to Texas under their terms. It was in the month of October 1845, that our family embarked on the two masted schooner "Neptune" for our overseas trip which lasted in all,

58 days, and was very agreeable.

As the sailing lasted longer than intended, we began to suffer for want of water. When we first sighted land we got a good impression of our new country, as the boat sent out to meet us brought a pilot and some fresh meat. After a stay of a couple of days in Galveston the company chartered a steamboat to take the passengers of the Neptune, and also the passengers of Hercules, which had arrived meantime, to land them at the port of Indianola.

As the steamer was nearing Pass Cavallo, a strong wind was blowing making the passage of the Pass very dangerous. Not taking in consideration that the steamer was almost overloaded with human beings and their belongings, the pilot attempted, with true American daring, to cross the channel. The steamer stranded on the reef, sprung a leak, and was slowly being filled with water. As Lady Luck would have it, the water was not deep enough to submerge the steamer. The passengers and their belongings were hurriedly landed on the Island of Matagorda. The workers, when they got through, were waist deep in water, and the goods were piled together in one location and a guard put over them at night.

We soon sighted a schooner coming our way loaded with cotton, which, after an agreement was made, hastened to unload the cotton on shore, taking in its place all the first class pas-

sengers of the Neptune and Hercules, and also all the tents and other goods and provisions to land them at Indianola. After eight days the vessel returned and got the balance of the passengers and their things of the Hercules, and after another dreary wait of eight days finally the last of the passengers of Neptune were relieved of their distress and landed at Indianola, happy to be on solid ground once more. Indianola was at that time sparsely settled. The company that had agreed, after a cash stipulation was made in the old country with them, to land them safely and see to their comforts, failed utterly to do so. No building material or tools of any kind were on hand. In the first place no tents were intended for the peasants. The Company's store house was constructed of wreckage from the sea, so everybody did the best they could. It was rumored that we had to live in caves, which is an untruth, as by digging in four feet the water will begin to seep in. On account of a scarcity of building material a good many were compelled to dig sod and build sod houses, with whatever they could find for a covering, often entailing the severest hardships, as it all had to be brought together on our backs. Often after this work was completed it began to pour down rain softening the sod so everything tumbled down, again making it, of course, look more like caves than living quarters. Father was unable to buy a tent or the goods for one so he built, for us, out of rough lumber and sod, some kind of a shack for shelter against the inclement weather. Naturally such a hut had hardly any ventilation and in consequence of the continued rains, everything became mouldy. Then when it was not raining we had to have these huts to escape the burning rays of the sun. Under these circumstances it was no wonder that the people got sick and died. We had to live like this for several months. In the spring of 1846 five young men, Fietsam by name, cousins of mine, came over from Germany. Meantime the Company had done better by us, giving those poor dejected immigrants some sort of comforts. Father bought goods for a tent to be used on our inland journey, and it had just been made.

This tent also gave shelter to my cousins. The company had made a contract with a man by name of Torrey for the transportation of the immigrants to the New Braunfels, Fredericksburg, and Llano grants. When the war broke out between the United States and Mexico, Mr. Torrey gave his best teams to the service of the United States and only those that were not fit for government service were put to our disposal for the trip inland. After waiting quite awhile, my father concluded to walk up from Indianola to New Braunfels to see if he could not procure accommodations and for the transport up to his destination. One of his nephews (Fietsam) accompanied him and they were lucky enough to get a wagon to come back with them. During father's absence the Company's agent informed us to get ready to go, as we were next on the list. What should we do now? It was uncertain if father could procure a wagon to take us up. As the Fietsam's also had the agent's consent to go, we packed the wagon with all of our goods and those of the Fietsams. With us on the same wagon went a family of four, by name of Weber. On the 5th day of July, 1846, our wagon loaded with sixteen persons and their belongings left Indianola for New Braunfels. The first night we camped on Chocolate Creek. The second day, toward evening, one wagon wheel broke, in the midst of an open prairie. Now we had to suffer for not providing enough vessels for a supply of water, also there was no wood around to cook with. We knew that a little further up a man by the name of Kohler lived. My brother and one Fietsam went with him and told him of our predicament, and Kohler let them have a wagon and a yoke of oxen, so we moved on to the next watering place. The broken wagon and baggage we left behind. While we were camped at the water, father returned but thoughtlessly let the wagon he had secured go on to Indianola, so having made his trip on foot to New Braunfels all in vain. My father repaired the broken wheel, the remaining goods were loaded on and the journey resumed, but not for long. This time an axle broke, which again was repaired by

father, and we finally reached Victoria. The distance between this place and Indianola is about forty miles and it took us all of fourteen days to make it. Upon our arrival in Victoria we were all more or less sick, and our hands and faces were sore and swollen from mosquito bites. We consulted a doctor, but got no relief from his medicine. To make things worse, we had to take a new teamster, a negro with six yoke of oxen. Why this change we did not know. We had to leave the Weber family in Victoria to make the load lighter. The negro brought us very considerably to Spring Creek and left us in the midst of a lot of hills. Here we buried my dear mother and one of the Feitsams, who were sick when we left Indianola. While here father got acquainted with a man by name of Sewald; later known throughout Comal county as Treasure Hunter Sewald. Mr. Sewald gave us all the assistance he could to bury our dead, but later on was indirectly the cause of a great sorrow to us by him selling a Spanish stud horse to father. We were left at Spring Creek for quite a while where no meat and no vegetables were to be had, and but little meal left of the barrell which father had bought on the coast, and, worst of all all we were still more or less sick. Finally another teamster took pity on us and carried us as far as the Widow Burkhardt's place, where now Hochheim is situated. Here the teamster turned two yoke of oxen loose and took the other along with him. We had this advantage, there was good water and we could also buy milk.

So the time slipped by, and looked as though everybody had forgotten about us, and worst of all, disease was taking on a more malignant form. While there first one of the Feitsams died, then followed his brother, the one who had so laborously made it on foot with father, up to New Braunfels, and finally the youngest brother of Feitsams also died. These three brothers were about the first to be interred in the then new cemetery at Hochheim. When the last one was buried, that same day the Americans had a picnic in progress in the neighborhood, but all attended the funeral and I remember very distinctly that

many a tear glistened in the eyes of those stalwart sons of the pioneer country when they saw the body of the handsome young man lowered into his last resting place. My brother Henry, and the last of the five Feitsam brothers, also took sick but still managed to keep their spirits up. My father fearing that he would lose all of his dear ones went to Burkhardt's offering to pay them liberally if they would consent to take us to New Braunfels. A young man promised to do so, and went and got two yoke of oxen from Mr. Torrey and two of his own and drove us as far as Peach Creek. The crossing of this creek was very boggy and when we were in the middle of the creek the wagon bogged down so that the team was unable to get us out again, and Mr. Burkhardt went back to get more teams. While he was gone it began to rain. My sick brother sought shelter under a tree, where my sister tried her best to protect him with an umbrella. But still it rained, and it seemed as if we were doomed to drown and be washed away. After awhile we were delighted to see my sister, Rose, coming from New Braunfels with help. Sister Rose had taken an earlier opportunity to get to New Braunfels where she accepted a place as a servant girl. When we were at Hochheim, father wrote to her to try her best to get help so we would get out of our deplorable state. A friend of father's, Hankhamer, by name, passing by, promised to deliver the letter to the family that my sister was with. But they failed to give the letter to my sister. Nevertheless, they had to broadcast the news of death and disaster and perhaps added a little. Of course when my sister heard all of this, it nearly drove her to despair, and she concluded to take the first chance to go down to where her dear ones were to verify the truth of the reports. There on the Peach Creek, or rather in the creek she met us. Father had to pay those heartless teamsters well to get us out of the mud and water. They had also sent along a teamster to take us to New Braunfels. Meanwhile Mr. Burkhardt arrived with more oxen, and was willing enough to take us up himself declaring that the other teamster with only two yoke of oxen could not get

through, but he would not let Mr. Barkhart have the Torrey oxen and so Burkhart had to be content, but when he left us he waived all responsibility of the safe arrival of his charges. That same afternoon our teamster took us two miles on to near a cotton gin belonging to Mr. Jones, the birthplace of Judge Jones, who later moved to near Curry's Creek, Kendall county. The teamster pretended he was looking for oxen. He left us and never returned. My sister wrote to Mr. Burkhart for help, and he responded promptly by sending a Swiss man by name of Kaeterle, with two yoke of oxen. About his time my sick brother died, and was buried in a small graveyard near the Jones estate. A member of the Jones family also took sick and they had to send to Gonzales for a doctor. My sister undertook to go, as she was a fearless rider, using that horse which father had bought from Mr. Sewald. Returning, a bunch of mustang horses crossed her path. Her mount was bent on following them but was held back by Sister when he reared up and fell over on her the pommel of the saddle striking her with full force near her heart. We took her along in a serious condition, but when we got to Seguin death relieved her suffering. She is resting in the cemetery at that place. Father had to leave the last of the surviving nephews, Fietsam, in the tender care of the Jones family, where he speedily recovered his health. It was in September when we arrived at New Braunfels under the able guidance of Mr. Kaeterle, the trip taking fully three months. Soon after getting to New Braunfels my other sister, Barbara, died and lies buried at the cemetery in New Braunfels.

Fifty-six years have passed since those eventful days. My days have been filled with joys and sorrows, but I very well recollect the happenings undimmed and clear. My aim in putting this down on paper is mainly to remind the youth of today that they owe to the pioneers all honor and respect for blazing the trail for their own prosperity and the wonderful developments the country now enjoys.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

PRONOUNCED DEATH SENTENCE.

(From Page 11)

for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well—such consolation as you can; but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

Assisted from the outside, the young Mexican succeeded in making his escape from the adobe jail the night preceding the day of his intended execution, and on a fleet horse, nearby, saddled and bridled, which his sweetheart, Delfina, had placed there for him, fled to the little town of Anton Chico, on the Rio Pecos, where he was overtaken by the sheriff and his posse and shot to death.

Christmas in a Dugout.

Mrs. C. W. Jones, in talking about Christmas days long ago, remarked that in 1881 the Panhandle was very sparsely settled, houses and families being few and far between. Dugouts were then common and on this particular Christmas the people gathered in the biggest dugout in the neighborhood for their celebration, the place belonging to Joe Browning, a well known citizen of Dickens county. The tree was a Chinaberry full of yellow balls, the balls gleaming like gold amid the white cotton trimming of the tree. In addition wreaths were made from algerita bushes, the green adding a pretty finishing touch to the festive scene. On the tree were all the gifts that were favorites of years ago. Dolls of all kinds and toys for the little girls and red topped boots with brass toes and other things equally liked for the boys. Relatives had sent Mrs. Jones then about seven years old, a big wax doll and she was very happy in its possession. Mr. Browning did the shopping for the neighborhood, making the trip to Colorado City to supply the needed articles. There were but six children to enjoy the tree and the treats, but the little folks had a good time and so did the older folks. A big dance was also held at the Matador ranch. As wild game was plentiful in those long ago days, Christmas dinner was bountiful and turkeys were not in demand.—Higgins News.

Knew Lottie Deno.

Col. John C. Jacobs, of San Antonio, writes *Frontier Times* as follows:

"The article in your January number 'The Mystery Woman.' Lottie Deno, awakens loved memories of the frontier days in the early 70s at Fort Griffin in Shackleford county. I would like to know who wrote the article, as the general purport is true. I was sheriff of Shackleford county and resigned in favor of Bill Cruger in 1876 and went on the buffalo range for five years as a buffalo hunter. I knew Lottie Deno well. She was on the portly order, a fine looker, and in manner a typical Southern lady, but didn't always live up to her appearance. She had nothing to do with the common prostitutes that infested such dens as the Flat under the hill from Fort Griffin. I have had many interviews with her as an officer in regard to the doings and whereabouts of outlaws who infested the Flat. She could be relied upon to tell the truth. But she never gambled in the gambling halls, though she held gentlemen's games at her adobe flat for men who never played in public at the gambling dens. She always had one or two admirers on her staff of the best men in the country, but never played them for all they were worth. John Golden was a Jew, and a go-between for outlaws and crooks. He was not in Lottie Deno's class, and was in no way associated with her. I am not telling you this with the idea of disproving the author of your story, as it is genuine and in the main correct. Lottie was a diplomat and stood apart from the rabble. The marshal's name was Bill Gilson and not Gibson. I know all the characters named in your article, Smokey Joe, Laripy Dan, Hurricane Bill."

Gives Us A Boost.

J. Frank Dobie, Professor of English in the University of Texas, never loses an opportunity to say a good word for *Frontier Times* and its editor. Several times, in different publications he has taken occasion to say some very complimentary things about our efforts to preserve the history of our state, all of which is fully appreciated. In

the *Dallas News* of December 26, 1926, on the page devoted to Reviews of Books and Literary Shop Talk, Mr. Dobie has the following to say:

"I want to say a word about the publisher of this life of 'The Indian Captive,'—J. Marvin Hunter, of Bandera, Texas. Up in the hills of Bandera county he has for some years now been doing a work that no other man in Texas has been able to do, though numbers have tried. First he ran a county newspaper. Then he edited and printed 'The Trail Drivers of Texas,' since reprinted by Lamar & Barton of Dallas. Three years ago he began issuing a monthly magazine called *Frontier Times*. The first volume of that magazine now sells for \$25 and the present circulation is over 3,000 copies. Mr. Hunter has reprinted several scarce books, such as the 'Life of Sam Bass,' 'Life of John Wesley Hadin,' and the 'Life of Ben Thompson.' His work is invaluable to the increasing number of people interested in the frontier life and times of Texas."

Old Circuit Rider Dies.

Rev. N. W. Keith, aged Methodist minister known to thousands of people throughout Texas, died at his home in Uvalde, December 11, 1926. Rev. Keith preached his last sermon in May, 1926, in commemoration of his 98th birthday, which had been his custom each year to preach on the Sunday nearest his birthday, and many of his old friends would assemble to hear the message he would bring. He commenced preaching as a Methodist circuit rider fifty-three years ago. He camped wherever night overtook him and preached throughout West and Southwest Texas. He had officiated at hundreds of weddings and funerals, and the people had confidence in the religion of the aged minister, who had been so faithful to the calling and in upholding the standards of Christianity.

Many subscriptions to *Frontier Times* expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Battle Creek Fight in Navarro County

Taken from the Memoirs of General Walter P. Lane



A SURVEYING party being formed at Franklin, Robertson county, I went with William Love and others from San Augustine to join it, all of us having lands to locate. We organized at Franklin—twenty-three of us—electing Niel, captain, William Henderson being our surveyor. We started in September, 1838, via Parker's Fort, for Richland creek where we intended to make our locations. The second day we camped at Parker's Fort, which was then vacated, having been stormed about two months before by a body of Comanches (This is error; Parker's Fort was destroyed May 19, 1836), who murdered all the inhabitants or carried them off into captivity, the two historical Parker children being among the latter. We passed Tehuacana hill on our way to Richland creek, and crossed through a dense thicket to the other side of the creek and encamped about a mile on the other stream, where we were going to commence operations. We found there some three hundred Kickapoo Indians, with their squaws and papooses, who had come down from their reservation in Arkansas to lay in their supply of dried buffalo meat, for the country then abounded with any amount of game, and from the hills you could see a thousand buffalo at a sight. The Indians received us kindly, as a great many of them spoke English. We camped by them three days, going out in the morning surveying, and returning in the evening to camp in order to procure water.

The third morning at breakfast we observed a commotion in the camp of our neighbors. Presently the chief came to us and reported that the Ionies (a wild tribe) were coming to kill us. We thanked them for the information, but said we were not afraid of the Ionies, and said if they attacked us we would "clean them out," as they had nothing but bows and arrows, anyway. They begged us to leave, saying if the Ionies killed us it would be laid on them. We refused to leave, but asked the chief why, as he took so much interest in our wel-

fare, he could not help us to whip the Ionies. He said he could not do that, as his tribe had a treaty with them. They begged us feelingly to go, but as we would not, they planned a little surprise for us. They knew where we had made a corner the evening before, and knew that we would go back there to commence work. So they put one hundred men in a ravine we had to go by. We started out from our camp to resume our work, several of the Indians going with us. One of them stuck to me like a leech, and succeeded in begging a piece of tobacco from me. Then shaking hands with me, he crossed the ravine, within fifty yards of where his friends were lying in ambush for us. We got opposite them, not suspecting any danger, when about forty of them rose from the ravine and fired into us killing some of our horses and wounding several of our men. Captain Neil ordered us to charge them, which we did, and routed them out of the ravine, when they fell back on a small skirt of timber, fifty yards off, from which up sprung one hundred and fifty Indians and confronted us. We retreated back into the prairie. The Indians mounted their horses and surrounded us. They went round in a circle, firing into us. We got to the head of the ravine in the prairie and took shelter in it. The Indians put a force out of gun shot to watch us, while their main force went below about eighty yards, where the ravine widened, and they had the advantage of brush wood. They opened fire on us and shot all our horses except two, which were behind a bush, to make sure that none of us should escape.

The Indians had no hostility towards us, but knew as we were surveying the land, that the white people would soon settle there and break up their hunting grounds, so they wanted to kill us for a double purpose—none would be left to tell on them, and it would deter others from coming into that section of country surveying. We commenced firing into each other up and down the ravine, we sheltered by nooks, and they by brush in

their part. Euclid Cook got behind the only tree on the bank, firing at them. When exposing himself, he was shot through the spine. He fell away from the tree and called for some one of us to come and pull him down into the ravine. I dropped my gun, ran up the bank and pulled him down. He was mortally wounded and died in two hours. We fought all day without water, waiting for night to make our escape; but when night came, also came the full moon, making it almost as bright as day.

Up to this time we had several killed and some badly wounded. We waited till near twelve o'clock for the moon to cloud over, but as it did not, we determined to make a break for Richland creek bottom. We put our four worst wounded men on the two horses. As we arose upon the bank the Indians raised a yell on the prairie, and all rushed around us in a half circle, pouring hot shot into us. We retreated in a walk, wheeling and firing as we went, and keeping them at bay. The four wounded men on horseback were shot off, when we put other badly wounded ones in their places. We got within two hundred yards of the timber, facing around and firing, when Captain Neil was shot through the hips. He called to me to help him on a horse behind a wounded man, which another man and I did. We had not gone ten steps further, when Neil, the wounded man and horse were all shot down together, and I was shot through the calf of the leg, splintering the bone, and severing the "leaders" that connected with my toes. I fell forward as I made a step, but found I could support myself on my heel. I hobbled on with the balance to the mouth of the ravine, which was covered with brush, into which four of us entered, the other three taking to the timber on the other side. We had gone about fifty yards down the ravine when it was dark and in the shade, when I called to Henderson to stop and tie up my leg, as I was bleeding to death. He did so—cut off the top of my boot and banded the wound. We saw about fifty Indians come to the mouth of the ravine, but they could not see us, as we were in the shade, so we went down the ravine. They followed and overtook our wound-

ed comrade whom we had to leave and killed him. We heard him cry out when they shot him, and knowing they would overtake us, we crawled upon the bank of the ravine, laid down on our faces with our guns cocked, ready to give them one parting salute if they discovered us. They passed us so closely that I could have put my hand on any of their heads. They went down the ravine a short distance when a conch shell was blown on the prairie as a signal for the Indians to come back. After they had repassed us, we went down to Richland creek where we found a little pond of muddy water, into which I pitched head foremost, having been all day without any, and suffering from loss of blood. We here left Violet, our wounded comrade; his thigh was broken and he could crawl no further. He begged me to stay with him, as I was badly wounded, and, he said could not reach the settlements—some ninety miles distant. I told him I was bound to make the connection; so we bound up his thigh and left him near the water. We traveled down the creek till daylight, then "cooned" over the dry creek on a log, so as to leave no tracks in the sand, to a little island of brush, where we lay all day long. In the morning we could hear the Indians riding up and down, looking for us. They knew our number, twenty-three, and seven had escaped. They wished to kill all so that it could not be charged to their tribe.

We started at dusk for Tehuacana hill, some twenty-five miles distant. When I rose to my feet, after lying all day in the thicket, the agony from the splinters of bone in my leg was so severe that I faltered. When I recovered consciousness, and before I opened my eyes, I heard Burton tell Henderson that they had best leave me, as I could not get in and would greatly encumber them. Henderson said we were friends and had kept on the same blanket together and he would stick to me to the last. I rose to my feet and cursed Burton, both loud and deep, telling him he was a white livered plebian, and in spite of his one hundred and fifty pounds I would lead him to the settlements, which I did. We traveled nearly all night, but next day got out of our course by following buffa-

to trails that we thought would lead us to water. The country was so dry that the earth was cracked open.

On the third day after the fight we sighted Tehuacana hill. We got within six miles of it when Burton sat down and refused to go any further, saying he would die there. We abused and sneered at him for having no grit and finally got him to the spring. We luckily struck the water one hundred yards below the springs, where it covered a weedy marsh and was warm. Just as we got in sight of the water ten Indians rode up to us. I saw that they were Kickapoos. They asked us what we were doing. I told them we had been out surveying, had a fight with the Ionies and got lost from our comrades, who had gone another way to the settlement. They wanted to talk longer but I said: "Water! water!" The chief said: "There is water." So I made for it, pitched headforemost into the weeds and water on my face, and drank until I could hold no more. Luckily for me the water was warm. If I had struck the spring above, the water would have killed me. Henderson and Burton were above me in the water. In a short time they called me. I heard them but would not answer. I was in the water covered with weeds and felt so happy and content I would have neither moved nor spoken for any consideration. Henderson and Burton got uneasy about me, as I did not answer, and came down the bank to find me. An Indian saw me in the water and weeds, waded in and snaked me out. I asked the chief what he would take to carry me to a settlement on a horse. He looked at me (I was a forlorn object from suffering hunger and want of water—my eyes were sunk nearly to the back of my head) and said: "Maybe so you die to-night!" I told him no, unless he killed me. He replied: "No kill." He asked: "Want eat?" We said "yes." He answered: "Maybe so, camp in two miles; come go; squaws got something to eat." He helped me on a horse and we went to camp. The women saw our condition and would only give us a little at a time. They gave us each a wooden bowl of soup, composed of dried buffalo meat, corn and pumpkins all boiled together.

Green turtle soup with all its spicy condiments dwindles into insipidity when compared with my recollection of that savory broth. When we handed back our bowls they said "bimeby." They waked us up twice during the night and gave us more. They understood our condition, knew that we were famished, and that to give us all we wanted at one time would kill us. We slept till next morning when we wished to start knowing that at any moment a runner might come into camp and tell them it was their tribe that had attacked us, and as we were the only ones who could criminate them we must be killed. I traded a fine rifle of Henderson's for a pony and saddle, but when I started to mount him a squaw stopped me and said: "No, my pony." I appealed to the Indian who looked at me ruefully and said: "Squaw's pony"—showing that petticoat government was known even by the Kickapoos.

We started out on foot, my leg pain- ing me severely. We had gone about three miles, when six Indians galloped up to us on the prairie. I told my comrades our time had come. We got behind two trees and determined to sell our lives dearly. They rode up, saying: "Howdy. We want to trade guns"—showing an old dilapidated rifle to trade for our good one. We soon found it was trade or fight; so we swapped, with the understanding that they would take me to Parker's Fort, about twenty-five miles, on a pony, which they agreed to. One Indian went with us, the balance going back taking the rifle with them. We got near the fort in the morning, when Burton proposed to Henderson to shoot the Indian—who was unarmed—and I could ride to the settlements. Henderson indignantly refused, and I told Burton that, rather than betray confidence, I would walk on one leg. Five minutes later I heard a gun to the right. We asked the Indian what it meant. He replied: "Cosette, Kickapoo chief, camp there." So, if we had shot the Indian, we would have brought down a hundred on us to see what the shot meant. He then told me: "Maybe so, you get down. Yonder is Parker's Fort. Me go to Cosette's camp." I did so. We struck the Navasota below the fort,

and waded down the stream a mile fearing the Indians would follow us. We crossed in the night and went out some miles in the prairie and slept. The Indians that morning had given us as much dried buffalo meat as we could carry, so we had plenty to eat on our way. We traveled all next day and part of the night, having got on the trail that led to Franklin. We started the next morning before day. Going along the path, I in the lead, we were hailed, ordered to halt and tell who we were. I looked up and saw two men with their guns leveled on us, about forty yards off. I answered: "We are friends; white men." I didn't blame them much for the question, for I was in my shirt and drawers, with a handkerchief tied around my head, having lost my hat in the fight., and they thought we were Indians.

They proved to be my old friends William Love and Jackson, who left our party some days before for the settlements, to get us another compass. They were horrified when we told them of the massacre. They put us on their horses and returned with us to Franklin, a distance of some fifteen miles. The news spread over the neighborhood like wildfire. By the next morning fifty men were raised, and, piloted by Love, started for the scene of our disaster. I had been placed in comfortable quarters in Franklin, and kindly nursed and attended by sympathetic ladies. Henderson and Burton bade me good-bye and went to their respective homes.

We told Love's party where we left Violet with his thigh broken, and asked them to try and find him. The party got to Tehuacana Springs, and, being very thirsty, threw down their guns to get a drink. Violet, who had seen them coming across the prairie, thought they were Indians, and secreted himself in the brush close by; but when he heard them talk and found they were white men, he gave a yell and hobbled out, saying, "Boys, I'm mighty glad you have come." He came near stampeding the whole party, they thinking it was an Indian ambushade.

Poor Violet, after we left him in Richland creek bottom, stayed there three days, subsisting on green haws and plums. Getting tired, he concluded to

make for Tehuacana hills, as he knew the course. He splinted and bandaged his thigh as best he could, then struck out and got there after a day and night's travel. Being nearly famished, he looked around for something to eat. In the spring, which was six feet across, he saw a big bullfrog swimming around. Failing to capture him, he concluded to shoot him. He pulled down on him with a holster pistol loaded with twelve buckshot and the proportional amount of powder. Having his back to the embankment down which the water ran, the pistol knocked him over it, senseless, breaking the ligature that bound his thigh. He remained insensible, he thought, about two hours. When he became conscious he bandaged his leg as well as he could and crawled up to the spring to look for the frog. He found one hind quarter floating around, the balance having been blown to flinders. Being very hungry, he made short work of that. In a few hours after that Love's party came up and supplied him with all he wanted. They left him until their return, they going up to the battle ground to bury the dead and see if they could find any more wounded.

When they got there, they found the bones of all our killed, the flesh having been stripped off by the wolves. And they also found, much to my satisfaction, eighty piles of green brush, in the lower part of the ravine, from where the Indians were firing at us during the day, under each pile of brush a copious quantity of blood, which proved that we had not been fooling away our time during the day.

The company returned to Franklin, bringing Violet with them, who recovered from his wound.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Send in your order at once if you want one of these. We printed 250, and have already placed 150 of the number, so we have only 100 left. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

The Morgan Massacre

From Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas"



THE YEAR 1839 will long be remembered by all old Texans as one in which they were called upon to pass through many dangers, privations and hardships. The glorious victory gained by Texas heroes over the Mexican army upon the banks of San Jacinto, on April 21, 1836, failed to bring rest and security to the Texans. Marauding bands of Indians constantly raided the white settlements, and on every such occasion they stole and drove away the best horses of the settlers. In many instances the bow and arrow and tomahawk did their deadly work, and on other occasions women and children were carried away into captivity worse than death. During this year many important battles were fought, among which may be mentioned that of Colonel John H. Moore with several hundred Comanches, which occurred above Austin, on the San Saba river; the battle of Brushy creek, in Travis county; the Flores and Cordova fights, and Bird's victory in Milam county. But the year opened with the Morgan massacre, the history of which we are about to narrate.

Many years ago, that veteran old Texan frontiersman and statesman, John Henry Brown, of Dallas, contributed to the current history of Texas a number of articles on the Indian wars and fights in Texas. The "Morgan Massacre" appeared among the number. The history of this sad tragedy, and that of the battle known as "Bryant's Defeat," will be given substantially in the language of Colonel Brown. We would here further remark that we are indebted to the same source for the accounts previously given in this book of the battles between the Cherokees and Wacos in 1829, and between the Cherokees and Tehuacanas in 1830, credit for which should have appeared in the proper place but for an oversight. But to the history of the Morgan massacre.

On the east side of the Brazos river, near the Falls, the families of the Morgans and Marlins lived, and with them the families of some of their married children. Some resided above and

others below the present town of Marlin. There were a number of settlements on the river below Marlin for a distance of twenty miles, but above that place, with the exception of the families mentioned the country at that time was an uninhabited wilderness—the time to which we refer was the winter of 1838-9. It was on Sunday night, the first day of January, 1839, that a portion of the families of James Marlin, Mrs. Jones and Jackson Morgan were passing the night together at the house of George Morgan, who lived at what is now called Morgan's Point, six miles above the town of Marlin. The remainder of the divided families were at the house of John Marlin, seven miles below the fort. John and James Marlin were brothers, the others of the same name were their children. A little after dark the house of George Morgan was suddenly attacked by Indians, who instantly rushed into the dwelling, thereby giving the inmates no time to prepare for defense. George Morgan and wife, their grandson, Jackson Jones, Mrs. Jackson Morgan, Miss Adeline Marlin, fifteen or sixteen years old, were all tomahawked and scalped in the house in a very few moments. Miss Stacy Ann Marlin, afterwards the wife of William Morgan, was severely wounded and left for dead. Three children were in the yard when the attack was made. One of them, Isaac Marlin, a child ten years of age, secreted himself behind the fence, and remained there undiscovered until the Indians left. The other child, Wesley Jones, first ran to the house, but seeing the red devils entering and tomahawking the inmates, he ran out unobserved by them, and was followed by Mary Marlin, another little child. They both escaped together. The young lady, before mentioned as having been severely wounded, retained her consciousness and feigned death. She was not scalped, but all the rest were. The Indians, after they had finished their bloody work, robbed the house of its contents, and then left. When the Indians departed, the little fellow, Isaac Marlin, who had secreted himself behind the

fence, entered the house and felt the pulses of each one of the victims to ascertain if they were dead. His wounded sister, supposing him to be an Indian, remained motionless until he had left, when she crawled out. The little boy Isaac then took the path leading to John Marlin's, and ran the distance, seven miles, in a very short time—a swift messenger of death to his kindred there assembled.

Wesley Jones and Mary Marlin, the two little children before mentioned as having made their escape, did not reach Mr. Marlin's house until daylight the next morning, and the wounded Miss Marlin not until noon the next day. John Marlin, his brother James, William and Wilson Marlin, Jackson and George W. Morgan and Albert G. Gholson, after they were told of the terrible massacre by the little boy Isaac, hastened to the scene and found the facts to be as he had stated. The next day a great many came from the lower settlements to their assistance, and the dead were consigned to their graves amid the wailing of their grief-stricken relatives and friends. Ten days later, being the tenth day of January, the Indians, seventy in number, attacked the house of John Marlin and his son Benjamin. Garrett Menifee and his son Thomas were present also when the Indians made their attack. They killed seven of the Indians and wounded others, without receiving any injury themselves. The Indians, not particularly relishing such a "friendly" reception, withdrew.

When the attack was made Menifee's negro man, Hinchey, was at work a short distance from the house and "put out" for the settlements below at "double quick..". He ran twenty-five miles, and reached his destination in less time than a good horse could have traveled the same distance—in fact as he admitted himself, Hinchey was badly scared. He reported the attack that was being made upon Mr. Marlin's house, and a company was soon raised and started to the assistance of the besieged party, but before they reached the place the Indians had left.

After some discussion upon the subject, those who were present came to the conclusion that they must either pursue

and fight the Indians or abandon their homes and fall back to the lower settlements for safety. They chose the former alternative and made their preparations accordingly. Their effective force available for pursuit was forty-eight men.

Benjamin Bryant, of Bryant's Station, was called to the command. The next morning he and his company took the trail of the Indians and followed it until it struck the Brazos river near Morgan's Point. They crossed the river at that place, and on the west side they found the deserted camp the red devils had but recently left. About a mile from this camp they came upon a fresh trail bearing towards the river and followed it. They counted sixty-four fresh horse tracks upon the trail besides the moccasin tracks of a great number of foot Indians. They crossed the river where the trail entered it, and just as they did so they observed a smoke rising from the prairie which was on fire, and supposing the Indians had fired Mr. John Marlin's house, they hastened down there with all the speed they could make. As the day was far advanced when they discovered their mistake, they halted and encamped for the night. The next morning, January 16, they started again and found that the Indians had been at the deserted houses two miles above and had plundered them. They then traveled on six miles further to Morgan's Point, where they discovered the Indians in the open post oak woods near a dry ravine.

The noted chief, Jose Maria, who was riding in front in perfect nonchalance, when he saw Bryant and his men coming, slowly rode back to the rear where he halted, pulled off his gauntlets, and taking deliberate aim, fired at Joseph Boren, cutting his coat sleeve. Jose Maria gave the signal for battle, and the action commenced. Captain Bryant ordered a charge, which was gallantly made, and in which he was wounded, and the command was transferred to Mr. Ethan Stroud. The Indians fired one volley at the Texans when they charged, and then fell back into a ravine. Before they did so, however, David W. Campbell fired at Chief Jose Maria, the ball striking him in the breast, but not ser-

iously wounding him. At the same time Albert Gholson fired at the chief and killed the horse he was riding. The Texans followed the Indians to the ravine and fired upon them from the bank. The Indians then commenced retreating down the ravine in order to reach some timber known as the "River Bottom," and as soon as the Texans perceived the movement a number flanked around and got into the ravine below them to hold them in check, which caused the Indians to fall back to their original position. By this time the Texans had come to the conclusion that they had won the day, and in consequence they became careless and scattered about in all directions, every man acting as his own captain and fighting on his own hook.

The shrewd old Indian chief, observing this state of affairs, suddenly sprang from the ravine at the head of his men and opened a terrible and unexpected fire upon them. This threw the Texans into some confusion, and their commander seeing how matters stood, ordered his men to retreat to a point some two hundred yards distant where he intended to re-form them, and then charge the enemy again they could not easily avail themselves of the Indians some distance from the ravine, so that when he charged them again they could not easily avail themselves of its shelter.

This order, owing to prevailing confusion, was understood by many to mean an unqualified retreat, and a sudden panic seized upon the men. Taking advantage of their disorder the wily chief at the head of his men charged furiously upon the Texans, at the same time making the welkin ring with their demoniac yells. Several of the Texans were killed at the first onset, the rest were demoralized and the rout soon became general, and they were hotly pursued by the Indians for four miles. In this retreat ten men were killed and five wounded. All who were killed fell within one and one-half miles of the battle ground—the most of them being dismounted within a mile. Plummer, Ward and Barton were killed at the ravine before the retreat began. Some individual acts of heroism and bravery deserve especial mention. David W.

Campbell, not hearing the order to retreat, was about surrounded by the Indians when the brave Captain Eli Chandler, who was mounted, rushed to his rescue and took him up behind him. Young Jack Powers, having lost his horse, mounted on a pony behind William McGrew, and at the same moment his arm was broken by a bullet. Shortly afterwards his brother, mounted on a large horse, came up with him, who told him to leave the pony and get up behind him. He sprang from the pony with the intention of complying with his brother's request, but owing to the plunging horse and his own inability to mount quickly, because of his broken arm, the Indians came up with them before he succeeded in doing so. His brother defended him to the last, but when he saw him fall dead, he put spurs to his horse and escaped. William N. P. Marlin was severely wounded in the hip before the retreat began and was unable to mount his horse. David Cobb ran to him and lifted him on his horse at the imminent risk of his life.

The Indians lost about as many in this affair as the Texans although the latter were driven from the field. They were greatly elated by their double victory in that neighborhood, and became more daring than ever until checked by a signal defeat near Little river, known as "Bird's Victory."

Jose Maria, so long the dread of the frontier, but afterwards the most pacific and civilized chief on the government reserve, has always acknowledged that he was whipped and retreating, until he observed the panic and confusion among the Texans. There is scarcely any doubt at all that if the Texans had observed the order of their commander to fall back to the designated point and there rallied that they would have gained a complete victory over the Indians, and probably the old chief himself would not have lived to tell the story of that disastrous fight.

Jose Maria visited Bryant's station years afterwards and offered Bryant his pipe to smoke. Bryant insisted that Jose Maria should smoke first as he had won the fight, and the old chief proudly followed the suggestion.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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We want to add 1,000 new names to our subscription list during this year 1927. You can help us do so if you will tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Read our offer to send Frontier Times ten years for ten dollars, which appears on first page inside of cover. This offer is open only until February 15th, when, if we have not received 100 acceptances to it, it will be withdrawn. A goodly number of our friends have written us to count them in on this proposition, and we are hopeful that we will secure the necessary 100 to make it a go. Read the full particulars of this offer on first inside page of the cover of this issue.

We have mailed quite a number of the Valet Autostrop Safety Razor outfits during the past month. We give one of these handsome sets as a premium to anyone sending in a new subscription to Frontier Times. This offer does not apply to old subscriptions or renewals, but is given for NEW subscriptions only. Read the advertisement on the back cover page of Frontier Times, then hustle around and get a new subscriber for us, and we will mail you the razor set. You will be pleased with it.

Frontiersman George B. Ely, 1800 Cooper Street, Fort Worth, Texas, sends us a letter written by an old comrade, R. H. Broadstreet, Poolville, Texas, in 1911, and also an article which appeared some twenty years ago dealing with the "Belknap Massacre." We will use the letter and article in next number of Frontier Times. Mr. Ely says: "I was a member of Captain Brown's company, mentioned in the clipping, and am now drawing a pension of \$20 per month for that service. I think our government ought to do better than that. I am now past 86 years of age, and am no longer able to earn my living by labor, for I am not able to do much work."

Uncle Dick Sullivan Dead.

W. F. Sullivan (Uncle Dick), died at his home in San Saba, Texas, December 8, 1826, after an illness of several months. He was born at Moorsville, Mississippi, March 8, 1854, and came to Texas when sixteen years old. Mr. Sullivan served as a Texas Ranger on the frontier during the early days, and did well his part in ridding the country of savage foes. He lived in San Saba county for many years where he was engaged in the hardware business, and was honored and loved by all who knew him. he was a member of the Texas Ex-Rangers Association. His wife and twelve children survive him.

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Frontier Times offers the following rates to advertisers. One page, inside cover, one time, \$20.00. Outside back cover page, one time, \$25.00. Inside pages, one time, \$20.00. Half page, one time, \$10.00. Quarter page, one time, \$6.00. One inch, one time, \$1.25. Reading notices, five cents per word each insertion. Estimate 30 words to the inch on display advertising. Cash must accompany all orders for advertising.

This issue of Frontier Times contains sixty-four pages besides the cover pages. If you are not a subscriber to this magazine we want you to read it through, and when you have done so ask yourself the question: "Is it worth \$1.50 per year?" When you convince yourself that it is worth the money we hope you will send us your subscription and become one of our rapidly increasing family of readers.

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times, except certain numbers. We have many calls for complete files of this magazine, but we cannot fill them. If those who have complete files and wish to dispose of them would so advise us, stating the price they want, we may be able to sell them. We have a few bundles of certain issues, eleven numbers in each bundle, which we will sell for \$2.50, postpaid. But we have only a very few of these.

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Bandera, Texas

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*Frontier History,
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by J. Marvin Hunter

W. H.

Office of Publication: Bandera, Texas

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An Appeal to Our Friends

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We have decided to extend, until March 15, 1927, our offer to send Frontier Times ten years for ten dollars. We have not secured the club of 100 subscribers asked for, and we are extending the offer for another month, after which it will positively be withdrawn.

Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



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Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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A Trip to Utah in 1858

Captain Jason W. James, in Roswell, (N. M.) Record, November 16, 1924



IN 1858 when I made my first trip to Salt Lake Valley in what is now the State of Utah, the country west of Independence, Mo. and north to Council Bluffs had not been settled out more than fifty or sixty miles. This was what was known as the California Trail.

It was made by the emigrants that went to California in 1849. Emigrants going to Oregon from Independence or Council Bluffs followed this trail to Ft. Bridger, where it left the trail leading into Salt Lake Valley and led north and northwest to Ft. Hull and on to Oregon. People going west from the Missouri River would concentrate at Council

Bluff's or Independence, make up their party of sufficient strength to defend themselves against the attacks of Indians, they would elect or appoint a wagon master or boss to control their movements and when possible, hire a guide that knew the trail and who also did the hunting for the train.

The Platte River empties into the Missouri River near Council Bluffs, hence all caravans west-bound from Council

Bluffs took the trail up the Platte River.

The trail from Independence, Mo., intersected this trail at Grand Island, Nebraska, or Ft. Kearney, which was on the south side and opposite the Island and 350 miles out from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

At that time, the country west of the Missouri River and extending to the Sierra Nevadas in California was then called the Great Indian Territory. Those states had not then been partitioned into territories and from fifty or sixty miles west of the Missouri River there was not a white settler. It was inhabited by wild savage Indians. They wore skins and were armed with bows and ar-

ows and war clubs, some had spears and all had a tomahawk (a long handled hatchet). I did not see an Indian with a gun or pistol in 1858.

Our government had garrisons scattered over that vast country and these had to be fed and supplied from Missouri points. In 1856 and 1857, the Mormons living in Salt Lake Valley, for some reason I do not know, became hostile to citizens of

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Coming Next Month—The Shooting of Actor Maurice Barrymore by Jim Currie, at Marshall, Texas, in 1878.

the United States or Gentiles, as they called us. They burned many freight trains between Ft. Laramie and Ft. Bridger, notably, four trains on the west bank of Green River, three or four at Cross Hollows and three or four at Big Sandy. The wagon irons lay as they fell in 1858, when I passed those places. I saw in one pile half a bushel of burnt pocketknives.

All of the men in those trains were well armed for that day and time. The wagons were drawn by oxen and the oxen lived on the native grasses, and often it was necessary to drive the oxen one or two miles from where the train was corralled for the night to grass. The plan of the Mormons was to stampede the work oxen in such a way that the herders would not know what stampeded the cattle. The herders would hurry in to the corral and report the fact to the boss or wagonmaster, who, not suspicioning the cause of the stampede, would roust out all of the men and send them after the cattle. Possibly not more than two or three men would be left with the wagons and these not suspecting trouble. The Mormons would see this from their places of observation, then they would ride up, run the men off or get the advantage of them and burn the train.

In 1856, an emigrant train from Missouri and Arkansas passed thru Salt Lake City in the fall of the year, on its way to Southern California, and had gotten to Mountain Meadow, 150 miles south of Salt Lake City. The Mormons, assisted by the Ute Indians, attacked this train while in camp. The emigrants stood them off for three days, when Mormon Bishop Lee and some others of his friends went to the corral with a white flag and had a parley with the emigrants. They told the emigrants that if they would lay down their arms, that they Bishop Lee and his friends, could save them.

The emigrants were foolish enough to do this. When Lee had led the emigrants away from the corral where they had left their arms, Lee turned the Ute Indians loose on them and killed all that could talk. About four hundred children were spared and given to Mormon families.

In 1859, the United States troops stationed in Salt Lake Valley gathered up these children (none of them could be identified) and sent them to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, where they were adopted by the people of Missouri and Iowa.

Going out that year, I saw these children. They filled two four-mule wagon bodies. All of them were wearing red linsey dresses and they were escorted by a company of United States cavalry.

On account of the Mountain Meadow massacre and other devilment done by the Mormons, our government started an army from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, under the command of General Hearn, to Salt Lake Valley to punish the Mormons, in the spring of 1858.

I started with a supply train that spring to feed this army. We loaded our wagons at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. Each wagon had a capacity of 6000 to 7000 pounds. All products, flour, sugar, rice, bacon, coffee, beans and other things were put up in cotton sacks containing 100 lbs and a burlap sack was put over it. We had thirty wagons and they were drawn by six yoke of oxen.

When we came to start, it took 360 steers to pull the train. Many of them were wild and unbroken, some of them would fight and many of the men knew nothing about working oxen. Some of the men were Irish, Dagoes and Dutch. These steers had to be roped snubbed up to a post and then yoked, after that made up into teams of six yokes and hitched to the wagon one driver to each wagon and moved out over bad and muddy roads. I was but fifteen years old but drove one of these teams to Salt Lake Valley. That year but two of us could throw a rope and we had to do all of it.

Our road lead to Marysville, on the Big Blue River and about sixty miles from Ft. Leavenworth. Our train was put across the river on a big flat boat. When we crossed to the west bank of the river, there was not a settler until we got into the Salt Lake Valley, a distance of close to 1200 miles as the road ran excepting the wild Indians.

For our protection, the men were armed with a heavy army rifle, called a Mississippi Yaeger. It shot an ounce

ball or slug and was pretty effective at 600 yards. We were also given a Colt's cap and ball navy revolver.

Our trail led westward across a rolling prairie country to the Little Blue River, thence along the north side of that river until we were within twenty miles of Ft. Kearney, on the south side of the Platte River.

From Big Blue River, we had been traveling through the country occupied by the Pawnee Indians. At that time they were at war with the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians and one morning I witnessed a fight between them, most of them were riding ponies. They made a good deal of noise and shot a quantity of arrows but the only casualties that I saw was a dead pony.

At this time the buffalo were not found east of Ft. Kearney or Grand Island, on the Platte River, their range extended west for perhaps 500 miles to near where the Cheyenne, Wyoming, now is. The buffalo was a migrating animal and at that time they were traveling north and very few of them were fat. At that time, no one killed game wastefully, when we wanted meat, we sent the best hunter we had to go and kill the fattest ones he could find. The Platte Valley on both sides of the river was covered with buffalo. In places they looked like the shadow of a cloud. Between Ft. Kearney and the crossing of the south fork of the Platte River, I can recall but two places worth mentioning, which are Plum Creek and Ofallows Bluffs.

Where our trail crossed the south fork of the Platte River, it was nearly a mile wide and full of quicksand, but was shallow, the deepest part was not more than three feet. Great care must be exercised not to let a wagon stop in the river. If I did, the wagon would sink to the body in the sand and the wagon would have to be unloaded and the goods carried to dry land by the men.

Our plan was to double the teams, which would put twelve yokes of oxen to a wagon, and take over half of the train, then return and get the other half. When the first team was driven into the river, we would let it get one hundred yards or more before we would let the next team follow, so that if one team

stopped the teams behind could drive around and so on.

Our trail led north to the north fork of the Platte river a distance of twenty miles. There the bluffs were high and rough, and covered with cedar trees. To get to the river we went down Ash Hollow, which was a deep and narrow canyon three miles long. It was made memorable in 1857 by General Hearney and Col Albert Sidney Johnston giving the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians a terrible drubbing at the mouth of this canyon and also ten miles north on a creek two days afterward. Our trail led up the south side of the North Platte river to where the Sweet Water river emptied its water into the Platte. Along this trail the scenery in places was fine, notably Chimney Rock, Church Rock, Courthouse Rock, east of Ft. Laramie and west of that place Scott's Bluffs and Independence Rock. We had been in what is known as the arid belt, from Ft. Kearney west our roads were hard. We seldom had a rain. Our oxen pulled well and we moved along nicely making about fourteen miles per day. Grass was plentiful and very nutritious. We saw plenty of antelope but we had very little time to hunt them.

Since passing Ft. Kearney we had traveled up rivers and were climbing higher and higher all of the time towards the summit of the Rocky Mountain range and close to perpetual snow. It had been so gradual that few took notice of it. Along the Sweet Water River the scenery was splendid, notably the Devil's Canyon that the Sweet Water River passes through, which is very narrow and the walls are 2000 feet high. It has the appearance of the mountain range having in time broken apart and the river turned down through it.

The three crossings of Sweet Water River were close together and the scenery was very fine. The bluffs on both sides of the stream came to the water's edge. To get through these passes, it was necessary to follow up the bed of the stream but the bottom was firm and we had no trouble. Not far west of these crossings, we stopped to noon in a pretty valley. Nearby was what seemed to be and was a lake of water covered over with a thick sod.

One could jump up and down on it and shake an acre or more. The water under the sod would freeze during the winter and the next summer it would not all melt. Some of the boys cut through the sod and got ice to cool their water.

After leaving the Sweet Water River, the next place worth mentioning was South Pass, where we crossed on to the Pacific side of the Rocky Range. From this pass the scenery is splendid. Looking north one sees Fremont's Peak, which is covered with snow. Looking to the south we see the Twin Mountains. Looking to the southwest, we see Laramie and Gray's Peaks, both snow capped. The intervening country is studded with smaller peaks and ranges of mountains, looking way to the westward, we see the dark and gloomy Wasach range of mountains.

Down from the south about one and a half miles, we came to a spring that empties its waters into the Pacific Ocean.

From South Pass to Ft. Bridger, was across a rolling country, covered with black sagebrush, with numerous springs and creeks. When we got to Ft. Bridger we had a severe snowstorm and snow fell six or seven inches deep. In the make up of our work steers, we had fifty yoke of South Texas steers. They were tall, slab-sided, thinskinners and shorthaired but great travelers. Forty-nine yoke of them froze to death. As soon as the weather moderated, we unloaded six or seven wagons at Ft. Bridger (as troops were stationed there) and moved on. At one time, the Oregon trail left ours at Ft. Bridger, but in 1858 it branched off to the northwest before getting to Ft. Bridger.

From Ft. Bridger our trail led across a rolling country for some distance and then down Echo Canyon to Bear river. For sometime this was the only trail into Salt Lake Valley, except to follow the Oregon trail around by Ft. Hall. Echo Canyon has a nice stream of water running through it. At the time the Mormons were hostile to our government, they at a favorable place in Echo Canyon constructed a dam across it and dammed up the water and made it swimming for horses for a mile, with the view of stopping United States troops. Our trail, a new one that had lately been cut,

led up Bear River for a distance, led over a divide and into Provo Canyon and out into the valley at Provo City situated at the north end of Utah Lake and about sixty miles south of Salt Lake City. From Provo City our train moved on west to Cedar Valley, where Camp Floyd was situated. We crossed Jordan river on a bridge.

Col. Albert Sydney Johnson was in command of a regiment of United States Troops stationed at Camp Floyd. This was our destination and our freight was unloaded here. The wagons were too worn out to make another trip. The steers were destined to go to California for beef. The men were paid off and scattered.

I was homesick and wanted to go back home in Missouri. Went up to Salt Lake City, where I found others who wanted to return to the states, as we spoke of it at the time. We fitted up two six-mule teams and wagons. We loaded with grain for our mules and supplies for ourselves, and our camp beds. Our clothing was reduced to the minimum. I will say a change of underclothing, as there were thirty two of us.

We left Salt Lake City on the 19th of November, 1858, all but two were on foot, for Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. The distance by road was more than 1300 miles and for 1200 miles of the distance no white people lived. We were starting in the beginning of the winter. Prudence should have warned us against such an undertaking at this season of the year.

We got away from Salt Lake City early in the morning, all of us being rested and fresh, we made nearly twenty-five miles that day and camped for the night on the north side of Little Mountain in a body of pine timber. The night was cool but clear and beautiful. The stars were very bright. We had no tents and made our beds around the fires.

The next morning when we awoke, the snow was five to six inches deep and coming down thick in very large flakes. We should have turned back and wintered in Salt Lake City, any prudent man would have thought it almost suicidal to have gone on, but as soon as we had breakfast, we loaded and rolled out.

We seemed to travel with the storm and the snow became deeper and deeper until we had to take the road two abreast ahead of the teams to break snow. When the two lead men would tire, they would fall behind and the next two would take the lead and so on. In a couple of days we passed out of the deep snow and we made better progress, but it was intensely cold. But wood was plentiful in these mountains and the snow was dry and we did not have wet feet.

Coming in we ate but twice a day. We would get up in the morning and travel until about nine A. M. when we would stop and have breakfast; then we would travel until three or four P. M. and have dinner; and then we would travel until we got tired and sleepy, when we would stop and go to bed. While we were still in the Wasach mountains and during the time of the snow-storm, three of us misunderstood the boss as to where we were to camp that night and it was to be a short distance from the road. We being ahead of the wagons and men, turned off from the road to where we thought the camping place was to be, but the wagons passed on and went six or seven miles further before camping.

The two men with myself made a fire and waited until dusk for the wagons. While doing so, I got my feet badly frosted. After dark we did not dare to try to get back to the road and to go to the wagons for fear of getting into a snow drift and remained by our fire all night. I had two biscuits in my pocket and divided them with the two men with me.

At daylight we started to catch the wagons. The boss and men thought we had frozen to death but they waited and had breakfast before breaking camp that morning, and we caught up. At breakfast I got my feet thawed out and they were a blister. I had to be hauled to Ft. Laramie before I could commence to walk. Two big brothers, Jess and Tom Truett, let me sleep between them. As I have said before, I was a boy of fifteen years old and scarcely strong enough to take care of myself. An Irish boy, Mike Terdell, would carry me on his back from the wagon to the fires and

to my bed in the wagons again. They probably saved my life.

The cold continued to become more severe until it became too cold for us to travel. We made camp on a creek among some thickets of willow brush and remained there for several days.

On account of having to lay up on account of the cold and Ft. Laramie being the first place at which we could replenish it, our provisions gave out, that is everything except wheat flour. We had no baking powder, soda, salt or shortening, no meat, coffee or tea. Take our whole list of food products, wheat flour is the hardest to make palatable. Some of the men mixed water with it and drank it raw.

At Ft. Laramie we buried one of the boys that was frosted when I was. The jolting of the wagon gave him dysentery and it affected me in the same way. At Ft. Laramie I got some Indian moccasins and would walk a little every day, and commenced to improve at once. The snow was still six or seven inches deep and continued so all of the way down to Ash Hollow, where our trail leaves the North Platte river.

While at Ft. Laramie we heard of the gold being discovered at Pike's Peak.

We got away from Ash Hollow and reached the crossing on the south fork of the Platte river. We found no snow, the river was swift and frozen over where it was not. Getting our wagons and mules across was a job. The mules were not shod and could not stand on the ice very well. A man would get on each side of a mule to hold it up. The men pulled the wagons across in the swift places and where the ice would not hold up the wagons, the men would have to get down into the water and lift them up on the ice again. Here the river was a mile wide.

This was the 14th of December and we were at the western edge of the Platte river plains. It extended east to Ft. Kearney, a distance of 200 miles. There was no wood, not even a tree, along the Platte river in that distance. We had no fuel except buffalo chips. As we found no snow on the plains, the buffalo chips were dry; had they been wet, we could not have crossed.

We stopped for dinner near where our

trail leaves the Platte river ten miles east of Ft. Kearney. Snow had fallen there sometime before and had melted, wetting the buffalo chips so they would not burn. We gathered hog weeds and broom grass and cooked our dinner with them. That night we got to Little Blue River. The ground was covered with snow but now the wood was plentiful.

Before getting into Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, we had a terrible blizzard. We were traveling when it struck us and, of course, without notice. I got sleepy and wanted to lie down and lay my face on the snow and take a nap, but the boys would not let me. When I got into camp that night, I found the calves of my legs had froze.

We got to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, the 11th or 12th of January, 1859. We

had been fifty-three of fifty-four days coming in and it had taken seven months to haul one load of freight.

I have kept no dates or memorandum and have written this from memory.

The next year (1859) found me on the same trail. I went with a freight train to Ft. Bridger and got back before the winter set in.

On account of gold being discovered in the mountains near Pike's Peak late in the fall of 1858, there was a great rush of people to those mines the next year, that is 1859. The California or Oregon trail to the crossing of the south fork of the Platte river was lined with wagons of every description. Denver City was staked out late that fall, at a place that was known before as the mouth of Cherry Creek.

Two Pioneers of the Hill Country

Bandera Veteran Passes On.

Amasa Clark, aged 101 years, died at his home near Bandera, Texas, January 27, after a few hours illness. Mr. Clark was a veteran of the Mexican War, having served with General Scott's forces, in Twiggs' Division, Third Infantry in 1846-7. He was in all of the battles from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Only seven of these old veterans are left. After his discharge from the army Mr. Clark located in Texas in 1849. He settled in Bandera county in 1852, being the first white man to locate there, where he remained until his death. He was the father of nineteen children, sixteen of whom are still living. On his hundredth birthday Veteran Clark gave a barbecue to his family and friends, and at this barbecue 131 descendants were present, and it was estimated that fifty-six were absent.

When Mr. Clark settled in Bandera county this region was a howling wilderness. Only the moccasined tracks of the red man gave indication of human habitation. Wild game was abundant, and countless acres of rich land awaited the coming of civilization to develop it. Here he settled, and remained for three quarters of a century. Not being a land-grabber, Mr. Clark se-

cured a little homestead of 320 acres, and was content with it. He turned his attention to fruit growing, and for many years maintained a nursery, until the infirmities of extreme age forced him to give up the nursery business, but he continued to look after the interests of his farm until death called him from his labors. In 1922 he harvested and sold one thousand bushels of pears from his orchard.

During the past two or three years Veteran Clark was paid many honors by patriotic and civic bodies in San Antonio and elsewhere. He was made a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, honorary vice-president of the Pioneer Freighters' Association, and given a great ovation at meetings of these societies. He was the oldest living member of the Third Infantry, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Snelling, Minn., and was invited to attend the centenary celebration of that company last year, with all expenses paid. A slight indisposition at the time prevented him from going.

His mind was clear and he had a ready recollection of events and happenings of eighty and ninety years ago, and very often he would come into Frontier Times office and tell us his reminiscences. At

the time of his death he was writing his memoirs, which will be completed shortly by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Orange Clark, and published some time in the future. He was a grand old man, and in his passing Texas loses one of her sturdiest pioneers, whose long life was filled with usefulness to his state and was a blessing to all mankind.

Captain Charles Schreiner Dead.

Captain Charles Schreiner, aged 88, prominent business man, pioneer and philanthropist, died at his home in Kerrville, Texas, February 9th. He had been in poor health for some time.

Had he lived, Captain Schreiner would have been 89 years old on Feb. 22.

The career of Captain Schreiner is the story of the rise of an immigrant youth to prominence and wealth—a youth who lost his father in San Antonio the same year the family, with Charles, 14, emigrated from France, and whose mother followed her husband to the grave four years later.

Charles Schreiner, according to L. E. Daniell's 1892 compilation of "Personnel of the Texas State Government With Sketches of Representative Men. of Texas," was born in Riguewihir, France, Feb. 22, 1838. His parents, Gustave A. and Charlotte Schreiner, had five children.

Charles Schreiner received his education in private schools of France and in San Antonio. When 17 years old he entered a ranger company on the frontier. After the death of his mother he engaged in cattle raising on a small scale. In 1857 he moved from Bexar to Kerr County, entering the same business. When the war between the States broke out he enlisted in Capt. S. G. Newton's company at San Antonio and served throughout the conflict, participating in numerous battles.

Returning to Texas in 1865, Mr. Schreiner lived on his ranch until 1869, when he began merchandising at Kerrville. He since has been in that town. Of him it is said that, having no capital with which to launch his new venture he was fortunate in securing a partner who furnished \$5,000 with which to purchase a stock of goods and began a series of successful operations that made him

one of West Texas' wealthiest men and most extensive merchants.

Following the purchase of his partner's interest in 1878, Mr. Schreiner conducted the business on his own account. He built the St. Charles Hotel, owns three large rock storehouses, a large flour mill and cotton gin, and sank an artesian well in the town of Kerrville. He subscribed \$15,000 to the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railway, an amount that nearly paid for construction of that road from Comfort to Kerrville. Mr. Schreiner in 1889 established a private bank. About four years ago he built a large warehouse for wool storage. He has invested in various other enterprises. many years ago to give each year two his unnumbered beneficences, he began many years ago to give each year two scholarships to graduates of Tivy High School in Kerrville. These were for a two-year course in any school of the receiver's choice, with all expenses paid.

In 1916 he set aside a quarter of a million dollars and 140 acres of land to establish a Presbyterian school for boys and young men at Kerrville, to be known as the Schreiner Institute. The school has been in successful operation for nearly four years and is rated as one of the best in the state.

He has made gifts of more than a quarter of a million dollars toward building roads in his county, some of which are paved. He donated \$50,000 toward a high school building in Junction, Kimble county, and in 1920 he gave 550 acres of land near Kerrville as a site for the great American Legion Hospital for tubercular ex-service men. He also gave the Secor Hospital to the city of Kerrville.

In his passing West Texas loses its greatest benefactor. He knew the country and its needs, and he was ever ready to respond when called upon to lend his aid toward the development of the country.

Mr. Schreiner was married at San Antonio in 1861 to Miss Lena Enderle. Their eight sons and daughters are Aime, Charles, Gustave H., Louis A., Emilie L., Charles A., Walter R. and Fannie H.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for to you.

Charlotte, the "Mad Empress"

Charlotte, widow of Maximilian, once emperor of Mexico, died in Brussels, Belgium, January 19, 1927, in the 87th year of a life that had been hardly more than a tragic haze since 1867, when Maximilian was executed at Queretaro, Mexico, and Empress Charlotte, who was in Europe trying to gain aid for his unstable empire, lost her reason, never to recover it save in rare and fleeting moments, one which came just before her death from influenza and pneumonia.

Charlotte, widow of the ill-fated Austrian Archduke Maximilian, who sought to establish an empire in Mexico, has led a most romantic and tragic life.

A Belgian princess—the daughter of Leopold I and an aunt of the present sovereign—she was married to Maximilian when only 17, in the full bloom of girlish beauty.

It was purely a love match. Maximilian built the exquisite palace of Miramir, near Trieste, for his bride and there for a time they lived an idyllic life.

Then Louis Napoleon III of France decided to step into the imbroglio in Mexico, which was in a state of constant political eruption. In 1863 a committee of Mexican nobles went to Miramir and asked Maximilian to become their emperor. He hesitated, and Charlotte is said to have made the decision for him.

They entered Vera Cruz harbor in 1864 on a French cruiser, and were well received. But, although they had French troops, and French officers helped straighten out financial affairs for a time, the liberal element of the natives under Juarez remained unreconciled to their regime.

Then the United States emerged from its Civil War troubles, made a vigorous re-statement of the Monroe Doctrine, and Louis Napoleon hurriedly withdrew his troops. Be it of his patron's support, Maximilian saw the scattered bands of guerillas become a united army, directed against his throne. Charlotte, foreseeing doom, fled to France to plead with Napoleon to return his troops and support her husband.

How she humbled her pride before

the French sovereign and subsequently pleaded in vain for aid from the Vatican form the most dramatic episodes of her long life. Her interview with Napoleon was held in secret, but at the close an attendant heard her shriek: "I ought never to have forgotten that there is Bourbon blood in your veins! I should not have disgraced my descent by lowering myself before a Bonaparte and being led away by an adventurer!"

Louis Napoleon left in the midst of her tirade, and attendants found her swooning on the floor. Some accounts have it that her mind failed her then, but the fact remains that her will drove her to the Vatican where she also created a scene.

After this fruitless appeal in her husband's behalf she is said to have been found wandering the streets of Rome, washing her hands in the fountain and babbling incoherently.

She was put under restraint and taken to Miramir, the scene of her former happiness, and from there to Belgium, where, known as the "mad empress," she was tenderly cared for by her brother, Leopold I. This care has been continued by the Belgian royal family to the present.

Accounts differ as to whether Charlotte has ever known that Maximilian was betrayed and captured, or that he died with her name on his lips before a firing squad at Queretaro, on June 19, 1867.

Major W. M. Green of Colorado, Texas, writes: "I am enclosing a clipping from the Roswell, N. M. Record, giving the experiences of Captain Jason W. James. He is an ex-Texas Ranger, and a member of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association. He had some very close calls during his service as a Texas Ranger, and received a severe wound through the body in a fight with an outlaw near Brownwood, from which he has never fully recovered. But he got his man." The clipping referred to above is reproduced in this number of Frontier Times, beginning on first page.

The Runaway Scrape

Related by J. H. Greenwood. Written by Mrs. A. D. Gentry, Ft. Stockton, Texas



AT THIS TIME, April, 1836, Santa Anna's army was still in pursuit of Houston's army and Houston being fearful of what might befall the families of the settlers had ordered them to cross the Sabine river and get into Louisiana to claim the protection of the U. S. A.

My father, Garrison Greenwood, being in command of the frontier forts which included Fort Houston and Fort Brown, advised the people to make ready to flee. This they proceeded to do with all possible dispatch, taking with them only the things they had in great haste assembled. My father led the retreat and if only a picture could have been made of that army of people fleeing for their lives with their household goods piled on wagons drawn by horses and oxen, many walking and driving their milk cows.

We knew that it meant our salvation to get across the Sabine river as that was considered the dead line, so with all eager to insure their safety they needed no urging to hurry.

Small wonder that we hurried when the Mexican army was pressing us from the rear with fire and sword and the Indians were embodied to the front of us. To make matters worse when we reached the Neches river we found that instead of the quiet little stream it was under ordinary conditions it had now become a wild turbulent torrent spread out over two miles of the bank, owing to recent heavy rains. We had no boat and to cross without one was impossible. Refugees had continued to pour in until there were now more than three hundred families waiting to find their way across the stream, and the Mexican army in hot pursuit. To our minds this was a far more trying time than when Moses

led the children of Israel across the Red Sea for unlike them, we had no inspired leader to call on the Lord to part the waters for us. To add to the distress of the timorous, all manner of alarming reports were coming in concerning the danger of our position. We were undoubtedly in a very hazardous

position, with the Mexican army advancing on us from the rear and six hundred Indians encamped just across the river from us, it was certain death to remain and extremely perilous to cross. We held a council of war and decided to attempt to make a treaty with the Indians. In our party we had a man by the name of Brooks Williams who was on friendly terms with the Indians, having married a Cherokee wife. We felt that his advances to them would be met in a friendly spirit. He felt no hesitancy in taking the mission upon himself and crossed the river feeling confident that he would succeed, but alas he had no sooner shown himself and made known to them his errand when they fell upon him and butchered and scalped him. Two friendly Indians spies in the camp apprized us afterward of what took place. There was nothing to do but go ahead with our preparations for crossing for it was out of the question to turn back. We figured that, with plenty of arms and ammunition, we could at least have a chance with the Indians while it would have been certain suicide to have turned back to meet Santa Anna's army. We now fell to work with vigor and determination, the women taking a hand and assisting all they could with the building of the boats. There was no danger of hunger assailing us as the woods abounded in game and there had been many well filled smoke houses along our route. We made our plans and preparations to cross the river at a point about seven or eight miles below where the Indians were embodied and went ahead with our boat building as though there was nothing to impede our progress. At last the boats were in readiness and the order was given to send over fifty picked men, tried and true, well armed and pledged to hold their post to the last man if necessary. The work then began of shipping over the women and children. This occupied us until night and we found that it would take at least two days to get all over. The boat could only go from one bank to the other, the rest of the distance having to be waded, the

water being in most places two or three feet deep. This was quite an undertaking when you consider the distance was more than two miles. It was a sight long to be remembered by all present. To see fifty or more families wading through the mud and water, the men leading the way with the wagons and the mothers following, leading and directing the children. Often their progress was interspersed with screams as someone fell into holes four or five feet deep. Many lost their shoes, my mother lost hers, but they struggled bravely on in spite of difficulties. All were thoroughly wet from head to feet and everything in the wagons was wet except those things that were in waterproof trunks. I was one of the first to cross the river and we spent that night around log fires drying out our clothes and keeping out a heavy guard for protection.

Next day the shipping over began with redoubled energy. This did not seem either the time or the place for hesitation on the part of anyone, still there were present a number of ladies who belonged to the luxury-loving class, who demanded an easy time and the best things in life without effort on their part, and who retarded the progress of the crossing materially. They refused to humble themselves and soil their skirts by wading in the filthy mud and water. Their husbands, fathers, and brothers argued with them in vain; they refused to listen to reason. Finally they were informed by those in authority that if they did not get out of the boats they would be forcibly ejected. They then began to strike the water like turtles from a log, every time one stepped in she gave a loud "Whooooo!" With their long fine silk skirts floating out on the muddy water they were indeed a sight. Every little bit one of them would step into a sink hole and she would bellow like a cow. This was a bitter experience, but it worked like a charm and made most of them fine self-reliant women.

We succeeded in getting all of the families over before another night and left a strong guard on the other side to take care of the stock.

While crossing another amusing in-

cident happened which I cannot refrain from telling. There was a family among the refugees by the name of Moss. Mr. Moss, being an invalid, his wife had to act as head of the family, and that role seemed to suit her exceedingly well for she was a woman of a great deal of character and a natural leader. Everyone in camp soon knew Mrs. Moss. Now Mrs. Moss had a favorite dog whose name was Rule. Rule was soon a noted dog in camp and when it came her time to cross she was very much concerned lest she should lose her dog. As she went on board she called "Here Rule, Here Rule," but Rule failed to come and as the boat was about to push off she sprang back to shore and grabbing Rule up in her arms sprang for the boat, which she missed and fell into the water, the dog slipping through her arms as she went down. She made a frantic grab for Rule and succeeded in catching him by the tail to which she clung for dear life. Finally both were rescued and safe in the boat. Mrs. Moss sniffed the water from her nose, wiped her face with her apron and taking a firm hold on the dog's collar, she proceeded to plunge him overboard, ducking him again and again, exclaiming as she did so, "I'll larn you, sir, to be afraid of water in time of war."

The following day we crossed our stock, the horses and cattle, all except teams, had to swim the river. We had a small bunch of stock horses that had to be crossed but we could not make them take the water, so I took the leader of the gang and tying a small rope around her neck mounted her bareback and plunged into the river, the current carrying her across. The rest of them followed without any more trouble. The cattle and horses were then forced into the river till it looked like a solid floating mass of live stock. The current floated most of them down stream, landing all the way for two miles. Some of them never landed, some went back but most were gotten safely over. They were scattered all over the river bottom where ever they could find a place to stand with their heads above water. They would stand right there and low to each other, remaining there all day and night, but by noon of the next day

most of them had crossed

Gathering up what we could this army of refugees was ordered to move on. With a strong guard to the front and to the rear and on each side we moved on to the Angelina river. The Indians were watching our every movement, and only awaiting an opportunity to attack us. However, we kept so well guarded that they knew they would have to wade through blood to get to those women and children. Their victory would have been over the bodies of two hundred brave men, and then the women would have fought them as long as there was one left. Many of the women were as proficient with firearms as the men.

Reaching the west bank of the Angelina we encamped for the night. We had just turned our horses loose when our spies came galloping up and reported a heavy body of men advancing from the opposite side of the river. We could not tell whether they were friends or enemies. In fifteen minutes all was ready for battle and a scout of six men was sent to the front to meet them. They soon returned with the joyful intelligence that they were friends. They approached our camp telling us that they were volunteers from Tennessee and Georgia on their way to re-inforce Travis and Davy Crockett. They were under command of Capt. Crockett, a nephew of Davy Crockett. News traveled slow at that time and they had not heard of the fall of the Alamo. They went into camp just inside our lines and next morning we were busy making preparations to continue our retreat to the Sabine river and they to proceed on their way.

They were short of teams to carry their baggage wagons and made a demand on us for teams. We could scarcely manage with what we had, a great many being forced to walk. So we told them it was not in our power to assist them.

Right here the courage of the brave Mrs. Moss was put to the test. She had as fine a pair of oxen as I ever saw. They were well matched, large and tractable. She drove them herself and was as fond of them as of her dog Rufe. Capt. Crockett and his men fancied them and informed us that if we did not fur-

nish them with teams they would impress the oxen. This of course placed things in a very awkward position. They were friends and had come a long way to help us out in our struggle for liberty. It would have been a great pleasure to have supplied their needs but we did not have any horses that were broke to driving except what we were bound to have to carry the women and children to safety. They were asking the impossible of us, but we well knew the courage and pluck of Mrs. Moss. Naturally we wished to avoid any trouble of any kind with them so we were indeed in a dilemma. Mrs. Moss now advanced and taking hold of one of the oxen with one hand she raised a pistol with the other and said, "I will kill the first man who attempts to take my oxen." One of the men made a step forward, she presented her pistol and said, "If you take another step you die." From her looks she evidently meant what she said. My father being in command now stepped forward and told them to leave her alone, that she was practically a widow. He then turned to Capt. Crockett and said, "Captain, we are all friends and do not wish any trouble. We are in need of teams ourselves and have all of these women and children to escort to safety. We are under orders from General Houston to do this and you must not interfere with our progress. We would gladly assist you if possible. You can find teams at any ranch on your route. Let us have no difficulty." The captain conceded the point and went on his way.

We too proceeded on our route and when we had passed Nacogdoches we felt that we had run the guantlet and were out of danger. We then scattered out, every fellow to himself, or in bunches. Some never stopped till they had crossed the Sabine river. We stopped near San Augustine in some small log cabins which had been deserted by the owners who had left in the general stampede. Refugees were scattered all along from there to Nacogdoches. We had been there but a few days when we heard the deafening roar of cannons in San Augustine, a terrific cannonade being kept up for about two hours. It was about six miles distant from us and

we were all listening and trying to figure out what it could mean when we saw some men coming down the road with their teams in full run shouting at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for Texas, Houston has taken Santa Anna and his whole army prisoner." It seemed too good to be true, and yet it was.

This made every man a hero and every woman an angel. People wept for joy and embraced each other. Many prayers of thanksgiving were offered up.

We were now inspired with the hope that we might now return to our homes with a government of our own which would deal justly with all.

Sketch of Mrs. I. M. Williams

Written by Miss Nina Kountz, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas

IT WAS in the winter of the last year of the civil war that Mrs. I. M. Williams of Saragosa, Texas and her sister, Mrs. Eli Jones, of Fort Davis, Texas brought thirteen negro children from the northern part of Arkansas to Texas. Mrs. Williams tells the following story:

"In May of the year 1861 my man was called to serve in the Confederate army under Captain Peryer. Our home was at the foot of Boston Mountain in Yale county, Arkansas; on the road from Springfield to Little Rock.

"The first year of the war was not so hard. Soldiers passed continuously and took whatever they happened to find with them but it was not until the second and third years of the war that we really suffered hardships. These years found the women making the crops, plowing oxen, and taking care of their homes as best they could. We raised piece-crops of cotton, corn, and indigo, our clothes were all made by hand. Hand-picked, carded, spun, and dyed. Food was scarce. We ate hand-milled meal, sorghum molasses, and bran-coffee made from the corn husks. People were starving, begging, and stealing.

"We were never surprised to see a wounded soldier begging for food and for a place to hide. It was just after the battle of Richmond that a young fellow named Cooper came to us and asked for food and a place to hide until his wound was healed. He had been shot through the elbow. The boy was a friend of mine so I did all I could for him. Just back of our place was a tiny creek that had a big cave in its bank not far down stream. An elm tree with its roots across the stream made a hiding

place for the little canoe that I kept to carry the food that I kept hid from the passing soldiers. My sister Matt and I took the young fellow to this cave, fixed a bed for him and fed him until his wounds were healed. We fixed him a witch lamp by dripping a string in tallow and bee's wax and wrapping it around a bottle. As soon as he was able to leave us he went to Little Rock and joined General Hood's army.

"At Christmas time of the last year of the war my man wrote me to take the negro children to the Texas line. Our negro men and women had either been carried away by soldiers or had run way to join the Yankees. My sister Matt and I had been left with thirteen negro children to feed and look after. The Confederate army was moving toward Texas and it was needless to even hope that anything would be left after they passed by so Sister Matt and I began our preparations at once to move to Texas just in front of the army. At the battlefield of Seven Pines I found enough bones to grind, run lye down through the hopper, and make soap to wash-up for the trip to Texas.

"We had three yoke oxen, two wagons, and thirteen negro children to take to Texas. Sister Matt drove one of the wagons, my one faithful negro, Mehala, drove the other wagon and I rode on ahead on horseback to find the way to go and the food to eat while we were going.

"We were heading toward Little Rock through rain and snow almost freezing and starving when my baby took sick. I made camp near the little settlement and soldier-camp, Paraclifte. The second night we were there my baby died. I rode horseback to the soldier camp and

had them make his coffin and bury him. When I got back to the camp I found that some soldiers had passed and one of them had shot my negro, Mehala, because she had laughed when the little fice dog, Fido, snapped at the heels of one of the soldier's horses while he was riding through our camp. I had to go back to Paraclifte for soldiers to come to the camp and wrap Mehala in a blanket and bury her by the side of the road.

"I broke camp as quickly as possible and was crossing a muddy bottom when the wheels of one of the wagons fell through a bridge. Again I had to ask the help of the soldiers and we were there three or four days getting away from there.

"We were nearly starving. There had been no meat to eat since we left Arkansas and we were living on sorghum molasses and corn-bread when Fido found some wild hogs. I heard his barking and went to see what was happening to him when I saw that he was barking at hogs. I split two of the hogs heads open with an axe. Getting close enough to the hogs to kill them was easy because they had no idea what Fido and I were and I was mking no noise while Fido was doing enough barking to keep the attention of anything.

"I got an ox and a log chain from camp and dragged the hogs in to where we could clean them. Sister Matt helped me cut pine saplings to lay the hogs on and when we got them cleaned they looked as pretty as any hogs I have ever seen. We began broiling livers to feed the hungry children and before we went to bed that night we had the hog's heads and feet cooking. This good luck helped to raise our hopes and spirits and we started as early as we could the next morning to try to make Red River before night.

"This day's ride put us in the Red River country that had been captured by the Yankees. It was about dark when we reached Old Colbert's Ferry and asked him to set us across the river. He looked at the sun and told us that it was too late for him to take us over.

"But," he said, 'do you see that yellow pun'kin over there on that drift?'

"Yes," I told him.

"Well, I'll set you over the main

stream and you head straight for that pun'kin and the water will swim you over. Stay on the drift because either other way will put you in deep water.'

"I rode one steer and drove one of the wagons while Sister Matt rode a steer and drove the other wagon and we got over the water all right. That night after we had belied our oxen and turned them loose the pine drift caught fire and we were about to be burned out before we could locate the oxen to move our wagons off the burning drift.

The next night one of our oxen died. I rode horseback to see if I could buy another one. I was lucky enough to find two but they were wild and had never been driven before and I had to hire a man to come to the camp and tail the wild oxen to the tame ones to keep from turning the yoke while I broke them to driving. I paid for them with home-made 'jeans' which was worth about twelve dollars a yard.

"We went along very well the next day but that night another oxen died. The change of climate and the cold weather was too much for the starving animals. I tried to find another one to help carry our load on the rest of the way but could not find a workable animal.

Our first camp this side of the Texas line was on Blossom Prairie about thirty miles from Clarksville. Here our last oxen died and I paid forty dollars in gold for another one.

"In April of the year 1864 General Pierce's army got to Texas and about the first of May they stacked arms. My man was in the division that stacked arms at Clarksville under General Mornaduke and old Colonel Joe Selby. My man came to us there and we made our home near Clarksville and lived there for some time.

"And that is how Sister Matt and I caried our thirteen negro children to Texas."

Mrs. I. M. Williams is now living in Saragosa, Texas. She is eighty-five years old. Occasionally she visits her brothers, Mr. John Winnfield Botts and Mr. William Botts of Lone Oak, Arkansas. Mrs. Williams says that traveling today is "some" different from what it was in the old days.

Their Honeymoon Trail in 1874

Kansas City Weekly Star



MERSON HOUGH, in his story, "North of 36," gave a thrilling account of Taisie Lockhart, a young Texas girl, ordering the "outfit" on her ranch to round up a herd of cattle for the far-away railroad shipping point at Abilene, Kan.

Mr. Hough's story, however, was fiction. Old-timers at Abilene fail to recall any incident of the glorious cattle days of that town, that featured a Texas girl bringing a herd of cattle from Texas through the "Indian Country," to Abilene.

When Miss Belle Vanderver, daughter of a Texas ranchman, was married to D. M. Barton, who had been "brought up" on a ranch in a neighboring county, helped her young husband drive five hundred head of cattle through the "Indian Country" to Western Kansas, that was not fiction. It was a wedding journey.

Miss Vanderver lived in Burnet County, Texas. Mr. Barton was born and reared in Mason County. Both counties are in the neighborhood of Austin.

Young Barton was an ambitious chap, even for that day, which was in the early 70's. He had made a "drive" into the new country called Kansas, and had taken four thousand head of cattle to that land of promise. Having established his big herd, which he had gathered up in Texas "for a song," as Mr. Barton now calculates the price, because they were Texas long-horns, and cattle were very cheap in that day, Mr. Barton then returned to Texas for "the girl he left behind."

Mr. Barton's enthusiasm for the Kansas land he had discovered, which was part of the country centering around Gray County, where Ingalls now stands, and the herd of four thousand long-horns roaming all the territory from Dodge City to New Mexico, constantly called to the happy bride-groom for an early return. But Mrs. Barton loved the old home in Burnet County, where she knew all "the folks" and she was in no hurry to leave.

Then, too, there was Mrs. Barton's

dairy to be considered, and, literally to be "rounded up." For, when Miss Vanderver became Mrs. Barton there went along with her hand in marriage, a gift from her father of five hundred cattle.

To be sure, cattle were cheap in those days, but a gift of five hundred of them was not to be ignored, either for business or sentimental reasons.

It required a year, or more for the young couple to prepare for their journey north. In the meantime there came a baby girl.

And, of course, the baby girl had to be taken north, along with the cattle and the household goods, and the hope chest and all the other gifts that had come to Mr. and Mrs. Barton in their married life.

The big day came at last. The Bartons began their wedding journey to the new home "up North."

When Barton first drove his herd of four thousand to Kansas, he skirted the "Indian Country," driving his cattle west from Texas into New Mexico, and into Kansas from the southwest, making an extra journey of about one thousand miles. That was in 1872. When the wedding journey was made two years later, however, treaties with the Indians had reduced the dangers of the journey, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton headed straight through the Indian territory for Kansas.

Miss Vanderver, before her marriage to Barton, had lived all her life on a ranch. She could ride the wildest "buckskin" that would be roped, and she knew all the tricks of the round-ups.

In vain Mr. Barton urged his young wife to desert the trail and travel by rail to their new home. The Santa Fe had just been completed to Dodge City and Mrs. Barton might have taken the Katy railroad out of Texas, coming to Kansas City and then going to Dodge City by the new Santa Fe. But her husband's pleadings were in vain. "Whither thou goest I will go," Mrs. Barton said (although perhaps not in the words of Ruth of the Moabites), and she ordered her

pony saddled for the drive. The baby was cared for by the cook in the "mess wagon," and Mrs. Barton took her place with the boys who were driving the cattle.

Now, here is where truth becomes stranger than fiction: The party was not assailed by Indians. The cattle were not stampeded by raiding bands of noble red men.

On two different occasions, early in the morning, as the herd was pushed over the brow of a hill, Barton, experienced plainsmen who had been in several "brushes" with the Indians, saw a band of warriors approaching.

"Stand still and look them straight in the eyes," he ordered his cowboys, "but do not draw a gun until I give the order."

The Indians came on, their horses running full speed, and stopped within a few feet of the Barton outfit, their arrows drawn as if to shoot.

Barton made them a sign of friendship. The Indians made an inspection of the "mess wagon," found the baby, were greatly delighted with it, tried to interest it in their playful motions, and then, at a sign from the leader, rode away.

One other time the party sighted Indians. Mrs. Barton was riding in the wagon at the time, and the cowboys, with Barton directing them, had left the wagon far behind.

Seeing a band of Indians riding toward the wagon, and, as he supposed, to attack it, Barton turned and rode back to join his wife and baby.

When he came in sight of the wagon he discovered that the wagon had become stalled in a sand road. The ponies could not pull it out, and the driver was vainly trying to push the wagon as the ponies pulled.

Did the Indians surround the wagon? They did.

Did they give a blood curdling yell? They did.

Did they draw their arrows and shoot down Mrs. Barton and scalp the baby?

They did not.

When Barton arrived, the Indians had dismounted and, taking hold on the mess wagon, they literally lifted it out of the sand to solid ground!

Mrs. Barton was not at all frightened and was making the warriors an eloquent speech of thanksgiving when Barton arrived—eloquent because it appealed to them and they understood it. Mrs. Barton emptied a 2-gallon jar of cookies into the hands of the Indians, and they "got" every motion of that offering.

Out of Ingalls, Kan., at the southeast corner of the town, there is a little cottage surrounded by trees and vines. Stretching away into the country, extending down to the Arkansas River, there are farm acres of limited number.

An elderly couple lives in that cottage, a couple known to everyone in Ingalls, in Gray County, and in all the territory, practically, from Dodge City on the east to Garden City on the west.

That cottage is the home of D. M. Barton and his wife, who was once Belle Vandever of Burnet County, Texas. Mrs. Barton is now 75 years old.

D. M. Barton (everybody calls him "Doc" Barton,) at the age of 78, still rides horseback, and still farms on a limited scale.

"I was in Dodge City the night the great blizzard of 1886 came up," Barton says. "I was there to arrange with the Santa Fe for shipping out a trainload of cattle. When I left home that morning I had six thousand head of the best cattle on the Kansas range. The old 'long-horns' had been displaced very largely by the purebred whitefaces, and I had four hundred head of the best Hereford breed, fat and ready for the market.

"The storm was so bad that I could not get home. I was penned in at Dodge City and it was several days before I could get through to Ingalls. There were no telephones. The railroads did not get their trains through for a week."

"When I got home, what a sight met me! The cattle that were on the range had wandered with the storm; wandered into canyons, where they were smothered, wandered over river banks, traveling with the storm, and were drowned in the streams. Those that were penned up, even in protected corrals, were smothered with the snow.

"After following the trails for days and weeks, gathering up a few here and a few there, I found fewer than four

hundred of the six thousand cattle I owned the morning before the blizzard struck. And those that were found were of very little value. Their feet had been frozen or they had been so seriously chilled as to stunt development. Everything we had was gone."

But on the little old home place at Ingalls, "Dock" Barton and Mrs. Barton live to enjoy the best of health and they are rich in the host of friends that have been won by them by their kindly ways.

And what of the baby that made that wonderful trip over the trail several years before Emerson Hough thought to send his fictitious Tasie Lockhart from Texas to Abilene?

Well the baby still lives, a woman now with gray hair. She lives in Alaska. "And," explains Mr. Barton, "I am sorry to say that we cannot even tell you her name. She married a young man named Walter Blake, and they went to Alaska to seek a fortune.

"We are poor hands at writing letters, and so is our daughter. After they went to Alaska, Blake died, and our daughter was working there, and doing very well. Then she married again, and I'll be hanged," "Dock" Barton said, with childlike simplicity, "if I can tell you the name of the man she married."

A Letter Almost 67 Years Old.

(Burnet Bulletin.)

Not long ago, Mrs. Frank Thomas in going over the effects of her husband, the late Frank Thomas, found a letter to him from his brother, J. M. Thomas, that was written about 67 years ago. These old documents are interesting and this letter will be doubly so to our readers who knew Mr. Thomas. The letter follows:

Burnet, Burnet Co., Texas.

April 5th, 1860.

Frank:

I received your letter today dated 10th of March, which I now endeavor to answer. I was glad to hear that you were well satisfied.

We have had a good deal of Indian excitement since you left. I think there have been at least five Indians killed here since you left. Proctor's negro (Bob), and the Widow Allen's negro

man (Joe), were up at town to see their wives, and started home one Monday morning just before day, and when they got down opposite Mr. Baker's they were attacked by about 12 Indians. The Indians charged on them, but Bob was riding a tolerably good horse and the Indians could not catch him, but they succeeded in getting up close enough to shoot him in the head, but his skull seemed to be arrow-proof and consequently it did not penetrate it. Old Joe's pony was rather slow and the Indians soon ran up to him, but went up so close that when the Indians would go to shoot, old Joe would grab the arrows and throw them down to the ground; and the Indian that was contending with Joe got tired of his game and aimed to strike Joe on the head with his bow. But Joe caught the arrow as he struck at him, and drew the Indian to him and knocked him off his horse with his fist, and made his escape. The whites followed the Indians and succeeded in killing two and wounding some others.

There have been other events in regard to Indians which I will mention in my next. Billy and I have been out every time the Indians have come in, but have never got into a fight. I will leave the Indian subject.

Norflet has moved into the Post. I suppose they were afraid. The children are all going to school; Mary is going to Stolley.

I have been taking care of your mare and colts since the Indians were in. ***

There are but few people here and every thing is dull.

Goodbye,
J. M. Thomas.

A Safety Razor Free.

Secure one new subscriber to Frontier Times and send to us with \$1.50 for same, and we will send you free a Valet AutoStrop Safety Razor Outfit. Be sure to ask for your premium. We have secured just 100 of these razor sets for distribution to those who help increase the circulation of Frontier Times. We are sure the premium will please you. You will say it is the best razor outfit you have ever received.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger

From Materials Furnished by Colonel Hays and Major John Caperton in California, and from Other Sources.

(Continued from last month.)

They were about 600 yards in advance of Gen. Worth and his division. McCulloch feigned a retreat, and drew back slowly, followed by the Mexican cavalry, until they got down as far as the corn field, when the men concealed there rose within a few feet of them, and charged upon the Mexicans, who were badly surprised, and McCulloch's company charged at the same time, and the onslaught was so sudden and severe that the Mexicans' line was broken, and they were thoroughly whipped, so many of them being killed they could not fight. Just before this movement Col. Hays rode up to the commander of the Mexicans, and bowed to him as a challenge to make an attack, and as the officer advanced, Hays shot him with a pistol. Gen. Worth was much pleased with the skill displayed by the Rangers in this engagement, and pronounced it a beautiful maneuver. During the whole battle of Monterey the Texas Rangers were active and efficient throughout, leading the advance in Worth's division. The Bishop's Palace was a terrible stronghold, well fortified, and Col. Hays was commanded to take it, which he did after a severe struggle. Gen. Worth said the Rangers did more towards securing the victory of the battle of Monterey than any other force on the spot. In his estimation Hays' men were the best light troops in the world. An eye-witness of the battle wrote as follows: "The Texas Rangers are the most desperate set of men in battle that I ever heard of. They charged up to the breastworks, dismounted, and rushed over on foot, with sword in hand. They were each armed with barreled rifles, and, as may be supposed, did great execution among the copperskins. Samuel W. Chambers, one of the Rangers, or the 'Delaware Hero,' as they call him, got over the breastworks, obtained a foothold on a thirteen-pounder, and deliberately took aim with his 'five shooter,' firing with great effect, and cursing the Mexicans, until the piece was taken by Gen. Worth and turned on the

city. Chambers escaped without a wound."

The Rangers were the terror of the Mexicans all through the war. When Col. Hays' Regiment approached the town of China, 100 miles from Matamoras, in August, 1846, they took peaceable possession of the town, there being not the least resistance made, and the people were astonished at the forbearance of their captors, as they expected to be very badly treated. They were feared more than Gen. Taylor and his whole army would have been. One of the Mexicans said they were afraid to fight the Texans, as the only way they could be whipped was to kill them all, for if one was left living or got away, he would be sure to do some serious damage afterwards.

Major General Henderson, in his official report to Gen. Taylor of the Battle of Monterey, says "The essential services rendered by the Texas troops upon that occasion, cannot be otherwise than a source of exceeding gratification to me as a Texan, as well as an American, a gratification which is greatly heightened by the reflection that the merits of that gallant band are fully appreciated by yourself as well as by the talented and high-spirited officer (Gen. Worth) whose military genius guided their valor and conducted to victory."

In the same report Gen. Henderson pays a high tribute to Capt. R. A. Gillespie, who fell at the front, at the capture of Monterey, as "the brightest ornament of the service, the soul of honor, and the pride of chivalry," and after referring to his services with the Rangers in defending the Texas frontier, he continues, "He was an educated man, a gentleman by nature, quiet in his manners, amiable in temper, just in his dealings, and strictly moral in all his habits. During his connection with the present campaign his deportment was such, so marked by a happy union of modesty with bravery, and dignity with obedience, as to win the hearts of all, and constitute him the chief favorite of the army. In the

storming of the Bishop's Hill, he was the foremost man, and the first victim upon the ramparts of the foe."

One of the soldiers who entered Hays' Regiment near the beginning of the Mexican War, in 1846, describes his first meeting with that commander, on the banks of the Rio San Fernando, he then being 29 years of age. "As we cast our eyes around a group of men who are sitting around, we try to single out the celebrated partisan chief, and we were much surprised when we were presented to a delicate looking young man, of about five feet and eight inches in stature, and told that he was our Colonel. He was dressed very plainly, and wore a thin jacket, with the usual Texan hat, broad-brimmed, with a round top, a loose open collar, with a black handkerchief tied negligently around his neck. He has dark brown hair, and a large and brilliant hazel eye, which is restless in conversation, and speaks a language of its own not to be mistaken, with very prominent and heavy arched eyebrows. His broad deep forehead is well developed; he has a Roman nose, with finely curved nostril, a large mouth, with the corners ending downward, a short upper lip, while the under one projects slightly, indicative of great firmness and determination. He is naturally of a fair complexion, but from long exposure on the frontier, has become dark and weather beaten. He has rather a thoughtful and care-worn expression, from the constant exercise of his faculties; and his long acquaintance with difficulties and dangers, and the responsibilities of a commander, have given him a habitual frown when his features are in repose. He wears no whiskers, which gives him a still more youthful appearance, and his manners are bland and very prepossessing, from his extreme modesty. * * * * Were an account of the Indian fights, skirmishes, and adventures of Col. Hays to be given to the world, they would fill a volume, and the work would be looked upon as the effusion of a fertile imagination, consisting of legendary tales and the adventures of some fictitious knight-errant, then to be the faithful account of the achievements of a man living and moving among us, and that too comparatively unknown.

* * * * So many were the stories that went the rounds in camp of his perilous expeditions, his wild and daring adventures, and his cool and determined bravery, that when we first saw the man who held such sway over his fellow beings, we were first inclined to believe that we had been deceived. But when we afterwards saw him in the field, we then knew him to be the 'intrepid Hays.' So great is his reputation among the Mexicans, that he is everywhere known as 'Captain Jack.' Notwithstanding his rigid discipline, for his word is law among his men, off duty he is a bland and pleasant companion, and the men familiarly call him Jack, though there is that about the man which prevents one from taking the slightest liberty with him."

On one occasion some Indians came into San Antonio to make a treaty. Several chiefs were standing together, and had singled out Hays from several others, and were conversing about him. At last two of them approached, and asked him why it was that he would go out alone, which was frequently the case, and run such risks, without a chance of aid. "Blue Wing and I," said the chief, Flacco, (a celebrated Lipan warrior, and ally of the Texans) pointing to his companion, "no 'fraid to go to hell together, Captain Jack, great brave, no 'fraid to go to hell by himself." By which the chief meant that Hays was not afraid to go anywhere alone, which was surely a great compliment.

The following is from a sketch of Col. Hays which appeared in the New Orleans Delta in Nov., 1846: "Modesty is the most remarkable trait of Hays, and it is no uncommon thing to hear other modest men characterized as being almost as bashful as Jack Hays. Indeed, I question whether there is a man in Taylor's army who has so poor an opinion of the merits and services of Hays as he himself. He thinks much, and speaks little, and that little always to the purpose. There never lived a commander more idolized by his men, for his word is their law, and as they are regular frontiersmen, and of course notoriously restless under any other restraint, his perfect control of them attracted much curiosity and many inquiries in Texas before its

annexation. Their experience with him as a soldier has given them their confidence; but his rigid and exact justice to them, his habit of living and faring as roughly as any private in his regiment when on duty, and of treating each comrade in arms as in all respects his equal when not on duty, are probably the reasons why the boys, one and all, are so willing, without a murmur, to live on parched corn, ride 70 or 80 miles without dismounting for five minutes at a time, or to fight Mexicans with pickaxes, when Hays deems either necessary."

Next to Col. Hays, the most distinguished of the Rangers who took part in the Mexican war were Capt. Benjamin McCulloch, afterwards Major, and Capt. Samuel H. Walker. McCulloch was born in Rutherford county, Tennessee, about 1814. His father fought in Gen. Jackson's wars. The boy left school at about 14 and was kept hunting much of the time until he was 21. At that time, the bears were so bad that hogs could not be raised, and the settlers depended principally upon bear meat for subsistence. Young McCulloch generally killed as many as 80 bears in the course of a season, and never less than 20 during the winter. He went to Texas and joined the army under Gen. Houston, was made captain of a gun, and served gallantly at the battle of San Jacinto, and was afterwards employed on the frontier in locating and surveying lands, and in scouting against Indians and Mexicans, and afterwards joined the Rangers under Hays. He is described at the beginning of the Mexican War, as a man of rather delicate frame, about five feet, ten inches in height, with light hair and complexion, with features regular and pleasing, though, from long exposure on the frontier, with a weatherbeaten cast; with a quick and bright blue eye, and a mouth of thin compressed lips indicating the cool, calculating, as well as the brave and daring energy of the man. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Monterey, particularly in the capture of the stronghold of that place. On the resumption of hostilities, after the battle of Monterey, he raised a company, which was mustered into the service, and employed by Gen. Taylor on scouting duty, and did most excellent

work with his line. While Gen. Taylor had his headquarters at Agua Nueva, 18 miles from Saltillo, Major McCulloch was ordered to make a reconnoissance as far as Encarnacion, about 30 miles distant, to obtain information in regard to the advance of Santa Anna's army. He performed this perilous service with great success, accompanied by only five or six men, and at times by only one man passing the enemy's pickets several times and going close to their lines; at times discovered, and at times not, and obtained the desired information in regard to the strength and movements of the enemy, and after several narrow escapes, got safely back to camp, and reported to Gen. Taylor, who was greatly pleased at the success of this exploit.

The following anecdote is told of McCulloch by one of his officers; "The day after the battle of Buena Vista, I went into Saltillo with him, and stopped at the Great Western. I was then orderly Sergeant of his company, and had on the frock coat I wore when captain, with the straps, however, taken off. We asked the Great Western for supper. Major McCulloch had not a ball dress on. She told me I could have it, but as to the other man, she kept no house for teamsters, though he might eat after the gentlemen got through. I roared and laughed, and the Major was leaving, when Col. May came in, and invited him to supper. Major Ben declined, and the Madam asked Col. May who he was. On learning that he was Major Ben of the Rangers, she ran out and brought him back, gave him supper, charged him nothing, opened a monte bank, and took \$18 off him. Next morning I saw Ben. adjusting a shawl round her shoulders."

Capt. Samuel H. Walker was born in Maryland in 1817. At the age of 19 he enlisted with the volunteers for the Creek War, and afterwards went to Florida and served on the Appalachicola River. In January, 1842, he came to Texas, and joined an expedition against the Indians, which recovered two children who had been captured by them. In the spring of the same year he joined the Rangers, and distinguished himself greatly in their movements against the Indians and Mexicans along the frontier. He did gallant service with the other

Rangers at the Battle of Monterey, and his daring bravery at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma is recorded elsewhere.

In that extraordinary expedition whose history furnishes the most striking examples of the courage, fortitude, firmness and vigor of the American character which have ever been recorded—the Texan expedition against Mier—Samuel H. Walker, though but a beardless youth, was one of the last to yield. Endowed with great activity and skill in the use of arms, whether the deadly rifle, the sure revolver, or the irresistible Bowie knife, capable of great endurance against all the dangers, sufferings and trials of the battle, of captivity, chains, want and starvation—he was a terror to the Mexicans. These qualities enabled him to pass safely through the unparalleled fight of Mier, where 200 Texans kept at bay Ampudia and a large and complete Mexican army of 2000, slaying five or six hundred, and only surrendering on honorable terms, which were basely violated by the brutal Ampudia—to bear up under the horrible oppression and cruelty of the Mexicans while a prisoner, to sustain the severest visitations of hunger, thirst and destitution in the desert valley of Salado, and finally to break through the walls and iron bars of that famous Mexican bastille, the Castle of Perote.

After the defeat of the Mier Expedition, Walker, together with other Texans, was imprisoned in the Castle of Perote, where they received the most inhuman treatment. They made their escape, however, by rushing out, disarming the guard, and killing a number of Mexicans outside who opposed them. They became lost in the mountains and deserts of the Valley of Salado, and suffered so greatly from hunger, that their eyes became so sunken as to appear like auger holes in the head, as Walker said. In this condition they were recaptured by the Mexicans and taken back to Salado, and the blood thirsty Santa Anna demanded that every tenth man of them should die, and the company was marched out to draw the black and white beans, all who drew the black ones to be shot, and this barbarous plan was carried into effect. Walker drew a white bean

and was remanded to prison; but he, with eight others, finally escaped from the Mexicans.

Capt. Walker was one of the best spies or rangers on this continent. Col. Hays and Major McCulloch used to say of him that if they required a man to go into the enemy's camp or approach his lines, and pry out his designs, or perform any other acts of great danger, requiring coolness and sagacity, they would select Walker in preference to any other man living. He was one of the few who retained his courage and bravery under all circumstances, and in perils the most appalling, and he had the qualities of one born to command. Among his brilliant exploits on the Rio Grande, a striking instance of his valor was seen in his cutting his way, with a few gallant companions, through Arista's large army, communicating with Ft. Brown, then besieged, and returning to Gen. Taylor with full information of the state of things in the fort and the position of the Mexican army. Another instance of his boldness and sagacity was seen in the bloody plains of Resaca de la Palma, where he unhorsed a Mexican lancer, and chased the retreating foe on the charger of the slain Mexican. Capt. Walker was killed in Gen. Lane's command, at the battle of Huamantla, while on the march to Puebla. He made a dash into the town with his men, in advance of Lane, and took up his position in a church, when he was shot through the body by a concealed foe, and received a mortal wound.

When the news of his death was made known to the men under command, they burst into tears. His private character was estimable, and his whole appearance and demeanor in life were those of a modest man.

Gen. Lane, in his official report of the battle of Huamantla, thus refers to Capt. Walker: "The victory is saddened by the loss of the most chivalric, noble hearted man that ever graced the profession of arms, Capt. Samuel H. Walker of the mounted riflemen. Foremost in the advance, he had routed the enemy, when he fell mortally wounded. In his death the service has met with a loss which cannot be easily repaired."

After the capture of the City of Mex-

ico by the U. S. forces, a correspondent writing from that place, in December, 1847, says: "There arrived here recently the greatest American curiosities that have as yet entered the City of the Aztecs. They were the observed of all observers, and excited as much lively interest as if President Polk and the American Congress had suddenly set themselves down in front of the Palace, to organize a government and laws for the people of this benighted land. Crowds of men flocked to see them, (however, always keeping at a respectful distance) and women, affrighted, rushed from the balconies into the houses. Perhaps you would like to know who these terrific beings are. Well, they are nothing more nor less than Jack Hays and his Texan Rangers, with their old-fashioned maple stock rifles lying across their saddles, the butts of two large pistols sticking out of the holsters, and a pair of Colt's six-shooters belted around their waists, making only fifteen shots to the man. Do you think this was anything to be scared at? There are only 500 * men in the regiment, and summing them all up, they have only got 7500 shots, which it will take them at least from eight to ten minutes to fire into the ranks of an enemy, when they are at a charge. But then they have got a name, and I am beginning to believe there is something in a name.

"The Mexicans believe them to be a sort of semi-civilized, half man, half devil, with a slight mixture of lion and the snapping turtle, and have a more holy horror of them than they have of the evil saint himself. We have several times been asked by some of the inhabitants if the Texans will be allowed to go into the streets without a guard over them. It is really surprising that men with such a reputation should be among the very best disciplined troops in our army, and not disposed to commit outrages or create disturbances in any way. But the greasers must not interfere with them, as well illustrated this evening. About an hour ago, some of them were quietly passing through one of the streets, when a crowd of Leperos gath-

ered round them and commenced throwing stones, the result of which was, that in a very few minutes there were several dead Mexicans lying in the streets, and two men badly wounded, taken to the Guard House."

Another eyewitness of the entrance of the Texas Rangers into one of the Mexican cities, gives the following graphic description of the event: "They rode, some sideways, some upright, some by the reverse flank, some faced to the rear, some on horses, some on asses, some on mustangs, some on mules. On they came, rag, tag, and bobtail, pell-mell, helter-skelter; the head of one covered with a slouched hat, that of another with a towering cocked hat, a third bare-headed, while twenty others had caps made of the skins of every variety of wild and tame beasts: the dog, the cat, the bear, the coon, the wild cat, and many others, had for this purpose all fallen sacrifice, and each cap had a tail hanging to it, and the very tail too. I am keen to swear, that belonged to the original owner of the hide. I fancy even now that I hear the last request of that same old coon, which was to spare that tail! and this dying injunction was not forgotten. His tail is still where nature placed it, and will there remain.

A nobler set of fellows than those same Texan tatterdemalions never unsheathed a sword in their country's cause, or offered up their lives on their country's altar. Young, vigorous, kind, generous, and brave, they purposely dressed themselves in this garb, to prove to the world at a glance that they were neither regulars nor volunteers, but Texas Rangers, as free and unrestrained as the air they breathe, or the deer in their own native wild woods. Many condemned them on sight, for the world is prone to judge a man by his clothes; but by correct deportment and marked propriety during their stay at this place, they won rapidly upon the esteem of those who had condemned them in advance. Before they left, they accompanied Gen. Lane to Matamoras, and fought that battle, and as usual came off first best, with the loss of but one man.

"I have described the entrance of Hays' Regiment into this town, and will tell a little of what took place on their

* Col. Hays says there were a thousand men in reality.

arrival in the City of Mexico. Hays' men entered the City of the Aztecs and approached the Halls of the Montezumas as at this place, the objects of universal curiosity. The sides of the streets were lined with spectators of every hue and creed, from the Major General of the North American army to the Mexican beggar. Quietly they moved along. Not a word was spoken. They seemed unconscious that they were the observed of the observers. The trees in their own native forests would have attracted as much attention as they seemed to bestow upon anything around them. They seemed to say, 'we have seen men, and been in cities before.' The difference between their entry into the City of Mexico and that which I have described was a mere freak of their own. It is said that a real gentleman is as much at home in one place as in another, in the bear dance and the hoe-down as well as in the King's palace. In each place they acted their part well. In this it was to play the part of a bull at a fair, to show more courage than conduct. There, as the sequel proves, it was to show both courage and conduct. After entering the city they had proceeded some distance without being molested; but the temptation at length became too great for a Mexican to withstand, and one standing on the sidewalk threw a stone at the head of one of the Rangers. As usual with the Mexican, he overshot the mark, and took off the cap of his intended victim, without injuring him. Never was a guilty act more instantly punished. It was the last stone he ever threw; for, quicker than thought, a flash was seen, a report was heard, and the offender fell dead. A flash of lightning from the eternal throne could not have called him more speedily to account. The Ranger quickly replaced the pistol in his belt, reclaimed his cap and rode on. Ere long another stone was thrown and another greaser launched into eternity. During all this time, no noise was heard, no disturbance was perceivable, the column never halted, and the ranks were unbroken. Information soon reached Gen. Scott that two Mexicans were killed as Hays entered the city. Having exerted himself to repress all disorder and prevent all outrages, the

Commanding General was extremely wrathful, and dispatched an order for Col. Hays to appear instantly before him. In five minutes a tall, gentlemanly young man stood before the Commander in Chief of the American army, and accompanying the word with the proper salute thus addressed him: 'I, Sir, am Colonel Hays, Commander of the Texas Rangers, and report myself to you in accordance with an order just received.' Gen. Scott replied, 'I have been informed, Sir, that since the arrival of your command in this city, two Mexicans have been killed. I hold you responsible, Sir, for the acts of your men. I will not be disgraced, nor shall the army of my country be, by such outrages. I require you, Sir, to say whether my information is correct, and if so, you will render me a satisfactory explanation.' 'Your information,' replied Col. Hays, is correct, General. The Texas Rangers are not in the habit of being insulted without resenting it. They did kill two Mexicans as I entered the city, and I, Sir, am willing to be held responsible for it.' The manner in which this was said, and the whole bearing and deportment of Col. Hays, was so sincere, frank and manly, that none could have doubted his own belief that his men had done right. The General's wrath began to abate, and desiring the Colonel to be seated, he requested a full statement of the facts, and they were accordingly detailed to him."

It was as much an article in the household and political faith of the Texan to hate a Mexican as it was with the Carthaginians to yield their whole hearts and minds to the detestation of the Roman name and character. This feature in the character of the Texans had been engrafted upon their nature and constitution, as well by the long and multifarious struggles in which they had been engaged with the Mexicans, and by the many instances of flagrant perfidy and startling cruelty in which the latter race of people had indulged themselves towards the former. The scenes of the Alamo, Goliad and Mier, will ever constitute a dark and repulsive spot upon the page of Texan memory, and have served to quicken into a lively and consuming flame of indignation the smould-

ering embers of their hatred, whenever an opportunity for vengeance might present itself.

Col. Hays' command, which was on Taylor's line during a considerable portion of the Mexican War, was afterwards transferred to Scott's line, and were with him in the City of Mexico, for a year or more, under his immediate orders, until peace was declared, and were in active service most of the time, operating mainly against the guerrillas in that part of the country, his command then consisting of about 300 men.

During the Mexican War and especially towards its close, the Mexican guerrillas were very active in robbing, murdering and committing depredations of various kinds. Probably a more depraved, unprincipled and unfeeling set of men never banded together, ad yet they were destitute of real courage. They distinguished themselves by robbing the poorer class of Mexicans and Indians, even of the smallest articles, putting their escopets to the breasts of women and children, and compelling them to surrender their little possessions, money and personal effects, taking even their shawls and shoes, and performing other equally "gallant" acts. Generally they were great cowards, attacking an unarmed man or woman, but keeping shy of any considerable number of American troops. Without the quality of warriors, fifty or more of them would lie quietly in their hiding places while a body of eight or ten armed Americans were passing, and never move to attack them; but if unhappily one was seen wending his way round the mountain road, this valliant fifty would rush upon him with the ferocity of tigers, and after despatching him, send off in glowing colors an account of the action to the nearest point, from whence it was blazoned forth to the world as a great victory!

While the Texas Rangers were in the City of Mexico, towards the close of the war, these guerrillas, in a quiet way, attempted to get rid of as many of them as possible, and did murder some of them, when they found them at fandangoes and other places, alone and off their guard. The Rangers discovered this plan to assassinate them, one at a

time, (The Mexicans are natural assassins,) and were as usual equal to the occasion, and at once devised a plan of their own to protect themselves and dispose of their enemies. One or two of them would go to a fandango, and after a while would pretend to get very drunk, and would go out and fall down, being watched meanwhile by the assassins who were lurking around, and who would presently come up with a knife to put into the Ranger, who, as they approached, would rise and shoot them down, so that the would-be assassins became themselves the victims.

These guerrillas were under the leadership, chiefly of Jaranta and Zenobia, their chiefs, the former a priest of the church, and were recognized and sanctioned by the government of Mexico, and any Mexican who desired it, could obtain a permit from the Government to place himself at the head of a company of unprincipled men, robbers and picaroons, for the purpose of annoying the enemy, and robbing inoffensive citizens. It was really a system of legalized robbery, a relic of barbarism, and it is one of the worst features in the history of Mexico that its government should have endeavored to give efficiency to the system.

They were the terror of the whole Mexican population, and no check was given to their movements until the Rangers appeared among them. They had their women and children away up in the mountains, in secure retreats, where they lived, and from whence they sallied forth on their expeditions for plunder, committing all manner of outrages. No regular Mexican force would go after them, and they enjoyed perfect immunity in their lawless life.

When Col. Hays approached the City of Mexico with his force, he was a good deal annoyed by these guerrillas attacking his wagon trains, and other petty movements of theirs. He afterwards had numerous conflicts with them, and punished them severely. He was especially ordered by Gen. Scott to give his attention to these guerrillas, and did so, actively and efficiently, fighting them whenever he could find them and keeping the roads clear of them. In January, 1848, he started out with a portion

of his force in pursuit of them and while stopping at a hacienda at Teotihuacan, about 35 miles north east of the City of Mexico, with about a hundred of the Rangers, and a few of the Illinois volunteers, Col. Hays was nearly surprised by a large force of guerrillas, some twelve or fifteen hundred men, headed by Jaranta, who came suddenly upon the Americans, who were resting themselves, having ridden all the night before, their horses all unbridled and unsaddled, and immediately commenced an attack, storming the door of the house. A sharp conflict ensued, lasting some minutes. Hays kept them at bay at the door and soon placed some of his men on the house from which point they fired with good effect. Eight Mexicans were killed, and not an American killed or wounded. Jaranta was wounded at several points, and fled on his horse, followed by his men. Had not the Rangers been caught napping, so to speak, the Mexicans would have suffered much more severely.

Gen. Lane determined to make a vigorous effort to exterminate these guerrillas, and for this purpose he formed a scouting party of five or six hundred men, including Col. Hays' command. His plans were to pursue these guerrillas in the mountains, attack them in their own retreats and strongholds, where they lived, with their families and their plunder, and to break them up if possible. Gen. Lane himself accompanied the expedition. He said it was a most remarkable sight to see the Rangers run up the mountains in pursuit of the guerrillas; the ease and rapidity with which they ascended their steep and rocky sides, and reached points apparently inaccessible, commanded his hearty admiration. The expedition proved a great success, for the Rangers reached the retreats of the guerrillas, destroyed their villages, killed their horses, killed a large number of the robbers, and secured a good many prisoners, breaking them up completely. This one expedition destroyed five of these mountain resorts, and freed that whole section of Mexico from these pests. Gen. Scott regarded Col. Hays and his men as invaluable during his stay in the City of Mexico, and in his official reports gave them great credit for their active

and efficient services, in suppressing the guerrillas that infested that vicinity.

In August, 1848, after the close of the Mexican War, Col. Hays took command of an important expedition, organized for the purpose of marking out and opening a good road for commercial purposes between San Antonio de Bexar and Chihuahua, the object of which was to effect a change of the route of the overland trade to Mexico, and draw the Chihuahua trade into Bexar and also to open a road whereon the government could move its troops to and from the Rio Grande, and to the frontier. The expedition comprised about 72 armed men, being troops furnished by the government, and a few Mexicans and Indians and private citizens of Texas desired this road opened for commercial purposes, and to benefit the State, and the Government, in consideration of its purpose to open a military road furnished the troops from those who were stationed on the Texan frontier. A portion of the country through which they passed had never been explored, and they had to make their way. The whole distance was about 700 miles. Up to this time the northern states of Mexico had been supplied mainly from St. Louis, by way of Santa Fe, by means of immense wagon and pack trains; and this trade was sometimes known as the Chihuahua trade, and sometimes as the Santa Fe trade. It was believed that a much shorter and less expensive route could be found to supply these Mexican States which such merchandise as they required, and by opening a road from San Antonio to Chihuahua, that object would be attained, and the supplies could then be furnished from New Orleans and San Antonio, and a trade created in that direction which would supersede the trade from St. Lewis. Up to this time there was no knowledge of the country lying west of San Antonio de Bexar beyond a distance of two hundred miles. Col. Hays had gone as far in his expedition over this country as any white man had gone, but had never got much beyond the Las Moras River, on which stream he had fights at different times with the Indians. About 40 of the men of the expedition were under command of Sam Highsmith, of the Government

service. Col. Hays was the commander of the expedition, which had for a guide an old Mexican named Lorenzo, who had been fifteen years a prisoner with the Comanches, and spoke their language as well as he spoke his own. He professed to know the country as far as the Presidio del Norte, the point which the expedition aimed to reach. The party had no wagons, and everything in the way of provisions was transported on pack mules.

The first portion of the trip was over a country well known to Col. Hays and several others of the party, and was very pleasant. The country was lovely, game was abundant, and everything went on to their satisfaction. They were strong enough to have no apprehension of trouble with the Indians, except so far as the stealing of horses was concerned. At one point, the Apaches succeeded in getting a few of their animals, but otherwise they were not molested. After leaving the Las Moras, they entered a country that was new and strange to them. Prior to that, they crossed the Nueces River, where they found, in a beautiful valley, near a fine spring of water, the remains of what had been the commencement of a mission at that place. The Spanish priests had gone there many years before, and got out stones and other materials to build the mission, but they were all destroyed by the Indians before they commenced to erect it, and the materials were left undisturbed on the spot. After leaving the Las Moras, they entered what was a terra incognita to the Americans. They crossed streams known to the Spaniards as San Felipe and San Pedro, the latter of which they named the "Devil's River," on account of the rugged country through which it ran. The country had been mapped down from Spanish maps, but they were not altogether reliable, as they found during their trip. They struck a river named on the map as the Puereco, not far from its junction with the Rio Grande, and succeeded in fording it. They afterwards learned that it was really the Pecos River, and they corrected the map accordingly. The Pecos River takes its rise not far from Santa Fe, New Mexico, flows south, and is a very strange river, deep, muddy, sluggish, with no trees

upon it, and there are very few points at which it can be crossed by fording. The Mexicans call the Upper Rio Grande the Puereco, because it is a muddy river. After crossing the Pecos, the troubles of the expedition began. Lorenzo, the Mexican guide, who professed to know the country, and where they were going, led them into a great bend of the Rio Grande, and they became lost, the guide confessing that he was mistaken and didn't know where he was. So much more time was consumed in reaching the Rio Grande than they anticipated, that they became short of provisions. After the guide gave out, the guiding and leadership developed upon Col. Hays, who travelled according to his own ideas, and who displayed the same resolution, energy, courage and skill which had made him famous in other places. For a considerable while, they were reduced to great stress for want of food, and were compelled to kill several of their horses and mules, and live upon that meat, and whatever they could kill, panthers, and pole cats, and even snakes, and at times the extremity was very great. They also suffered very much for want of water, both men and horses. One man, a doctor, became crazy, and wandered away and was lost. They got into the country of the Apaches, and met a small band of them, who directed them which way to go, and followed a large trail of theirs, which led to the Rio Grande, and succeeded in fording the river, it being low, and got into Mexico, and came to the town of San Carlos, the first place where they were able to obtain food. All the expeditions were nearly starved to death when they got there, and the people supplied them with beef, corn, and many other things of which they were in need. The country through which they had travelled was a rough and mountainous country, which the Mexicans called barancos precipitos, full of great crevices in the ground that would turn them aside, and it was up and down, around and across, and their progress was consequently very slow, and the country was destitute of game, and very uninviting, though they generally found grazing for the horses, often without water. From San Carlos, they moved up a distance of about forty

miles, and reached the point of their destination, the Presidio del Norte. At that point they recrossed the Rio Grande and stopped at the fort of a man named Leaton, a Rocky Mountain trader who had erected an adobe fort to protect himself against the Indians. But he was a great friend of the Apaches, traded with them, and had great influence over them. He was a remarkable man who had been all his life in the mountains, knew nothing of government or law, was a law to himself. He had his family there, and his servants. His fort was a considerable enclosure, and he had a small howitzer mounted there. They made him an American flag, and presented it to him with a speech, and he hoisted it with great pride over his fort, and fired off his cannon, and had a great celebration. They remained encamped there for a week or two, recruiting their animals, and getting supplies with which to return home. They had a quartermaster with them named Ralston, who made purchases through Leaton for the party, from the Bishop of Chihuahua who came to that place, and furnished them with animals and such provisions as the country would afford. Leaton's Fort was in Texas, opposite the Presidio del Norte. While encamped there the great fighting chief of the Apaches came into their camp, and spent several days with them. He was known in Mexico as the terror of the whole country, and was called Manza Colorado, or Red Blanket. He was friendly with the party; he fought the Mexicans. He had with him his principal wife, a handsome little Apache squaw, of pure blood.

When the expedition started back, it divided into three parties, being too many in number to stop together at a water hole; they expected to suffer for want of water on the way. One party bore up toward the Concho River, and they took a more direct easterly route, and a small party, headed by Col Hays, consisting of six persons, among them a little son of Leaton whom he was sending along to go to school, and a gentleman named Peacock, bore down in a more southeasterly direction, the Colonel having an impression that he could get in that way, against the opinion and

advice of the Indians who accompanied the expedition, and the Mexicans in that country. This little party of six was the last to get into San Antonio, the other two parties arriving before them, and reporting them as in all probability dead, thinking they could never get through that country alive. But the indomitable perseverance and sagacity of Col. Hays prevailed over every obstacle, and they arrived safe at the last. They suffered for want of food and water, and their animals were very poor. They travelled through a formidable Indian country, but had no apprehensions in regard to them. At one time they met a small party of Comanches, who had a boy prisoner with them, whom they rescued, and they also took from the Indians their horses and mules, which were of great assistance to them in getting in. After a time they struck the Las Moras River, at a point where they thought they might have trouble with the Indians, especially as they had an Indian prisoner with them. They built their camp fires and slipped away in the night, knowing the Indians were around them. Their Indian prisoner disappeared at this point, but whether he escaped, or was killed by old Lorenzo the guide, they could not tell. Here they killed turkeys and deer, and were well supplied with food. When they got within about 80 miles of San Antonio they found an encampment of Government soldiers, who supplied them with flour and bacon, of which they were much in need. There Col. Hays left the party and went ahead, and the party travelling slowly, were brought up by Major John Caperton, one of their number. They got back in a very dilapidated condition, so far as clothing and shoes were concerned.

In coming back, the party did not separate until they crossed the Pecos River, at a place called Horsehead Crossing. In going through that country, they saw for the first time a black-tail deer. Even the Indians and Mexicans who were of the party had never seen a deer of this kind before, except old Lorenzo.

The object of the expedition was fully carried out. They were the first

party of Americans that ever went over that route, and they opened the way, which has been availed of since, and proved the feasibility of that route of travel. The Government afterwards sent out other exploring parties, who travelled on the trail of this expedition, and posts were set up along the line, and a regular route of travel opened through that country, and the current of trade to a great extent changed in this direction. Military encampments were made along this line, mail points established, settlements made at various points, and a great deal of intercourse has been had between Mexico and Texas over this route, and it has proved of vast advantage to both countries, and also to the Government of the United States. No credit was ever given to Col. Hays or any member of the expedition for what was accomplished by them, though they deserved a great deal. The route to El Paso now goes over a great portion of that country where this expedition first travelled, El Paso being on the Rio Grande above Presidio del Norte.

The doctor who went crazy and was lost, on account of starvation, the last time that he was seen by his companions he was munching a piece of raw mule meat. He was picked up by the Indians, who, finding him insane, took care of him and fed him. They have always a great respect for an insane person. Some months afterwards, it might have been a year, he came in to the settlements of Texas, to the great surprise of his wife, who had given him up for dead, and was on the eve of being married to another man.

When Col. Hays went to California, with Major Caperton, they went over the same route, crossing their old trail at various points, and found the remains of some of their old camp fires on the Pecos River. They started to cross the plains in July, 1849, from San Antonio, Texas, with a party of about 40, with pack mules and wagons, and went with the army as far as El Paso. They went down the Gila, and crossed to Ft. Yuma. Col. Van Horn, who was in command of the troops was also an Indian agent, and they sent out for the Apaches to meet them at Ben Moore's

Peak, to treat with them. The party camped there to wait for the Indians, and during the evening heard the report of fire arms, and supposed they were signals for the Indians to come in, and afterwards a bugler. In the morning they ascended the Peak, which commanded an extended view of the country, and saw the Indians on all sides, running in every direction, and also a file of men coming into their camp, who proved to be a Mexican force, under command of Gen. Elias; and then they learned that the firing of the evening before was the noise of an engagement between the Mexicans and the Indians, in which the latter were defeated and some of their captives were recovered by the Mexicans. It was a very rare thing for the Mexicans to win in a fight with the Indians. Gen. Elias furnished the party guides for a new route to Tucson, a route known to the Mexicans as Paso del Pado. On reaching Tucson, most of the party went on, but Col. Hays remained, on account of the sickness of one of the party, with about eight others. They finally left with one wagon, crossed the desert to the Colorado, and as they did so saw a large number of dead horses and oxen, which had perished for want of water, and a great many abandoned wagons, and other property left by emigrants who could not get through with it. At the Colorado they were so fortunate as to find a portion of the Mexican Boundary Commission, and Col. Carrasco, a Mexican officer, who had met Col. Hays many times in battle, and who treated him now like a brother. He had them ferried across the river without charge, a great kindness, as they had no money. They found at the river a great quantity of mesquite beans, cached by the Indians, on which they recruited their animals, and they bought a small supply of beans and dried pumpkin from the Indians for themselves. At the New River, as it is called in the desert, they found a little meat the Government had sent out there. They got into San Diego, without provisions, and nearly starved, and from that point came up to San Francisco on the brig Fremont, 15 days passage.

Soon after his arrival, Col. Hays was

nominated as candidate for Sheriff, the new Constitution of the State having just gone into effect. He was a candidate on the Independent ticket, there also being Whig and Democratic tickets in the field. It was a very exciting contest terminating in the election of Hays to the office. He was again elected for a second term, but resigned within a year of the expiration of the term, to take the office of Surveyor General. While he held the office of Sheriff, the exciting events which gave rise to the Vigilance Committee of 1851 took place. There was no feeling between him and this committee, and they never had any contest, and the Committee commended the Sheriff on several occasions for attention to his duty. After he was Surveyor General, which position he held for several years, he went to Washoe in 1860, just after the mines were discovered, to look for gold. When the Indians killed Meredith's party, a volunteer force went from Virginia City to punish them, and Col. Hays being there was appointed Commander in Chief. He had four or five hundred men. They drove the Indians (Piutes) out of the country, and they have never made any trouble since.

A. J. SOWELL'S SKETCH OF HAYS.

In his book, "Texas Indian Fighters," A. J. Sowell, well known Texas Ranger and Indian fighter, gives the following sketch of Col. Jack Hays:

"John Coffey Hays, better known in Texas as Jack Hays, the famous captain, was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, in 1818. He was named for General Coffee, who commanded a brigade in the army of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. He came to Texas in 1837, when but 19 years of age, and located at San Antonio. He was a surveyor by profession, and was employed to survey land on the frontier. His long life on the frontier gave him a hardy constitution, and none were able to stand more hardships and endure more privations than he. His talent as a commander and leader of border men early developed, and he was among the chosen leaders of the pioneers in South-

west Texas. His reputation as a fighter rose so rapidly he was given the command of the frontier with the rank of major in 1840. This was in part owing to his gallantry at the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, fought the same year, and which has been described elsewhere. If an account was given in detail of all his exploits and battles on the frontier it would make a book within itself.

"His two famous battles of Bandera Pass and in the Nueces Canyon have already been given, as also the part he took in the battle of Salado when San Antonio was captured by Woll. He fought one battle west of the Nueces with the Comanches and badly defeated them, and also one near the head of the Seco and Sabinal. He was surrounded here for some time, and finally sent one of his men, who slipped out in the night and went to Seguin to notify Captain James H. Calahan, who commanded another company of rangers rode day and his rescue. The messenger rode day and night, as did also the rangers who came back, and the reinforcement soon arrived on the scene, but Hays and his men were gone. Signs of a fierce fight were there, and the dead bodies of sixteen Indians were found. Calahan took the trail and soon discovered that the Indians were on the retreat, and that Hays and his men were following him. At the head waters of the Sabinal river rangers and Indians were overtaken. The Comanches were on a mountain and Hays and his men were in a valley watching them. When Calahan and his men arrived an assault was made on the position of the Indians, and after some fighting, in which one of Calahan's men was wounded, the Indians left the mountain and scattered in the roughs and the rangers returned, Hays to San Antonio and Calahan to Seguin.

"On another occasion Hays was close upon a band of Indians and located them by his scouts in a cedar brake. The rangers had eaten nothing all day, so hot was the pursuit, and the captain now told them to dismount for a few minutes and partake of some cold bread and beef they had in their wallets, but by no means to raise a smoke. Hays always had a few Mexicans with him, as they were good guides and trailers, but

on this occasion, in lighting their cigarettes after eating, they let a pile of leaves get afire, and soon smoke was curling above the tree tops. Hays was furious, and the Mexicans were badly scared and made frantic efforts to stamp out the fire, he striking some of them with his quirt during the time. An order to mount was now given and a furious run made towards the Indian camp, which was a mile away. It was as Hays had anticipated. The Indians saw the smoke and knew the rangers were on their trail, and had fled, leaving many things in camp, which were taken.

"One of the hardest fights Captain Hays had was on the Perdenales in 1844. On this occasion he had gone out with fourteen men about eighty miles from San Antonio northwest in the Perdenales country, now within the limits of Gillespie county, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the Indians and their probable location. On arriving near the river about fifteen Indians were discovered well mounted, and they seemed to want a fight. When the rangers advanced upon them, however, they retreated and endeavored to lead them towards a ridge of thick underbrush. Captain Hays was too well acquainted with the Indian character to be caught by their snares, for he suspected an ambush. It was hard to keep his boys from advancing to the attack, among whom was Ad Gillespie, Sam Walker and Mike Chevalier. Hays went around the thicket and posted his men on another ridge separated from their position by a deep ravine. This position was occupied but a short time when the Indians discovered who he was, and knowing their man, gave up trying to catch him by stratagem and showed themselves to the number of seventy-five and challenged him to combat. Hays accepted the challenge and signified to them that he would meet them, and immediately started down the hill with his men toward the Indians, moving, however, very slowly, until reaching the bottom of the ravine, where he was hid from the view of the Comanches by the brow of the hill upon which they formed. Then turning at full speed down the ravine he turned the point of

the ridge and came up in the rear of the Indians and charged them while they were watching for him to come up in front of their position. The first fire of the rangers with rifles threw them into confusion.

"The yells, warwhoops, and imprecations that filled the air were enough to blanch the cheeks of the bravest, but Hays and his men had heard such sounds before, and stood their ground unmoved. The Indians, seeing their superior force, soon rallied. Hays now told his men to draw their five-shooters to meet the charge he saw was coming. In order to resist attack on all sides, as the Comanches were surrounding them, Hays formed his men in a circle fronting outwards, being still mounted on their horses, and for several minutes maintained that position without firing a shot, until the Indians came within throwing distance of their lances of them. Their aim was sure when they fired, and nearly every shot took effect. Twenty-one Indians were killed here before they desisted from hurling themselves on the muzzles of the revolvers. When the Comanches fell back the rangers changed their ground and charged in turn. The fight lasted nearly an hour, each party charging and recharging in turn. By this time the rangers had exhausted the loads in their revolvers, and the chief was again rallying his warriors for one more desperate struggle.

"The number of rangers was by this time reduced, some killed and others badly wounded, and the situation was critical. Captain Hays saw that their only chance was to kill the Indian chief, and asked of his men if any of them had a loaded rifle. Gillespie replied that he had. 'Dismount, then,' said the captain, 'and make sure work of that chief.'

"The ranger addressed had been badly wounded—speared through the body—and was hardly able to sit his horse, but slipping to the ground he took careful aim and fired, and the chief fell headlong from his horse. The Comanches now left the field, pursued by a portion of the men, and a complete victory was gained. When all was over on this battleground lay thirty dead Indians, and of the rangers two were kill-

ed and five wounded. Sam Walker was one of the wounded, and was also speared through the body.

"On another occasion Hays was on a scout with about twenty of his men near the head of the Perdenales, at a place called the Enchanted Rock. It was of large, conical shape, with a depression at the apex something like the crater of an extinct volcano. A dozen or more men can lie in this place and make a strong defense against largely superior numbers, as the ascent is steep and rugged. Not far from the base of this hill, at the time of which we write, the rangers were attacked by a large force of Indians. When the fight commenced Captain Hays was some distance from his men, looking about, and attempted to return when he was cut off and closely pursued by quite a number of warriors, and made his retreat to the top of the Enchanted Rock. Here he entrenched himself, determined to make the best fight he could and, as the border men say, 'sell out' as dearly as possible. The Indians who were in pursuit, upon arriving near the summit, set up a most hideous howl and after surrounding the spot prepared for a charge on the position of the ranger captain. They were determined to get him at all hazards, for no doubt there were warriors along who knew him. For some time, as they would see the muzzle of his rifle coming over the rim of the crater, they would dodge back, knowing it was death to face it, and each thought that one might be him. Becoming bolder, however, it was necessary for Hays to fire, and one fell at the rifle shot, and then the revolver went to work, and as they were close each discharge from the five-shooter found a victim. In those days there were no six-shooters, but these were made soon after. The Indians fell back before this fire, which gave Hays a chance to reload. This was kept up for some time. The rangers heard the battle on the hill and knew it was their captain, and gradually fought their way to him. The Indians below were defeated, and those after Hays fled down the opposite side when they saw the battle had gone against them in the valley and that the rangers had com-

menced the ascent of the hill of the Enchanted Rock.

"Captain Hays was glad to see his boys, as the case had become desperate with him. The Indians, maddened at their loss, were drawing closer around him, becoming reckless of life, and would in the end have overpowered him. Five or six lay dead around the spot where Hays fought, and twice as many below. Three or four rangers were wounded, but none killed.

"When the war of 1846 broke out with Mexico, Captain Hays raised a regiment of Texas Rangers and fought in nearly all of the desperate battles in Mexico, in which many of the regiment were killed, including Ad Gillespie, who was captain of a company, and Sam Walker, who was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. After the war was over Colonel Hays went to California, and was elected sheriff of San Francisco county, and as a matter of course, made a brave and efficient officer. He married a daughter of Major Calvert of Seguin, and was a brother-in-law to John Twohig of San Antonio, Colonel Thos. D. Johnson and Alfred Shelby of Seguin, these having married his wife's sisters.

"Colonel Hays had his last Indian fight in Nevada in 1860. At that time Virginia City was a mining town, and many Texans, Californians, and others had gathered there. The Piute Indians declared war against the whites and committed many depredations, among others massacred Major Ormsby and his men. There was at this time at the mines an old Texas ranger, Capt. Edward Storey, a man of great courage and very popular among the people. He had fought Indians in Texas under Colonel Hays and Gen. Henry E. McCulloch. Captain Storey at once raised a company, called the Virginia City Rifles, and proceeded against the Indians. Col. Jack Hays heard of the war which his old comrade Captain Storey was engaged in, and came over from California with several companies to help him, and together they attacked the Indians at Pyramid Lake, about twenty-five miles from Virginia City. The Indians were about 1,000 strong and well armed, and flushed with their victory over Major Ormsby and his men. They had the ad-

vantage of position in the mountains and more than doubled the number of the whites. A complete victory was won by Hays and Storey, but at fearful loss, and among the slain was the brave Captain Storey. This was on the 2nd of June, 1860. The dead captain was rolled up in a blanket and conveyed to Virginia City on a pack horse.

"Colonel Hays became very wealthy. He never made Texas his home again, but occasionally came on visits to see old friends and relatives. He died at his home near Piedmont, California, in 1883."

WOLL'S INVASION

The following account of Woll's invasion of Texas is taken from "Flowers and Fruits from the Wilderness," a book written by Rev. Z. N. Morrell, a pioneer Baptist preacher, and published in 1872:

"During the spring and summer of 1842, a great interest was felt throughout the Republic for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and a plea was urged that the war with Mexico was about at an end. The Mexican authorities, of course, threw every obstacle in the way of this union that was in their power, and learning that this plea was made, sent out an expedition under General Woll. Their expressed intention was to march through the territory; but their real intention was to make a raid, and thus delay, and if possible thwart annexation, hoping in the end to induce Texas to submit to Mexican rule. On the eleventh of September, 1842, a Mexican force under General Woll, about thirteen hundred strong, captured the city of San Antonio, making hostile demonstrations toward other points farther east.

"We gathered what ammunition we could at Gonzales, and left for Seguin, with instruction that recruits coming from the east should follow our trail. At Seguin I obtained ten ears of corn, had it parched and ground, and mixed with it two pounds of sugar. This we called cold flour.

"Recruits were coming in all night, and on Tuesday morning we marched on

within twenty miles of San Antonio. Colonel Caldwell was in command, by common consent. A call was made for ten of the best horses and lightest riders to go and meet Jack Hays that night on the Salado. He had notified us, by express, that he was there watching the enemy and needed reinforcements.

"The number called for was soon obtained, the writer among them on his fine, untrained, borrowed horse. A charge, with some instructions, was given us, and a short while before day we arrived at the spot where we were ordered to go. A keen whistle was given, and readily responded to by Hays. Wednesday morning came and found us thirteen strong, with nothing but cold flour to eat, and a limited supply of that. Our ration consisted of a spoonful for each, mixed with water. A detail was soon made to stay at camp, another to go down on the east side of San Antonio, and another under Jack Hays to head the San Antonio river and go entirely around in the rear of the city, to ascertain if any re-inforcements were coming in from Mexico. Hays was discovered during the day and driven back, making no discovery himself as to re-inforcements. Thursday morning came, and with only a spoonful of cold flour for each, another effort was made to get the number and intention of the enemy. Caldwell still remained at his camp twenty miles east of the city, expecting the Mexicans to march on Gonzales. Hays was repulsed, as on the day before, and failed to get in the enemy's rear. The writer and part of the company went down the Salado and discovered what we supposed to be the trail of two or three hundred cavalry, going in the direction of Gonzales. On our return we met Hays with his company, driving in some horses. Very soon, about forty Mexicans made their appearance in pursuit. We retreated until they were drawn from the timber, when, under the order of our gallant leader, we wheeled, and forty Mexicans failed to stand the charge of thirteen Texans. No damage that we know of was done to either party.

(Continued Next Month.)



Hand to-Hand Combat. A Texas Ranger Speared by Indians

The Wild Bunch of Robber's Roost

Francis W. Hilton, in *Frontier Stories*, Garden City, N. Y.

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DON'T know what yo're doin' 'round these parts, stranger, an' I don't reckon it's none o' my business. But I'm tellin' yuh fer yore own good it ain't healthy. I got a mighty fine saddle hoss tied out there in the corral that's rarin' to travel with yuh. Yuh leave that broken down nag yo're forkin' an' throw a laig over my hoss and high-tail it. Butch Cassidy an' his gang'll be ridin' in here pronto." The steady eyes of the grizzled Colorado rancher bored into those of the stranger seated across the breakfast table.

"Right now when a stranger's sportin' a bunch o' fancy trimmin's that shows he don't belong to the range, an' the hull country swarmin' with detectives tryin' to act like cowhands, I jes' ain't in no position to do more'n give yuh a chanst fer yore life afore Cassidy gits here."

The stranger who had ridden into the Brown's Park ranch at daylight with a request for food and a few day's lodging, twisted nervously under the steady gaze.

"I'm no detective," he blurted out. "I'm a Wyoming cowboy."

"Mebbe so, young feller, mebbe so," conceded the rancher, "but then if yuh ain't a detective trailin' Butch Cassidy yo're jes' dam fool. Now yuh travel right back where you come from. It's a heap healthier."

"You've called my hand, all right," admitted the detective, "but it srikes me you're playing in with Cassidy and his gang or you woun'dn't hesitate to house me until I get a line on him."

"Yah. It's fine fer yuh hombres as drifts in here huntin' Butch to talk about us helpin' yuh," snorted the rancher, "but yuh don't stop to recklect everythin' we got on earth is tied up here an' we gotta stay. A man as double-crosses Butch Cassidy is jes' anglin' fer a ticket to hell, I'm tellin' yuh. We settlers ain't got no hankerin' to protect him and his gang from the law, but they're powerful good hombres to be friends with. Butch ain't sech a

bad feller. I've seen him pull many a pore devil through the winter when he didn't have a bite o' grub.

"Not on yore life stranger. Butch Cassidy may be the wust outlaw yore railroad's got to buck up ag'in, but that ain't sayin' yore detective agency is goin' to get us Brown Park ranchers to turn him in. We ain't got no stum-mick to double-cross him."

"Well, I'm keeping my eye on you, old-timer," the detective threw back over his shoulder as he swung on to the rancher's horse. "A man who protects a criminal is just as bad as the criminal himself."

"I'm damned," muttered the cowman as he turned back to the cabin. "That feller shore don't know Butch er he'd be thankin' me fer stakin' him to one of the fastest hosses in these parts."

Scarcely had the detective disappeared down the steep mountain trail before six horsemen, with Butch Cassidy in the lead, galloped into the ranch. They spotted the strange horse tied in the corral immediately.

"Some thief came in here a while back an' I gave him some chuck," volunteered the settler. "While I was washin' up the things he stole my hoss an' left this ole nag in its place."

"Huh," grunted Cassidy, "that there nag's from the Baggs livery barn. Come on, boys."

Wheeling, they galloped recklessly down the trail toward the Wyoming line. Before nightfall they loped back into the ranch leading the settler's horse.

"There's yore nag," commented Cassidy dryly. "We won't stand fer no hoss-stealin' round these parts."

Without another word the outlaws left and the detective was never heard of again.

From the ragged stretches of the Montana Rockies to the sun-baked plains of Arizona, the name of Butch Cassidy, gunman, train robber and leader of the notorious Wild Bunch of outlaws ever will stand out as one of the most desperate, reckless and courageous bad-men

in Western history. During the decade in which his name was a terror in the mountain region, rewards totalling fifteen thousand dollars were placed on his head and detectives from every part of the country were defeated in their efforts to run him down.

The depredations of the gangs captained by Cassidy were so bold that at one time the governors of four states stood ready to call out troops in an attempt to rid the terrorized sections of the bandits.

Cassidy's gangs operated from the Canadian line as far south as Arizona, with rendezvous at Powder Springs, six miles over the Colorado line in Wyoming; Robber's Roost, twenty miles into the Blue Mountain mesa country in Utah; and Brown's Park in northwestern Colorado. Connections also were established with the Teton gang working out of the Jackson Hole region in Wyoming, and after the flight of Harvey Logan, alias "Kid Curry," many members of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang joined Cassidy. While he has been credited with being the leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, this distinction rightly belongs to Logan, although in later years the operations of the bandit chieftains were linked closely.

Cassidy himself, while undisputed leader of these ubiquitous crews, variously estimated at from fifty to five hundred outlaws, held forth at Robber's Roost and Brown's Park, placing lieutenants, noted for their brutality and criminal records, in command of the other gangs.

Lewis Johnston, alias "The Big Swede," who was known as the assassin of assassins and whose trail was drenched with blood, was Cassidy's henchman in charge of the Powder Springs outlaws, while O. C. Hanks, alias "Deaf Charley" commanded the Montana line, his authority extending into the Jackson Hole.

Upon the disappearance of Logan in the summer of 1901, Harry Longabaugh, alias the "Sundance Kid," was acclaimed leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, which then became a subdivision in Cassidy's outlaw army. Longabaugh, almost as dangerous in criminal courage as Cassidy himself, was made the chieftain's right-hand man.

The retreats of the gangs held quanti-

ties of plunder and afforded the desperadoes natural protection when driven to cover. Due to their location, at the corners of three states, the renegades could hold up a Union Pacific train one night, a Denver & Rio Grande the next and be in another state within two hours after the crime was committed.

For years these gangs almost depopulated the stock ranges. Robberies and bank hold-ups were matters of current comment. Ranches and freight wagons were pilfered and murders were frequent. Many stockmen were driven out of the business. Brands were run and cattle shipped out under the eyes of the sheriffs. Escaped murderers, burglars and thieves from every part of the country joined the gangs until the whole region was infested with the largest and most desperate crew of outlaws ever known to Western history.

Many of the smaller cattlemen sold out and left the terror-stricken country. Officers of the law cast about frantically for a plan to exterminate the gangs, while a large detective agency was baffled completely in attempts to run down the leaders.

Cassidy made his profession pay. His long suit was executive ability coupled with a talent for organizing. For many years he ruled his desperate crew with a flashing six-gun and brute strength, yet unlike Kid Curry, whose depredations were marked with spectacular gunplay, Cassidy was master of facial make-up. His best friends, of whom he had many along the Union Pacific, did not recognize him when in disguise. He was always his own scout and had perfect confidence in his ability to escape detection.

The citizens of Rock Springs, Wyoming, once were thrown into a fit of disgust when they learned that Butch Cassidy had been a guest for several days in the city where he was wanted so badly. Nightly he had played Black Jack at "Big Sam's" place, and when his plans were completed, he had slipped away before they realized who he was.

George Leroy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, alias George Cassidy, alias Captain Ingerfield, was born in Texas of Swedish-American parents about 1865. He is said to have been a half brother of Matt Warner, who made a record as a

Utah cattle rustler, but who later threw away the illicit lariat and branding iron.

As a youth Parker drifted up the trail from Texas, settling in San Pete County, Utah, where he secured employment as a miner. There he gathered about him the ruffians of the section and made many friendships which in later years were to form the nucleus of the most dreaded outlaw gangs in the mountain region.

In 1888 Parker went to Montana, where he launched into his career of crime as a horse thief under the name of Cassidy. His brutality soon won for him the sobriquet of "Butch." He carried on this nefarious profession for a couple of years later drifting to Telluride, Colorado, where he staged his first bank hold-up, escaping with ten thousand dollars, there-with laying the nest egg which was to become one of the largest hidden treasures ever deposited by any Western outlaw gang.

About 1890 he turned up in Wyoming in company with Al Heiner, another desperate character. They made their headquarters at Lander, living on the money stolen in the Telluride robbery, which they spent lavishly in the saloons and dance-halls.

Cassidy at this time was of medium height, stocky and powerfully built. His whole physical make-up indicated brute strength. A shock of uncombed hair falling over one beady eye set off his square and evil face, which in later years was scarred with the wounds of many battles.

In the latter part of 1893, Cassidy and Heiner were arrested for horse-stealing. In 1894 Heiner was acquitted, but Cassidy was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. While it was feared at that time that an attempt would be made to liberate him, he went to the Laramie prison quietly. Before his short term had expired, however, he was pardoned.

He then launched into a career of unparalleled outlawry. In 1896, with some of his former cronies, he made an unsuccessful attempt to rob a bank at Meeker, Colorado. The wounding of three of the renegades brought threats of dire retaliation on Meeker and Craig. Merchants were armed and every pre-

caution was taken, but meanwhile Cassidy and his gang, now numbering about ten, rode north.

A bank at Montpelier, Idaho, was the next target. Ahead of a large posse the bandits escaped with seven thousand dollars in currency, showing up some weeks later at Price, Utah, where they held up and robbed the paymaster of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company of eight thousand dollars.

Following this robbery the gangsters fell back into Robbers Roost, for several months conducting raids on the cattle herds of the section.

The cowboys from the Ireland Cattle Company, one of the chief sufferers from the rustling, organized a posse in 1897, but the desperadoes, forewarned by the settlers—whether through choice or fear never will be known—played horse with the cattlemen, leading them through a maze of valleys and narrow defiles and finally escaping. In the cold camps the possmen found newspapers of late date, indicating that the outlaws were keeping posted on every move in the settlements, while an elaborate system of signals flashed from mountain tops completely baffled the pursurers.

The posse was unable to get close enough to give battle, but the raid served to show the stockmen how firmly entrenched the outlaws had become. It also gave them a glimpse of the fortress of the Robber's Roost gang, a small stone hut near the head of Ladore Canyon, a gorge so narrow that an attacking party would be forced to go afoot and single file up the rocky trail constantly under cover of the rifles of the outlaws.

Eluding the cowboys, who finally abandoned the chase, Cassidy planned the hold-up of a Union Pacific train, but a letter to Lewis Johnston, in charge of the Powder Springs gang was intercepted; and, armed guards having been placed on all the trains, the scheme was given up.

Cassidy now perfected the organization of his outlaws into a military company known as the Wild Bunch. It was here he showed the executive ability that marked him as a born leader. The gangs had grown in numbers to a point where they were unweildy. Dividing

them into squads of four or five, he placed each in charge of a sergeant. Utterly without fear, the leader would enter a town with his men, spend the night drinking or gambling, and retire unmolested to conduct another stock raid or hold-up, or would drill his cutthroats in plain view of the settlers, who never knew at what time the order to charge the cattle corrals would be given.

The desperadoes now had a line of strongholds from the Hole-in-the-Wall to Arizona, giving them easy access to old Mexico in case things became too hot. The rugged and broken country in which they worked, however, precluded any such condition at that time, as the gorges, canyons and retreats were almost impenetrable to a stranger, and far less accessible to the large force which would be necessary to dislodge the bandits.

In July of 1897 the Wild Bunch, fifty strong, rode into the town of Dixon, Wyoming, and proceeded to shoot it up, shattering every window in the settlement and dousing the lights with bullets. The citizens, far outnumbered, stood by helplessly until the gang, tiring of the destruction, rode away. The raids on Dixon and Baggs were frequent, the outlaws stopping at those towns to "liquor up," en route to their nearby money cache, which is said to have held more than sixteen thousand dollars.

During one of these incursions, Bender, one of the members of the squad that had robbed the Montpelier bank, died of pneumonia. He was attended by Johnston, who paid all the bills in gold. While posing as a stockman in the Powder Springs country, the cattle Bender possessed were stolen and the brands so mutilated that even the rightful owners could not identify them.

With all their murderous traits, the outlaws were not without their good qualities, if we are to believe a Denver officer who declared, "They were not a bad bunch of fellows unless you crossed them."

In support of his assertion he pointed to the many improverished cabins in which the larders had been stocked by the big-hearted Cassidy, and the numerous occasions on which freight wagons,

held up on the road, were backed into poor settlers' yards and unloaded.

While it was known that some of the ranchmen were in league with the bandits, still the majority were forced, through fear, to endure their unlawful acts. In many cases this enforced loyalty worked to the benefit of the settlers.

With the dawn of 1898 conditions had reached a point where Governors Richards of Wyoming, Wells of Utah, Adams of Colorado, and Stuenenberg of Idaho took under consideration a plan to exterminate the outlaws. At the same time a meeting was held at Rawlins, Wyoming, which was attended by law enforcement officers, cattlemen and detectives. Colorado and New Mexico stockmen also were in session trying to formulate a program of action, it now being recognized that nothing short of a military expedition could rid the terrorized sections of the desperadoes.

Almost simultaneously with these indignation meetings came word of the biggest cattle drive ever known in central Wyoming. The Hole-in-the-Wall and Powder Springs gangs had joined forces, and, with twenty riders, were moving north, sweeping the range bare of stock.

From the Brown's Park section came a report that Johnston had murdered a fourteen-year-old boy, Willie Strong, in cold blood. While the law cast about for a plan of action, the settlers sprang to arms. Men who for years had been content to let Cassidy and his outlaws ply their nefarious trade in the very shadows of their ranches, now unslung their Winchesters and rode in pursuit. A party of five desperadoes was sighted in Browns' Park and the posse opened fire. In the running gun battle, Valentine S. Hoy, a young ranchman, was killed.

Twenty men were organized hastily at Price, Utah, and, with a sheriff at their head, galloped into the district. They returned to Price a few days later, completely bewildered, with the report that the whole section was swarming with armed men, that posses could not be distinguished from outlaws, and that the only way to rout Cassidy and his desperadoes was to call out the state troops.

On March 6, 1898, Joe Walker, one-

time Utah cowboy who had been crippled some months before in a gun battle with an officer, and who was now a squad commander in the Cassidy ranks, held up two cowpunchers a few miles from Price and made off with a large herd of cattle. Again the sheriff and his posse, still sleeping on their guns, took the trail. They pushed into the Robber's Roost country only to learn that Walker's squad had been reinforced by twenty men from other crews. After several days they sighted the outlaws, ninety miles from Price. They opened fire with long-range rifles. Walker and another desperado, believed to be Butch Cassidy himself, were killed, while two others, Leigh and Thompson, were captured in the running gun fight through the rugged canyons.

Throwing the dead across horses and manacled the prisoners, the posse returned to Price. The body of Walker was identified positively at an inquest and the witnesses who had seen Cassidy expressed the belief that the other slain bandit was he chieftain himself. A strong guard was thrown around the jail in which Leigh and Thompson were incarcerated along with two others arrested at the inquest as accomplices of the desperadoes.

Three days after the burial the body of the outlaw, believed to be Cassidy, was exhumed for identification by a Wyoming sheriff who asserted positively that it was not Cassidy, although there was a strong resemblance. It was his belief that the body was that of Bob Culp, alias "Red Rob," a notorious Wyoming rustler.

While the terrified citizens of Price were celebrating their shot-lived joy at the death of Cassidy, the Brown's Park ranchmen were clinging with dogged tenacity to the trail of Hoy's slayers. A posse, riding out from one of the mountain towns, surprised a squad of outlaws headed by Johnston. In a desperate fight they took one prisoner, Jack Bennett, but before they could start back to jail with him they were surrounded by twenty-five, masked men, and Bennett was taken from them and hanged to a gate frame at the Bassett ranch near the head of Ladore Canyon. Three other outlaws of the squad, John-

ston, Lant and Tracy, were captured within three miles of the Powder Springs rendezvous. The masked settlers again attempted to take the prisoners from the posse but were unsuccessful.

The capture of the bandits was effected in a deep gulch filled with snow where they attempted to hide behind a drift. The posse opened fire and Johnson came out with his hands up. Lant started to surrender but was threatened with death by Tracy. The outlaws finally were routed by the enfilading fire of the possemen. Lant and Tracy were started for Denver under heavy guard, while Johnson was rushed to Rock Springs, Wyoming, arriving there in custody of a sheriff on March 9, 1898.

Word of the hanging of Bennett and capture of the outlaws spread through the region. The citizens of Vernal, Utah long terrorized by the depredations of the gangs, observed the occasion by lighting a huge bonfire in the street and celebrating riotously. A sigh of relief was heaved by many ranchmen, for, while Cassidy himself was known to be alive, the capture of Johnston marked the end of the career of one of the most dreaded of the Wild Bunch.

Six more of the desperadoes were rounded up by a Utah posse and returned to Vernal where they were arraigned for cattle-stealing. Among them were Tom Meggersson and Tom King, of the Powder Springs gang, both notorious gunmen.

Open warfare now was declared on the bandits. Governor Wells called on the Utah militia for volunteers. A secret conference of governors was arranged to stem the reign of lawlessness that had no parallel in Western history. Rewards were posted for the capture, dead or alive, of Butch Cassidy, Bill (Elza) Ray, Jack Moore, Moroni Kofford, Jack Peterson, I. Maxwell, Chris Madden, Monte Butler, Al Alkres, Lew McCarty and Joe Marlgren. But these rewards only served to make the outlaws more desperate and cunning.

"Wyoming will cooperate with Colorado or any adjoining state in the suppression of lawlessness," Governor Richards telegraphed Adams of Colorado.

"Am doing everything in my power to assist in their arrest an exterm-

ination. My authority to offer rewards is limited to escaped convicts and felons. Recent murders were committed in Colorado and Wyoming. Will cooperate in any way possible," Governor Heber Wells of Utah, wired both Colorado and Wyoming executives.

A plan was mapped out at Rawlins to equip five cowboys from each state to ride through the bandit-infested regions Texas Ranger style, empowered to arrest members of the gangs and with orders to kill if arrest was resisted, but, before the plan could be put into effect, Governor Adams left for Salt Lake City to confer with executives from neighboring states. A few days later he returned with a statement that the governors in conference had received a letter from Cassidy thanking them for letting him know in advance that they intended to exterminate him and his outlaws.

With the apparent failure of the state executives to formulate a plan for immediate action, with the realization that an organized military expedition only would be massacred in the mountain gorges, the sheriffs gathered about them large posses of citizens and volunteer militiamen, scouring the infested regions. For weeks the outlaws led their pursuers over endless trails, losing them in ravines and laughing at them from lofty crags. Hold-up after hold-up was committed under the very noses of the officers and the entire country was aflame and in arms to stop Cassidy and his brutal gangsters.

One by one members of the squads were picked up and jailed, but Cassidy seemed to have disappeared completely. He was not heard from until September 10, 1900, when with a party of four, he held up the First National Bank of Winnemucca, Nevada, and escaped with thirty-three thousand dollars in currency.

Rewards totalling thousands of dollars were posted and twenty-five percent of all the money recovered offered. These huge rewards, together with the already large sums posted on the head of Cassidy and his renegades, lured many old-timers and gunmen to the chase. The gangsters, however, were laying low, and defied every effort of the law to bring them to justice.

Meanwhile Harvey Logan, desperate

leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, had escaped from a Knoxville, Tennessee jail. Returning to his old stamping ground and finding the gang scattered, he swung south, joining Cassidy in planning a Union Pacific train robbery at Bitter Creek, Wyoming. Owing to the heavy guards on the trains their plans were abandoned, and while Cassidy fell back to the Ladore Canyon retreat Logan, the Sundance Kid and "Tap" Duncan drifted south where they staged the Parachute robbery of a Denver & Rio Grande train.

As the armed posse became stronger and more threatening along the trails, the squads one by one dissolved and the members fled.

Bill (Elza) Ray was captured and convicted in Arizona. Bob Meeks was sentenced for his participation in the Montpelier bank robbery. Ben Kilpatrick, alias "The Tall Texan," was arrested while making his escape toward the Mexican line. Bill Carver was killed at Sonora, Texas, while resisting arrest. Bob Lee was captured and sentenced to a term in the Montana penitentiary, while "Sure-Shot Sam" fled to Cuba where he became the leader of a band of Cuban-American outlaws operating in Santa Clara Province.

As the cordon of possemen closed in on Robber's Roost, Butch Cassidy mysteriously disappeared. It became known months later that he had made his way to Arizona where, joined by the Sundance Kid who had returned from New York City after a prolonged debauch under the name of Price, and Harvey Logan, he made his way into old Mexico.

The closing chapter in the career of Cassidy was written in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on February 21, 1910, as follows:

"Secure in the fastness of the Argentina Republic, three of the most notorious train robbers in the history of Western America are masters of a great cattle ranch and at the same time leaders of a gang of brigands so powerful that the government of the Republic is forced to pay them tribute.

"The bandits are George LeRoy Parker, alias 'Butch' Cassidy; Harry Longabaugh, alias 'The Sundance Kid,' and

Harvey Logan, alias 'Kid Curry,' and the most desperate brigand of them all, who with Longabaugh made his last public appearance in the United States when they held up and robbed a Denver & Rio Grande train at Parachute, Colorado, and although pursued by posses, eventually reached South America with

their loot."

One by one the gangs split up and, without the leadership of either the desperate Logan or the brutal Cassidy, their organized depredations, said by many authorities to have been the most extensive ever known in the United States, passed into history.

Indian Fight on Double Mountain Fork

W. C. Holden, in Rising Star Record

During the Civil War the military posts on the Texas frontier were for the most part deserted. The settlers who had previously depended upon the United States army for protection were left to shift for themselves. The Confederacy provided such protection as it could by exempting the frontier counties from regular military service and organizing the able bodied men there into a short frontier militia or national guard. But this arrangement was not very effective, and, as a result, the Indian raids were unusually bad during 1865, and they continued to be so until the frontier was reoccupied by the Union forces in 1866.

About Feb. 1, 1866 a band of 18 Indians were on a raid in the Clear Fork valley. In the late afternoon they discovered two cowboys by the name of Andy McDonald and Arch Ratliff riding across the prairie in the vicinity of what afterwards became Joe Mathews' ranch. Knowing that it was the custom among cowboys to ride up and examine the brand of any loose horse they sighted on the range, the Indians hobbled one of their horses as a decoy and concealed themselves in a thicket on the bank of the creek and waited for the cowboys to discover the horse. The decoy had the desired effect, for the white men started riding leisurely towards it as soon as they saw it. When within a short distance of the thicket the Indians leaped from the place of concealment and fired a volley at them. The cowboys returned the fire, but seeing the odds were against them, sought safety in flight. They returned to the settlement and reported the incident.

The next day eighteen settlers hasti-

ly banded together and took up the trail of the Indians. They overtook them on Mule Creek about four miles of where Haskell now stands. A spirited fight took place, but the whites were compelled to retreat. Only one man, John Glenn, was wounded, and that was by a spent arrow.

The settlers returned home, and about ten days after the Mule creek fight decided to make another expedition against the Indians in order to teach them a severe lesson. Mr. T. E. Jackson called for volunteers for this purpose and in response to his call G. T. Reynolds, W. D. Reynolds, M. Anderson, Nelson Spears, Andy McDonald, Si Huff, Jim Derky, and Elsy Christianson joined him. Mr. Jackson was elected captain.

Nothing happened to delay them until they were near the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos. Here they saw a great cloud of dust in the distance. Closer examination showed it to be a stampeding herd of buffalo. Spurring their horses, the little band soon came near enough to discover the chase was being caused by Indians.

Stopping for a short consultation the white men decided to take a circuitous route, and, by keeping well under the brakes of the foot hills followed the meanderings of a creek, to approach the Indians and take them by surprise. When Jackson's party came out in the open again there was only one Indian in sight, and he was skinning a buffalo. They immediately opened fire. Captain Jackson's men evidently were not the best of shots, for it required several volleys to dispatch the lone brave.

The firing brought six other Indians, who, at the offset, had been somewhere

on the other side of the creek, to the rescue. A sharp and decisive battle ensued in which no quarter was asked or given by either side. A charge on the part of the Indians was repulsed by Jackson's men who managed to scalp two dead Indians in the face of the other four. This so terrorized the savages that they fled in a desperate effort to escape into the brakes. The superior strength of the white men's corn fed horses soon manifested itself over that of the Indians' grass fed ponies, and about two miles from the battle ground the final encounter took place. G. T. Reynolds and Andy McDonald were immediately behind them, while Jackson and the others were flanking on one side to keep the Indians from cutting across to the brakes. When they came within close range the Indians began to bombard Reynolds and McDonald with arrows, and Reynolds was painfully wounded just below the left ribs. He immediately jerked the shaft out, but the spike remained in his side. The wound was so painful that he was forced to dismount. Capt. Jackson remained with him, while W. D. Reynolds and the others followed, killed, and scalped the remainder of the Indians. One got away to the brakes but was later found dead. So ended one of the most sanguinary conflicts that ever took place anywhere along the Double Mountain River.

It is interesting to note what happened to the wounded Reynolds. A litter was made by lashing two pack horses together, but the motion of the horses was so irregular that it became too painful to bear. Reynolds was forced to mount his horse and ride over a hundred miles back to the settlement. A cowboy was sent post haste to Weatherford, a distance of over a hundred miles from the Reynolds' ranch, for a doctor. Dr. Ray returned with him, the two riding as fast as horses could carry them, and changes of mounts were made at several ranches en route. The doctor probed Reynold's wound but could not find the spike. The latter carried the spike in his side for sixteen years. All this time it gave him trouble and in 1882 he went to a special surgeon in Kansas City who located it near the backbone. Mr. Reynolds submitted to an operation

without the use of any kind of a drug to neutralize the pain. After the removal of the spike Mr. Reynolds began to improve in health, and afterwards carried the arrow head in his pocket as a trophy. With the return of his strength and health Mr. Reynolds lived to be one of the most prominent cattle-men and bankers of Northwest Texas.

Feelings Expressed in Dances.

Americans dance for pleasure but the Indians dance to express various feelings. The dance-ceremonials of the latter are in effect prayers for rain, health and happiness, thanks for abundant crops, or are a demonstration of joy for a victory, a new chief, etc. The deep philosophy of Indian life is reflected in the colorful tribal dances so interesting to see but often so difficult to reach. At Gallup, New Mexico, a group of writers, business men and artists have united tribes of the Southwest in an annual celebration known as the inter-tribal Indian ceremonial where such dances are featured. The third annual ceremonial was held there recently.

With the red mesas as a background, 14 self-supporting tribes participated in ceremonies which are ever of interest to the white spectator. The Navajos, who number 35,000 and occupy a vast region of forest and plain north of Gallup, and Zuni, Lagunas, Acomas, San Felipe, San Juans, San Domingos, Taos, Tesuques, Cochitis, Santa Claras, Jemez, Isletas and Hopis attended in great numbers. Examples of Navajo rug weaving, pottery work, silversmithing, basketry and bead making were on exhibition in a special hall. Indian artists were shown at work in out-door pine enclosures. The best Indian painters, including Joe Ross of the Lagunas and Roan Horse of the Navajos, worked on their canvases and Navajo medicine men exhibited sacred sand paintings made with varied colored sands on the ground.

The ceremonials are a non-profit effort to visualize the Indian customs and to exhibit their handiwork and encourage and stimulate them. The city dweller who thinks the day of the covered wagon is past can see on such occasions the caravans of peaceful Indians camped in picturesque array around camp-fires.

J. A. Browning, Kimble County Pioneer

From The Junction Eagle, January 13, 1927



THE SUBJECT of this sketch was born February 3rd, 1857, near Seguin in Guadalupe county, Texas, and no introduction is necessary, as he is well known to many people in West Texas. His boyhood days were spent in the county of his birth and Gonzales county where he secured most of his education. In 1874 he moved with his parents to Kimble county, Texas, and settled near the mouth of Gentry Creek.

Kimble county at that time was frequently visited by marauding bands of Indians and it was not a great while until they paid their respects to the new settlers by stealing all their horses. Mr. Browning is of the opinion, however, that a great deal of the stealing was being done by white men disguised as Indians, in fact, there is little question but what this was true as the arrest of some of the raiders in later days, proved them to be white men.

In 1875, his mother died and was buried in the Gentry cemetery. Soon thereafter, A. P. Browning, his father, returned to Guadalupe, leaving Mr. Browning to make his own livelihood in this new county of his choice. Work was scarce and wages were small. He put in the first few months of his time working on cattle and sheep ranches, but finally obtained a job as clerk in the first store in Kimble county at a wage of \$15.00 per month.

During this time he had several close calls with raiding Indians, but managed to get out with his scalp each time. He acted as a messenger to the settlers on several occasions, warning them against the approach of the Indians. He well remembers the occasion when Indians killed Isaac Kountz near where the Price camp is now located and crossed the mountains and killed a Mr. Spear as was recently recounted in this paper. He belonged to a military organization called the "Minute Men" that were organized for the protection of the settlers and were used many times in an effort to avenge the death of some of the early

settlers, or in an endeavor to recover stolen live-stock.

In 1878, a family living on the Johnson Fork of the Guadalupe by the name of Dowdy, had three or four members of their family killed by the Indians. There was some supposition at the time that white men did this outrage, but no definite information could ever be obtained.

The nearest post office was at Mason, Texas, which had been established some years prior to this time by military authorities as protection to the frontier against the Indians and bandits. The early settlers would make about one trip per month for their mail and a few groceries. Most of the necessities of life were obtained in the woods and from the streams as there was an abundance of wild game of all descriptions and plenty of fish in the streams. Occasionally a bear would be killed and buffalo and antelope ranged as far as the watersheds of the Llanos. Buffalos were very highly prized for their hides, which were used for robes, after they were properly dressed. Thousands of these animals were wantonly killed for their hide only, for marketing in the east.

Mr. Browning remembers the organization of Kimble county in 1876. There was an attempt made to locate the county seat at Kimbleville, which was located about 1½ miles northeast from Junction on the old "Will Taylor" place. District Court was held at this place one or two sessions, when for some cause not known, the county seat was moved to Junction City, now Junction. An election was held and the first county officers were Wm. Potter, County Judge, E. K. Kountz, County Clerk, Frank Latta Sheriff, N. Q. Patterson, Treasurer, W. F. Gilliland, Assessor, M. J. Denman, Surveyor. The Commissioners were J. R. Steffy for Junction City, Felix Burton, Bear Creek, Henry Pearl, Saline and Noah Knox, Devil's River.

Among the best businesses and those most patronized in those days were the saloons. Many troubles of various kinds characterized the Junction City of those days. Eleven men have been

killed in its streets and saloons. Mr. Browning attended bar for a while for Newt Dorbandt, but soon found the job was not what he wanted and gave it up to herd sheep.

In 1880, he went with Dr. E. K. Kountz to Edwards county and helped him establish the first store in that county. Dr. Kountz hauled his own freight from San Antonio, Texas, via Uvalde. The store was soon sold, and Mr. Browning returned to Junction where he accepted a job as deputy post master under N. C. Patterson. In 1884, he accepted a job from the late G. W. Hodges at \$20.00 per month, which he considered a large salary. In 1885 he went into the stock business on his own finances saved from his wages and in the next year married Miss Josie Childs. He was elected Tax

Assessor of Kimble county in 1886 and served until 1906. In 1910 he was elected County Treasurer of Kimble county which office he has held since that date.

Uncle Jim, as most of us know him, has a record of public service probably unexcelled in Texas. During his tenure of office he has handled thousands of dollars of public monies and no question of any kind has ever been raised about his official acts. His accounts are always correct and presented to the Commissioner's Courts under whom he has worked, on time. He is probably more familiar with the records of Kimble county than any other person in the county. His integrity, faithfulness and efficiency in discharging the duties of public office and his example as a citizen are virtues we could all well emulate.

Kerrville History Recalled

Kerrville Mountain Sun, January 27, 1927

Surrounded by a large group of her children and intimate friends, Mrs. Rosalie Dietert, for 70 years a Kerr County resident, celebrated her 94th birthday anniversary recently at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Weiss, 917 Water Street.

The Dietert name is closely interwoven with the early history of Kerr County and on the occasion of her anniversary, this remarkable pioneer woman lived again through the perilous days when there was little save wilderness on the spot where the city of Kerrville now stands. In response to inquiries by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, Mrs. Dietert recounted many of the outstanding incidents of the old frontier which she has survived to see replaced by the modern civilization.

Miss Rosalie Hess was born in Jena, Germany, on January 17, 1833. Having heard of the wonders of the new world, she left her home in the old country and on March 15, 1854, embarked with a party of friends on a sailing vessel, bound for Texas. After eight long weeks on rough seas, the boat landed at Galveston, from whence the party of German settlers were transported to Indianola—long since destroyed by a

tropical storm—in a two-masted sail boat.

From Indianola, the homeseekers transferred to wagon transports and began the hazardous trek to New Braunfels, then the mecca of all German immigrants to Texas. This journey was even more tiresome than the ocean voyage, as the country was for the most part covered with water from six to 12 inches in depth. There were no roads or dry camping places and the danger from warring Indians was ever present. Approximately five months' time was required to make the trip from Germany to New Braunfels.

After a short stay at New Braunfels, Miss Hess came to the Guadalupe Valley to reside with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Wiedenfeld, near where the present town of Comfort is located.

In August, 1854, a party of 13 men from New Braunfels moved up into the valley of the Guadalupe shortly after their arrival from Germany. This little group of adventurers was made up of college graduates, seeking political freedom in a new land. They surveyed a tract, laid out a town and named it Comfort.

Among these 13 original founders of

Comfort was Christian Dietert, who the following year married Miss Rosalie Hess. The young couple set up house-keeping in a one-room log cabin with only a few pieces of furniture made of walnut by Mr. Dietert.

Christian Dietert was a millwright and he built a mill to grind corn and saw lumber for the little settlement. The power was supplied by a huge water wheel. After two years at Comfort, Mr. Dietert and his bride removed to Fredericksburg and he established the first mill there.

In 1857, the year following the organization of Kerr County, the Dieterts moved to what is now the prosperous city of Kerrville. The young millwright bought land and constructed a saw mill upon the present site of the Kerrville Ice & Storage Co. plant.

Some of the first lumber cut in the mill was used in the construction of a home for the little family. Oddly enough this home was located upon the very spot where Mrs. Dietert celebrated her 94th anniversary on Monday. The property is now owned by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weiss. Today many old houses are still standing in Kerr County constructed of cypress lumber cut by Christian Dietert at his mill on the Guadalupe.

Thus it was that the Dieterts became identified with the destiny and development of Kerrville.

Later on Mr. Dietert built a flour mill of a queer old type, consisting of two large mill stones, one above the other revolving in opposite directions, crushing and grinding wheat and corn into flour and meal.

The hardships and privations of the early Kerrville settlers were many; they were forced to go to San Antonio for supplies and the necessities of life and the nearest doctor was in San Antonio. In case of sickness, the neighbors assisted each other with home prepared potions made of roots and herbs.

In spite of the toil, trouble, Indian raids and outlaw depredations, the settlement grew into a small village. A small store was opened and a one-room log court house was built where justice was meted out.

The Dietert home was the center of

social activities. To the tune of fiddle and accordeon, gay young couples danced in the large living room. Being accomplished in the art, Mrs. Dietert taught the young men and the very few girls to dance the waltz.

Santa Claus brought the very first Christmas tree in Kerrville to the Dietert home. People came for miles around to see the wonderful tree, which of course was not the glittering Yule tree of today. Its dress was modest; the home-made decorations consisted of festoons of chains, the lengths of which were cut from bright colored paper, nuts covered with gold and silver paper, apples brought from San Antonio and cookies cut into shapes of birds and animals, ornamented with colored sugar. The candles were tallow dips.

In those days of the Old South with its traditional open houses, the Dietert home was one of the most hospitable. Hardly a day passed without its overnight visitor or a meal partaken that was not shared by a traveler.

Mrs. Dietert in the early days served as postmaster at Kerrville for 20 years, while Mr. Dietert served a number of terms as justice of the peace. Both of them mastered the English language after they came to Kerrville.

In 1882 Mr. Dietert sold his home and mill property and purchased a farm across the river opposite the town, where he resided with his family until his death in 1902.

Despite her advanced years, Mrs. Dietert's eyes are undimmed and her memory is remarkably clear. She takes a keen interest in reciting the stirring events of the past.

Mrs. Dietert has six daughters living and four sons, all married, and with representative families, leaders in civic and social life of their respective communities. The majority of the children were present for the 94th anniversary party. Mrs. Dietert also has the distinction of being a great, great-grandmother.

WANTED—I will pay five dollars each for either of the books, "The Life of Billy Dixon" or "Clay Allison of the Washita, by Clarke." —A. B. Macdonald, 4420 Norledge Place, Kansas City, Mo.

The White Squaw of the Comanches

J. Marvin Nichols, in The Beaumont (Texas) Enterprise



MORE than 90 years, 91 next May to be exact, have gone by since Cynthia Ann Parker was lost to civilization. In the days when old Fort Parker was destroyed the great empire state of Texas had a population of only 30,000. They were harassed by over 5000 hostile redskins, chief of whom were the Caddoes and Comanches. Over 8000 semi-civilized Indians roamed the prairies, the most friendly being the Choctaws and the Chickasaws. Most of the frontier history is rapidly passing away as the old pioneers, one by one, cross the great divide. Like the lost mines of the adventurous Spaniards, vast historical wealth is irretrievably lost for the want of some one to put to record the rich reminiscences of the men and women who laid the foundations of this great land of ours.

It was my good fortune to know and talk with one of the veterans who was with the rangers that captured Quanah Parker. From him I got this story of the White Squaw and her boy—chieftain of all the Comanche tribes. I am indebted to Henry C. Fuller of Brownwood, for some facts which relate to the fall of old Fort Parker. To A. W. Meredith of Wills Point, vice president of the Van Zandt County National bank, I am grateful for some facts concerning the final resting place of Cynthia Ann Parker.

In the fall of 1833 the Parker family moved from Cole county, Illinois, to Texas. The elder Parker was a Virginian by birth. He lived for a while in Georgia, but raised his family principally in old Bedford county, Tennessee. It was from this country, in 1818, that he moved to Illinois—then a country in the far west. To speak of Texas, even in the '30s, was but to mention the land toward the setting sun. It had a far-away sound. But the elder Parker and his sons dreamed of the distant lands on the frontier. And they came to build their altar-fires in a howling wilderness. And what is more strange, they came to be massacred by the Comanches whose savage braves were destined to be ruled by

the blood of the very family they sought to wipe out in that terrible raid.

These pioneers built Parker's fort on the headwaters of the Navasota, then about 60 miles above the settlements. It was a block house, built of rough-hewn logs for the protection of the people in case of an Indian raid. It was erected about a mile west of the river and about two and one-half miles northwest of the present site of Groesbeck, Texas. The fort was established in 1834. At the time the Indians made their deadly raid—May 19, 1836—the following were in the fort: The Parkers, Plummers, Nixons, Kelloggs, Frodts, Dwights, and the Faulkenburgs, Mrs. Duty, Silas Bates, a Mr. Lunn and Abram Anglin—representing 22 adults and some 15 or more children. They were all in the fort on the night of the 18th—the night before the raid. Mr. Fuller states that local legend and history unite in saying that at least 500 Comanche Indians attacked the fort and killed practically every person there, a few managing to make their escape. The death list consisted of Elder John Parker, Silas Parker, Ben Parker, Sam Parker and Robert Frodt. The people who were dangerously wounded were Mrs. John Parker, Granny Parker and a Mrs. Duty. After burning the fort the Indians carried the following away as captives: Mrs. Rachel Plummer, daughter of James Parker, and her little son, James Plummer, 2 years old; Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Ann Parker, 9 years old, and her little brother, John Parker, children of Silas Parker.

It was 9 o'clock on the morning of May 19, 1836—the tragic day, like so many others that have made Texas a soil redeemed by her martyrs' blood. What would the mighty history of the great southwest be were it not for these bloody chapters that tell of the fall of forts and recount the heroism on such fields as Goliad and San Jacinto! To tell the story of these battles and our Alamo around our firesides is but to teach our sons they are born of Spartan blood.

James W. Parker, Nixon, the Faulken-

burgs, Bates and Anglin, were off to the fields some distance in the Navasota bottoms. Suddenly, as if rising from the very dust, hundreds of Indians were seen riding towards the fort. They came within three hundred yards and, having halted, raised a white flag. Benjamin Parker went out to treat with them. He came back and said he believed the Indians intended to fight, but that he would treat with them again. He went—but he never returned. Pandemonium set in. Amidst savage warwhoops and blood-curdling screeches, the whole band charged the fort, now defended by only two men. Execution was speedy and horrible. It was the common story of an Indian massacre.

From this sad rehearsal let us turn away to follow the fortunes of those few who lived even to be carried into captivity. For there was a mother who was compelled to lift her nine-year-old daughter Cynthia Ann, and her brother, John, up behind a warrior. The Indian turned his pony's head to the far-away Comanche land. As he faded from view, Cynthia Ann was torn from her mother's arms, only some day to rock on her bosom a baby born to rule the warriors that stole his mother in the years of the long ago.

Mrs. Kellogg was taken captive and fell into the hands of the Keechies. Six months thereafter some Delawares bought her from these Indians for \$150. They carried her to Nacogdoches, where General Sam Houston paid them a ransom of \$150—all they paid and all they asked. One of the most revolting crimes at the fall of the fort was the murder of Elder Parker. Having surrounded him with his own family, they stripped, tomahawked and scalped him before their eyes. On the way to Nacogdoches one of Mrs. Kellogg's rescuers slightly disabled a skulking Indian. She instantly recognized him as the slayer of the Elder Parker. Without judge, charge or jury, the redskin was given quick passage to his happy hunting grounds.

William Donoho, a big-hearted American merchant in Santa Fe, New Mexico, aided by some traders on the old Santa Fe Trail, redeemed Mrs. Rachel Plummer from an unspeakably brutal captivity. These traders found her in the wild fast-

nesses of the Rocky mountains so far north of Santa Fe that it took 17 days to reach that frontier town. After a year and six months of awful captivity she was given a royal reception. In a short while Mr. Donoho and his good wife carried her to her brother-in-law, a Mr. Nixon of Independence, Missouri. In 1858 Mr. Nixon took Mrs. Plummer to her father's house. Twenty-one months of captivity had worn away. During all this while she did not know the fate of her baby from whom she was separated, and the child born six months afterward was cruelly murdered in her presence. There is a remarkable thing about Mrs. Plummer's history: She was born on the 19th, married on the 19th, captured on the 19th, ransomed on the 19th, reached Independence on the 19th, and died on the 19th of the month. Her baby, lost on the fall of Fort Parker, was ransomed and carried to Fort Gibson late in the year of 1842. His grandfather reached home with him in February, 1843. He grew to be one of the most respected citizens of Anderson county, Texas. This leaves Cynthia Ann and John Parker, who were held in captivity by different tribes—the girl by the Comanches, and the boy probably by the Kiowas.

John Parker reached manhood and became a noted warrior. His tribe planned a campaign beyond the Rio Grande. On the raid John captured a beautiful, dark-eyed senorita and made her his wife. While yet a captive she fell madly in love with him, as only a Spanish maiden can. John became desperately ill with the smallpox. The whole cowardly tribe fled in consternation, leaving him to die alone—but they took his senorita. The Spanish girl was haunted by visions of her suffering warrior-lover. Not counting danger nor distance she escaped and fled to his side. He got well—and, in perfect disgust, quit his tribe forever to make his home with the people of his faithful captive-wife. In all the romance of our early history there is no page quite so beautiful as this. It is the story of love's conquest over the heart of an American pioneer schooled in all the savage discipline of the Comanches and the Kiowas—the wild Arabs of the New World.

At the fall of Fort Parker, on the morning of May 19th, 1836, Mrs. Parker was forced to lift her little nine-year-old daughter, Cynthia Ann, up behind a heartless savage, as has been recited before. He rode away to the hunting grounds of the wild Comanches. Twenty-four years and seven months rolled by until her recapture, December 18, 1860. In other words, Cynthia Ann was 34 years old when seen again. No word was had from her in this awful lapse of a quarter of a century. Long, long before her recovery, she had been given up as one dead. But we must know some events that strangely brought about the purely accidental discovery of Cynthia Ann, by which she was once more restored to a civilization from which she had long since been weaned.

It was now 1858, Major Earle Van Dorn, with some United States dragoons, was preparing to leave Fort Belknap. The famous Van Dorn campaign against all the hostile tribes was now opening.

Sul Ross, afterward a household word in Texas, was only 18 years of age and on his college vacation. He took command of 135 friendly Indians—Wacoos, Tehuacanoes, Toncahuas and Caddoes. Van Dorn readily accepted their services when tendered, and they entered on the celebrated campaign. Ross and his command took the lead. Van Dorn with his dragoons and supply train brought up the rear. When Ross reached the Wichita mountains he sent a trusty Waco and a Tehuacano to scout the Wichita village, 75 miles east of the Wichita river. He hoped to find the camp of the savage Comanches whose raid had worked such awful havoc on old Fort Parker. The scouts were amazed to find that Buffalo Hump and his band of Comanches were in the village trading and gambling with the Wichitas. When night fell they stole two Comanche ponies and hurriedly carried word to Sul Ross. Buffalo Hump was the one chief among all the hostile tribes against whom Van Dorn's expedition was directed. Ross had a hard time to make Van Dorn trust the word of his scouts. At last he persuaded Van Dorn to make a forced march with his dragoons against the village.

The sun was just rising on the first day

of October. Van Dorn, with his dragoons, and Sul Ross, with his 135 redskins, struck the Wichita village like thunderbolts out of a clear sky. Buffalo Hump and his powerful band were almost wiped off the face of the earth in the first assault. Van Dorn's command fought like demons, for they saw afresh the scenes of old Fort Parker. Many prisoners were taken, among them being "Lizzie." She was a white girl for whom not a solitary relative was ever found; nor a single soul who could give the faintest recognition. Sul Ross adopted, reared and educated her with all the tenderness of a father. She reached a graceful womanhood, married and died among the flowers and sweet perfumes of southern California.

The next great epoch in the frontier history of the southwest was the battle of Pease river, where, after the dragging years of a quarter of a century had gone by, Cynthia Ann Parker lifts her form above the horizon of a civilization from which she had long since faded away.

When the leaves began to fall in 1860, a powerful band of Comanches made a terrible raid through Parker and adjacent counties. Under the leadership of Chief Nocona they spread ruin and disaster along their war trail. Sul Ross, now a captain of the Texas Rangers, 20 dragoons from the regular army, and 70 citizens out of Palo Pinto county, took the Indians by complete surprise at their camp near Cedar mountains, on the headwaters of Pease river. They were packing their horses preparatory to the desertion of camp when Sul Ross and his command swept down upon them like a whirlwind. In less than half an hour he had killed or captured everything in sight except Nocona, who, with an Indian behind him, broke for the mountains six miles away. On a swift pony, the chief's squaw, with her baby in her arms, rode beside him. Ross and Killier pursued them like devils. Ross soon came within range and killed the Indian riding behind Nocona. It proved to be a woman, hidden under a great Buffalo robe. In her fall she unhorsed the chief by a death grip. A deadly combat was drawn between Sul Ross and the Comanche chieftain. At last a shot from his revolver broke the Indian's

right arm and he could no longer pull the bowstring. The ranger then shot him through the body. Walking deliberately to a tree, he leaned against it and began to sing the death-song—the only privilege a redskin ever begs of his foe. Rangers having arrived, Nocona was commanded to surrender. He answered by a vicious thrust with his lance. A rifle ball brought the death song to an abrupt close. And Nocona's lance, war bonnet and shield were hung among the trophies in the old state capitol.

The squaw and the child captured by Lieutenant Killiker proved to be Nocona's. The trained frontiersmen at once discovered that she was a white woman bronzed by the winds and the suns of the plains, that her eyes were blue and that she was weeping. They told her not to cry, for they would not harm her. For 25 years an unbroken search had been made for the missing girl of old Fort Parker. Somehow, it dawned upon them that they had found Cynthia Ann Parker in the fallen chieftain's wife. Under like conditions, it is said that the Indian neither laughs nor weeps. He is sternly indifferent to any emotion that stirs the white man's breast. But she said she was crying not for herself, but for her two boys, as she thought, slain in the battle. She was carried to the settlements and readily identified as the long-lost Cynthia Ann Parker.

A quarter of a century in the wigwags of the Comanches had made her as perfect an Indian as if she had been born around the campfires. She had forgotten every English word. Civilization was so unbearable to her that she sought every chance to escape. A close watch had to be kept over her for days and days. Slowly the recollection of childhood scenes stole upon her savage sense. At last she became contented in her brother's house in Anderson county, Texas. While she, in some measure, adjusted herself to the ways of civilization yet so long as she lived Cynthia Ann Parker kept up her Comanche worship of the Great Spirit.

Her little "Prairie Flower"—the babe that rode with its mother alongside Nocona's fatal flight—died. In less than two years Cynthia Ann Parker was laid beneath the flowers that bloomed on the

grave of her little barbarian. Mr. Meredith of Wills Point, Texas, a fellow citizen in those distant days, related this to me: "Subsequent to Cynthia Ann's capture by Sul Ross's brigade, she lived in the lower part of Van Zandt county, Texas, in 1861-62, with her brother who moved from there to Anderson county where she died. Afterwards the United government made an appropriation to have her remains moved to Oklahoma and buried beside her son's body—Chief Quanah Parker.

Her two sons did not fall in the battle of Pease river. Several years afterward one died on the great plains of Texas. The other son lived to become the great Comanche chief—Quanah Parker. He was born near Wichita Falls, in 1854. He ruled his people on their reservation in the old Indian Territory, now the progressive state of Oklahoma. He spoke the English tongue, was quite advanced in civilization and owned a well-stocked ranch. Mr. Henry C. Fuller writes:

"Quanah Parker died at his home three miles northwest of Cache, Okla., in the spring of 1911. A daughter, Esther, and two sons also sleep by his side. The eldest daughter of Quanah Parker, Neda Parker Birdsong, bought the old home place and is now living there. The house is a large 12-room frame building, built about 30 years ago, by S. B. Burnett of Fort Worth, who had a large tract of grazing land in that immediate section leased at that time, and who was for many years a close personal friend of Quanah Parker. The names and addresses of the sons and daughters of Quanah Parker are: Mrs. Edward Clark, Lawton, Okla., Bladwin Parker, Indianoma, Okla., Mrs. Bessie Parker Asenap, Indianoma, Okla., and White Parker, Lawton, Okla."

Thus ends the tragic story of a girl who made the curcuit of all the savage west. She died an alien among her own. She forever longed for the wild freedom of the Estacadoes. She dreamed of an Indian lover brave enough to sing his death song. She and her little "Prairie Flower"—her little barbarian—sleep side by side, dreaming of the moonlit plains and the gurgling streams.

FRONTIER TIMES

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J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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Many of our friends have written us protesting against any change in the appearance of Frontier Times, since we announced that we contemplated certain improvements in the little magazine. All agree that its present style is satisfactory and in keeping with the period of time it represents. Among those who have whitten us is Mr. H. Clay Pierce, of New York City, who says: "I have considered your 'appeal to our friends' for subscriptions to create a fund of one thousand dollars to enable you to 'give Frontier Times an attractive lithograph cover, better paper, and bring it out in neater and better form,' and while I will be glad to contribute towards the amount you desire, I think those interested, like myself, rather have you use the amount and a justifiable share of your other increased income resulting from the publication of Frontier Times to search for and publish absolutely truthful statements of actual happenings during the Indian and pioneer days in Texas, than in changing its present appearance which is entirely harmonious with the object and character of its announced purpose, which is 'frontier history, border tragedy and pioneer achievement.' The present quality of the paper and painting, also the color of the cover and the design of the Indian thereon, perfectly harmonizes with the years and subjects." Mr. Pierce also offered other valuable suggestions in his letter, which we very much appreciate. We can promise those who have expressed such kindly interest in Frontier Times that no radical change will be made in the typographical appearance of the little magazine. Its style and make-up will always be the same, as well as the page size. We are sadly in need of equipment with which to print the magazine even as it is, and that was the reason we called for 100 of our friends to subscribe for Frontier Times for ten years for only ten dollars. We have not secured the necessary 100 subscribers in this

club, but in justice to those who have enrolled we are extending the offer for another thirty days, and if we secure the 100, the \$1,000 obtained will be used in installing equipment that will make Frontier Times a better magazine all around. We appreciate the many kind expressions of good will and the suggestions and encouragement offered, all of which inspires us to edoubled efforts to make our little magazine come up to all expectations.

In the next issue (April) of Frontier Times will appear a splendid story from the pen of Clifton Seymour Stuart, the well known writer, recounting the shooting of Maurice Barrymore, the actor, at Marshall, Texas, in 1878. Barrymore was the father of Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, the popular movie stars. Mr. Stuart was an eye-witness to this shooting, and tells the story in his usual interesting style. Coming in our next issue of Frontier Times.

It was the editor's pleasure to spend a short while recently with Captain D. W. Roberts and his excellent wife at their home in Austin. We were pleased to find both of them enjoying good health, and comfortably situated. Captain Roberts is one of the best known Texas Ranger captains of the old days, and his activities along the border in the 70's will go down in history as the most effective of the work done by the Rangers. Mrs. Roberts often accompanied the company and shared the camp life and the dangers of the frontier. They expect to attend the annual reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers Association at Menard in August.

Hon. Claude B. Hudspeth, member of Congress from the 16th District, of El Paso, Texas, writes us from Washington: "I get a great deal of pleasure and considerable information of historical value from reading your valuable magazine, and it is my desire not to be without it in the future. I am enclosing my check herewith for another year's subscription."

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of which mention was made in the February number of Frontier Times, and review by Prof. J. Frank Dobie of the University of Texas, taken from the Dallas News of December 26, 1926, can be obtained from the publisher, Frank H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th Street, New York City. Price \$3.00.

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Frontier Times

Volume 4

APRIL, 1927

Number 7



FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY,
PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT

PUBLISHED BY
J. MARVIN HUNTER

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Bandera, Texas

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Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



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The Shooting of Maurice Barrymore

Written for Frontier Times by Clifton Seymour, January 28, 1927



AMONG THE RED HILLS of East Texas nestles the thriving and prosperous little city that honors the map of the Lone Star State with the name of Marshall. Away back in the late sixties and in the seventies, when Texas was called the "wild and wooly West," Marshall enjoyed a halcyon existence. The population consisted of some five thousand white persons, made up principally of prominent families who settled there from various Southern states just after the Civil War. At that time the Santa Fe, Katy, Frisco, nor Rock Island railroads had not brought in their trunk lines, and Marshall was the prominent gateway into Texas. Fort Worth and Dallas could be reached from there over the Texas & Pacific, and the International and Great Northern railway joined at Longview Junction, which afforded rail connection with San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, Austin and Waco. For this season all theatrical troupes touring the southwest passed through Marshall, and all of them rendered performances in the

Marshall Opera House, with its coal oil foot-lights. During that period the thespian stars of those-days played Marshall, and as its people were educated, cultured and refined, they were always greeted with enthusiastic audiences.

Now in the winter of 1878 there came through Marshall from New York a company of prominent young Thespians, who were just beginning to win their laurels in the theatrical world. The company was headed by that well known actor, Mr. John Drew—saucy and witty—supported by the accomplished young actress, Miss May Cummings, and the dashing and handsome young matinee idol, Maurice Barrymore, father of Miss

Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore. On that fateful night as they rendered comedy-drama to a large audience, they little dreamed that Fate was stalking some of them for a dark tragedy that was soon to be enacted. They repaired to the Texas & Pacific depot to take the midnight train out. The depot at that time was a small frame building, near which was a saloon and lunch stand. This lunch

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room was operated by one Sam Harvey, (no connection with Fred Harvey eating houses). While waiting for the train Maurice Barrymore and Actor Benjamin Porter, accompanied by Miss Cummings, repaired to the lunch room and seating themselves at one end of the small counter, ordered sandwiches and coffee.

Jim Currie was of a prominent and well known Southern family, schooled and educated in the customs and traditions of his illustrious ancestors. He was addicted to the use of liquor and when under its influence appeared to assume an inferior complex that made him quarrelsome, sensitive, and at times dangerous. When sober he was of a quiet and innoxious disposition and was well known in that part of the state. He was employed as a locomotive engineer on the T. & P. Railroad. He had been drinking for several days, had made himself troublesome to the train dispatchers, and on that eventful winter's night he was around the depot, and was what is commonly known in jargon as "three sheets in the wind," and preparing himself so that Destiny changed the entire course of his future life.

The saloon opened into the lunchstand through a swinging door, and Currie, all steamed up, entered the lunchstand while the thespians were having their sandwiches. No one else except Sam Harvey was in the room, and just exactly what was said in that little eating place to cause Currie to start the fireworks, is somewhat clouded. All of the participants and Sam Harvey are dead, and most of the records in the case were destroyed with many others by fire when the county court house at Marshall burned some thirty years ago. About twelve years ago Maurice Barrymore gave his version of the affair through the columns of McClure's Magazine.

My early boyhood days were spent in Marshall, in a vortex of those early pioneer and construction days of the T. & P. Railroad, superinduced by the excitement of it all, and began packing telegrams and messages when quite young. Now and then I would sneak down a ladder from my room in our home and go down to the depot to see the trains and the headlights of the engines, the clanking bells, hissing steam, and

the bark of the carriage and express drivers, was sweet music to my ears, and not overlooking the exhilarating odors of fried ham and hot coffee emitting from the lunch stand, that at my age produced an agonizing gnawing at my vitals, that is commonly known in parlance of the rialtos as "slip on the nosebag." I trailed around with the train crew callers, and on that particular night was doing just that. We had been rounding up some of the tardy ones and were searching for others to call and entered Sam Harvey's lunch stand about the time hell broke loose. Jim Currie was standing near the door that opened into the saloon. His eyes had that vitreous glare of booze and high blood pressure, and with an undulating motion of the body, he was making some drunken and laughing remark which appeared to be addressed to the theatrical party. Just at this moment Actor Ben Porter got up from his seat at the counter and said something about being unarmed, but that he would defend a lady from insult. At this remark Currie jerked out his big smoke wagon and the shooting commenced, the caller and myself dodging out onto the platform and peered through the window and saw Porter stagger and tumble over dead. By this time the handsome and debonair Maurice Barrymore was on his feet. I saw him glance at Ben Porter, whose life blood was by this time staining the floor. His eyes snapped like electric sparks, as he pushed Miss Cummings behind him and faced Currie. He must have known that he did not have one chance in ten thousand as he stood in front of Currie, who was inflamed by liquor and apparently either with the lust to kill or was just drunk and excited enough not to realize the seriousness of the situation. There was another shot and Barrymore, with a bullet through his shoulder, staggered around and collapsed to the floor. The room was partly filled with the fumes of black powder as Currie put up his gun, and taking hold of Miss Cummings, jollied her around with a drunken air of braggardism.

Then came a pot-pourri of excitement, and Currie went into the saloon, and on a hell-bent and rampant trail blazing jaunt around the depot platform. He

chased the train dispatcher into the darkness and practically "ruled the roost." Those with sober minds and instincts got busy and Mr. Barrymore was taken in charge by Drs. B. F. Eads and John H. Pope, railroad surgeons, and they pulled him through. Miss Cummings remained and nursed him during his convalescence, and in due time they returned to New York City, where the balance of the company and the body of Actor Porter had proceeded them.

As Currie rampanted around the depot platform the exigency of immediate action toward his arrest was realized, and steps in that direction were quickly taken. In those days the railroads didn't keep on tap "train bulls" to assist the knights of the road in alighting from side-door Pullmans, and Weary Willies could without fear poke their heads from a box car on a frosty morning, sniff the air, and follow the trail of the home-cured log and hominy that were sending out their tantalizing odors on the frosty atmosphere. There were no telephones at Marshall at that time, nor bicycles, and being a town of placid inclination and habits, the sheriff's office was not kept open during the night. It was a mile to the residence of Uncle Ruff Perry, the county sheriff, and he was advised as soon as possible of the situation. Uncle Ruff wanted a man whom he knew would arrest Currie when he went after him, and sent for one of his deputies, Mr. Arch Adams, one of the bravest men that ever wore shoe leather, and known favorably to every man in the county. Mr. Adams loaded up "Old Betsy" with about fourteen buckshot in each barrel, put on a fresh pair of caps, and went to the depot to disarm Currie and bring him to jail. As he stepped onto the depot platform, his white hair glistening in the flickering lights of the platform, Currie saw him and they faced each other. Arch Adams was known and feared by law-breakers for his cool and calm bravery. With "Old Betsy" at half-mast and ready to go into action with both barrels, he said: "Jim, I've come to arrest you and take you to jail." Currie gazed at the determined and steel-blue eyes of Adams and his drunken air of grandiloquence disappeared, he cooled down, and re-

plied; "All right, Arch. I'll go with you." Mr. Adams had faith in Currie's reply, for he sat his gun down against the depot building and disarmed Currie and placed him in jail.

Arch Adams was for over twenty years tax assessor of Harrison county. His son, A. G. Adams is one of the most prominent business men of East Texas, and is president of the First State Bank of Jacksonville, Texas, with deposits near the million mark.

Next day I was standing on the depot platform when the first train in from Louisiana after the shooting arrived. From it stepped Andy Currie, mayor of Shreveport, an older brother of Jim Currie. With him was a prominent criminal lawyer of Caddo Parish, and they at once repaired to the office of Major James H. Turner, railroad counsel, and one of the greatest criminal lawyers of that part of the country. Other legal lights were hurriedly sent for: Colonel Alex Pope, Major Steadman, and others, and Currie's defense plans were put in motion. His case was docketed as No. 4822, and the trial was set for May 28, 1879. Maurice Barrymore and Miss Cummings returned for the trial, and when the case came up it was postponed until the fall term of court. They did not return for the trial during the fall, and never visited Marshall again. This unfortunate affair was unanimously deplored by the good people of Marshall, and they did everything in their power to impress this upon Barrymore and Miss Cummings, and they were splendidly entertained while there.

At the second trial before Judge A. J. Booty, and I believe Colonel Bill Pope was the county attorney at that time, Jim Currie was cleared by jury trial. In the meantime Sam Harvey had sold out and departed for parts unknown, and in that day and time district attorneys were not supplied with the means nor the later day facilities for hunting lost witnesses. Currie was represented by a battle guard of the best legal talent in the State.

The fructescence of this greatly deplored affair, perhaps changed the entire future life of Jim Currie, the product of which carried him into the seething waters of excitement and he was

caught and buffeted in the eddies of the muddy tides that fringe civilization. He became a helot to strong drink and drifted around over the country, as if he was endeavoring to blot out the memory of that winter's night in Sam Harvey's lunch stand. A splendid man when sober, and highly connected, but like so many others, his nature underwent a change when under the influence of whiskey, and his loquacious imaginations became a phantasmagoria in so far as his bump of sensitiveness was concerned.

As the old, old axiom runs: "To sin is human; to forgive is divine," and in the language of the old Latin proverb: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," all of which means, "Speak nothing but good of the dead."

It is stated that Jim Currie drifted into New Mexico, and engaged in the saloon business at San Antonio, Lincoln county, where it is said he killed his mining prospector partner was tried and convicted, and as Convict No. 271, served in the state penitentiary at Santa Fe from September 10, 1888, to March 27th, 1891. When Grover Cleveland appointed Ross, a Kansas man, as governor of New Mexico, Currie was pardoned upon condition that he would leave New Mexico forever.

Days of Long Ago.

Did you who have reached the evening of life ever in memory turn back the pages of time and come face to face once more with scenes a half century ago?

You see the old log house with a stick and dirt chimney at each end, and an up-stairs used for a plunder room, and where the larger boys slept and entertained their company. Close by was the old dug well, with its "old oaken bucket—the moss covered bucket," and its board shelter covered with vines. Just back of the kitchen stood the smoke house, and near it the old ash-hopper, something a boy never learned to like, partly because it took so much ashes to fill it and so much water to keep it "dripping," but mainly because its only purpose for being in existence was for making soap, something we boys didn't like then and don't like yet.

Just under the hill was the old spring where we drank from a gourd, and close

by stood the giant oak from which hung the grape-vine swing.

There was the path to the barn, or "crib," in those days, with high weeds on each side, where the old gander hid to frighten you with his long neck and hissing noise.

In the house was the old wooden bed with the trundle bed beneath it, and over in the corner by the fireplace was the old box cradle with wooden rockers. On the wall hung the old Seth Thomas clock, with two weights as large as those used on the big scales at the cotton yard.

Then there was the old-time darky with his banjo under his arm and his hat in his hand as he lowed to "Missus" and "Massa."

Also there was grandmother with her knitting in her lap and her night-cap on her head, and if you will listen closely you can catch the sweet melody of those grand old songs—"Nellie Gray," "Maggie," and "Kittie Wells," as in memory they echo and re-echo down through the years.

With dimmed eyes we look back over the scenes of those hard, trying, though happy days. The sythe of time with its steady stroke has removed those old familiar landmarks, and where our humble cottage stood, cities nestle among the hills, and where we barefoot boys stubbed our toes on the way to and from school, the modern limousine swishes by on a concrete highway that makes you a neighbor to all the world.

Those were happy days, and when the hand of time has blotted out one by one those fond recollections of days gone by the last to go will be the sweet memories of long ago, those early childhood days.

Pensions for Indian War Veterans.

Congressman C. B. Hudspeth, of Texas, has advised Frontier Times that he materially aided in the passage of the Leatherstocking Indian War Pension Bill in both the House and Senate recently. This bill authorizes pensions for all Indian war veterans with thirty days service in company called out by either state or United States and brings date of service down to 1898. There are thousands of our pioneer citizens who will be benefitted by the passage of this bill.

The First Judge in the Panhandle

Written by Miss Nina Kountz, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth

THE FOLLOWING sketch deals with the first Judge in the Panhandle of Texas, Judge Emanuel Dubbs, now residing in Indiana. He is past eighty years old, but still quite active.

My wife and I and our three children began our home on Sweetwater Creek about nine miles from where Fort Elliot was then located and also near a small hunting supply town on the edge of the reservation named Mobeetie, which was afterwards called Mobeetie. I had discovered this location when I was buffalo hunting. It was located on the north side of Sweetwater Creek and was rimmed in by sand hills: consisting of about 1000 acres of very beautiful sub-irrigated valley, and a small spring stream meandering through it, emptying into the Sweetwater Creek.

I built our first house, myself, out of limestone rock which I found on the east border of the valley. The house was very primitive indeed, a dirt floor and a dirt roof. This was the only residence besides those in Mobeetie and Fort Elliot.

I think that it was in the Fall of 1878 when the few settlers applied, by petition, to the Clay County Court in Henrietta. Judge Plemons presided at the organization. 150 legal voters were required. At this time the Panhandle consisted of twenty-seven counties. Greer County, which is now in Oklahoma, was then part of the Panhandle. Our petition was granted by the Clay County court; and an election of county officers and the locating of a county seat was ordered. It was then that my troubles began.

Up to this time, every man that I had been associated with was a law unto himself, and of course I was anxious to live in a more civilized way. I had never dreamed that I would be called upon to serve as one of the new officers that were being elected. My whole heart and soul had been put into the building of our home.

One morning I was greatly surprised

when an old buffalo hunter by the name of Wilson Harrah came to our home and addressed me as "Judge." When I expressed my surprise he told me that the night before at a meeting of the citizens of Mobeetie, in the saloon, which was the largest building in the settlement, I had been nominated for County Judge. I had no opponent and of course I voted for myself, so I was elected—the first County Judge of the Panhandle. I served in that position for ten years, when we moved to Clarendon, Donley County.

I had never studied law and we had no law books to study. Our books had to come to us from Austin, Texas, by freight to Dodge City, Kansas, and from there to Mobeetie by oxen or mule, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. It was about this time that I found out that we had to have regular terms of court as the law directed.

Before taking up our first court experience, I will have to go back to the close of the Civil War. After Abraham Lincoln was killed, the Federal Government pursued a policy against the Confederates, that will always stand as a shameful disgrace against those who were then in power, and was positively a policy of persecution.

The brave soldiers of the Southern army laid down their arms and were ready to become loyal citizens and I believe that if Lincoln had lived the wrongs that were for years perpetrated against the South would not have happened.

The Government turned loose what were known as "Carpet Baggers" in the South—the worst element of broken-down politicians and gamblers possible. They worked on the ignorance of the freed slaves and put themselves in the different state offices, persecuting the bravest people that had ever taken up arms in behalf of what they believed to be their rights. This was done under the name of "Reconstruction." I will not write any more about this, but it had direct bearing on the first establish-

ment of law and order in the Panhandle of Texas.

The County Judge in Texas is also presiding officer of the Commissioners Court. I called the court together, and we ordered law books and such records as the State furnishes but we were long in receiving them. In fact, we did not even have the Statutes of the State of Texas.

One day a man came to Mobeetie, the county seat, who introduced himself as Walter Johnson, a deputy U. S. Marshall. He had six men with him. All of them were fully armed with both guns and six-shooters. Johnson had two guns in his belt, one on each side of the hip and one under each arm; in fact he was a walking arsenal. He told us that he came up there under the orders of the District Marshall at Dallas, Texas, to enforce the United States Revenue laws.

I do not believe any of our people were much frightened because most of us were used to guns, but we knew that none of us had violated the law, except perhaps in the technical sense. For instance, if a man was found who had bought a Government blanket or who had bought tobacco by the case and who had given any of the tobacco to anyone working for him and who did not have a license to sell tobacco, he was arrested. In a short time Mr. Johnson had arrested thirty-five men in and around Mobeetie, and included in this list were all the county officers who had been elected, except myself and two of the county commissioners. This, however, left me a quorum and I appointed officers in the places of those arrested. We later found that this high-handed proceeding was instigated by a wealthy cattle-man, who did not want to have to pay the extra tax that the new organization would make necessary. His object was to break up the organization.

After the marshall had made the above arrests and had placed them under guard in the military post at Fort Elliot, they went up to Oldham county, to a supply town called Tascosa, and arrested about the same number there as they had at Mobeetie.

Among the Tascosa prisoners was a man by the name of Edwards, a merchant. Late one evening after the Mar-

shall had made camp on Sweetwater Creek, Edwards sent a messenger to me asking that I come to see him as he had important communications to give me. I went at once.

"Judge," he said, "I have found out that we are all illegally arrested. We are arrested by a warrant signed by the Commissioner of Dallas, Texas, in blank. When he wishes to make an arrest he fills out the warrant to suit himself." Of course, I had no way of telling whether it was legal or not but there was never a man more ready to act than I was.

"Well, Mr. Edwards, what shall I do about it?" I asked.

"Why he replied, "Issue a writ of habeas corpus and have the marshals brought before you, and then, investigate the charges."

I acted upon his suggestion at once placing the writ in the hands of the Sheriff, armed myself, and accompanied the posse to help in the enforcing of my order.

The Marshalls did not think it healthy to resist. The Marshalls and all the prisoners were brought before me. This was the first court proceedings in the Panhandle of Texas. The result of this trial was to find that none of the arrests were legal. After sharply reprimanding the Marshall, I turned all the prisoners loose, telling them that they were as free as the good Panhandle air that they breathed.

The Tascosa prisoners went to Sweetwater with the intention of starting for their homes the next day and we supposed that the Marshalls would do the same thing. The people thought that this was a good time to celebrate and I was willing to celebrate with them and our celebration lasted into late that night. I thought that it was too late to ride nine miles home so I got a room in Tom O'Laughlin's hotel and dreamed of future success in my new calling as Judge.

My sleep, that night, was very roughly broken about one o'clock by a man excitedly knocking on my door.

"Judge, Judge! Wake up!" he called.

It was a man named Rhinehart, who had been among the Tascosa prisoners.

Before I go into this, I am compelled

to make a digression. At this time there was one company of Negroes stationed at Fort Elliot under the command of Captain Flipper, the first West Point graduate of that race. He was a "smart-aleck". I believe that he had no more principle than the United States Marshalls. It seems that the Marshalls told him of their troubles and with Flipper, interviewed the commanding officer and the result was that the Marshalls were furnished with ten six-mule teams. All the Tascosa prisoners had been re-arrested, loaded in the wagons, and were being rushed down the Sweetwater Creek for the Indian Territory, land that was under Government jurisdiction.

The Marshalls, however, had trouble crossing the creek at one very bad crossing, about five miles out, and bogged down. It was while they were trying to get the wagon out of the mud that Mr. Rhineheart slipped out of the rear-end of the wagon and came back for me.

In less than an hour after he waked me, we had gathered about fifteen men, mounted and well-armed, and started out to arrest the marshalls and release the prisoners. Of course, I went along with the outfit and was considerably troubled about it in my mind.

We came in sight of them just about day-light. They had not yet reached the Territory line; that is, we had not seen any line big enough to stop us. We plainly saw, at first glance that they had seen us coming and were being guarded by negro soldiers, with Flipper commanding. Before we could reach them, they had drawn the company in front of the line of battle, with their guns in their hands. It began to look as if we were in for another war. I am not sure about the rest of my crowd but I know that if I had been on the ground I would have been rather wobbly in the knees; no one noticed it though or made any comment about it. We got within fifteen steps of them, presented our guns and ordered them to throw down their arms. The Negroes complied manfully but we had to get right up to the Marshalls and we were forced to use rather strong language before they would yield; but, with the right kind of

persuasion they were just as manful as the Negroes were. We placed them under arrest and told the Negroes to take their brave commander, turn the teams around "pronto" and to take the prisoners back to the place they desired to go. They gladly complied. We told the Marshalls that walking was good, and that it was only twenty-five miles to walk anyway, and also that we would keep close watch to see that they kept walking. They saw that we meant it and they marched.

The problem that I had to solve was this: What was the marshall's offense under the law, and what was the penalty? I began to see that it was my duty to enforce the law and not to "swashbuckle" around, carrying a big fifty buffalo gun and a brace of six-shooters. Besides, we were just a little bit tired. We had had a strenuous day, a twenty-five mile ride that night, and then had twenty-five miles to go back again. At last I decided to get some advice so I went to the one I considered the best versed on the majesty of the law. I put my question to Tom Reilly, one of our most interprising saloon-keepers.

"Tom" I asked. "What is their offense? And what is the penalty?" "Well," he said, "it is a grave offense and in my opinion hanging is too good for them."

"Yes," I agreed, "But does hanging come under my jurisdiction?"

The next man I put the question to said, "Well, Judge, it sure was contempt of court. Make the penalty enough to teach them a lesson. That was good enough, I thought, so when we got back to Mobeetie I landed them in jail and fined them \$100 and trimmings, which made it come to about \$121. They said that they did not have the money, so I put them in jail and told them that they would stay there until they could pay. They stayed only a few hours and then borrowed money from some of the officers at the post. As soon as they got out they took the first train to Dodge City, Kansas."

For a short time our county affairs went along smoothly. We at last received our records and supplies from Austin and ordered more from a pub-

lishing house in St. Louis, Missouri, and when this material came I appointed jury commissioners and they selected their jury and we held our first court as the law prescribed.

It was about time for my term to be up and when the time did come, the sheriff and I went arm in arm to open the court and just about the time we were starting to enter the door a marshal covered us with a six-shooter and ordered us to throw up our hands. We did. They arrested me on the charge of interfering with United States authority and took us to Fort Elliot and threw us in jail with a bunch of drunks. This was too much, for so far in my checkered career, I had escaped guard houses and things of that kind and this was anything but a joke. It proved to be a rather bad joke on the marshalls as we saw that night. The whole country was aroused, the old hunter cow-boys and, in fact, every one that could pack a gun, got together to attack the fort and release us. We had a cool headed sheriff and he controlled the mob, over 300 men, and had them appoint a committee to consult with us.

In the small hours of the night the committee was brought to us and we advised them to disband, because we believed that we would get justice before the Federal court at Dallas.

The following morning the marshalls released us on our personal parole so that we would be ready to go to Dallas to the Federal court at the regular session. Then they re-arrested all that that they had arrested at the first time and they were put under bond to appear in Dallas. We stated the condition of things to the Attorney General and he advised us to go to Dallas and told us that we could depend on him to see that we got justice if he could possibly do so.

When the time came we started to Dallas. It was a distance of about 300 miles and for over 200 miles of this we did not see a single house. When we came within ten miles of Henrietta, we were met by an escort headed by Judge Plemons. From Henrietta, we were escorted by citizens to Dallas. Before we could reach Dallas we were met by General Cabell, the Mayor of Dallas;

and he greatly complimented us on the stand we had taken. We arrived in Dallas on Saturday. I think that this was in the year of 1879, but I do not remember the month. We were made the guests of honor in Dallas. The following Monday court commenced. It was not long until we were no longer prisoners.

The Judge severely condemned the Marshalls and instructed his jury to find indictments against all the Marshalls and every one that had been concerned with our arrest. We were held as witnesses at two dollars and fifty cent a day. Johnson skipped the country but the others were arrested and received jail sentences. The commanding officer was given a one thousand dollar fine and Flipper was cashiered and dismissed from the army. In due time we returned to our homes in Wheeler county and this ended my experiences as Judge.

Marvelous Petrified Forest.

The petrified forest recently discovered in Texas is the most marvelous known to man, experts of the American Forestry Association declared in a statement recently.

The geologists, Dr. C. O. Gaither and Prof. S. I. Cade, are the discoverers.

The forest is situated in an almost inaccessible valley of the Big Bend region of Texas, nearly 100 miles from the nearest railroad.

Dr. Gaither and Prof. Cade state that they found three tree trunks standing to a height of 100 to 150 feet and also many great trunks of trees lying prostrate, of a size unparalleled in the world, both in diameter and length. One tree trunk measured 896 feet in length. The upright trunks are so large that they appear from a distance to be great symmetrical columns of natural rock.

Few white persons have visited this distant valley, which is split by a deep arroyo leading into the Rio Grande. A thick layer of volcanic ashes and pumice stone covers the surface, which evidently came from a peak in the neighboring Chisos Mountains, since the prostrate trunks are partly covered with ashes, it is evident that this volcanic eruption occurred long after the forest passed under its present petrified state.

A Negro Trooper of the Ninth Cavalry



HE REMINISCENCES of soldier life on the border, as given below, were related to John Warren Hunter, at San Angelo, Texas, in 1914, by a negro—a plain old time darkey, whose politeness, humility, and respectful bearing towards his superiors commanded the respect and confidence of the white people of San Angelo, among whom he had resided many years. Only a negro, but he had a military record of the which any man might be proud, a record substantiated by valuable documents in his possession and by honorable scars that he bore upon his war-battered anatomy.

Jacob Wilks was born a slave, in Kentucky, about thirty miles south of the Ohio river. While yet in infancy, his father and mother gathered their two children in their arms and fled under cover of darkness to the Ohio river, where they found concealment in the jungle until they could attract the attention of a group of fishermen on the north bank of the river. These fishermen, so it chanced, were connected with the "Underground Railroad," of which we have so often heard mention, and of the which Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe had much to say in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and being on the alert for runaway negroes, these fishermen soon caught the signal, and during the night, the second out from old Mastah Wilks' plantation, the refugees were taken across the river and landed in the free state of Ohio. A Mrs. Waddell stood ready to receive them and on her farm they were given food, shelter and employment. A year or so later the parents died and their last request was that their benefactress take charge of Jake, and care for him until old enough to take care of himself. Jake grew to manhood in the Waddell family and when the war came on he was among the first to join the army. He enlisted in the 116th regiment colored infantry at Camp Nelson, Ky., and served three years and nine months, during which time his regiment saw hard service under Grant in his Virginia campaigns. Wilks had been promoted to a sergeancy during this time and was pres-

ent at Lee's surrender at Appomatox, after which his regiment was sent to New Orleans and disbanded. The Ninth Cavalry, colored, was being organized and immediately after receiving his discharge from the infantry he enlisted in the Ninth, which was ordered to Texas via Galveston. When the regiment reached San Antonio, the companies were detached and sent to various posts along the border, mainly Forts Concho, McKavett, Stockton, Clark, Davis, Suitman and Fort Bliss at El Paso. Sergeant Wilks' company was stationed on divers occasions at posts in New Mexico and Arizona, where they saw hard service while campaigning against Indians.

"In 1873," said Sergeant Wilks, "I was sent with a detail of twelve men of my company to carry the mail to Fort Bliss. Each man carried a mail sack strapped to the cantel of his saddle, and we were armed with seven-shooting Spencer rifles. At Eagle Springs we were attacked by about 100 Apaches. The fight lasted several hours, during which the Indians made repeated charges. We were on an open plain without any protection whatever, but we dismounted, held our horses by the halter-reins, kept close together and withheld our fire until the Indians charged up within close range. Our rapid fire from long range guns wrought such havoc that in the evening they drew off, after killing one of our men. During the fight they made six charges and it was after a repulse of one of these charges that our man Johnson was killed. Contrary to orders, he mounted, dashed away calling us to follow him and charged right in among the Indians and was killed. When the Indians drew off they went in a direction that convinced me that they were going to ambush us in Buss Canyon, through which our route lay and several miles ahead. I decided to thwart their scheme and with the body of Johnson strapped on the horse, we left the road and struck out through the mountains for the Rio Grande below Fort Quitman. Five or six miles out where we had the fight we came to a small valley of loose sandy soil where with our

butcher knives and tin cups we scooped out a rude grave and buried our comrade. When we reached the Rio Grande we came up with a mule train belonging to Adams and in charge of a Mr. Naile, which was heavily laden with army supplies and stores for Fort Bliss. We told him that the Indians were near and that we had been fighting them all the day before and for him to corral his wagons at once. He did as directed and had scarcely finished preparations when the Indians appeared in large numbers and a furious attack followed. They were driven off and crossed into Mexico and after they were gone Mr. Nalle said to me: "Sergeant, you have saved my train."

"It was while I was stationed at Fort McKavett in 1874 that orders came for six companies of the Ninth Cavalry to march to Fort Concho, where we were joined by several companies of infantry and a large supply train. General McKenzie was in command and the object of the expeditions was the destruction of several Indian villages far out on the Staked Plains. We went by way of Fort Griffin where other forces joined us and after long and weary marches we came upon the main village, situated in Tule Canyon. The Indians discovered us long before we reached this canyon and employed every strategy to draw us away from the locality of the village, but General McKenzie was not so easily deceived but kept his column moving towards the canyon. The battle that ensued has been so often described that it is needless that I should go into detail here. We destroyed everything destructive in their village. They had many guns, mostly citizens' rifles, and a good supply of ammunition besides bows, arrows, quivers, lances, etc. These we destroyed. We found a vast amount of buffalo robes, of which each man made choice of the best—the rest were destroyed. Their tents were made of poles over which hides were stretched and these were all burned. We also captured a vast store of dried turkeys and buffalo meat; also a considerable amount of peculiar food made in the form of a paste from mesquite beans and other ingredients and put up in the maw of deer and buffalo. In this fight the squaws

fought like demons and many of them were killed who otherwise would have been spared. We captured 112 prisoners, mostly women, children, old "bucks" and three or four of the younger warriors. These were brought to Fort Concho and held six or eight months and finally taken to the Fort Sill reservation. While on the march to Fort Concho, three of the younger "bucks" committed suicide by butting out their brains, preferring a violent death to captivity.

"You ask me to tell you of the fight at White Sand Mountain. We were stationed at Fort Davis when scouts reported a large body of Mescalero Apaches passing out towards Mexico. Lieutenant Bullis with a part of two companies immediately took the trail. We followed them four days over a fearfully rough country and while passing their camping places, every sign showed that they had held a big war dance. Late one evening the scout came in and stated that just across the mountains in our front, the Indians had encamped for the night. This scout was ordered to return and watch the camp and report about midnight. Meantime our pack animals and extra stock were driven into the head of a narrow canyon, while a detail set to work to build a wall at the entrance in order that the stock might be secure. At about the hour of midnight our scout and trailer came in and reported to Lieutenant Bullis. He said the Indians were holding a big war dance and that they seemed to have no apprehension of impending danger. He also described the position of their horse-herd and the approaches to their camp, which was in a small valley with very little timber growth. We were ordered to mount and instructed to move with the utmost silence. The guide led us by a very circuitous route and at dawn we rode out of the valley, where the enemy lay in camp. The Indian in charge of the horse-herd was the first to discover us, and give the alarm, but too late. We charged pell mell into the encampment, killing old and young and but few escaped. Several prisoners were taken, among whom was an old chief—the most ancient-looking individual I ever saw. He might have been feigning extreme de-

crepitue, but he gave us the impression that he was utterly helpless. He was too old and venerable in appearance for us to kill; we did not care to be encumbered with him as a prisoner, so we placed a ham of venison and an olla of water near him and left him alone to fare the best he could. We gathered up the spoils, such as we wanted to carry away, destroyed the rest, and with the large herd of captured horses, we started on our return to Fort Davis. Among the prisoners taken was a beautiful Apache girl whose age we took to be about 17 years. She proved to be a most vicious, intractable prisoner and sought every occasion to inflict injury on her captors. She was mounted astride behind one of our troopers who was continually exposed to her sly means of insult and torture. As was the custom, each cavalryman carried a six-shooter in a scabbard or holster the flap of which was buttoned down. Several times this girl was foiled in the act of reaching forward and trying to seize the trooper's pistol and would have succeeded but for the difficulty in releasing the flap from the button. The men reasoned and agreed among themselves that it were better to kill this prisoner than to take the risk of having one or more of their number killed by her, and the morning following this agreement, she made another attempt to get possession of the trooper's pistol and was promptly shot, and nothing was said about it, although it was expected that the offender would have to face courtmartial.

"I have often been asked about Bullis' Seminole scouts, and the general impression went abroad to the effect that these scouts were Seminole Indians, but this was a mistaken idea. Bullis' scouts were all negroes from Mexico. A number of them were ex-slaves who before and during the war, had run off from their masters in Texas and got into Mexico, while the most of them were sons of negro parents who had been adopted into the tribe of Seminole Indians in Florida and went with a branch of that tribe into Mexico when driven from Florida. Many of these were part Indian. They all spoke Spanish; only a few of them, the Texas ex-slaves, spoke any English, and were conceded to be the best body

of scouts, trailers and Indian fighters ever engaged in the Government service along the border. Their efficiency was due wholly to the skill and military genius of Lieutenant Bullis."

Governors of Texas

Name	Inaugurated.
J. Pinckney Henderson	1846
George T. Wood	1847
P. Hansborough Bell	1849
E. M. Pease	1853
H. R. Runnels	1857
Sam Houston	1859
Edward Clark	1861
F. R. Lubbock	1861
Pendleton Murrah	1863
A. J. Hamilton	1865
J. W. Throckmorton	1866
E. M. Pease	1867
E. J. Davis	1870
Richard Coke	1874
R. B. Hubbard	1876
O. M. Roberts	1879
John Ireland	1883
L. S. Ross	1887
J. S. Hogg	1891
C. A. Culberson	1895
Joseph D. Sayers	1899
S. W. T. Lanham	1903
Thomas M. Campbell	1907
O. B. Colquitt	1911
James E. Ferguson	1915
W. P. Hobby	1917
Pat M. Neff	1921
Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson	1925
Dan Moody	1927

This record makes Moody the twenty-ninth Governor of Texas.

Captain J. L. Bomar, of Talpa, Texas, writes: "Find enclosed \$1.50 for renewal of my subscription to Frontier Times. I don't want to miss a copy. I am an old Texas Ranger, and I know something about hard times, sleeping out in the cold while chasing Indians and outlaws. I am now 75 years old and going good."

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

The Mysterious Ledbetter Boy

Written for Frontier Times by John C. Jacobs, San Antonio, Texas



I WAS back in the late sixties, when a line of U. S. Army Posts, stretching across the Frontier of Texas, from the Rio Grande to Red River, marked the line of the outside settlements. These posts ranged from fifty to sixty and eighty miles apart, leaving plenty of room for hostile Indians to get by and depredate on the thinly settled country east of the posts which they took advantage of in the light of almost every moon; often committing depredations as far as eighty miles east.

In the settling of frontier countries many incidents happen that are stranger than fiction. Prominent among these incidents is the disappearance of the Ledbetter boy.

The ranches east of the line of posts ranged from ten to forty miles apart. A number of these ranches would club together, hire a school teacher for a four-months term and put all of their children together at the most convenient ranch for a term of school. It was at Lynch's ranch, twelve miles east of Fort Griffin, that such a school was being taught, and among the pupils were the two Ledbetter boys, six and nine years old. After school one evening the children were out in the woods gathering some wild berries. A storm came up, and they ran back to the ranch. Soon someone said, "Where is Johnny Ledbetter?" And I w, fifty eight years later, the question among the old settlers around Fort Griffin is, "Where is Johnny Ledbetter?" Ranchmen far and near were in the saddle, scouring the country, hoping to relieve a distracted mother with favorable news from her lost child; the rain had put out all signs of trails, only the faint impression of barefooted pony tracks could be seen in the vicinity of where the child was last seen. The Tonkaways, a small tribe of friendly Indians, (who were of great service to the settlers as trailers of bands of hostile Indians, who raided the country every full of the moon) were sent for and after a close inspection of the few visible pony tracks said "Dam Comanches, heap got him boy." Years went by and no

tidings from the boy, neither word nor trace. There were no railroads in the country at that time, the cattle trail running north up this line of posts was the out-let for all of the Texas cattle, hundreds of herds going over this trail every season with hundreds of thousands of cattle, the number to the herd ranging from around eight hundred to five thousand.

A young cow boy around 17 years old, with one of these herds, got hurt by a wild horse near Fort Griffin, and could go no farther. A rancher's wife, Mrs. Jackson, kindly took this boy in and cared for him until well. When she asked his name he said "Buckskin Bob" was the only name he knew. He was a very bright boy and this kindly lady took a great interest in him; he gave her the history of his life as far back as he could recollect. He said the Indians came into Devil's River Canyon with him and traded him to an old hermit who went by the name of Tiger Jim, that old "Tige" gave them a pony and a pistol for him; he said he could not remember where the Indians got him, but that they traveled a long ways with him and tied him to a stake at night while they slept.

Mrs. Jackson knew of the disappearance of the Ledbetter boy and with some hope that "Buckskin Bob" might be the missing child she sent word to the Ledbetter ranch about this boy. The parents of the lost child went at once to see him and after talking with him the mother fully believed it was her child, but the father was not certain. The boy went home with them. Some of the neighbors thought there was a family resemblance, others thought different. The boy, apparently could not remember any further back than being with the Indians, and in telling them of incidents of early recollections he said that while in captivity something got wrong with the sun and the Indians smoked a piece of glass and looked at the sun through it. When asked the size and shape of the glass he described it, and Mrs. Ledbetter went straight away to a bureau drawer and brought forth a piece of

smoked glass conforming to the description given by the boy. Both she and her husband remembered the incident of smoking the glass to look at the sun while in eclipse.

Mr. Ledbetter was a cattle man and had large corals near the house where his cowboys branded the cattle. Mrs. Ledbetter remembered that the children while playing "branding cattle" had tied John down and stuck a hot iron to his hip and that the would-be calf bawled with pain; she went out and found Johnny tied hard and fast, with a burnt hip, and the would-be cow punchers had taken to their heels. "Buckskin Bob" showed that scar, and the long lost child was surely believed to be at last found.

Getting back to "Tiger Jim" (Old Tige), the boy said he never told where he came from, nor how long he had been there, he only said he was there first. He made a trip into the frontier trading posts once every six months for supplies, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Each time he would bring back a jug of whiskey and would be half drunk as long as it lasted. He had an old chest in his cabin and he kept it locked, except while on these sprees he would open it and get out a picture of a girl and something that looked like a bridal veil, and fondle them and weep over them.

That is all "Buckskin Bob" knew of the former life of his foster father.

There was also a gang of outlaws which rendezvoused in the canyon at that time. They stole horses in New Mexico and drove them across the plains and sold them in Texas, and they kept loot in one of the many caves in the side of the Canyon. This was long years before the telephone was thought of, yet strange to say, this boy told of them having a wire stretched down the canyon whereby they could notify each other if any stranger or band of Indians came in. "Tiger Jim" was not a member of this band, nor had anything to do with their loot. The boy said that "Old Tige" had a bible and a dictionary and was a scholar. He had given this boy a much better education than either of the Ledbetter children had with their advantage of school; in fact, he was a much brighter boy than any of the other members of the family. This is all that

is known of the history of old "Tiger Jim." While he was off on one of these trips to the trading post "Buckskin Bob" made up his mind to see if Devil's River Canyon was all there was of the world. So he saddled his pony and with Winchester, pistols, and a few days' rations, he rode out of the canyon and headed north-east. He rode nights and kept under cover days, to escape hostile Indians, and finally pulled into a ranch on the South Concho River where they were putting up a herd of cattle to drive up the trail, and as before stated, he was injured and stopped at Fort Griffin.

But, "Buckskin Bob" was a wild colt that no man could tame. The family harness chafed him and all of a sudden Bob was missing. He went to the Indian Territory, stole a bunch of Indian ponies, crossed the border back into Texas and sold them and was caught with the balance. He was brought before a judge who knew, and was a friend to the Ledbetter family, and who knew the history of the boy. The judge took his promise that he would thereafter go straight and turned him loose, and "Buckskin Bob" lived up to his promise. He then went to Galveston, Texas, took a tramp vessel to South America and was there a year. On returning to Texas he attended the meetings of a noted evangelist, was converted, and after a few preliminary preparations, got him an organist and singer and went out as an evangelist himself. And he was a "hummer." His bible education with "Old Tige" put "Buckskin Bob" around the top of the list as an evangelist.

He wrote Mrs. Ledbetter from Ohio that he had come into possession of facts that led him to believe that he was not John Ledbetter, and that another boy had been stolen about the same time by the name of Wesley, and he believed himself to be that boy. He thanked Mrs. Ledbetter, for her kindness and told her he would ever remember her as a mother. She read the letter to me and wept, saying, "Still, he is my own lost child, John, and ever will be."

Where is John Ledbetter?

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Racing at Junction in 1888

Chas. B. Boyce, in Junction Eagle, February 17, 1927



DURING THE DAYS of my early boyhood I conceived the idea of becoming a journalist and kept a diary of events worth knowing. After accumulating a sufficient quantity to create the "Wrath of a Nation," my home and contents on Sunday, 7 p. m., January 28, 1900, burned, destroying everything including library and manuscripts. Since then I have given no attention to the literary world, with the exception of editing a country paper in the Cattle Country in Wyoming a short while. My devotion to my coveted ambition supported me in acquiring a memory for dates of special events, tragedies, etc.

I am associated in a clerical way with The California Highway Commission and today while looking in retrospect on days of long ago, it occurred to me that on this date a gala day was in progress at a little frontier town in the forks of two placid rivers that drained the eastern slope of the Devil River's divide and wended a parallel course some 200 miles to the junction of the main Llano River. A horse race was the paramount feature of the occasion. For several weeks cowpuncher parlance was rampant concerning the event which was scheduled for Feb. 2, 1888. Sam Pullen had bought and brought the Spiller Colt from Bluffton, Burnet County, Texas, to the renowned cattle town of Junction City. May I hesitate and bow for a moment in due reverence for the personnel of that little city. God knows a better people never lived than they. Their names will forever remain the closest to my heart. Mr. Pullen opened the way to accommodate all comers, for he indeed had a race horse, whose name was Monte. He did not have to wait a great while until his challenge was covered. Gip Clemmons, a prominent cattleman who assisted in pushing the lawless element further west to make the country more desirable for a higher order of civilization, came forth with his famed quarter horse, a beautiful sorrel by the name of Guadalupe (Wor loop-ie) and the match was made. Sam Pullen, a successful

trainer and rider of race horses, rode the sinewy form of the lithe built bay, while Gip directed the reins of the surefooted sorrel. The race course two straight trails in the chapparral, constructed by removing the mesquite and underbrush for a right of way and subsequently dragging a wash kettle bottom side up to knock off the bumps, fill in the holes and smooth the path and soften the soil so the ground would not burn the racers' hoofs, completed the preparations, quite crude according to present day ideas, but effective just the same, was located just across the North Llano, a short way east of Bear Creek.

Many men from many mountains and valleys were there, fully adorned in cowboy regalia. Yes? No! Yes, all but the trusted ivory-handled 45's. Some enthusiastic dubs at Austin had created a nuisance, from the viewpoint of a cowpuncher and placed a penalty for toting fire-arms. Through respect for the law and high esteem and great regard for Major Spencer, the popular sheriff and law on the Llanos, no guns were to be seen. The outcome of the race proved that Mr. Clemmons was governed more by his jealousies than good judgment, for a sheep herder at a glance could readily determine that Guadalupe was many yards out of his class when pitted against Monte, who went under the wire full fifty feet in the lead. Everything was sportsman like. No quarreling or hard feelings were seen or heard. The crowd dispersed for the time and rallied again soon after dinner at a play ground in the western limits of the town where racing of cow ponies, busting bronchos and general enjoyment was indulged in under the beautiful Southern sky until sun set, when everyone went for his best suit and best girl for the evening entertainment, dancing, the kind to my way of thinking, that has the present day "wrestling torture" bested in every direction, was indulged in until the broad break of day, when weary feet were walking home, fully imbued with the charming satisfaction that no pleasure on earth surpassed the customs of

cattle countries of dear old Texas, before it was ruined with a plow.

My first visit to Kimble County was in the early summer of 1876. Wild cattle, deer by the hundreds, wild turkeys by thousands, cougars, panther and bear abounded on all sides. Junction City had not been organized. The only store that I knew of was Dan Baker's at the mouth of Johnson Fork of the Llano.

I think Kimbleville, a couple of miles below the Junction of North and South Llano, may have been established at that date. I was only six years old and of course was not permitted far from home. * * * * * Perfection in the human and animal kingdom comes through a lengthy line of breeding. No man or men from any land or country equaled the early inhabitant of Texas in the matter of self protection. Texans were men who exercised their own initiative moulded their own ideas and put them into execution. There were no bad men in the Lone Star State. Those who became branded with the reputation of desperado were generally forced into embroglis through the exigencies of the day. * * * * *

My sister subsequently married L. L. Lewis and lived in London for a long time where several children were born, some of whom have been very successful.

My home is in San Benandino, California, the Garden of Eden of America. My duties keep me from home many miles in the Mojave Desert, where California is spending hundreds of thousands in highway construction.

I left Texas March 28, 1890, with a trail herd for Major Seth Mabry. Our drive began at Tom Evans' place on Elm Creek, Menard County, and ended in the Circle A, tributary of the Little Missouri in Custer County, Montana.

I would be glad to pay your section of the world a visit, but it seems I will never have time or opportunity.

The last time I was in Junction was my 20th birthday anniversary, Sept. 21, 1889. No doubt many changes have taken place and the few who yet remain that I knew probably have changed too. I would be glad to hear from them and know of no better method than through the medium of your paper.

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN SCHREINER.

By A. W. Kooek, Austin, Texas.

In the passing of the pioneer citizen and ranchman of Kerrville I would like to say that not only Kerrville and Kerr county have lost a beloved citizen, but the entire State of Texas has lost a true friend. He was a friend to the poor and needy, and he gave liberally to all educational and religious institutions. He was the best friend the West Texas ranchman ever had. His opinions in matters pertaining to cattle, sheep, goats, and the marketing of wool and mohair was sought and served as a guide at all times. There was not a ranchman in West Texas whose heart was not made sad when he heard of the death of Capt. Schreiner who every spring disposed of his large steers and replenished his large ranches with young steers bought from the ranchmen of his section. It was a common thing to hear some rancher say, "I wrote Captain Schreiner today to learn what wool is worth." His building of immense storage houses was the means of the sheep and goat men obtaining better prices for their products, as they were held in storage until satisfactory prices were obtained, and this kept the West Texas growers from being the victims of eastern markets. The things I have mentioned are but a few of the many great achievements of Captain Schreiner's life. It was one of my greatest pleasures, when I was a young man, to meet the great herds of Captain Schreiner's cattle at the Bird Pocket, where they were held overnight, in their passage up the trail.

I would suggest to the young men of Texas: As the Architect of the Universe has seen fit to call Capt. Chas. Schreiner from our midst, when you see his last resting place, and you stop to read the inscription on the marble shaft which marks it, bare your heads and pause in silent prayer, for he has been the means and has laid a great foundation that will help many of you to reach the top round of the Ladder of Fame.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the enewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

General John B. Hood's Victory



ONE of the most severe engagements of 1857, was Lieutenant, after ward the famous Confederate general, John B. Hood's fight with a party of Comanches and Lipans near the head of Devil's river, Texas. On July 5, the gallant young lieutenant in command of twenty-five men of company G, Second cavalry, left Fort Mason on a scout against depredating Indians. Provided with thirty days' rations, an Indian guide and a compass, and actuated by youthful aspiration, the little party scoured the country to the head of the Concho.

Near the mouth of Kiowa creek a trail was discovered and rapidly followed to a water hole near the head of Devil's river. From here, he hurried on, though his horses were very much worried, and traveled over the bluffs and mountains down the rivers, but keeping some three miles from it. Late in the afternoon of July 20 he left the trail, and went in toward the river to get water, as his men were very thirsty. About a mile from the trail, and some two and a half miles from his party, on a ridge he discovered some horses and a large flag waving. The orders in Texas at that time were to attack any Indians found away from the government reservation, but, of course to respect a white flag. Without going to water, and leaving eight of his company with the pack mules and supplies, Lieut. Hood, with seventeen of his men rode toward the flag. Halting near the Indians, Hood signaled them that he was ready to fight or talk. As Hood's men advanced, five of the Indians came forward with the flag, but when within about thirty paces the treacherous foe suddenly threw down the flag, and setting fire to a lot of rubbish they had collected, commenced a desperate attack. At the same moment about thirty warriors arose from among the tall grass and "Spanish leaganets," within ten paces of the soldiers. Twelve had rifles, the rest bows and arrows; besides which, eight or ten, mounted on horseback, attacked with lances. Hood's men went at them with a yell—thus the struggle commenced and continued in a most

desperate and determined hand-to-hand struggle, with the odds in favor of the Indians. Hood's little force wavered and fell back, but were soon rallied by their brave young leader, and making a most desperate and dashing charge with their revolvers, the Indians gave way. Thus the fight continued till dark when the Indians gave up the contest, and gathering up their dead and wounded moved off toward the Rio Grande—much to the relief of the soldiers, who had exhausted about their last round of ammunition. This was a most serious affair in which two of the scouting party were killed and several wounded, among them Lieut. Hood, who had his hand pinned to his bridle with an arrow. It was afterwards learned that the Indians lost nineteen warriors killed on the field and fatally wounded. Hood made his way to Camp Hudson, where he obtained supplies and medical aid for his wounded—then returned to Fort Mason, General Twiggs commanding the department, complimented this brave little company on their exploit, saying in his official report: "Lieut. Hood's affair was a gallant one, and much credit is due to both officer and men."

This gave Hood much eclat as a brave soldier and established his reputation for gallantry.

Soon after his return from this fight he was promoted to the rank of First Lieut. and stationed at Camp Colorado. In 1858 he established Camp Wood, on the Nueces river, at which post he remained till 1860, when he was called to Washington and commissioned as chief of cavalry at West Point—a position he filled till the breaking out of the civil war.

During this year there was a serious encounter with Indians on Maine's Prairie, Anderson county, the particulars of which are not at hand. Also Nunley, Stiffen and Smothers were killed in Lavaca county and a Mr. Davis was killed sixteen miles east of Gonzales, by Indians.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger

From Materials Furnished by Colonel Hays and Major John Caperton in California, and from Other Sources.

(Continued from last month.)

"Friday morning a mutiny rose in our camp in consequence of the condition of our commissary department. Plenty of deer and turkey were in sight all of the time, and we were all hunters; but our leader thought it best to fire no guns, and keep our position concealed from the enemy. From Monday till Friday, on a little cold flour, measured out by the spoonful, made us feel very lean; and now that the flour was all out our men began to swear vengeance on the game, at all hazards. Captain Hays insisted that I make them a speech. I remembered the old saying, 'Never try to influence a man against his inclination when he is hungry,' but as my captain insisted, and I was under orders, I determined to try. To have approached those men with a long face and taxed their patience with a long speech on patriotism, would have been sheer nonsense. So I mounted my horse and rode out in front, with as cheerful a face as I could command, and spoke as follows: 'Boys, when I left Colonel Caldwell's camp I felt like I was forty years old. When I had starved one day I felt like I was thirty-five. After that, on two spoonfuls a day, I felt like I was twenty-five; and this morning, when our cold flour and coffee are both out, I feel like I was only twenty-one years old, and ready for action. Our situation this morning is critical,—the Mexicans, we fear, have gone toward Gonzales; secrecy surely is the best policy; and we ought to report the situation, if possible, to Colonel Caldwell tonight.'

"An agreement was soon entered into that we get information, report that evening, and get some game for supper.

"In a few minutes we were off, and soon met Henry McCulloch with thirteen men, swelling our number to twenty-seven. Here we learned that Caldwell had discovered the enemy's trail below, and that the Mexican cavalry had retreated back to the city. The families on the Guadalupe were safe for the evening. Here was fresh beef hanging

to the saddles of McCulloch's party. The company was organized on the spot, with Jack Hays captain and Henry McCulloch lieutenant, and the young captain, with his first command, led us to the nearest water. We refreshed ourselves with the delicious beef and a good night's rest. We were camped within five miles of the city.

"Before day Saturday morning, Captain Hays detailed three men, and myself as the fourth, to go in sight of the city before daylight. He took three men with him to make the third attempt to go round the city, and was successful, bringing off with him a Mexican spy as a prisoner. Lieutenant McCulloch watched both roads leading to Seguin and Gonzales. My associates and I remained secreted near the powder-house and before the sun mounted very high into the heavens, a Mexican came out to get a yoke of oxen, feeding near us. As soon as it was at all prudent we captured him and his pony, within six hundred yards of the fort, and in plain view. We could see the Mexican cavalry hastily saddling their horses as we passed out of sight with our prisoner. We rode twenty miles in about two hours, and reported to Colonel Caldwell.

"The poor Mexican felt confident we intended to kill him, and on arrival at camp he recognized John W. Smith, and commenced begging for his life. He was soon pacified with the assurance that he was in no danger if he would tell us the truth. Hays and McCulloch both preceded us to Caldwell's camp, and as some anxiety was felt for our safety we were welcomed with many cheers. The two captured Mexicans told the same story. With these statements, coming from the front and rear of the city, Saturday morning, ten o'clock, revealed to Col. Caldwell and his men the strength of the enemy. General Woll crossed the Rio Grande with thirteen hundred men, and picked up afterwards three hundred 'Greezers' and Indians. Our entire force, ordered into line, numbered two hundred and

two men; General Woll's Mexican force was sixteen hundred.

Saturday night we marched to the Salado, and camped near midnight within six miles of San Antonio. Here we had much the advantage in the ground, if attacked, and during the night a council of war was held. The council decided that it would not be prudent to attack the enemy in his fortifications; but if he could be decoyed out to our chosen ground, we could tie our horses back in the timber out of range of his guns, and from behind the natural embankment make a successful battle, although the enemy outnumbered us eight to one.

Sunday morning about sunrise, Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch were placed in charge of thirty-eight men, to approach San Antonio and lead the enemy out. Out of two hundred and two horses only thirty-eight were found, by a committee appointed to examine them, fit for the expedition. My untrained, borrowed horse and his rider were selected to go on the trip. We reached a point a half mile from the old powder house, and about a mile from the city, between nine and ten o'clock Sunday morning. This was about the hour that I had for so many years been accustomed to repair to the house of God, and my position in such striking contrast gave me some anxiety. Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch, attended with six men, left us, with orders to be ready for any emergency. They went down close to the Alamo and bantered the enemy for a fight; supposing that forty or fifty mounted men would be sent out, whom our captain intended to engage in battle. Contrary to this expectation, four or five hundred cavalry turned out in hot pursuit. Hays soon approached with the command, "Mount!" We moved off briskly through the timber, and as the Mexicans went around an open way, we were about a half a mile ahead, when we reached the prairie. They had about fifty American horses, in fine condition, captured from the citizens and members of the court, and our horses were considerably worn with the labor of the past seven days. During the first four miles we kept out of their reach without much difficulty. Two

miles lay stretched between us and our camp, and soon Lieutenant McCulloch, in charge of the rear guard, pressed close on our heels. Hats, blankets, and overcoats were scattered along our track. No time then to pick anything up. The race was an earnest one; the Mexicans, toward the last, began to fire at our rear guard, doing no damage. We reached the camp, and when formed into line, every man was present, unhurt.

"The cavalry that had pursued us passed round to our rear on the prairie. About a half hour intervened, during which time we refreshed ourselves and horses with water. Captain Jack Hays, our intrepid leader, five feet ten inches high, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, his black eyes flashing decision and character, from beneath a full forehead, and crowned with beautiful jet black hair, was soon mounted on his dark bay war-horse and on the warpath. Under our chosen leader, we sallied out and skirmished with the enemy at long range, killing a number of Mexicans, and getting two of our men severely wounded. In a short time they retired, and we fell back to the main command.

Between two and three o'clock in the evening, General Woll appeared with all his infantry, cavalry and artillery spread out on the prairie in our rear, and between us and our homes. As we stood in line under the brow of the hill, the brave Caldwell informed us that he could never surrender to General Woll; that he had just returned from the Santa Fe expedition, and that it would be certain death to be taken in arms the second time. He urged us to make up our minds to fight it out, and even if it required a hand-to-hand combat, the white flag would not be raised. Closing this earnest address, he invited me to make a speech to the men. As well as my memory serves me I spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen,—We are going into battle against fearful odds—eight to one—and with artillery on the enemy's side. The artillery can't hurt us under this bank. We have nothing to fear so long as we can prevent them from coming to a hand-to-hand fight. Keep cool; let us not shoot as they advance till we can see the whites of their eyes; and be sure to shoot every man that has an officer's hat

or sword. This will prevent them from coming into close quarters. Let us shoot low, and my impression before God is, that we shall win this fight.'

Just at this time the cannon fired, and the great shot struck the top of the trees. The Mexicans now advanced upon us, under a splendid puff of music, the ornaments, guns, spears and swords glistening in plain view. Captain Hays' attention, as they drew near, was directed to the fact that they were intending to flank us above, and pour a raking fire down our line. Accordingly, ten men, with double-barrel shot-guns, were detached and stationed above to prevent it. Some of the Mexican cavalry were within thirty feet of us before a gun was fired. At the first fire the whole of them fell to the ground. My first impression was that they were all killed. Soon, however, all that were able rose to their feet, but showed no disposition to advance further upon our line. Not a sword or officer's hat made its appearance after we had been fighting five minutes. The ground on which we stood was of such a character, that we could step back two or three paces and stand up straight to load our guns. The battle lasted but a little while. General Woll was at his cannon on top of the hill, looking on; his artillery was of no use, being in the rear of his infantry, and our men sheltered by the embankment. He could see his men falling while the Texans were entirely out of sight. The horn sounded a retreat, and the Mexicans ran away in great confusion. It was with great difficulty that the Texans were prevented from pursuing.

As the firing ceased along our line, the roar of artillery and rifles was heard in the rear of the Mexican army. We understood at once that the engagement was with re-inforcements making their way to relieve us. By the time we were up and in order to go to their assistance the firing ceased, and we knew that the Mexicans were successful.

Captain Dawson from Lagrange, on the reception of Colonel Caldwell's dispatch, raised a company of fifty-two men, including himself, and came up in time to hear our guns in the fight just described. The Mexicans, being be-

tween us, discovered him on the open field and surrounded him. He rallied his men in a grove of mesquite bushes, and fought with such desperation that the Mexicans withdrew from the range of his guns and turned the artillery upon him. As there was no chance to escape, and no chance to do the enemy damage, under the murderous fire of the cannon, he raised a white flag. The men threw down their guns and for awhile the Mexicans disregarded the surrender, and continued to send the missiles of death. Captain Dawson was cut down with the flag in his hand. When the firing had ceased, thirty-five Texans out of fifty-two lay dead on the field; fifteen were spared and held as prisoners; two made their escape. My eldest son was one of the prisoners. This little body of men punished the Mexicans severely, during the engagement with small arms, before the artillery was turned upon them.

General Woll reassembled his forces about one hour by sun, and standing on his cannon where it was first planted, in plain view and in our hearing, made a glowing speech to his men. The huzzas from the Mexican army were mournful to our ears. We believed then, what we afterwards knew to be true, that our friends and relatives from the Colorado were the sufferers. We could not reach him with our guns, and it would not do to expose ourselves on the prairie. The Mexicans moved off toward San Antonio about sunset, and spent the night carrying in and burying their dead in the city. A large number was killed, the exact estimate it was impossible for us to make. Caldwell lost only one man killed; no prisoners; three wounded.

The night was passed upon the battle-ground, a dark, anxious night for me. I learned that my son, A. H. Morrell, was in the company defeated the evening before in our hearing. Was he dead? Was he a prisoner in the hands of our cruel oppressors? were questions that revolved through my mind all night long. Three men volunteered to go with me to the "Mesquite battle-ground," and at daylight we were in our saddles. My colonel and captain cautioned me to be careful, as the enemy would certainly keep out spies; but the time for caution

and fear with me had about passed. At sunrise we were on the fatal spot, examining carefully for the lost son, while two of my colleagues stood guard. Thirty-five dead bodies of friends lay scattered and terribly mangled among the little cluster of bushes on the broad prairie. I recognized the body of nearly every one. Here were twelve men, heads of families, their wives widows, and their children orphans; and here, too, lay the dead bodies of the promising sons of my neighbors. The body of my son could not be found. The place was so horrible that two of the men with me rode away. One remained on guard while I continued my examination. A number of bodies were turned over before I could recognize them at all. Supposing that one of these might be my son, I examined their feet for a scar that he had carried from childhood. By this time I was satisfied that he had either escaped or was among the prisoners. I then drew a pencil from my pocket and took down the names of the dead, so that I might make a correct report to the bereaved.

The unfortunate man of Caldwell's command who was killed on Sunday was buried with the honors of war on Monday. His grave was dug with bow-knives. During the fight some Indians who came out with the Mexican army approached his horse, tied carelessly some distance from the horses of our command, and he left his post, against the order of his captain, and attempted to save his horse. He killed three of the Indians in the combat, and finally they killed him, and carried off the horse. This all occurred in plain view; but we were forbidden to go to his relief, as he had disobeyed orders.

Tuesday morning our little company of two hundred and two had increased to five hundred. A messenger from San Antonio announced that the Mexicans had left for the west that morning, carrying the prisoners with them. The question of burying our dead, who fell under Captain Dawson and with him, came up. We had neither axe nor hoe, and finally decided to pursue the retreating enemy, regain if possible the prisoners, and at some future day gather up the bones of our dead and bury

them at Lagrange. This was afterwards done, and a monument placed over them.

Orders were given at once, and preparations made to pursue the retreating enemy. The Honorable Judge Hemphill accompanied me to San Antonio to look for news from my boy, while the main army crossed the river above, and went directly in pursuit of General Woll. We visited Mrs. Jakes and the English minister's wife, Mrs. Elliot, who had a list of the prisoners' names. My son, A. H. Morrell, was certainly among them. The Mexicans had robbed them of their clothing; my son, on his arrival in San Antonio, was in his short-sleeves. Mrs. Elliot took a green blanket-coat off of her son and put it on mine. This coat, he afterwards said, was the means of saving his life. My son was reported by these ladies as carrying a wound from a lance in the engagement, though not serious. After he surrendered, two Mexicans pursued him with lances. As a lance was hurled at him, he dodged it, but as it passed it glanced his left arm near the shoulder. He only saved his life by running in this defenseless condition round the horse of the Mexican Colonel, Coraseo, who drew his sword and drove his pursuers from him. We procured some provisions, what powder and lead our horses could carry with safety, and overtook Colonel Caldwell, camped on the Medina, some twenty-five miles from the city.

Wednesday evening, September 21, the Texan army came up with General Woll's rear guard on the Hondo. Here a trap was laid for us. Our spies were out, right and left of the road and in advance. The rear guard of the Mexicans was in the bottom, in a bend of the creek and concealed. The Mexican general had offered five hundred dollars for the head of Captain Hays, and just at this time he came very near losing it. With all his vigilance he was here surprised. Luckey, a noble man was riding by his side, on a finer looking horse than Hays, and was shot through the right breast, the ball coming out at the point of the right shoulder. His horse ran about one hundred yards, and left his wounded rider on the ground. Captain Hays requested me to go to his relief, as he fear-

ed he was killed. Like all other severely wounded men, he at once cried for water. Judge Hemphill fortunately had some at hand, and it was given him. Luckey did not die, as we feared he would, but survived his severe wound, and was afterwards a member of the Senate of the Republic.

By this time Colonel Caldwell had formed a line of battle, and as no one would volunteer to take care of Luckey, a man was detailed. A fight was at hand, and every man was aware of it, and ready for action. A call was made for volunteers, to increase Captain Hays' company to one hundred men, for the purpose of charging the cannon planted on the road four hundred yards in front. General Mayfield made a speech for volunteers, but not a man responded. He was a man of ability, and could make a good speech, but his was the "voice of a stranger." Colonel Caldwell knew his men, and knew that speeches were not so much in demand as example. He knew that my son was a prisoner in the enemy's lines before us, and that Z. N. Morrell's soul was fired as it had never been before. My colonel requested me to ride down the lines, and encourage the men to come out. I galloped to the lower end of the line with my old fur cap in my hand, recognizing and being recognized by almost every man I passed. The feelings of that moment need no description. They could not be described. My dear boy was upon the hill, perhaps in irons, and unless that cannon was charged and silenced, the sad news must be borne to his mother that our Allen was in chains, in a Mexican dungeon. Halting in an eligible position, so as to be seen and heard by almost the entire command, I waved my fur cap, and spoke about as follows:

"Boys! You have come out here from one to two hundred miles from home to hunt the elephant. He has been running from you for two days. We have got him in close quarters, just up on that hill. We want forty men to join Hays' company. With one hundred men we can successfully charge and capture the cannon and turn the grape shot the other way. The old fellow can't hurl his missiles of death at us more than two

or three times before we will stop his breath. Besides, the prisoners—" and as I stood pointing my finger voices were heard along the lines, "Come on boys, we will go with him." More than the number called for were soon in line and ready for the charge.

We had the greatest confidence in our chosen leaders, Jack Hays and Henry McCulloch. Both were cool, daring men; neither of them I suppose was over twenty-five years of age. Captain Hays was, by profession, a surveyor. His great courage and deliberation were first discovered while engaged in his profession. Six men, with Hays as their leader, were out surveying a short time previous, when a body of Indians attacked them. The determined young surveyor, with compass in one hand and gun in the other, continued to take his observations, and at the same time fire upon the Indians every time they drew near. The work was not ceased till the line was finished. This incident had much to do in securing his first position as captain.

Henry McCulloch had always been among the foremost to meet the enemy on former occasions, as cool and daring as our captain, and greatly endeared to the men by his uniform kindness and social qualities. He was not easily roused, but when stirred was powerfully wrought upon, and had not the fear of mortal man before his eyes.

Under this leadership we faced that cannon, while receiving orders when to discharge our guns, and at what point to counter-march, eagerly waiting the forward command. At length the shrill, clear voice of our captain sounded down the line, "Charge!"

Away went the company up a gradual ascent in quick time. In a moment the cannon roared, but according to Mexican custom overshot us. The Texan yell followed the cannon's thunder, and so excited the Mexican infantry placed in position to pour a fire down our lines that they overshot us; and by the time the artillery hurled its cannister the second time, shot guns and pistols were freely used by the Texans. Every man at the cannon was killed, as the company passed it. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded besides these,

we had no means of ascertaining. Had the Mexicans charged us along the road we followed and given us the position they occupied, but few would have returned to tell the story; but strange to say, they were so frightened that they entirely overshot us, killing only one horse, and wounding one man. My friend, Arch Gibson, one of my nearest neighbors on the Guadalupe, who was riding on my right, lost his right cheek-bone. To prevent him from falling and being trampled to death, I threw my right arm around him, seizing the rein of his bridle with my right, and guiding his horse and mine at the same time, bore him safely to the rear in a speechless condition. His first cry was for water, which was furnished as quickly as possible. He recovered from his wound, and was afterwards doubly my friend.

The night was now coming on, and the firing ceased. Most of the men were anxious to charge the lines, and reach the prisoners at all hazards. Ben McCulloch, who had acted as captain in other engagements, a gallant and safe leader, but who from some cause did not get into our organization in time to be placed in command, after an examination of the enemy's position, advised that the attack be postponed until morning. A sad night to me it was. Will the prisoners be retaken? Or shall they wear out a miserable existence among the rattling chains? God forbid that any minister of the blessed Jesus should ever again be driven to such desperation as I then felt! I was prepared for almost anything as the morning will show.

During the night General Woll moved off in our hearing, and in the morning at sunrise his drum sounded in my ears about six miles on the prairie beyond. The men were called up early in the morning, knowing that a council of war had been held, and that Caldwell was advised to lead his command in pursuit of the enemy. Feeling anxious to overtake the enemy early in the day, lest the coming night might interfere with the capture, as on the evening before, I did all I could to assist both Hays and Caldwell to get the men ready.

General Mayfield, who had made an

unsuccessful speech the evening before, called the men around him and commenced a harangue. He told them we were in the enemy's country, that the Mexicans more than doubled our number, and that General Woll was hourly expecting a large re-inforcement. In the midst of these dangers he doubted exceedingly the wisdom of the pursuit. His design evidently was to kill time and discourage the expedition, in the same speech. My indignation now passed all bounds, and it would not be too much to say that I was absolutely furious. He had no command, and I had none; so that as private soldiers we were on equal footing. In the midst of his speech I interrupted him, saying that the time had passed for long speeches, and that I, for one, would be better pleased to hasten to the fight and recapture of the prisoner boys. I pointed to the baggage wagons and the cannon we had captured the evening before, and urged the pursuit. Seeing that the men were many of them about to waver, and being in perfect sympathy with my cause, the Honorable Judge Hemphill, and others of like spirit, wept at my side. In spite of all that Colonel Caldwell, Captain Hays and others could do, the contest was abandoned. It required at this time the strength of our little army to compete with the enemy, and as Mayfield had succeeded in intimidating quite a number of the command, it became necessary to give up the pursuit. General Woll reported to his government that he lost on this campaign six hundred men; so that at the time we allowed him to escape he did not have more than eight hundred men. Five hundred such Texans as ours could easily have killed and captured the whole army. This was certainly one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever occurred in Texas, and this I suppose is the reason why so little has been said of it in the public prints of the country. The poor boys were carried to prison and chains, and we saw not their faces again for two years.

We now dispersed in small companies and took up the line of march for our respective homes. Gladly would I have hid myself from my neighbors, if duty would have permitted, rather than re-

hearse the sad story relative to their dead, and the manner in which they were necessarily left on the "mesquite" battle ground to be devoured by the crow and the wolf.

Heaven I hope has forgiven me for the animosity I felt toward the man that made that long speech. Twice afterwards he approached me in a friendly manner. The first time was on the return home. I replied to him by laying both hands on my gun, forbidding him to speak another word. This may have been wrong, but I did it. The second time he approached me was on the streets of Brenham, Washington county, Texas, years afterwards. God had caused my poor heart, in the meantime, to bow beneath the greatest affliction in life, and I tendered General Mayfield my hand, and endeavored to look forgiveness—I did not feel like talking. My wife was in the grave, hastened there prematurely, as I believed, by the grief of two years, in consequence of the chains her eldest child wore in a foreign land. When he questioned me as to my feelings toward him, faithfulness required me to say that there were some wounds made in life that could not with safety be probed, even when they were old; and that this was one of them.

BATTLE OF BANDERA PASS

A. J. Sowell, in his book, "Texas Indian Fighters," gives a lengthy sketch of Ben Highsmith, a noted pioneer of Texas, in which is given the following account of the battle of Bandera Pass:

Soon after the Plum Creek battle President Houston commissioned the famous Jack Hays to raise a company of Texas rangers for the protection of the frontier against Indians and lawless characters. The latter were thick around San Antonio, and did pretty much as they pleased. Jack Hays at the time was a young surveyor, and not much known. He distinguished himself at the battle of Plum Creek. General Houston, who had been elected President of the young Republic of Texas, recognized his ability, and seeing the necessity of having such a man with a company of like

spirits around him, at once put him in the field, and well did he sustain the trust and confidence which the hero of San Jacinto placed in him. Under Hays the Texas Rangers gained a name and reputation which was world-wide.

Ben Highsmith joined the company of Hays, and they were stationed at San Antonio. They soon established law and order in the Alamo City, and the name of Hays and his rangers soon became a terror to evil-doers. The red man of the plains felt the weight of his mailed hand and learned to dread an encounter with him. In four pitched battles they were utterly routed, namely, Nueces Canyon, Pinta Trail Crossing, Enchanted Rock, and Bandera Pass. No account of these battles will be given in this sketch except those Mr. Highsmith was engaged in. The main scouting ground of the rangers was in the mountains west and northwest of San Antonio, up the Guadalupe, Medina, Sabinal, Frio, and Nueces rivers.

In the spring of 1841 Captain Hays started on a scout with forty men. His camp at this time was seven miles west of San Antonio, on Leon Creek. They went a northwest course up Medina river and camped for the night at a point where the center of Bandera town now is. Guards were well posted, and the night passed without any disturbance. Some people would be surprised to know that the Texas rangers under Hays were many of them men of refinement and education. Around the campfire at night it was not uncommon to hear men quoting from the most popular poets and authors and talking learnedly on ancient and modern history. It is true they looked rough in the garb they wore. The wide hat was to protect them from the sun in long scouts across the prairies. The leggings of buckskin or cowskin protected the legs from the thorny brush and cactus. The large clinking spurs put new life into a tardy pony if occasion demanded. The intention of Hays was to turn north from this place and go out through the famous Bandera Pass and into the Guadalupe valley, and then scout up the river to the divide. The pass was about ten miles from the night camp of the rangers.

After the rangers left camp and were riding over the open country towards the pass, which could be seen plainly, quite a different looking crowd was assembling there. A large band of Comanche Indians were also on the war-path and had started across the country by way of the pass to the Medina valley. They arrived there first, and seeing the rangers coming, laid in ambush and awaited there to fight them.

The pass was named for General Bandera of the Spanish army, who was stationed at San Antonio when the missions were first built there. All of this country and Mexico then belonged to Spain.

The pass was the home of the Apache Indians, and they raided upon San Antonio. General Bandiera was ordered to follow them to their stronghold and chastise them. He found them at home in the pass and strongly fortified among the rocks. A long and desperate battle took place and many were killed on both sides, but at last the Spanish arms prevailed and the Indians gave way and retreated through the hills further towards the west. They never came back, but settled in New Mexico. Now after the lapse of a century or more, another bloody battle was about to be fought here.

Hays and his men arrived at the pass about 11 o'clock in the morning and began to ride through it, as yet having seen no sign of Indians. The pass was 500 yards in length by about 125 yards in width, and from fifty to seventy-five feet high on both sides, very steep, and covered with rocks and bushes. The Indian chief dismounted his men and placed them among the rocks and bushes on both sides of the pass, leaving their horses in the rear, and also concealed in a deep gulch which cut into the pass from the west and well up towards the north end.

The first intimation the rangers had of the presence of Indians was being fired on by bullets and arrows on all sides, and the terrible war-whoop of the Comanche resounded through the gorge. For a few minutes there was some confusion among the rangers on account of the plunging of frightened and wounded horses, who would turn and try to run back through the pass in spite of

most of all their riders could do. This was a trying and most critical time and the Indians knew it. They charged down into the pass and almost mixed with the rangers and plunging horses. The white men could not well use their guns and hold their horses too. To add to the disadvantage and confusion, some of the rangers were killed and wounded and were falling from their horses. As soon as a horse would find himself free of his rider he would gallop madly back through the pass.

All this took place in less time than it takes to write, and it was the first time Jack Hays was ever caught in a trap; but he was equal to the occasion. His clear voice now rang out sharp and quick, "Steady, there, boys; dismount and tie those horses; we can whip them, no doubt about that." Order was soon restored, and in a moment the rangers were on the ground, and the Indians were falling and giving back before a deadly rifle and pistol fire. They came again, however, and several hand-to-hand combats took place. Mr. Highsmith, who was in the fight, dismounted near a ranger named Sam Luckey, who was soon shot through by a bullet. It entered under the left shoulder blade and came out below the right nipple. Highsmith caught him when he commenced falling and let him down to the ground easy. At this time the rangers had fastened their horses near the south entrance of the pass and were fighting in front of them. The wounded Luckey called for water, and Highsmith gave him some out of a canteen. At this time the fight was raging, and the pass was full of Indians, rangers and horses. The Comanche chief during this close fight attacked Sergt. Kit Ackland and wounded him. Ackland also shot the chief with a pistol, and then they clinched and both went down. Both were large, powerful men, and the combat was terrific. Both had out their long knives and rolled over and over on the ground, each trying to avoid the thrust of the other and himself give the death wound. The ranger was finally the victor. He got up covered with blood and dirt, with the bloody knife in his hand. The chief lay dead, literally cut to pieces.

Mr. Highsmith loaded and fired his rifle many times, and was finally wounded in the leg with an arrow. The wound did not disable him, but after getting the arrow out he continued to load and fire until the fight was over, which lasted an hour. The Indians finally gave way, retreated to the upper end of the pass, and left the rangers masters of the situation. It was a dear bought victory. Five rangers lay dead and as many more wounded. Many horses were also wounded and killed. Of the wounded were Highsmith, Ackland, Tom Galbreath, James Dunn (Red), Sam Luckey, and one other whose name is not now remembered. While the fight was going on some of the Indians were carrying their dead back to where their horses were, at the north end of the pass. Hays carried his dead and wounded men back to the south entrance of the pass, where there was a big water hole, and there spent the night burying the dead rangers and taking care of the wounded. The writer was not able to get the names of those killed except one, whose name was Jackson. It has been fifty-six years (this was written in 1900) since the battle was fought, and Mr. Highsmith cannot now remember the others. At the time of the fight he had not been in the company long, and the names of those killed were not as familiar to him as the survivors became in after years.

From the pass Hays carried his wounded men to San Antonio where they could get good medical attention.

BATTLE AT PAINTED ROCK.

One of the most prolonged and persistent battles fought between the Comanche Indians and the Texas Rangers took place at Painted Rock, where Capt. Jack Hays, with forty Rangers, fought 600 Comanches two and a half days and defeated them. It was one of the most desperate engagements on the frontier, but no information on the subject has ever been published, and as the official report of the fight was destroyed when the state capitol was burned in 1881, it is probable no record of the event could have been secured if Mr. F. M. Harrison,

the last survivor of the Texas Rangers who served under Jack Hays, had not related the following preliminary facts and described the battle.

About nine months before the fight at Paint Rock took place, Capt. Jack Hays was promoted to the rank of major and placed in command of the frontier battalion, that was composed of Capt. R. A. Gillespie's and Capt. Ben McCulloch's companies. Harrison was a member of Gillespie's company, which was encamped on the Medina river above Castroville in June, 1846, when Major Hays visited Brownsville, immediately after the United States army was marched from Corpus Christi to that point, with the intention of placing his rangers under the orders of General Taylor. During his absence a large body of Comanche Indians made a predatory incursion into the region west of San Antonio, and a party of scouts reported, the same day he returned, that the Indians had passed a certain point two days before on their way out of the country. Major Hays arrived in camp that night and ordered Captain Gillespie to make preparations to accompany him the next morning with all of his available force. He also notified Placido, a Mexican, and Bill Chisom, a Cherokee Indian, two noted trailers, who were perfectly familiar with the country, that he desired their services.

Major Hays rode rapidly from the camp at an early hour the next morning with forty rangers, and directed his course towards Bandera Pass, a noted historical landmark, where Hays and his rangers once fought a desperate battle in 1841 with a large party of Comanche warriors and defeated them. The next point on their route was Enchanted Rock, about eighty miles to the north, which is another landmark of considerable interest, not only as a natural curiosity, but because of the legendary tales associated with it and on account of the fight Hays had with a band of Comanches in 1842, when he was alone in the crater on the summit. It was a fearful experience and he narrowly escaped with his life.

About 10 o'clock that night the guides discovered the fresh trail of the Comanche raiders a few miles south of En-

chanted Rock and the rangers followed it beyond that point until the trailers decided the Indians were making for a small lake at the base of Painted Rock, another landmark situated about eighty miles in a northwest direction from that place. Maj. Hays agreed with them and the trail was abandoned for a shorter and more direct route to the lake, where he hoped to intercept the Indians. The party rode continuously for twenty-four hours, and arrived at the lake about 1 o'clock at night. After satisfying himself that he had ridden ahead of the raiders Major Hays placed his camp guards and allowed his men and horses a needed rest. They had traveled nearly 150 miles in about forty-two hours, and were completely exhausted. About daybreak the pickets announced that the Indians were approaching, and the rangers made preparations to meet them. They had no suspicions of an enemy being in that vicinity, and were advancing toward the lake in disorder, with the expectation of camping there. They were completely surprised when the rangers opened fire on them, and the warriors in front retreated a short distance until their entire force could congregate. But no active movement was made until after daylight, when the chiefs prepared to attack the small body of daring Texans who had intercepted them. They ascertained the exact number of rangers by examining the trail made by their horses, and expected to overwhelm them in one furious charge.

The rangers had taken shelter in a thicket of willow trees, where there was considerable underbrush, and where their horses were equally protected. This was on the north margin and near the center of the lake which was 100 yards wide and 300 yards long. At the west end of the lake the precipitous side of Painted Rock rose 100 feet above the water that laved its base, and obstructed an attack from that quarter.

There was perfect order among the rangers and all were self-possessed when the 600 painted Redskins charged them at full speed in a line and circled their position to the towering sides of the rock. The fearful Comanche war-whoops and demoniac yells that filled the air had no more effect upon the little band

of Texans than the swarm of arrows that flashed through their ranks when the Indians were closing around them; but they obeyed Major Hays' orders to take good aim, and fired with deadly purpose. A number of warriors tumbled to the ground when their rifles cracked, which caused the line to fall back precipitately. But after a little delay they again formed and renewed the attack, repeatedly charging at short intervals throughout the day. Sometimes, with lances poised, they rushed forward in a body to within a few yards of the Texans' line, as if they intended to sweep all before them, but they could not face the withering fire of those rangers, and would retreat in confusion. They fought with determined bravery and recklessly exposed themselves in many charges until night settled over the scene, but none of their efforts were successful.

Mr. Harrison says: "I was a boy then, only 16 years old, and tried to act as bravely as the more experienced rangers, but when I saw the long line of painted savages coming towards me in their first charge I felt the hair rise on my head, and it seemed to me that all the devils from the lower regions had been turned loose upon us; but I braced myself and the panicky feeling passed away. After that I paid no attention to the noise they made."

The Comanches retired into the darkness, leaving their dead on the field, but they continued to alarm the rangers' camp throughout the night. The rangers had fought continuously without food or rest all day and they were completely worn out and nearly famished when the enemy retired; consequently it was a relief when they could supply their necessary wants and recuperate their energies. But Hays and Gillespie were vigilant in watching the enemy and ample detail was stationed to guard the camp.

The battle that opened early in the morning of the second day continued with short intermission until night, and the courage and endurance of the rangers was tested to the utmost. They repulsed charge after charge, and several followed in such quick succession that the men scarcely had time to reload their weapons. The Comanches, too,

were more reckless, and often forced themselves almost upon the Texans with fearless desperation, as if they had determined to crush them with numbers; but at the critical moment some of them wavered under the leaden hail that thinned their ranks, and weakness created a panic. The Indians also caused diversion by attacking them from the south side of the lake and from the top of Paint Rock, which was accessible towards the west; but their arrows did no harm from that distance, though it was not beyond the reach of the Rangers' rifles, which forced them to withdraw after several warriors had fallen.

That night the Comanches again rode to the nearby watering place in small parties, as they had done before, and no doubt they marvelled among themselves at the audacity, courage and resources of the small body of white men who had defended themselves successfully two whole days against fifteen times their own number and committed fearful execution among the redskins. But they knew then that Captain Yack (the name Major Hays bore among them) was in command. Because he had made himself conspicuous at every vulnerable point throughout the fight, and they determined to compass his destruction. The spirits of several hundred Comanche warriors who had been sent to the happy hunting ground through his instrumentality were inciting them to vengeance, and perhaps they gloated over the opportunity of ridding themselves of the man against whom they cherished an implacable hatred on account of the injuries he had inflicted on their tribe. They resolved to prevent his escape by redoubling their efforts.

The rangers were in an extremely perilous situation that night, and Major Hays realized the dangers that confronted him and especially the possibility of being attacked by the whole strength of the Comanche tribe, numbering several thousand warriors. It seemed as if he had invited destruction by penetrating so far beyond the nearest settlement with his small party of fearless men and cutting off a vastly superior body of Indians in the vicinity of their strongholds. But Hays never hesitated to as-

sume any responsibility, and the courage of his men gave him confidence in their ability to resist any number the enemy might bring against him. He had defended his position 48 hours, in which time his rangers had repulsed the charge of the intrepid foe without the loss of a man, and he did not doubt but they would continue to do so the next day, though they were then physically exhausted from continual fighting. Their endurance had been tested to the utmost, but all of them were young men whose energies would be restored by a few hours' rest, and he let them sleep while he and Gillespie again assisted the outposts in guarding the camp or in repulsing small parties of the enemy who made occasional assaults.

The enemy's movements awoke the rangers from their slumbers early the next morning, and shortly afterwards the battle was renewed with more persistency than had been exhibited at any time before. They were led by a war chief who had been urging on the fight, and he exhibited a reckless bravery throughout the battle. He wore on his head the horns of a buffalo, with its heavy tuft of hair in front that covered his face. His body was clothed in a long buckskin garment with a heavy fringe on which were many silver ornaments, and it also bore many paintings. He carried a long shield that protected his entire body. The fighting was all done on the north side, in front of the rangers' position, but from different angles, and the Indians often approached within fifty yards of the thicket. Several fierce charges were made before 10 o'clock in which this war chief was conspicuous, and he was a target for many rifles, but the balls could not penetrate his shield. About that hour he concentrated his entire force in one body and was leading a charge that probably would have overwhelmed the rangers, when he was killed. He was looking backward to urge on his followers and turned his body half around with his shield in front, consequently his side was exposed. Major Hays instantly took advantage of his carelessness and sent a ball crossways through his body that killed him. When he fell to the ground his warriors rushed forward to recov-

er his body, but the rangers poured a rapid fire into the mass and forced them to fall back. One of the rangers then mounted and ran quickly to the corpse, put a rope around it and dragged it into camp. The act was performed so quickly the warriors were unable to do any thing to prevent it, but they ran forward in large numbers for that purpose, but only exposed themselves to a destructive fire, and finally the whole number suddenly wheeled and retreated rapidly into a northerly direction until out of sight.

The rangers could scarcely believe that the Comanches had abandoned the siege, and they mounted their horses to ascertain the truth, but they saw them no more. About a mile from the lake they discovered a herd of about fifty horses, with four Indians in charge, who were evidently unaware of the retreat. It was but the work of a few minutes until the four were killed and the herd passed into the rangers' possession. The horses had been stolen by the Comanches on their raids. Major Hays was greatly relieved when it was known that the Indians were gone, but he was apprehensive lest they would return with reinforcements, so he hastened his departure, though he would have preferred to remain and graze his horses that had been without food for three days. He knew his men were not in condition to pass through a similar experience, and furthermore, his company was nearly out of provisions and his ammunition was almost exhausted.

More than 100 Comanche warriors lay dead on the field, and, no doubt, as many more were wounded. And it is remarkable that the Comanches only succeeded in wounding one man and they killed one horse. The wounded man was Emory Gibbons, who was hit by an arrow that passed through his left arm below the elbow. Although thousands of arrows were discharged at them, they were the same as harmless, because the men and horses were sheltered by the trees and undergrowth where they could not be seen and which the Indians failed to penetrate. Thus protected the rangers had greatly the advantage and the arrows were wasted.

The man who lost his horse was re-

mounted on one of the captured animals, and the company left Painted Rock for their camp on the Medina, which they reached in the course of a few days, completely fagged out and greatly in need of rest.

This was the last engagement Jack Hays had with the Indians in Texas and it is certain the fight was long remembered by the Comanches as one of their hardest battles. Mr. Hays went to Austin, where he received a commission to raise a regiment of rangers to serve under General Taylor in the Mexican war. This regiment enlisted for six months in July, 1846, and earned a national reputation.

MRS. MAVERICK'S TRIBUTE TO HAYS.

In the "Memoirs of Mary A. Maverick," a very interesting book written in 1881 and published in San Antonio in 1921 gives the following:

"Mr. Maverick was a member of the Volunteer Company of Minute Men commanded by the celebrated Jack Hays—who is now an honored citizen of California. Each volunteer kept a good horse, saddle, bridle and arms, and a supply of coffee, salt, sugar and other provisions ready at any time to start on fifteen minutes warning, in pursuit of marauding Indians. At a certain signal given by the Cathedral bell, the men were off, in buckskin clothes and blankets responding promptly to the call. They were organized to follow the Indians to their mountain fastnesses and destroy their villages, if they failed to kill the Indians.

"Jack Hays came from Tennessee to Texas just after the battle of San Jacinto, and when he came to San Antonio he was nineteen years of age, at which time he was appointed a deputy surveyor. The surveying parties frequently had 'brushes' with the Indians, and it was on these occasions that Hays displayed such military skill and daring, that very soon by consent of all, he was looked upon as the leader and his orders were obeyed and he himself loved by all. In a fight he was utterly fearless and invincible.

"There were many remarkable young men in San Antonio at that time who were attracted by the climate, by the novelty, or by the all-absorbing spirit of land speculation. They volunteered from almost every state in the Union to come and fight in the short but bloody struggle of '35 and '36 for the freedom of Texas. Many came too late, i. e., after San Jacinto, but were drawn to the west by the wildness and danger and daring of the frontier life. They were a noble and gallant set of 'boys' as they styled each other, and soon the Indians grew less aggressive, and finally Hays' band drove them farther out west and made them suffer so much after each of their raids that they talked of wanting peace, and thus it went on for several years.

"On June 10, 1839, a party of Americans under Hays and a company of Mexicans under Captain Juan N. Seguin, set off in pursuit of the Comanches, who just then were very bold, and were constantly killing and scalping and robbing in every direction. The Indians fled and were chased into the Canyon de Uvalde, where our men found and destroyed their villages, newly deserted. They saw numbers of Indians all the time in the distance, amongst rocks and hills, but scattered and hiding or fleeing from danger. They had been away from San Antonio for ten days, when Captain Seguin returned reporting the woods full of Indians and predicting that our men would surely be killed. Mr. Maverick was with Hays, and after five more terribly anxious days, I was gladdened by his return. Our men had killed only a few savages and returned with some Indian ponies, dreadfully ragged, dirty and hungry.

"John Coffee Hays, or "Jack" Hays, was born January 28, 1817, at Little Cedar Lick, Wilson county, Tennessee, close to the Hermitage, which was originally a part of the Hays property. His father and grandfather distinguished themselves in Creek wars under Jackson. Hays left home at the age of fifteen to survey land in Mississippi. At the age of nineteen he joined the Texan Army at Brazos River, just after the San Jacinto battle. Besides leading the Minute Men in San Antonio, he com-

manded in numerous battles against Mexico, and was commissioned by the Texas Congress, in 1840, first Captain of the Texas Rangers. He distinguished himself repeatedly in the Mexican War, and later crossed the plains to California in '49, where he filled many positions of public trust. He died in Piedmont, California April 28, 1883. John Hays Hammond was a nephew."

THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK.

The following sketches were taken from a scrap book, started by Miss Betty Hays as a school girl, with newspaper clippings of her father's and uncle's funeral notices, and accounts of deaths, weddings, etc. It was begun January 20th, 1886:

JOHN COFFEE HAYS.

The Hero of Many Battles Surrenders to the Grim Destroyer—Death of Founder of the City of Oakland—His Romantic and Heroic Career—A Quiet and Peaceful Death.

(Oakland, California, Times.)

Col. John C. Hays, hero, patriot, aviator and friend, died at his residence about two miles and a half beyond Mountain View cemetery at 3:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

For a number of years past Col. Hays has suffered from rheumatism, but for the past six months he has been afflicted with a gradual failing of strength rather than the peculiar disease which had previously afflicted him. His strength has rapidly declined during the past month, and without suffering any pain, he slowly and steadily lost vitality. About two weeks ago he left the Galindo Hotel and returned to his home. For a few days he improved in health owing to the change, but afterwards began to grow weaker until his death, quietly passing away without a struggle, his final dissolution being caused by internal hemorrhage.

Dr. J. E. Nicholson, his physician, left his bedside at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the patient was feeling perfectly easy and resting quietly. He was inclined to sleep and expressed himself as being much refreshed. Dr.

Nicholson states that a few days before his death the Colonel was attacked with pleuratic pain, followed by a slight hemorrhage from the lungs. The hemorrhage which caused his death was the sequel to the lung trouble. Col. Hays felt satisfied that his time had come, and that the end was near. He passed away peacefully and calmly in the presence of his family and his bosom friend, Captain Frennor. He was conscious up to within ten minutes of his death.

John Coffee Hays was born at Little Cedar Lick, Wilson County, Tennessee, on the 28th of January, 1817, near The Hermitage, well known as the residence of General Jackson, and which had originally belonged to the Hays family. The ancestry of young Hays was of a military character. His grandfather built Fort Haysboro in Tennessee, and as an officer under Gen. Jackson had distinguished himself especially in the war against the Creek nation of Indians. His father, Harmon Hays, had also enlisted under General Jackson and rising to an officer's rank, had fought bravely in most of the battles of Old Hickory's brilliant campaigns. John C. received a common school education in Tennessee, and when about fifteen years of age left home to begin his battle with the world. (Note: His daughter explains that his father and mother died of a fever within a month of each other and the eight Hays children, John having three brothers and four sisters, went to live with their mother's brother, Robert Cage, she having been a tiny Southern person named Betsy Cage. Harmon Hays was over six feet, so perhaps she explains the fact that the Colonel was rather a little Colonel, though the shoulders of his old buckskin coat are very wide. Harmon Hays of this generation has the same build of shortness and lightness with wide shoulders. To return, the uncle insisted that John, being the eldest, should begin his career in a store instead of his chosen West Point, and John, not being of the temperament of a "counter-hopper," and not being able apparently to convince the uncle, who later was entirely convinced, very peaceable left home, and taught himself enough surveying to be all his life a creditable civil engineer with no further

formal schooling.) He first went to Mississippi, where he attached himself to a party engaged in surveying the swamp lands of that section. But the martial spirit he had inherited caused him to turn his eyes towards the wilder fields of Texas which at that time afforded ample promise of adventure; and in 1836, shortly after the battle of San Jacinto, John C. Hays joined the Texas army on the Brazos river. He enlisted as a private, and the qualities displayed by him in each successive encounter were such as to single him out for the specially daring and perilous duties of a spy. The dangerous character of these duties may be estimated from the fact that in those scenes the customs and usages of civilized warfare were almost unknown and ignored by the fierce Comanches and Cherokees and scarcely less cruel Mexican guerillas.

Among those who most distinguished themselves in those fierce encounters were the commands of Colonel Smith and Colonel Karnes. Smith's regiment was guarding the Mexican frontier and Karnes's in fighting the Indians. Young Hays was successively attached to each of these commands and found in both of them ample scope for his daring and courage. One of his first encounters with the Mexicans took place at Laredo, a small town on the Rio Grande, about 200 miles southwest of San Antonio. The Mexicans had a fort and garrison there and Col. Smith selected a few of his most daring men, among whom was Jack Hays, and went on a scouting expedition. He had ventured within two or three miles of the town, when suddenly some eighty Mexicans rushed out and attacked the little party, which did not number more than twenty five men. With the Mexicans hot pursuit, the little band of Americans retreated some miles and endeavored to take a position in some bushes. Their pursuers surrounded them and insolently demanded their surrender with loud threats of vengeance they would wreak upon them when captured. Col. Smith knew his men, however, and without firing a gun they received the harmless fire of the Mexican troops. Disgusted with their failure the Mexicans finally dismounted and ventured to with-

in forty or fifty yards of Smith's men. It was a trying moment, for though each man was skilful in the use of firearms, yet they had never before met the Mexicans, whose skill in shooting was as undoubted as their bravery. A moment of suspense followed, when Smith gave the command Fire! and a fusillade was poured from the American rifles which dealt terror and death to the Mexicans. They broke and fled; about twenty were killed on the spot, the greater number of the survivors were made prisoners, all their horses were made captive and Col. Smith had not lost one of his men. In such experiences, frequently repeated, young Hays served his apprenticeship in the trade of war.

Karnes, who had been an officer under Smith, soon formed a company of his own, composed of picked men whose special duty it was to fight the Indians. Young Hays was one of the first to join this new command. Their enemies were principally the Comanches, who waged war against Americans, Mexicans, and other tribes. Hays had not long been attached to the new company when an incident occurred which would have ended his career, had not his coolness and courage extricated him from the peril. After the independence of Texas was established the government granted so-called head rights to settlers or to those who had performed military services. By these grants they were entitled to a certain portion of land. During his stay in Texas, and when not engaged actively in military service, Hays was employed more or less constantly in surveying the land thus granted by the government. The surveyor's office was opened in 1838 and John C. Hays surveyed the grants on nearly all the streams of Western Texas. The unsettled condition of the country at this time rendered it necessary that each surveying party should have with it a guard for protection, and Hays was frequently given command of the entire party. In the first of these surveying expeditions he and his party were taken prisoners by the Cherokee Indians. A large band of the savages came upon them unexpectedly, and as his party consisted of only four or five men, Hays endeavored to seek safety in flight, and would have succeeded if a

little fellow who accompanied them as chain bearer had not become exhausted which induced them to halt. The savages soon surrounded the little band, and by pretence of friendship managed to get near them, whom they then declared their prisoners. Hays urged his fellows under no conditions to give up their guns. The Indians held a council of war the next day, and a negro of Hays party, who understood their dialect, secretly interpreted their proceedings to the prisoners. By this means Hays learned that the Cherokees were then flying from the Comanches with whom as well as with the whites, they were then at war; that they feared the massacre of their prisoners would bring upon them an avenging pursuit from San Antonio, and that the determined possession of their guns, retained by the prisoners, still further intimidated the savages, who knew their unerring aim. The knowledge thus gained through the interpreter made Hays secure in his position. He boldly demanded the release of his party, and met the wily efforts of the savages with the solemn assurance that he would kill the first Indian who repeated the effort. It was an experience to try the strongest nerves and the horrors of their situation were such that one of the party, a brave and tried man, found his black hair turned to grey in a single day. Finally about two o'clock on the second afternoon, the Indians made a proposal that the surveyors be released on their signing a paper testifying the friendly character of these Indians. The proposition was accepted and the captives were once more free. In 1840 the famous Texas rangers were organized and John C. Hays, then but 23 years of age, was appointed to their command and was so commissioned by the Texas Congress. During the arduous campaign of these irregulars against the Mexicans and Indians, young Hays had abundant opportunity to illustrate his bravery, skill and sagacity, as for instance in an encounter with the Comanches in the Canyon de Uvalde, soon after the organization of the Rangers.

(Continued Next Month.)

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.



A Texas Ranger Riding a Mustang

The Real Jim Bridger

By Gilbert Ellis Bailey in Los Angeles Times, April 16, 1924

(NOTE—The personality of the famous old scout, Jim Bridger, has been called into question by the motion picture, "The Covered Wagon." Jim Bridger's descendants have made heated protests, claiming that the motion picture misrepresented him as a drunkard.)

"What kind of a man was Jim Bridger? Was he a drunken rowdy and an ignoramus? What did he look like and how did he act?"

I have been asked these questions by many friends. I knew Jim Bridger personally and had many opportunities to hear all about him during the years I spent in Wyoming.

When I first met him in the late '60's he was probably over 60 years of age. He was at work at a blacksmith forge and his tall form seemed lank and thin (not short and heavy set;) but his arms were well muscled and there was great strength in them. His face was bronzed with years of exposure to all kinds of weather. His originally brown hair showed the effects of alkali dust and water. The eyes were gray, not large, but keen and piercing. His face seemed square-like, with the short-cropped beard, and to me there was a suggestion of the face of Gen. Grant. There were sternness and determination to struggle on in the compressed lips. He was independent and sometimes gruff to those who annoyed him; but he was the soul of generosity and full of noble impulses to those whom he could help in any way.

Fort Bridger was in the southwest corner of Wyoming on the little delta of the Black Fork of Green River, at a point where the Rocky Mountains ended and the Great Basin began; a point where the overland trails branched, one to California and the other to Oregon.

It was a strategic point well chosen, for here the known ended and the unknown began. It was a good business point, for there were wagon tires to be reset, animals shod and maps studied before entering the "Great American Desert" that was unknown and therefore terrifying.

There was a substantial stockade easy to defend if necessary, and some rude shelters. There were a number of tepees along the little trout streams that crossed the delta. These tepees were occupied by members of the Shoshone tribe, or by a few of the old fur trappers that "Capt. Jim" had once led, 100 strong, mounted on their tough Indian ponies.

The days of the fur company were over. The days when Jedidah Strong Smith, Sublette and Ashley were Jim's partners in trapping the beaver and hunting bear and buffalo. Around that blacksmith shop and the rude "hoss corals" grew up a humble place of refuge that has become famous as Fort Bridger. Its fame has been built up by the hands of historians and story writers who have cast the glamour of romance over it.

No one would be more surprised than "Old Gabe"—as his intimate friends called him—to learn that he was a famous character. The humble blacksmith would probably have sworn his fiercest oath and said: "Doggon it, dern'd if I don't think he's a liar!"

I have heard that "Gabe" Bridger was born in Richmond, Va., March 17, 1807; learned blacksmithing in St. Louis and had a farm at Westport, Mo. It may be of interest to note that "Abe" Lincoln was born in Kentucky in February, two years later.

Jim Bridger had no "schooling," but he was not an ignorant man. He graduated from the greater university of "Out Doors" and "Hard Knocks," an education that draws out all the natural abilities in a man. His English was the quaint, terse language used by the early pioneers. He could speak readily in French with the fur trappers from Canada, and in Spanish with those from Santa Fe. He could speak to an Indian in the tongue of the Shoshone, Bannock and Piute; and he could talk by the hour in the sign language with any tribe. He knew more about the lives, habits and cunning of the wild animals than any college professor. He knew more about the mountains, streams and topography

of the West than any geographer. He was the one who told the Union Pacific surveyors the location of the lowest passes; judging the grades from the efforts the teams made pulling up them.

Bridger's real fame rests on his wonderful, accurate knowledge of the topography, the streams and passes of the West and his ability to impart it to others. He would take a stick and draw a map in sand or clay that was correct in every detail. While drawing he might stop and ask a question of some Shoshone and get a nod or grunt in reply; or get some detail confirmed by asking a question in the sign language and getting a reply in the same manner. He knew the trails of the West better than any other man. He told Whitman how to reach Oregon and Fremont how to come to California. Kit Carson, Maxwell and others were glad to consult with him. His partner, Jed Smith, was the first white man in California, coming by way of Mt. San Bernardino and Big Bear Lake. Jim discovered Salt Lake and was the first to tell of the wonders of the Yellowstone Park. From the earliest days his name was in every frontiersman's mouth as the ablest hunter, guide and mountaineer there was.

He was known as "Gabe" or "Capt. Gabe" to the old fur trappers; "Old Jim" or "Old Man of the Mountains" to the immigrant; and always Jim Bridger to the army men, who held him in highest respect. Nicknames were the rule in those days. When he asked my name and I said "Gilbert" he said: "That's a dern queer name. I'll call you Jo," and that name stuck for quite a while.

The idea of his being a swaggering braggart or a drunken bully seems absurd to anyone who knew the taciturn and rather melancholy man. He used "co'n li'ker" occasionally and would take a drink when offered; but there was no "grog shop" at the fort; and I never heard of his drinking to excess. The fact was he was an intimate friend of Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, who was about the same age. This famous chief did everything in his power to keep whisky from his tribe and gave no refuge to horse thief or rum pedler. "Old Jim" chewed tobacco, as most men

of the South did, but seldom smoked. Smoking tobacco would betray a camp very quickly to a keen-nosed hostile. Smoking tobacco was bulky, hard to get and hard to take care of; while "plug" tobacco was compact, easily carried and lasted longer.

Persons "roughing it" are generally indifferent to dress. A beaver, martin or muskrat cap might be worn in cold weather. The "coonskin cap" seems to belong to eastern traditions and Feni-more Cooper Indians, and is the "stock" cap of moviedom. An old shawl or squaw blanket might be worn over the shoulder or tossed over the head, or he might wear the discarded headgear of some soldier.

Bridger was not a profane man, his strongest expression being: "I'll be dog-goned" or "dern my skin." The writers should take to heart the fact Alexander Majors made every employee sign a contract not to "get drunk, not to gamble, not to use profane language, not to treat animals cruelly and accept discharge without pay at any point if I break this promise." The widespread effect of this contract may be realized when it is recalled that Majors had at the peak of overland travel, in 1867, over 6000 large freight wagons, 8000 mules and 75,000 oxen and thousands of employees. Seeking the protection of these great trains of "prairie schooners" were the immigrants, the home-seekers with their household goods, plows and live stock. They were "just folks" from every walk of life and every grade of society. The third class of travelers was the small minority of both sexes, the birds of prey living on human weaknesses; just as you find in the cities today. It is a shame and a disgrace to anyone to classify Jim Bridger with these outcasts.

I realize that I am knocking some of the romance of the life in a "prairie schooner" and pulling the tarpaulin off the covered wagons; but life on the frontier was dusty, dull, dreary and monotonous; something like the life in the trenches, which one graduate describes as: "dammed dirty, damned disagreeable and damned dangerous!"

The West was not open to civilization by drunkards, gamblers and toughs or by two-gun men. The immigrants were

a courageous, patient, long-suffering class. They were God-fearing, constructive citizens and empire builders. A

man was safer in those trains than in the cities of today; while women and children were held sacred by all.

Kit Carson Loved Indians



IT CARSON, Indian killer, trail blazer, desert guide and romantic, still lives in the memory of old settlers at Taos, New Mexico, home of the great adventurer, where he died May 20, 1868, aged 59.

The Rio del Norte runs its riotous course. Taos canyon gaps abysmally deep, Taos peak rises a good thousand feet above the surrounding mesas, blanket-garbed Indians stroll around the village streets, cattle hands and sheep herders lounge about the adobe home of the great Kit, a structure now used to house a desert restaurant. And down in a bramble-grown Carson family cemetery there stands a rough slab of granite in memory of General Kit Carson, "greatest of American pioneers."

But the old-timers of Taos do not remember Carson as a general. They recall him, rather, as a charitable neighbor, an amiable conversationalist, a quiet old gentleman who hated killings and loved Indians.

They point out the long angular adobe house which Kit built, and tell how "Old Kit" gave quarters and hospitality to more desert tramps, and down-and-outers and sick Indians, and homeless Mexicans than any other citizen of Taos, ever had done.

They remember Kit Carson as a man who would share his last half-dollar with a Mexican tramp, as a man who was too modest to wear his eagles after he had been officially commissioned as a major-general in the United States army—not by "bang, bang, bang, went Kit's rifle and three more redskins bit the dust."

"The woman who knows more about Kit Carson than any one else in the United States" is a resident of Taos. She is Miss Lena Scheurich, niece of Christopher "Kit" Carson, and granddaughter of Charles Bent, the first territorial governor of New Mexico. Miss Scheurich's mother was adopted and reared by Kit

Carson and Miss Scheurich knew him intimately both personally and from hearsay.

Miss Scheurich lives alone in a quaint little adobe residence, which was built for her by this same Kit Carson. She knits and fondles her over-sized cats and talks with little Indians who come strolling over to look at her many quaint pictures and to sample the interesting candies which she concocts. She talks and dreams of the splendid past.

"Christopher Carson was a great Indian diplomat," she relates. "He loved Indians, he saved hundreds of them from being killed by his skillful compromises. He was loved by the Indians. He visited and was received cordially by every village of the Pueblo nation.

"It was against his will that he took part in the Navajo subjugation in 1867.

He did what he thought was his duty, and it was in this battle that he received an internal injury which wrecked his health and later resulted in his death.

"A kinder, nobler man never lived. His neighbors here in Taos loved him, they still revere his memory.

"I'll never forget Uncle Kit's death. He had been in poor health ever since he received his wound and shortly he developed a chronic throat trouble.

"One day he called for Governor Bent. The two talked over old times and daring adventures, and finally Uncle Kit said that he wanted to do one thing, more than anything else in the world—that was to eat an old-fashioned plainsman's dinner; roast buffalo meat, beef stew, tortillas, (Mexican cornbread) and coffee. Governor Bent granted his wish and they ate like kings, and talked of old times. Finally, Uncle Kit said he wanted to smoke his old corn-cob pipe. He did, and they talked and talked until finally my Uncle Kit became drowsy, leaned forwards, and died—like a little child going to sleep."

Texas After the Civil War

By Colonel Acie Sooner

I CAME to Texas immediately after the close of the Civil War, by rail to New Orleans, and took passage on a boat called the Iron City, for Shreveport, La. The trip up Red river was slow and frequently it became necessary to use a block-and-tackle to draw the boat over the shoals and sand banks. I landed at Shreveport in about five days after leaving New Orleans, but the river was too shallow to float the vessel further up to Jefferson, Texas. I remained in Shreveport but a short time, as most of the people were suffering with chills and fever, and footed it to Jefferson, since there was no immediate transportation available. At that time Jefferson was the largest city in North Texas, with a population of 15,000 or 20,000 people, and did an immense overland traffic with towns further west. It was also the head of navigation. Here I found hundreds of wagons loading for points in the interior of the state. One of them was bound for Greenville and others for McKinney, Denton, Sherman, Fort Worth and Dallas. Sherman was a larger town at that time than either Dallas or Fort Worth. I obtained permission to ride in a wagon bound for Greenville, in Hunt county. Here I remained for some time. The town was dilapidated. Owls and bats had but recently been driven from the houses and the high weeds cut down and burned. Hardin Hunt was running the only tavern in the town, and the writer took lodging there. A Mrs. Orr was postmistress and Prof Cushman had opened a school. Dr. Young was the principal physician and a Mr. Upthegrove the only lawyer. Fred Ende had a little grocery store and there was a blacksmith shop and a stable. The population numbered about 300 souls. The county of Hunt now is said to contain a population of about forty-eight thousand. There were no such towns in the county as Commerce, Celeste, Wolf City and Lone Oak when the war ended. A frame court house stood in the center of the public square. There was no church building, and all denominations worship-

ed in the little frame courthouse. The prairies and timbered lands presented an uncouth appearance; there were thousands of acres of uncut post oak, elm, ash, hickory, bois d'arc. The prairies were covered with grass from three to five feet high. Ninety thousand Texans had participated in the Civil War, among them all the patriots of this county, but no hostile armies, except plundering bands of Indians, had invaded this section of the state. In fact, Texas had been almost free from the ravages of the northern foe. But there had been a number of union men in the country, and these had spread terror among the women and children left behind by fathers and sons. Colonel Jim Bowlin and Colonel Young hanged thirty-five of them on one tree in Gainesville. Towns had been destroyed by fire in places in this section of the country, the firing of the buildings had been attributed to the union men. Hunt county had the appearance of a wilderness. Great Jamestown weeds, sunflowers, etc., overspread the land, and the song of the forest insects induced a cheerless feeling. I wandered around the courthouse and observed that there were still a few owls, bats, crickets, spiders and cockroaches in evidence. Gradually the men had returned from the army and the prisons, footsore and tired, minus their implements of war, to take up implements of agriculture. A number of Texas Rangers with great spurs on their boots, passed through the town on their way to San Antonio, Nacogdoches and Refugio. In a conversation with one of them the writer was told that since their job of hunting Yankees was knocked out they were going to resume their work of herding cattle. They were still armed with carbines and navy sixshooters for the purpose, they said, of resisting any attack that the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, under Lone Wolf, Big Tree and Santanta, might make upon them, as they traveled through the wilderness. They had information that wild Indians were raiding Tarrant, Denton, Wise and Montague counties, stealing horses and

killing cattle, in retaliation for raids upon them by palefaces from New Mexico and Arizona. These Indians had crossed Red river and made their escape into what is now known as the beautiful Indian Territory, or Oklahoma.

About this time the writer found a wagon destined for Denton county, loaded with goods for R. J. Battle & Co., merchants. Availing himself of the opportunity to get closer to the frontier he asked and was given permission to ride in the wagon. We passed through McKinney, a little clapboard town in Collin county, and in the course of a little more than a week the town of Denton was reached. The road from McKinney to Denton, with branches of trees hanging over from either side, was wretched and alarming. Big Elm was almost out of its banks, and in some places the road was so bad that teams of three or four wagons had to be hitched to one wagon in order to pull it through the mud. It was said by the teamsters to be the most abominable road in the Lone Star State. Up one road, down another the wagons moved slowly along, but finally the cry arose that Denton was in sight. I found myself in the midst of the "town" before I knew it. Our wagon stopped on a high hill. A line of native clapboard houses skirted the west side of the hill, called the "public square," and here I took a survey of the surroundings. I was told it was dangerous to go further west on account of the Indians, Mexican lions (or cougars), leopards and panthers. It was as much as the buffalo-hunters could do to live further west. The hill had been surveyed by Luellen Murphy, Joe Carroll and O. G. Welch, and was three hundred feet square, with an eighty-foot street and twelve-foot sidewalk on the four sides. The "square" was thickly covered with post oak trees, tangled wildwood and weeds. It appeared never before to have been touched by the hand of civilized man. On the southeast corner stood a log cabin called the "Murphy House," owned by Henderson Murphy. It consisted of two log pens, a passage and an attic. Mr. Murphy had erected one pen, and when business justified, he built another pen, and this gave him a passage between the two pens. By elevating the roof of these

pens, and flooring the passage, he more than doubled the capacity of his tavern. His hotel was the popular and only retreat for the weary traveler. Lady Murphy, his wife, raised fifteen children, and was always serene and cheerful. She called each of her guests "honey," and was ever gentle, kind and obliging. She was a courageous woman, had fought the Indians from the portholes of her cabin, and had gone through hardships and dangers incident to frontier life.

It was in April, 1868, that the writer stopped at this inn. The four streets around the square were sandy, and when the wind blew the fine dust around the square obscured the rays of the sun. Mr. Murphy said the present townsite had been occupied about ten years. It had been moved to that point from Pinkneyville. The latter town existed only in name, and not a house has been erected upon it from that day to this. The town of Denton had been moved from New Alton to Pinkneyville, and from Old Alton to New Alton. Those old sites still remain in obscurity. Mr. Murphy said there had been some talk of moving the county seat again, but this could not be done for the reason that the population had increased to more than two hundred souls since the boys had returned from the war. Now the town of Denton has a population of over five thousand, with state colleges, fine public schools, thirteen churches, street cars, sewerage, electric lights, waterworks and preparation for gas.

A newspaper was started in Denton in May, 1868. It was called the "Monitor." Its motto was, "Maintain the right—expose the wrong." C. W. Geers was the editor and James Williams and Charles Brim were the devils. John Piner, subsequently the editor of the Bonham News, was the foreman. A Washington hand press was used and a negro by the name of John Skaggs rolled and inked the forms of type. The office was located in the upper story of the new storehouse of R. J. Battle & Co., on the southwest corner of the square. The news had gone out that a newspaper was to be started on the first Saturday in May, 1868, and a large number of men, women and children came to witness the "sight." The forms were placed on the

press. The paper was to be all home print. One side of the paper had been printed a few days before. The people were staring and gaping for the news. They crowded so close around the press that the foreman had to stretch a rope around to keep the people back and give the pressman room to work. The whole community was on tiptoe and women held their children on their shoulders to give them a better view of the press while in operation. They had never seen a printing press before, and some of them had come from points several miles away to witness the event. The forms were rolled, the paper adjusted on the press, and then the lever was pulled; it cried like a screech-owl when the impression was made, and women and children jumped back in a momentary fright. Thus, the first paper in Denton and adjoining counties was born, and scores of hands reached to get it. As the paper was torn in the scuffle, the formman cried: "There will be plenty of them," and the pressman soon supplied the whole crowd, each with a paper.

"Oh," said several, "look at the reading matter, printed in a minute." And they gazed, with parted lips, wondering.

A young man said, "Why, here is enough reading, printed in a minute, to require a whole day to read."

"What is the price of this paper for a year?" they inquired.

"Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in specie, in advance," replied the editor. "Green-backs will not be accepted at any price," he continued. And in one day the editor had secured three hundred subscribers.

The county clerk, J. R. McCormick, gave him thirty estray notices to print at two dollars each which he had been saving for the paper.

The next day the editor printed one hundred circulars, size eight by ten inches, on the Washington press, for seven dollars and fifty cents. He made money "hand over fist," so to speak, and the people looked on and wondered.

The Monitor was popular from the start and was eagerly read by these good people each week.

They were the best people, as a whole, that the Monitor ever had on its subscription list, during its run of 40 years,

as I was informed by the editor. It is true that many of the men wore a rough visage, and homespun style of dress, and seldom wore a coat, except in the winter time. The material worn by them was made by the women at home, and in every house could be heard the hum of the spinning wheel and the stroke of the loom. The women manufactured their own jeans and linsey, cut the garments, and made their clothing. There was not a stove, or buggy, or sewing machine or piano in the county. Cooking was done in pots and skillets. The fireplace reached clear across one end of the cabin and iron rods were adjusted in the open recess of the chimney or jambs. On these rods were suspended large kettles and pots, filled with hominy and hog meat. Light bread and biscuits were cooked in skillets on the hearth. The fare thus provided was superior in every respect to any I have ever come in contact with since. At night an iron or tin lamp, supplied with grease, was attached to the jambs of the fireplace, and this gave all the light that was thought necessary. Mrs. Lewis Fry, a pioneer lady, who had also fought the Indians and was a bit serious-minded said she felt sorry for the rising generation, for she apprehended all the grease would be consumed in fifty years, and the people would sit in darkness; also shiver in the freezing blasts of winter, as wood, too, become scarce in the distant future. She had never heard of coal or gas, kerosene or electricity, nor had ever dreamed of such things.

I was impressed with the evident happiness of this lady and, in fact, all the people were happy. Though dressed in homespun garments with leggings made of the hides of animals, and a snake for hatband, a more contented or milder-mannered community did not exist. It appeared that all of them had cultivated a soft, melodious tone of voice and speech, to correspond with their hospitality and generosity. It seemed that anything they had was yours, if you wanted it. I felt that I was in a veritable paradise on earth. If you visited the cabin of one of them, the whole family would take a pleasure in entertaining you, showing you the hides of animals, on the walls and fences, the shoats in the

pens, being fattened for hog-killing time, when the meat for the winter was to be laid in, the cows, horses and chickens, and everything calculated to add comfort and pleasure to the home. Now, these were the men who returned from the war and substituted the implements of peace for those of war.

True the Texas of secession and slavery was gone. It was dead. But the Texas of union and universal freedom was taking root and growing. Men and women of this generation will never forget the traditions of their fathers, though they may now have other ideas and aspirations. They read how the union soldiers returned to the North, flushed with victory, in their shining blue uniforms, and were greeted in a blaze of glory. But they saw how their fathers and brothers came home with faded and tattered gray jackets, and with their paroles in their pockets, presenting them to their children as a testimony of faith and fidelity. Ragged and half starved, heavy-hearted and some of them wounded, they surrendered their guns, wrung the hands of their comrades in a final farewell, and taking a last look toward the graves that dotted the fields of carnage, completed their journey home. They had been fighting four years for the glory and liberty of Texas.

Many found their homes in ruins; their farms overrun with weeds, their stock driven off by wild and merciless Indians, their barns empty, their business destroyed. Their money was worthless and their people were without government or law. Neighbors had been slain. They were crushed by defeat, and without money or credit.

But not for a day did they sit down in sullenness and despair. The scourage they had suffered was attributed to fate. God had inspired them in their adversity and therefore restoration was near. Horses that some of them had ridden in the war now marched before the plow. Fields that had known only the whoop of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians for four years, were made ripe with harvest. Decayed towns were beautifully rising again, and there was no hatred and animosities rankling in the bosoms of the

Confederates against those who wore the blue.

But to return from this divergence to the main topic as touching the condition of the pioneers of North Texas after the Civil War: The negroes as I have said, were free. They were ignorant, and by fate left among us. Many of them were industrious, it is true, and willing to work for a living, but all were very ignorant, as the race had been in slavery since long before the days of King Solomon. Indeed, at the first dawn of history, they were found in slavery, and classed with cattle and hogs and were bought and sold as personal property. Many of the dissipated, licentious sort, were expecting from the government forty acres of land and a mule as a free gift. The skallawags and carpet-baggers that infested Texas at that time were promising them as much and in some instances giving them forged deeds to parts of their late master's lands. And they were claiming lands under these deeds, and stealing cattle, hogs, horses and poultry, watermelons, fruits, etc. Some of the vicious, lecherous sort had frightened women and children and one of them went as far as to drag a woman from a horse on Holford Prairie, in Denton county, not far from the little town of Lewisville. This negro was caught by an organized band, said to have been but recently formed, and called the Ku Klux Klan. They carried him to Lewisville, where the lady resided, bound hand and foot, and turned him over to her. She told them that he was the identical negro that assaulted her and she requested them to take him out in the brush and kill him. They replied that they would take him out, but that she must do the killing herself, for that she was the only person that had the right to do so, being the party mostly aggrieved. Accordingly, they conveyed the negro to a lonely spot in the woods, and she shot him two or three times with a pistol, and then the men unbound him. About an hour after a boy came running into the house and reported that the negro was still alive. A man then went out and knocked him in the head with an ax. In about two hours afterward three or four men went out to get the corpse and bury it, but to

their surprise the negro was gone, and could not be found near the place where he had been presumably killed. A posse was immediately organized, and by following a trace of blood and foot marks through the timber, they found him not far from the town of Denton. They brought him to the Murphy house, in Denton, and tied him to a post, on the southeast corner of the square. Scores of men, boys and negroes, followed the posse to that post, and looked at him in astonishment, because he was still alive. I approached the negro and asked him where he was hurt, as he was bloody all over, but he complained only of a thorn in his foot. The question then arose as to what disposition should be made of the negro. It was decided that as no one had authority to kill him, he should be sent to the jail at McKinney. Denton had no jail, it having been destroyed by fire. So the posse, headed by Columbus Daugherty, now deceased, started with the negro for McKinney. It was not long before the posse returned and reported that while riding through Elm Bottom the negro leaped from the horse he was riding and escaped in the brush. That negro was never heard of again. How he was permitted to "escape" has never been explained, nor did I ever hear of any further effort to recapture him. Various theories were advanced, but, no one has been found that could tell anything about it. Now this story may be found a little questionable, but old settlers of Denton and Lewisville will confirm every word of it, for it is true.

I was a young man at that time and viewed the habits, practices and customs of the people of this locality with considerable awe and astonishment, for I was born and raised amid environments quite different in many respects. But no people on earth were more kind-hearted, charitable, unselfish and benevolent generally, than the people of this section of Texas.

About this time seven horse thieves were caught and hanged on one tree near Grapevine in Tarrant county. One was hanged on the public square in Denton and another near the public well on what is now Prairie street.

Another was hanged not far from Den-

ton on the Fort Worth road. This thief deserves special mention. I will not call his name lest it might be confounded with some prominent citizens bearing the same name. There was a widow with five children living alone on a farm. The husband had perished in the war, while gallantly leading a charge on a federal battery. She had but one horse and this was her only dependence for making a living for herself and children. The thief saw her come home from the field, after plowing all day and watched her feed her horse. He thought, according to his own confession, that as there was no man about the place, he could get off with the horse unpursued. So about midnight, while the widow and her children were wrapped in slumber, he stealthily crept to her home, untied the horse and appropriated it to his own use. Great was the excitement in that little family the next morning when the widow arose and found her only hope of making a living gone. Wringing her hands, she and her children went from neighbor to neighbor and reported the theft. The pioneers, as fast as they heard of the widow's loss, rose as one man to hunt the thief, and recover, if possible, the horse. Some of them could trail man or beast through the brush like a bloodhound. They could tell by the impression of the feet of the stolen horse how old the track was and by this means before the sun was down they had caught the thief in Tarrant county. As they returned with him bound on the horse he had stolen, the crowd increased in number, and by the time they had reached a point a few miles from town, the mob was crying "Hang him, hang him!" Already a rope was around his neck, while the thief, trembling, through pallid lips begged for his life. "Brother, brother, brother!" he kept repeating, "have mercy on me." They replied that he might ask God to forgive him, but that they could not. So they hanged him by the neck to the limb of a tree until he was dead, on the Fort Worth road.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

"Wild Bill" Hickok

BY EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

Author of "The Trail to Apacaz," "The-Regulation Guy," "Burned Brands,"
"Gysying Through Central America," Etc.



HE CHILL DECEMBER wind blew gustily across the Kansas prairie. It rustled the dry brown grass and hummed a monotone beneath the sod eaves of the dugout. It stirred like rumpling fingers the coarse winter coat of the squat man's pony as it stood "hip-shot" before the door of the rude dwelling. It whipped the long blonde hair about the shoulders of the lean, blue-eyed, six-footer who lounged against a door post watching with faint smile the squat rider.

"Them's orders," said the wide-shouldered fellow in the saddle. "Jack McCandlas, he says you'll just make it simpler all round by bringing the hosses up to us."

There was vast meaning in the way he accented the phrase "simpler all round." But, apparently, the tall, blonde station-agent missed any significance in the messenger's words. He smiled absently.

"Why, I can't do that—exactly," he replied. "But—tell you what! The horses are here at Oak Creek—as Jack McCandlas knows. If they weren't—well, the overland wouldn't need me here as station-agent, now would they? You tell Jack that if he wants the stage company's stock, he can come get 'em."

"He—we—will!" promised the rider ominously. "You can bet your last chip on that."

"Fine!" beamed "Shanghai Bill," the station-agent. "Fine! You see—it'll make it simpler all round."

He was a mild mannered youngster of twenty-four, this Shanghai Bill Hickok. He had puzzled others besides this none-too-bright messenger of the McCandlas gang of horse-thieves and all-round desperadoes. The latter stared now, wondering just how to regard this messenger to the dread Jack McCandlas. He was soon enlightened:

"Of course," drawled Shanghai Bill, "he'll come shootin' . . ."

As the messenger rode off, cursing fluently to himself, the Overland Stage Company's agent at Oak Creek watched him with thin lips curved still in his soft smile.

James Butler Hickok, they had christened him at birth in La Salle County, Illinois, in May of 1837. From childhood he had handled a rifle and revolver and bowie-knife; from the time he had learned to line his sights, he had been a restless youngster. So as a lanky youth of eighteen he was already a warrior of note in the bloody guerilla fighting that raged in Kansas before the Civil War. They called him "a bad man to rile;" a fast and accurate performer with either rifle or the new Colt's revolver.

The second term of his schooling was his time as driver for the Overland. In that day, a man needed to know several things besides the mere "handling of the ribbons." For he was very apt to meet gentlemen whose fingers fairly itched to juggle the treasure-chests, or encounter the playful "feather-dusters," as the West sometimes named its red inhabitants. These last seemed to enjoy nothing quite so much as hiding behind a bush, then leaping forth with joyful whoops to frolic a while with driver and passenger.

"Shanghai Bill," they called him in this year of '61, when he served the Overland as station agent at Oak Creek. Always quiet of manner, his reputation unknown to the banditti of the neighborhood, it was small wonder that he should have been so misunderstood by the McCandlas brothers that they had sent this messenger to him, demanding the Overland's stage-stock.

Hickok had no doubts regarding the acceptance of his invitation to the McCandlases. They had ruled the roost in the neighborhood too long to do anything but accept.

As it happened, he was alone when they rode up on the sunny afternoon of December 16, 1861, for his stableman

was out hunting. He saw them coming—a hard-riding, hard-bitten bunch, ten of them altogether. Hickok went quietly into his dugout and closed the door thoughtfully behind him. He was ever a man neat and methodical in his habits, so now he dusted off his rifle and twin Colt's and tried the razor-edge of a bowie upon one of his foot-long blonde hairs.

Any statistician will swear upon the book that one man has no hope of licking ten. But "Shanghai Bill" never fought by statistics. When the McCandlases had battered open his dugout door and Jim McCandlas leaped through it, shooting as he came, Hickok killed him, then dropped the single-shot rifle. With three shots of his Colts he killed three men. That left him but six to face and at such close quarters that their very number prevented them from any effective action. He dropped the revolvers and with his bowie made flashing, desperate play.

A Homeric battle scene, that which comes to us down the years—the dugout's dim interior sharply contrasted by the yellow December sunlight outside; the dark mass that sways and surges, bending this way and that, with Shanghai Bill's yellow head gleaming splendidly above then press of straining figures. At point-blank range the Colts roar; the once-bright bowie-blades—reddened, and dripping, now!—darting like snake-heads in short cut-and-thrust. Jack McCandlas brings down his rifle-barrel upon the high blonde head. Hickok crashes to the floor. But even as he touches it, snatches up a fallen Colt to shoot McCandlas dead. . . .

Four men—one badly wounded—were suddenly possessed of that quantity of fighting inelegantly phrased "a bellyful." More eagerly than they crowded in, they pushed hurriedly outside. After them, "cut and shot all to pieces," lurched a tall and terrible figure. As they clutched at saddle-horns the stableman came running and from him Hickok snatched a rifle. One of the quartet slid from the saddle with the flat, metallic report; the others rode off hell-for-leather, one of them destined to live hardly out of sight.

They had ridden up to the dugout ten

to one! Hickok had been victor in the greatest battle of frontier records, one of the greatest man-to-man conflicts of the world. He survived his myriad wounds and from the Selkirks to the Rio Grande, men spoke of him expressively as "Wild Bill."

When he had recovered from the battle with the McCandlas gang—and the time of his convalescence was by no means a short one—he served with the Union army. Beginning as wagon-master for General Fremont (of "Pathfinder" fame) he fought through the Civil War. Always of civilian status, he was scout and spy and sharpshooter for various Union commands. His escapes from detection—and death—were myriad. But no sooner had he escaped a spy's fate with one unit of the Confederate Army than he either returned to his work as sharpshooter or enlisted with another Confederate regiment to spy again and take his chances of remaining undetected or escaping. He was sent to Kansas upon a rumor that the Sioux were on the verge of an uprising. It was while on this duty that he killed the Sioux chief, Conquering Bear, in a desperate knife duel. Second only to the battle that gave him his final sobriquet of "Wild Bill," this was perhaps Hickok's most dangerous fight. He won, but was a year or so recovering from his wounds. When the war ended Wild Bill's tally by knife and Colt and rifle was doubtless nearer seventy than sixty men.

It seems the inescapable fate of a gunman, within or without the law, that he is never permitted to lay away his weapons and "settle down." Always his reputation is as a red rag before rivals and the greater the reputation the more provocative of challenge it is. So it was with Wild Bill. In Springfield, Missouri, one Dave Tutt, who esteemed himself—and not without reason—a dangerous man, and one more than usually skilled with weapons, provoked Hickok into a duel in the town square. In Springfield, at the time of the encounter, Hickok was the dark horse. You could have got odds of ten to one an hour before the meeting, had you decided to lay a bet on Wild Bill. But actually it was the old,

old story of a champion against a preliminary boy.

There has perhaps never lived a man of so many personal combats as Hickok. Trained to the use of the heavy Colts almost from boyhood, constant practice, plus unshaken nerve made of him a "quick draw artist" utterly without equal in all the annals of the West. Had the coroner in Springfield been in possession of the facts we have now, he must have instructed his jury to bring in a verdict of suicide.

Somewhat later Hickok went trapping. In the wild region of Nebraska, in a frontier saloon four "hard cases" fell to arguing with him and finally invited him outside to "shoot it out." But odds of four to one were nothing to Wild Bill now. Three of his opponents he killed and badly wounded the fourth, dropping two with deadly lefthand-shooting after his right arm had been disabled.

And now he entered upon that period of his life which was to make his name known to every schoolboy as a cowtown peace officer.

Of all the characters who figure in the romantic story of our West, the two types which make most fascinating reading are always the Bad Man and Frontier Sheriff. Both came prominently into the forefront of western life with that strange mushroom development of the cattle trade, when hell-roaring cowtowns sprang up overnight around the railroad shipping pens. First came the bad man as a rule; then, to control him, inevitably the two-gunned peace officer was developed.

Many and varying were the marshals of the "wide-open" towns. But by virtue of his career that started in Hays City, Kansas, "Wild Bill" Hickok stands vastly tallest. He has come to typify for us the frontier marshal at his best. Nor was this wholly due to the almost incredible number of his killings. His record is unique in that never once was the fairness of any killing questioned.

When Hays City made him its marshal Hickok found a noted desperado named Jack Strawhan holding forth there. In the parlance of the day and place, Strawhan "owned" the town. But it was never Wild Bill's way to acknowledge any such titles. Strawhan, says the

story, had his gun out when the new marshal started his draw, but—Strawhan never fired; Boot Hill took him . . .

Then, one Mulvey somehow caught Hickok off-guard. He covered the marshal with two guns, but even as the spectators stood rigid, as Mulvey's thumbs hovered on the big hammers, Hays City was treated to the fastest draw of its experience—for Wild Bill's hands flashed to his Colt-butts; his guns jumped out and exploded in the split-second ensuing before Mulvey realized that the marshal would draw when covered. So Mulvey followed Strawhan. Boot Hill had him.

A little later, though, Wild Bill left Hays City very hurriedly, with General Phil Sheridan's men scouring the country for him and the General bellowing threats of vengeance. Three private soldiers, ill-mannered enough to sneer at the long yellow hair which was Wild Bill's especial pride, began the row which raised the Hickok tally from seventy-five to seventy-eight. He got safely out of the range of military retaliations.

After a highly unsuccessful try at Wild West theatricals "back east," in which, they say, he suffered intensely from stage-fright, Wild Bill returned to the open plains. Abilene, Kansas, that hell-roaring Mecca of the trail-herds, needed a strong man for town marshal and, naturally, thought of Wild Bill. Into Abilene came the vast herds of wild Southern cattle, driven by men wilder even than their charges. Up and down the dusty streets of the town they swaggered it, these young savages of the trails, stopping for a time before they returned to their ranges, to steep themselves in the scarlet joys of the barroom and brothel. No weakling's job, that of policing the wildest community on the face of earth! It was the Day of the Bad Man and so, equally the Day of the Bad Man's Nemesis.

Because of his picturesque personality his long list of killings and the aloof, almost impersonal fashion in which he met every challenge while seeking none, Wild Bill stood preeminent among the peace officers of the frontier and Abilene gloried in her marshal.

When two days after his election an unidentified desperado fell to his deadly,

almost magical, gun-play, the town nodded to itself. As much might have been expected! That same night, while he patrolled the town, he saw a man dart around a corner ahead, tugging at his hip-pocket. With mechanical alertness, Wild Bill drew and fired—and killed one of his deputies, a personal friend, who died with a handkerchief in his hand.

Fear, he seems to have been an utter stranger to through all his days. The story is told of him how, hearing that eight professed bad men were coming to Abilene with the avowed purpose of downing the marshal and thereby earning a purse of five thousand dollars, offered by certain hostile cattlemen. Wild Bill neither withdrew discreetly, nor even waited their arrival. He left Abilene but on a train which would meet that of the killers. He boarded their train and confronted the bad men. Faced by the twin muzzles of Wild Bill's deadly Colts; by the alternative of instant death by bullets; they jumped from the racing, swaying train. In this "leap for life," paradoxically, one was killed.

There is little more to tell of this strange, heroic figure from the colorful tapestry of our "Old West." That which might be said of his later days is largely repetitious. After his time as marshal of Abilene was done, the Black Hills knew him. There is the tale of his killing four Indians with four pistol-shots, as they pursued him. In turbulent Cheyenne he went his usual quiet, yet self-sufficient way. Then he married and came to Deadwood, South Dakota, to "settle down." Vain hope!

Any barroom gladiator might purchase fame with a single bullet—if that bullet "downed" the most famous of frontiersmen, "Wild Bill" Hickok. Fleeting reputation was gained by more than one such, who owed his life to Wild Bill's forbearance, but construed that kindness—at a safe distance from its owner—as respect, even fear.

In Deadwood, then, on August 2, 1876, Wild Bill sat playing a friendly game of cards in a saloon. He had had words with Jack McCall over an earlier game of cards, but had not considered the matter important. So McCall was permitted to enter the saloon; to stand be-

side the table as if watching; to disarm Wild Bill's instinctive suspicion. Getting behind Hickok, McCall clapped a pistol-muzzle to Wild Bill's head and fired.

A Deadwood miners' court acquitted the murderer, but when in Yankton he boasted of the crime and the cleverness of its execution, he was taken before a real court, speedily convicted of murder and summarily executed.

So Wild Bill, most picturesque of all the Old West's gun-men, fell to the cowardly bullet of a man who would never have dared face him from the front. In all the long record of the frontier, is not Hickok's equal for flashing, accurate gun-play, coupled with utter fearlessness; nor has any other oldtimer a list of killings, verified killings and each, we must concede, capable of being called justifiable, fit to mention in the same breath as Wild Bill's.

But for something more than mere gun-skill will his name live; for "square-shooting;" for being a good friend to his friends; for kindness, forbearance, generosity, even to enemies. General Custer, who knew Hickok well, paid glowing tribute to him as scout, as plainsman par excellence, as honest, fearless peace officer—and as gentleman.

One recalls the words of that famous epitaph, in thinking now of Wild Bill Hickok—We shall never see his like again. Gone are the days that bred such as he. Gun-men we have today, of course, but with the exception of a tiny body of such as Tom Threepersons, they are generally sneaking dope-fiends who shoot from doorways, from behind their intended victims.

A long and misty caravan it is that one conjures up, in thinking of the Old West—skin-clad frontiersmen and "mountain men"; government scouts like Carson and Cody; two-gunned marshals of almost-forgotten boom-towns; nester and cowboy now riding side by side.

Tall among them rides Wild Bill, hawk-faced and golden blonde of hair; with keen blue eyes roving. They played their part, all of them; few more spectacularly than he. They gave way to civilization; but their epitaphs are written clear in our memories today.

The Squaw Who Saved Fayetteville

From An Account of Pioneer Days by Mrs. Sue Morgan

Austin, Texas, March 7, 1927.

Mr. J. Marvin Hunter,
Editor "Frontier Times,"
Bandera, Texas.
Dear Sir:

In your March, 1927, issue was a story of "The White Squaw of the Comanches." There was another white squaw, whose stoicism was as great as an Indian's, yet whose mercy saved the city where her son was killed. The story of this white squaw has always been a loved one amongst the children of the family. Tradition has it that the woman knew certainly that her son was dying; that the white men who sent for her did so to implore her aid to keep the truth from the Indians amongst whom her son was a great chief, son of a chief.

But the story is best told in the words of my grandmother, now ninety-two years of age, as she wrote it for us in her eighty-eighth year.

Sincerely yours,
M. E. MOODY.



Y REQUEST of my granddaughter, I will try to bring up memories of eighty-four years. I was born September 19, -1834.

In January, 1838, the Indians were being taken from different points to the Reservation granted by the Government. Our home was in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in direct line to the Reservation; and the Indians had to pass through, guarded by United States soldiers. An order was given by the officer in command for every saloon to be closed during the passing. All gladly obeyed orders except one man, who left his back door open. Soon one prominent young Indian had trouble with the saloon keeper who, using his bowie knife, mortally wounded the Indian.

He was taken to the best hotel and doctors were called in. A camping place had been selected four miles out and the first division had passed through

and the mother of the wounded man with it. When the second division reached town, they soon learned of the trouble and swore if he died they would kill every man, woman, and child, and burn the town.

The wounded man called for his mother, who was a white woman. She was brought in and remained a short time and left him to die among strangers and told the band he would be with them in a short time. They agreed to move on to the camp. He died that night, but one of the officers reported he was doing well and would be with them in a few days. So they reluctantly renewed their march to what was called the Indian Nation.

The remains were taken by responsible men to the mother in a few days. The man that caused the trouble left town that night and never returned. I met him once at New Braunfels, Texas, in 1848, and avoided shaking hands with him although he said he was a particular friend of my father. He was a prominent business man in San Antonio.

But, oh! what a night was passed by the inhabitants of Fayetteville. Every man was armed and on guard while the women were on the watch also. This is what I remember: my dear mother gathering her little band around the cradle of our baby sister one month old, and the prayer that ascended to Heaven from her dear tongue I shall never forget. And I know it was answered. All that were old enough always remembered that prayer. She was no whiter when she lay in her casket than when she offered that prayer. At that same time the last part of the band was passing our home. It was too dark to see them but we could hear the commands of the officers as they passed.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Historic Spots of the Panhandle

From a Paper Read by T. D. Hobart Before the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society

I HAVE been requested to prepare a paper on historic places in the Panhandle of Texas and will refer briefly to a few of the more important ones that have been called to my attention.

Among the conflicts with the Indians I would refer first to the battle at Adobe Walls, in Hutchinson county, in November, 1864, between the troops under Kit Carson and the Kiowas and the Comanches. I understand that the little knoll or hill where Carson placed his artillery in the desperate stand that he made against great odds can probably be identified. As far as I have been able to determine, Mr. Charles Goodnight is the only one of the old pioneers who knew about the battle. He was out on a scout with Texas Rangers at the same time.

The battle between the buffalo hunters and Indians at Adobe Walls in June, of 1874, has been suitably commemorated and the site has been suitably marked by our society. The battle field on or near the North Fork of Red River in Gray county, where an encounter took place between the troops under General McKenzie and the Indians in 1872 can probably be identified.

The site of what is generally known as the Buffalo Wallow fight with the Indians in what is now Hemphill county, September 12, 1874, where Willam Dixon and Amos Chapman with four enlisted men from General Miles' Troops had a most desperate encounter, has probably been located and steps have been taken to have it suitably marked.

At the same time that the Buffalo Wallow fight was in progress a desperate encounter was taking place a few miles to the northward where General Miles' supply train was rounded up by the Indians. The teamsters and escorts, greatly outnumbered, were cut off from water for about three days. I have visited that place. It is easily identified and should be properly marked.

In 1874 an engagement took place between the troops under General Miles and the Indians, in what is now the J. A.

Ranch in Armstrong county, and the same year there was a battle between the troops under General McKenzie and the Indians and two days later he fought another battle with them in Blanco canyon. There he captured the Indian ponies and brought them back to his camp on Tule creek, a few miles from where he fought the battle. He killed some 1,400 of the horses. I think that all of these places can be located.

Fort Elliott was established in 1875 and abandoned in the fall of 1890. It is proposed to suitably mark the location of this fort.

The ill-fated Santa Fe expedition that set out from Austin to Santa Fe (I think it was in 1842), apparently crossed the Tule and Palo Duro canyons. However I do not know of any trace of the passing of this expedition.

Gregg in his "Commerce of the Prairies," describes his expeditions across the Panhandle, on one of which he gave names to various streams entering the Canadian river. Names that are entirely different from the names by which we now know them. For instance, Red Deer creek he named Dry river, a very appropriate name.

The government expedition under Lieutenant Albert, in 1845, crossed the Panhandle from Colorado southwest on through Indian territory. I am not aware of any trace of either Gregg's tours or of the expedition.

In 1849 Captain Marcy laid out the south Santa Fe trail from Fort Smith, Ark., to Santa Fe, N. M. across the Panhandle, and escorted a train of emigrants on their way to the newly discovered gold fields of California. On this expedition it is probable that the first white children to be born in the Panhandle made their appearance, the time being June 8, 1849, when a pair of twin boys were born on White Deer Creek in Hutchinson county. Many years ago I discovered traces of the Santa Fe trail south of the divide between the Canadian and Ouachita rivers in Hemphill county. It also crosses the northwest corner of what is known as the Dixon

creek pasture in Hutchinson county.

Later, trails like the Jones and Plummer trails from Mobeetie and Fort Elliott to Dodge City, the Fort Elliott and Fort Supply trail, the old stage road from Mobeetie to Tascosa, and from the former place to Old Clarendon and Wichita Falls can easily be identified.

It will doubtless occur to some of those present that I have overlooked many items of interest. However, if what I have said shall be the means of causing others to bring to the attention of our society important places whose memory should be preserved, a step forward will have been gained.

Shot Through with Arrows

By Captain R. G. Carter, U. S. A., Retired, Washington, D. C.



IN THE Army and Navy Courier for February and March, 1927, published at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, edited by Colonel Martin L. Crimmins, U. S. A., retired historian is a very interesting incident connected with the early occupation of Fort Chadbourn taken from the unpublished memoirs of General David L. Stanley, U. S. Army, who as a young officer, had been stationed there in the winter of 1854-5. "Soon after joining, the Comanches caught two soldiers (mail carriers) near the post and, tying them to a tree, burned them alive. A short time after forty Indians came into the post for a council. They were surrounded by soldiers and several were killed. (Note—Letters were found upon these Indians which it was believed had been taken from the mail carriers whom they had murdered). Lieut. George B. Anderson and myself occupied one room in the unfinished hospital. One very beautiful bright moonlight night in September we were awakened by some strange noise like some one groaning and calling, and going out we found a soldier by the name of Mattock, who was just being helped to the hospital by a soldier who lived with his wife near the creek. Mattock had been over the creek to the hut of a Dutchman who sold liquor. Having filled up he was on his way home, happy no doubt, and at the crossing of the creek, which was in deep banks, five or six Comanches waylaid him and as he passed commenced shooting at his back with bows and arrows. Mattock shouted and ran until he met the soldier who lived in the cabin and who brought him moaning and crying out to the hospital. **** Mattock had fourteen arrows in

him; he bristled with them like a porcupine. Three of these arrows had gone so far through him that the surgeon extracted them by cutting the feathered part of the arrow and pulling them through the man's body. In two weeks time Mattock was walking around, and his only disability was finally from a superficial wound which had fractured a nerve. Assistant Surgeon Eben Swift, who treated this man, said he feared a truthful relation of the case would result in his being put down as a Munchausen."

Assistant Surgeon Swift was the father of Brigadier General Swift, U. S. A. retired, a graduate of West Point, Class 1876. The latter related to the writer a few days since, in the Army and Navy Club, the sequel to the foregoing story. He was born at Fort Chadbourn, May 11, 1854. He was a small child when his father was ordered to San Antonio. A cavalry scout went with them to their first camp. That same day of their departure, upon the arrest in the post of some Comanches by the soldiers, several of the former were driven into the quarters his father had vacated, and killed there. Later the Indians followed the escort and fired into the camp, but were driven off. His father saved the arrows which he had extracted from Mattock. He was ordered to old Fort Randall. At the opening of the Civil War in 1861, upon being ordered to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and from thence to Hannibal, Mo., the freight car in which the family was traveling was set on fire by the Confederates and those Comanche arrows—so long packed away as surgical curios—were burned.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

**Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy
and Pioneer Achievement**

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera,
Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

We regret to chronicle the death of Clifton Seymour Stuart, which occurred at Scottsdale, Arizona, February 7, 1927. Mr. Stuart was known throughout the United States as one of the best writers of frontier sketches. Under the pen name of Clifton Seymour he contributed many interesting articles to the Dallas News bearing on early Texas events. In this issue appears probably the last Texas story written by him only a few days before his death, "The Shooting of Actor Maurice Barrymore." He had planned to send other stories of events which occurred in this state, and wrote us very encouraging letters in regard to the development of this little magazine. But the hand of Death suddenly laid its hold upon him and he was taken away suddenly. His passing will be mourned by thousands.

Frontier Times comes to you this month with a new cover design, drawn by Warren Hunter. When we announced a short time ago that we contemplated certain improvements in the appearance of Frontier Times quite a number of our friends wrote us protesting against any change, saying that the little magazine looked all right as it is. We appreciate the kindly interest shown and while we expect to make needed changes from time to time, there will be no radical departure from our original purpose to make the typographical dress of Frontier Times harmonize with the period of time which it represents. Many of our subscribers are preserving their copies and having them bound in book-form, and it will please them to know that we will not change size of page at any time. Beginning with our next October number, which will be the beginning of Volume Five, the pages will be numbered in consecutive order, and when the volume is completed an index

of all numbers of that volume will be published. Heretofore, and at the present time the pages number from 1 to 48, but under the new arrangement they will number from 1 to 576.

Eugene Cunningham, the nationally known writer of border stories, sends us from El Paso, a very interesting and entertaining little booklet, "Famous in the West," in which is given sketches of "Jim Gillett, Frontiersman, Cowboy, Texas Ranger, City Marshal of El Paso," "Dallas Stoudenmire El Paso's Two-Gunned Marshal," "Billy the Kid, He Died with his Boots Off," "John Wesley Hardin, Preacher's Son, Super-Killer, Lawyer," "Tom Threepersons, Northwest Mounty, World's Champion Cowboy, Border Peace Officer." The little booklet can be obtained from the Hicks-Hayward Co., El Paso.

Webster Witter, of Agua Dulce, Texas, writes: "Enclosed find renewal for Frontier Times. I do not want to miss a number. My father was a Texas Ranger and was in several fights, but some way they got his discharge misplaced. He was with McCulloch, Roberts and Highsmith."

Mrs. Mattie A. Maddux, 922 Ninth Street, Dallas, Texas, writes: "In your February issue of Frontier Times you speak of Indian Kate. I have every reason to believe she was born in our family. Her mother was our slave, her father a Comanche Indian. After she was free she attended a school in Austin, and married a negro soldier named Cato. I have seen him many times. This girl was named for Kit Carson, and the other darkies called her Comanche Kate. She was a very fine looking woman, enough of the Indian in her to make her hair straight and slightly waved. If living she would now be about 72 or 73 years old. I regret that my memory is so bad, for I can call to mind numerous stories of Indian troubles in Mason and adjoining counties, but cannot remember the particulars." Mrs. Maddux's father, William Greenwood lived near Fort Mason in the fifties and early sixties.

Our Advertising Rates.

Frontier Times offers the following rates to advertisers. One page, inside cover, one time, \$20.00. Outside back cover page, one time, \$25.00. Inside pages, one time, \$20.00. Half page, one time, \$10.00. Quarter page, one time, \$6.00. One inch, one time, \$1.25. Reading notices, five cents per word each insertion. Estimate 30 words to the inch on display advertising. Cash must accompany all orders for advertising.

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THE OLD SERGEANT'S STORY,

of which mention was made in the February number of Frontier Times, and review by Prof. J. Frank Dobie of the University of Texas, taken from the Dallas News of December 26, 1926, can be obtained from the publisher, Frank H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th Street, New York City. Price \$3.00.

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A. F. GAMBER

State Teachers College,

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Frontier Times

THIS IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE of its kind in the world. It is full of real Texas history, given by men and women who helped to make Texas history. It specializes in Texas Ranger stories, Indian Depredations, Border Warfare, Outlawry, Trail Drivers' Reminiscences, Early Day Events. This magazine is endorsed by leading schools, colleges, universities, libraries, historians, writers, everywhere. It contains no fiction or puny love stories, but gives a true record of the deeds of heroism, trials, dangers and hardships of our pioneer settlers. The student of Texas history will find it of invaluable assistance; the writer of historical fiction and fact will find plenty of material in its pages for his use. The old people like Frontier Times because it brings to their memory events which happened during their youth and of which they have knowledge. The young people want to read it because it tells them of the early days.

For more than a quarter of a century the publisher of Frontier Times has been collecting data bearing on frontier history. He compiled and edited "The Trail Drivers of Texas," a book of more than 1,000 pages, recounting the experiences of the early cowmen of Texas; he is a member of the Texas State Historical Society, the Panhandle-Plains Historical Association, the Texas Pioneers' Association, Texas Landmarks Association, The Texas Folk-Lore Society, Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and other historical organizations, and keeps in direct touch with the activities of these bodies, which qualifies him to gather and compile fragments of history which would otherwise be overlooked and pass into oblivion.

Frontier Times

Volume 4

MAY, 1927

Number 8



FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY,
PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT

PUBLISHED BY
J. MARVIN HUNTER

Next Month: *The Murder of Alwilda McDonald!*

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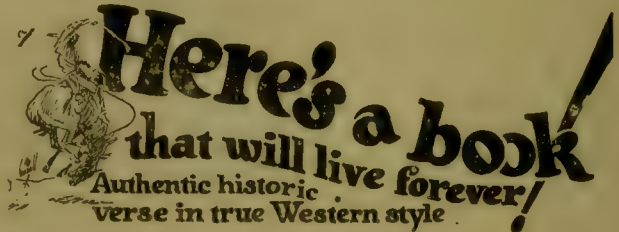


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FRONTIER TIMES



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An Indian Boy Executed in Fredericksburg in 1852

Brady Sentinel, March 24, 1927

IT WAS the white man's fault," declared Mrs. G. O. Otte, an eye-witness of the Fredericksburg tragedy in 1852, "that there ever was any trouble between the Indians and my people."

The feeble light of an oil lamp sparsely illuminated the small room of Mrs. Otte's farm house, where she sat amidst a small family group reminiscing of the days gone by. The oil lamp was burning low and the final hour of day was waning, thus providing a symbolic setting to her own life which had attained the scriptural height of four-score years.

She told how as a girl of five years of age she came over from Germany with her parents, who settled at Fredericksburg, then a frontier village of barely 300 inhabitants. Hundreds of Comanche Indians had their wigwams just one hundred yards from the Otte home on the eastern border of the little German village.

A close bond of friendship existed between the red man and the white settlers of the town. The white man exchanged his commodities for the

hunting trophies of the Comanche. Their children played together.

Then came the tragedy, Mrs. Otte's oldest sister, Caroline, was employed in the home of the butcher of the town. One morning early in the summer of 1852, an Indian boy, about 13 years of age is supposed to have come to the butcher's home holding one hand on his mouth and the other on his forehead, indicating that he was hungry and suffering from a headache. The butcher's wife was preparing food and medicine for the boy, when her husband entered the house. He is supposed to have grabbed for the boy, who with Indian alertness jumped behind the woman and begged her to protect him. She did not intervene. The boy was caught, his hands and feet securely tied, loaded on the butcher's wagon and taken to the Nimitz Hotel, until recently a landmark of the now prosperous town.

"A crowd gathered, among them my playmates and I," Mrs. Otte related. "After a lengthy conference, the mob moved about one half mile west of town as 'the vil-

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lage creek.' The boy was forced to gather wood for his own funeral pyre, built in the shade of a large pecan tree. Then the boy was fastened to the trunk of the tree. A number of men stepped forward and leveled their shotguns, and riddled the body of their youthful victim with more than thirty loads of shot. The boy's body was thereupon burned upon the wood, which he himself had gathered.'

This savage action of the white man, according to Mrs. Otte, was watched by a small number of Indian warriors, who silently and solidly stood a little distance above the mob-scene.

"This bloody murder perpetrated by the white man upon an innocent Comanche boy, started all the trouble," continued Mrs. Otte. "Several weeks later the blood of the first white man, George Brode, was shed in revenge by the fierce warriors of the Comanches. Horses and cattle were stolen. The butcher was never killed."

The Indians never ransacked a single home. Their attacks were made upon individuals whom they encountered unprotected. Among those killed and scalped were many women and children. A number of children were kidnapped, one of them Herman Lehman, a brother of Adolf Lehman of Brady, who until this day lives as a faithful member of an Indian tribe in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Otte and her husband settled in McCulloch County, eight miles south of Brady, thirty-nine years ago, where they

bought a tract of 160 acres of land, which by rigid economy, endurance and labor they increased into a substantial ranch.

The law of the gun was to a great extent the law at that time in this section of west Texas. Their slow rise to a small fortune was fraught with innumerable hardships. Wild beasts and cattle thieves decimated their small herd of 460 head of cattle, which they had brought along from Fredericksburg, during their first year of residence in McCulloch County.

"My husband and I have lived through many exciting experiences on this ranch," Mrs. Otte related. Her husband was wounded in an encounter with a notorious cattle thief, who suspected him of testifying against him before a grand jury.

Among the stories told was the attempted lynching of a cattleman, whom his fraternity had suspected of being a thief. The scene was enacted under one of the stately live oak trees in front of the Otte home. The rope had already been thrown over one of the stalwart branches of the tree and tied around the neck of the alleged offender. The doom of the man was narrowly averted by the sudden appearance of a prominent McCulloch County ranchman.

Mrs. Otte has always been numbered among the most respected and law abiding citizens of this community. She is the mother of eleven children, and is a firm believer in secular and religious education.

Pioneer Preacher Tells of the James Boys



TWO DASHING young men filled with good humor and friendliness, never untrue to their neighbor's trust, and two, beautiful horses, trained by their young masters to entertain with unusual tricks the young folks of the little community—this is the picture painted by the Rev. Jas. A. Hyder, superannuated Methodist preacher of Abilene who knew Jesse and Frank James, the notorious Missouri outlaws. This is the contrast to the numerous tales with which schoolboys have for years been entertained in which these brothers were pictured as desperate out-

laws with never a good quality.

The Abilene minister knew the James boys during their younger days and was the pastor of their mother for a while. He remembers vividly the tricks which the two trained horses of the boys performed for the amusement of the young people who filed out of the little country church after the weekly worship. The Rev. Mr. Hyder also was one of the men to identify the body of Jesse James after he was killed.

The community in which Mr. Hyder lived was in Clay county, Missouri, and when he first became acquainted with

the James boys it was when their school was cut short and they rode to the school he was attending to complete the term. The James boys were in the habit of attending various churches of the state at different times and after church would always have their horses perform their tricks.

One of the tricks which gained them fame and which, it is said, caused the Federals to cultivate a dislike for the handsome young men, later influencing them to become lawbreakers, was that which their horses performed when the names of the generals in the Civil War were mentioned. When the horses were asked what they would do if they met Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, or Sterling Price, they would bow low. When asked what they would do if they met Grant or other Federal generals they would paw, pitch and kick and manifest displeasure in other ways.

"When the Federal soldiers came they heard of the James boys and their tricks which they had trained their horses to do," said the Abilene minister. "I think they made a good deal out of nothing and were angered when they heard of the way which the boys had taught their horses to do on mentioning a Federal general's name. At any rate the fact that they were widely known made it easy for them to be found whatever it was they did first to make the Union soldiers arrest them. After that the boys did things to spite the soldiers.

"The horses were also trained to jump 7 and 8 rail fences," he continued. "Some of their stunts were so good that newspapers wrote notices about them sometimes. Another trick I have seen Frank do was to ride in a lope down a lane about a mile long putting a bullet in the top of every stake the entire length. This feat served a purpose once when the Northfield, Iowa, bank was robbed as Frank was enabled to escape by shooting over his shoulder as he rode away."

When the Rev. Mr. Hyder knew the James boys they were about 14 and 17 years of age. According to him they were liked by all the school children.

"The neighbors never thought the James boys were bad because they always kept the promises with them, no

matter what they did to other people," Mr. Hyder explained. "Once they told George W. Dollis, a neighbor, that they wanted \$1200 by sundown. This was at 10 a. m. and they got it but returned it in about three months with interest."

To illustrate the way the neighbors felt about the boys Mr. Hyder said that once when Frank was on trial at Gallatin for robbing a bank people raised \$1400 to help fight the case.

The mother of Jesse and Frank James, according to Mr. Hyder, was a magnificent looking woman, very intelligent, well read on politics and religion and admired by all. She married Robert James, a Baptist preacher. James went to California several years later and remained for 16 years. His wife never heard from him so she married a man named Mims and later learned that her first husband had died about a year before. When Mims died, the mother of the James boys married a Dr. Samuels, a bachelor.

The Rev. Mr. Hyder joined the Missouri conference in 1866 and preached for four years in the neighborhood where the James boys lived. It was during his ministry there that Mrs. Samuels, mother of Jesse and Frank, attended his church regularly. It was about this period that the boys were hiding from the law.

Jesse James was killed at St. Joseph, Missouri, while Mr. Hyder was living at Plattsburg. This occurred about 1875, as he remembers it. He and his wife were preparing to make a trip when they arrived in St. Joseph to find the streets filled with curious people who wished to see the body of the famous outlaw. When he learned what the excitement was about, he decided to look at the body and determine whether it really was Jesse James.

"I went to the building where the body was being held," said Mr. Hyder. "I knew I could not get through the awful crowds without some ruse, so I raised my hand and shouted, 'Let relatives see the dead.' The people all moved back and let me pass and I saw that it was really Jesse. Of course I knew him for I had been in his classes at school. I bought some pictures which had been taken of Jesse after he died."

The Tragedy of the Perdenales

Written by Leonard Pussmore, Voca, Texas



HERE IS NOT, perhaps, a more touching tragedy to be related of Texas frontier life, than that which occurred the 8th day of August, 1864, at the head of a draw which is one of the sources of the Perdenales River, in Gillespie county, where the enterprising and progressive little town of Harper is now situated.

Matthew Taylor, an old pioneer preacher, had selected this site—a beautiful pecan grove, in the edge of which was a gushing, gurgling spring—to erect a cabin, in connection with which was to be associated the fearful and heartrending destinies now shortly to be related. Before this, Matthew Taylor, with his happy little family, had been living up on the beautiful Llano; but becoming discontented and fearful of savage treachery he decided to move nearer to the settlements—sparse though indeed they were—where there would be less danger of invasion by the Indians. But, alas! the puny foresight of man is deceitful. It suddenly leads him to a crown of thorns, without giving him time to evade it. And as was said by the great noble Shakespeare:

“Sorrow that is crouched in seeming gladness,
Is like the mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.”

The cabin referred to, was a log cabin, of the frontier style. It consisted of two rooms in the main building, with a side-room on the west and an open gallery on the east, and was situated on the east side of the branch not far from where the Harper gin is now located. The spring was on the west, near the spot on which is the old Frank Harper home. Near it was a great stooping walnut, still standing like a sturdy Roman sentinel, pointing out the spot where a family of sturdy pioneers drank the bitter dregs of frontier life. Back of the walnut, and further up the branch, was a thicket, dense as an African jungle, made up of black haw and live oak, making an ideal place for savage ambush.

To this little cabin there came to live

old Matthew Taylor and his aged wife, old “Aunt Hannah,” as she was familiarly called in those days, their daughter Caroline and her husband, Eli McDonald, with their two children, Mahaley and Becky Jane McDonald; their son, Jim Taylor and wife; and another son, Zed Taylor, a widower, with three children, James, Jr., Alice and Doreas, to be cared for by his aged mother. Thus there were together in all, an even dozen, young and old.

One day in August, somewhere about the first, old Matthew Taylor and his son, Jim, putting a yoke of oxen to a wagon, started up to the place on the Llano, where they had been formerly living, to get some hay and other truck grown on the little farm they had left. Little did they think as they bade their loved ones farewell, that at their return, their eyes would rest upon such a fearful scene of savage cruelty.

Eli McDonald was left as the sole defender of the home. It was the time of light nights, and all knew that the Indians were likely to make a raid; for they generally did at that season. That they would be so blood-thirsty was little expected. Usually they depredated more after horses—they had been doing so before this—and had not appeared so anxious for human scalps. That they would make a raid for any purpose, was only a matter of conjecture; but Mr. McDonald like all other cautious frontiersmen, thought it best to have his weapons in readiness. His gun was a rifle that he had gotten from a man named Turkanette, who was killed during the Civil War by a party of bushwhackers. This weapon was a very trusty one, and with it, McDonald believed he could withstand a considerable band of dusky marauders.

House furniture was very difficult to secure in the early frontier homes, and while the old man and his son were gone, Mr. McDonald, with the diligence and thrift of all those who paved the way of civilization, would be busy with saw and plane in fixing up the things necessary to comfort and convenience in the little

home. The particular piece of furniture that he was making at the time of which I am speaking, was a table; and he hoped to have it completed and set in place by the time his father-in-law returned, which, according to expectation, would be the very day during which McDonald was at work. The women were jubilant over the prospects of getting a new table, and constantly urged the workman to hasten in his labor. At last the man remarked that if they were so anxious for him to hurry, some one ought to go to the spring and get some cold water, where-upon Gill, the wife of Jim Taylor, seized a bucket and disappeared down the path that led to the spring.

The unsuspecting young woman had reached the spring, where she filled her bucket with its limpid waters and started to return when she was pierced with an arrow from the bow of a lurking savage, who lay concealed behind the big walnut near the place where the water emerged from the ground. With a loud shriek that reached the ears of those in the cabin, the woman with the arrow protruding from her body, ran back through the house to the front gallery where Mr. McDonald was at work, and, gasping, fell to the floor. The blood had settled about the woman's heart and death followed instantly—in fact she never spoke a word to the loved ones who gathered about her ghastly form.

Hastily seizing his rifle, Eli McDonald ran into the house, followed by the women and children. To their surprise, they saw a large number of the Indians congregating in the bottom west of the house near where the woman had been shot. There must have been fifteen or more and it was evident they were preparing for an attack, though by gestures they pretended to be friendly. Seeing this and knowing defense to be hopeless against such odds, the women prevailed upon Mr. McDonald not to shoot. Coming nearer, the savages held out their hands; but the white man, knowing the treachery that lies concealed in the Red Man's nature, refused to accept their pretended proposal of peace.

Seeing McDonald's unwavering fortitude, the savages shrieking the shrill war whoop and made a desperate charge. McDonald fired and reloaded. Soon his

ammunition was exhausted, but his brave wife, according to her own statement, seized the bullet-moulds, went to the fire and began running bullets for the rifle. The fight continued for quite an interval, but whether any of the Indians were killed was never learned, it being a custom of the savages to remove the bodies of all their slain immediately after they fell. This frontiersman, being a good marksman, however, there is little doubt but that the trusty rifle did deadly execution. But however that may have been, strength must give way to disparity of numbers, and the cruel foe was soon around the brave defender, and he was being crowded too much to have the time to reload. Under these circumstances, one stealthy old Kiowa—for of this tribe they afterwards proved to be—coming up in the rear, ran his lance through the white man's body, and the brave pioneer, gasping, fell to the ground. Against the wishes of this brave Texan, the women in their fright, had raised a white flag. This act probably caused him to cease fighting, and gave the Indians an opportunity to close about him in the manner above described.

The old lady, "Aunt Hannah," afterwards said that as soon as Eli McDonald fell the savages grabbed her by the hands and led her around over the yard. They finally released their savage grip and the frightened woman hastily ran into the thicket of black haw, went on up the hollow till she reached a cave in a little bluff, near what is now the Rogers place, where she lay concealed till nightfall. The rest, consisting of Eli McDonald's wife, Caroline, Jim Taylor's children, Alice, a girl of about twelve years, Jimmie a boy of about ten, and Dorcas about three; Eli McDonald's children, Mahaley a little girl five years of age, and Becky Jane of about three, were taken captive. The Indians also took all the quilts and blankets in the house, and other things that suited their savage fancy.

When old Matthew returned from his journey the next day, he beheld the ghastly form of the woman with an arrow protruding from her breast and the body of Eli McDonald, deprived of his clothing, all gory from the lance wound, and scalped, lying in the yard some distance from the house. Entering the cab-

in, the old man saw that it had been ransacked, and he supposed all the rest had been killed or taken captive.

Hastily saddling a pony, and leaving Jim Taylor with the dead, he rode over to his son-in-law's place, about fifteen miles away, to inform them of the awful tragedy and to get his help in caring for the dead. This son-in-law was Monroe McDonald, a nephew to the man who was killed by the Indians. Getting there about three o'clock in the evening, frantic stricken, he told with trembling voice amid most heart-rending sobs, the story of what his eyes had beheld at his ranch on the Perdenales.

Hastily preparing a conveyance, McDonald and his wife and an orphan child who was living with them—Clementine Hays, afterwards the kind and hospitable wife of Billy Hudson, known to many early settlers—went with the old man back to his ranch to find conditions exactly as had been represented. Taking the trail, Monroe McDonald followed the Indians some distance, finding that they had passed over the hill about where the Wedekin store is now located in the town of Harper. As Mr. McDonald proceeded on the trail, he found some of the little dresses which had been taken from the little girls by ruthless hands, and thrown aside that the helpless children might suffer the tortures of being blistered by the burning rays of the summer sun. Going on back Mr. McDonald said that all the rest, beyond a doubt, had been taken away captive.

Getting together such help as could be secured in a country so sparsely settled, Mr. McDonald took the corpses down to Spring Creek and buried them in a little vale on the west bank of the stream—a plot afterwards set apart as a public cemetery. After the burying, Matthew Taylor was taken to his son-in-law's, for in his feeble and bereaved condition he needed attention; and eagerly did Mr. McDonald and his wife seek to ease the old man's fears. They lived in a cabin on a little branch called Walnut, a tributary of the Perdenales, at a place afterwards known as the Ford ranch.

About the second day of the old man's stay with his daughter and son-in-law, a young man rode up and said that old "Aunt Hannah" was down at the Doss

ranch, safe in every way, with the exception of weakness from fright and travel at the time. Old Matthew was jubilant with joy and wanted to hasten at once to her side, but others thought differently, and the old man was prevailed upon to remain where he was, and in a few days the old woman was brought over, riding the entire distance of fifteen miles or more on horseback. This was a happy meeting, but the cup of love being unimpaired itself, had thrown within it the bitter dregs of the recent tragedy and the aged couple wept bitterly. After passing into the cabin the old woman proceeded to relate the story of her escape, which was substantially as follows:

"The Indians, after leading me around in the yard awhile, released their cruel grip on my hands and went into the house where the rest had gathered. Taking advantage of this, I hastily passed out of the yard, passing right by the mangled body of Eli McDonald, and as I passed, I saw him gasp for breath. O! the sight was ghastly!

"Getting into the brush, I wended my way to a little cave, where I lay concealed until the sun went down. I then emerged and started for Monroe McDonald's, but got lost and wandered all night. I was barefooted and my feet were so badly cut by the rocks that they were bleeding, and my legs were lacerated by the briars and cactus. I was almost famished for water, but I at last came to a pool and quenched my thirst, and I then wet my clothes, thinking I might be able to wring a few drops from them if I should suffer any more, as I had before reaching the water. I at last reached the Stark ranch on Squaw Creek where Mr. Nixon afterwards lived, but changed my course and reached the Doss ranch just at daybreak. The buildings at this ranch consisted of two log houses extending east and west with a wide hall between. Reaching this hall I fell prostrate on the floor and passed into a swoon. After recovering sufficiently, I told of my fearful experience, and Mr. Nixon sent a runner to tell of my safety."

This was the same runner referred to above who brought the message to old Matthew Taylor of the safety of his wife. In after years, the writer heard old Aunt Hannah tell in an experience

meeting in an old-time Methodist revival, the story of that night of wandering, and how she prayed for deliverance from its dangers and solitude. For many years after, the good old woman went about, exhorting and preaching where she could get a sufficient number of people together to listen to her story as she understood it, of a Savior's love. She delighted in telling of the heavenly gifts of her sex, and often justified her course by saying Mary was the first to preach the Savior's resurrection.

The last time I saw this frontier mother was down on Spring Creek, in the autumn of 1891. It was my wedding day, and this old heroine came to extend her benediction upon myself and the girl—a niece of the old woman's son-in-law, Monroe McDonald—whom I had chosen as a life companion. "Aunt Hannah" was then tottering on the brink of the grave and died a few years afterwards at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. McDonald, on Little Devil's River, and was buried in the cemetery at Spring Creek.

The captives after nine months with the Kiowas, were released and returned to their people. For this the old woman had earnestly prayed and she always believed the incident to be an act of special Providence in answer to her prayers. However the event came about as follows: In Mason county, the Indians had killed a Mrs. Todd, and taken her daughter into captivity. A brother of the captive girl went in quest of his sister and happened into the Reservation at Fort Sill where Mrs. Caroline McDonald and five children taken captive with her, were being held. Mrs. McDonald said she was delighted to see a white man, and desired very much to speak to him but was refused the privilege. She, however, gave some sign, and young Mr. Todd, after coming back to Texas, reported that he saw some white captives among the Indians and from the description given, relatives here believed them to be the captives of the ill-fated settlement at the head of the Perdenales. Afterwards a man selling flour, dropped into the reservation and Mrs. McDonald managed to speak a few words with him and he promised to see that she was released. The fact was reported to the government officials and also to old Mat-

thew Taylor, and the captives were redeemed and returned to their people. Young Todd, through whose efforts in connection with those of the other man, resulted in the return of the captives to their appreciative people, was afterwards killed by falling from a bluff on the Llano while robbing a bee-cave. This untimely death was much lamented, by the appreciative relatives and friends of Caroline McDonald, as well as by the captives themselves, after their return to the land of their nativity. The beautiful sister that the young man was in quest of at the time he saw the other captives, was never heard of, no doubt dying a victim to savage cruelty. Mrs. McDonald, after her release, did not seem inclined to talk of the tortures received at the hands of her cruel captors; but did relate some things to her most intimate friends and relatives, of which the following is about the substance:

"The Indians took us out on the hill where another body of Indians were herding a bunch of horses. They would tie the children on the horses and turn the horses loose, and laugh at the children's frantic cries. Before this the children had been deprived of their clothing. They gave us raw meat to eat and because we could not eat it, they laughed and muttered in their savage dialect to their heart's content. The children, like myself, had not been sufficiently starved to make a meal on such fare, but we were at last forced to it, beginning by eating a piece of raw liver. Coming to a large hole of water, probably on Little Devil's River, or the Llano, the Indians tied the children with lariats, threw them far into the water and after allowing them to almost drown would pull them to the shore, and make sport of their childish fright, and the groans that escaped my lips. These and other tortures too numerous to mention came near breaking my heart and little hopes were entertained by me of a restoration to my people. It seemed that their passion of crime increased as the days passed by, and many times I would think of my dear old mother, the frantic look upon her face when last I saw her; and I would wonder how my father felt on his return. Constantly I could see the ghastly picture of my husband, lying

nude in the scorching sun, a large gash in his body and his head gory from being scalped. When the cruel captors of myself and little ones had reason to believe we were lamenting over my husband, they would take his scalp from the girdle from which it was hanging, and shake it with cruel hilarity in our presence.

In traveling, myself and children would become almost famished for water, and the children's cries and pleadings for just one drop were pitiful, indeed. Our thirst was greatly increased by the feverish condition produced by worry and savage mistreatment. Our bodies, after being deprived of clothing, soon became a solid blister from being burned by the sun. Besides our feet were sore from travelling, and our bodies had many wounds caused by thorny brush and briars. On arriving at the end of our journey, all the Indians in the village to which we were taken, gathered around us forming a ring. We supposed our lives had been spared at the time of our capture, and along our journey, that they might be taken at the end of the journey to satisfy the savage delight of the squaws and papooses that were left behind when the warriors were out. At one time my baby girl, little Becky. Jane became very sick, but I was not allowed to administer to her wants. I could stand at a distance and view her nude and emaciated form, and hear her pleading for a drink of water, but was not allowed to go to her. This was the most severe torture I underwent in all of my captivity. The child, however, happily recovered, and with me was afterwards purchased by the government and sent back to our home on the Perdenales. At another time a little Indian girl pushed my other child, Mahaley, into the fire, causing her to be badly burned. She suffers from the effects of this wound today. Many other things could be related of my cruel treatment at the hands of the savages; but I do not care to tell about it."

Mrs. Caroline McDonald, after several years of widowhood, afterwards married a man by the name of Pete Hazelwood, who was killed some few years after by the Indians near the head of Threadgill Creek, in Gillespie County. Later Mrs.

Hazelwood, married a man named Pope, and resided several years in Kerrville. By this last husband, this good woman of so many thrilling experiences is survived, she having died several years ago at their home between Ingram and Kerrville.

The little captive, Mahaley, after growing to womanhood, married Allen McDonald, and now resides with her husband at Melvin, McCulloch county. Her days were also full of trouble, she having seven children buried in a group in the cemetery before mentioned on Spring Creek. She and her husband have borne their troubles patiently, and have always endeavored to scatter sunshine in the pathway of others.

Becky Jane married Monroe Heron, and became the mother of an intelligent set of children.

Jim, the little orphan son of Zed Taylor died some years after his release from captivity; his sister Dorcas married a man named Rayner who was afterwards assassinated up on Devil's River, thus leaving this woman a widow with a large family of orphan children to be cared for. A few years ago Mrs. Rayner also died. The other sister, married Charlie Nabors, by whom she was deserted; in four years she married John West.

Thus is briefly told the true story of the tragedy at the head of the Perdenales river. There is another, a twin event to the one just related, yet to be told. It is the murder of Mrs. Wiley Joy and her beautiful daughter Alwilda, the young bride of Lafe McDonald. This occurred on what was called Banta Branch, near the old Bowers place, but a very short distance from the scene of the killing of Gill Taylor and Eli McDonald. An account of this fearful tragedy will be given the readers of this magazine at a later date.

Captain F. J. Dodge, of Boerne, Texas, who was Special Agent for the Wells Fargo Express Co., western department, for many years, writes: "In renewing my subscription to Frontier Times I want to express my appreciation of your magazine. I read it with interest, and feel that you are doing a great work in securing for future generations the real life and color of the early days."



SAM BASS

By Eugene Cunningham

Author of "Beginnings of Great Cities," "The Luck of Lombardy Bart," etc.
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THE TRACE wound through the rolling wooded prairies of "the Nation," where clearings were carpeted with rustling dead leaves and dry grass. The light spring wagon bounced over ruts, though the team was wearied by a long day in harness and the wagon's pace was slow. The driver was a cowboy—just a lean brown cowboy with nothing to set him apart particularly from any of a thousand others in this year of '77, when Texas trail herds were moving north and ever north in the great hegira that was to stock ranges from the Nation to the Selkirks with Texas longhorns.

The black-haired man on the seat beside the driver was shorter—five full inches below six feet—and powerfully muscled of shoulder. Twenty-six years old, he was, with a face that might have belonged to a boy for all the brown mustache at which he now tugged thoughtfully, as restless dark eyes looked around in half a dozen ways at once.

Suddenly the driver, who had been moving restlessly on the box-seat, jerked in the travel-worn horses so that they fairly sat down upon their haunches.

"I been a-smellin' smoke for five minutes!" he muttered. "I wonder now if—"

One lean brown hand, the left, gripped the lines. The right had curled about the sinister black butt of a long-barreled Frontier Colt.

"I smell it, too!" nodded his companion tensely. "Heil! I see it. Yonder!"

A light film, that was barely detectable against the treetops a hundred yards ahead, showed faintly gray.

"An' that d—n' axle a-squeakin' like a dyin' shote!" snarled the driver. "Reekon they heard us?"

He was furious-faced, glaring at the lacy smoke-film as at sign of an enemy. But the dark, stocky man was on the ground with a snaky wiggle, and he took with him the 44 Winchester carbine that had been hanging in its scabbard from the wagon-seat. He vanished into the bushes, and with an oath the driver flipped the lines in loops about the brake-handle and leaped down to follow.

He was not so good a woodsman as the other, so his progress, to be noiseless, must be slower. He met the dark-haired man coming back grinning. There was something tight-lipped, rather grim, about that smile which showed large, white teeth.

"Soldiers!" he whispered. "They've already heard us. We just got to go on and trust to luck. They're sneakin' into the brush right now to look us up."

They went back to the wagon quickly, mounted to the seat again and drove on. Fifty, seventy-five yards forward; then from the brush on each side of the trace burst blue-clad men, afoot. A smart, boyish lieutenant stepped up to the front wheel.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

The driver looked sidelong at his companion, who grinned down at the officer. "Why," he drawled, "we're a couple

o' cowboys a-goin' home to Santone. Our names wouldn't mean nothin' I reckon. Been—" vaguely he waved his arm to indicate the vast spaces behind him—"up north with a trail herd. Charlie Howell's trail he a."

Cavalrymen had edged closer to the wagon by this time, glancing in curiously at the jumble of bedding and clothes-bags. The black-haired man who had done the explaining to the lieutenant gave them no heed; still he grinned down, quite frankly and friendly, upon the officer.

"If you don't mind, Cap'n," he said, "we'd like to camp along with you-all tonight. By gosh! Wish we could make a trade with you to ride with us till we get clean out o' the Nation!" He laughed infectiously: "Two nights back, me'n Bill, here, we camped with a bunch we overtook. We never got what you might call a good night's sleep. I seen wild-lookin' fellows, but the tall one a-leadin' that gang he took the prize. We was sure glad to get away next mornin' an' I don't mind sayin' we sort o' figgered so's one o' us was always facin' their way."

"The Nation isn't much of a health-resort," nodded the lieutenant, smiling in his turn. "Well, come along. We'll see that you have a good night's sleep tonight, anyway."

The wagon moved on, with the cavalrymen accompanying, into a wide clearing where the twenty-odd soldiers of the detachment had bivouacked. After supper the two cowboys sought out the lieutenant, who alone had a tent. He was lonely, being the only officer with the detachment; also he had been thinking over the reference to a hard bunch somewhere to the north. The cowboys found him ready to talk.

"We're up here scouting around for some train robbers who held up a U. P. train at Ogallala, Nebraska," he told them, as they sat smoking outside the tent. "There were six, altogether, in the gang. We leard that two were killed shortly after the robbery at a little place called Buffalo Sage up in Kansas."

"H—I! Them fellows'll never come down this way!" cried the taller cowboy, he who had driven the wagon, with much emphasis. "Not much!"

The dark-haired man shot a furious glance sidelong at the emphatic one.

"An' why not?" he snapped. "Don't ever' Tom, Dick an' Harry that's on the dodge head for the Nation? You think with them fancy boots o' yours, Bill! Reckon ol' Lengthy's gang that was so free with hard looks for us, is a bunch o' Sunday school superintendents, meb-be? Could you get up in court, an' swear that they wasn't this gang that stuck up that train?"

"Mebbe you're right, Frank," nodded the driver meekly.

"Why, the tall fellow an' three ornery lookin' customers. That is, they hadn't had a wash or shave for a right smart while. Horses looked like they'd been hard rid——"

He was rolling a cigarette, the black-haired man. Now he looked up sideways at the lieutenant, as he put away Durham and papers, with the ready grin that showed his white teeth.

"Probably didn't look no worse, at that," he smiled, "than me'n Bill here!"

The lieutenant laughed with him, then sobered abruptly.

"Well, I'm glad you fellows happened along," he remarked. "I think I'll have a look at your back-trail tomorrow and see if I can have a talk with Lengthy and his friends. Four, eh? By Jove! That would be the tally, now, if they killed two in Kansas!"

Behind the spring-wagon rolling south again with dawn, the cavalry camp had vanished. The troopers were in the saddle, heading north to investigate "Lengthy." The black-haired man turned on the box-seat and his white teeth showed; he shook with noiseless laughter.

"An' he's goin' to have a look at 'Lengthy!' he exploded suddenly. "Oh, Lawdy! I sure wish him lots o' luck!"

"Well, he pitched a big scare into me, just the same!" nodded Jack Davis, sourly. "When he says he's a-lookin' for train-robbers, Sam, I could count the bars on the winder!"

"He never scared me half as much as you did!" grunted Sam Bass, irritably. "You blame' fool! You like to make him suspicious o' us!"

"Do you reckon they are a-lookin' for us?" Jack Davis was plainly uneasy at

the thought. "H—! Mebbe we better not figger on goin' to Denton, Sam! We got twenty thous'nd between us. Let's head for South America."

"No!" Sam Bass' square jaw was set and his mouth tight beneath the brown mustache. "No, sir! There's folks in Denton I want to show a few. They always said I'd never amount to nothin', a-runnin' aroun' the country like I did, clear down to Dallas, to race the Denton Mare. I want to parade down the street a-throwin' twenty-dollar gold-pieces over the bars. We'll have a look, though, before we ride in."

Jack Davis, whose nerves were tense from uncertainty these days, and who shared none of Sam Bass' pleasure at nearing Denton, nodded gloomily.

"S a good idee," he said. "But me, I wisht we was high-tailin' it for South America."

To which Sam replied with a glint of white teeth beneath his mustache, as they squatted on the edge of the bottoms, waiting for dusk and his trip to the house of a certain good friend.

If Sheriff Evehart and certain others of the oldsters in the community had looked askance at Sam and his wild ways, almost without exception the younger generation had been always on his side. As the owner of that little sorrel beauty, The Denton Mare, he had been known far and wide; known and liked immensely.

It was not, altogether, that he was a rider without peer; a dead shot with Winchester or Colt; leader in any daring enterprise of "the boys," a master cowboy. Nor was his popularity born wholly of generosity and a certain rough chivalry, though these qualities he had in large measure. Others have had every characteristic of Sam Bass, yet have waked no such fierce loyalty as this stocky, dark-eyed cowboy knew; such admiration in Cowland, where he is a heroic figure even today.

From friends in Denton Sam learned that an Ogallala man, an ex-express messenger, had suspected the six cow-boys of the train robbery, though the officials had not been suspicious of them as, in the days after the robbery, they mingled with sheriffs and marshals and railroad defectives in Ogallala. He had trailed

the party southward, this ex-messenger, and spying upon their camp had heard them discuss the crime; had learned their plans, their real names; had even seen them handling bright new gold-pieces of the year 1877. His knowledge he had communicated to the officials. The law wanted Sam Bass and Jack Davis—wanted them hard.

So to Jack Davis, hiding in the elm-bottoms, Sam Bass took back the story of the search and the large reward offered for them. To the authenticated report of the death of Collins and Heffridge, two of their gang, he added the account of the killing of another, Jim Berry in his home town, Mexico, Missouri, where Berry's shining new gold-pieces had connected him with the robbery.

"That leaves just three out o' the six," said Sam. "Seems Ol' Dad Underwood never went to Missouri with Jim Berry. Anyway, they never got him."

"I told you we'd better hit for South America!" complained Jack Davis, whose bump of discretion seems to have been well developed. "'Tain't too late now. Let's high-tail it, Sam. We can't buck all this."

"Ah, what's to be scared of?" scoffed Sam, those large white teeth showing in his famous grin. "Don't I know this—here country like the palm o' my hand? Don't be losin' your nerve, Jack! We'll just stick here an' be d—d to 'em to catch us."

But Jack Davis was beyond persuasion. He never had thought such a hornets nest would be aroused by that U. P. robbery. While planning it, Collins had stressed the large chance of their never being recognized. To be "on the dodge" in the face of such widespread and earnest search broke Davis' nerve. So from the elm-bottoms outside of Denton, Jack Davis rode hell-for-leather; rode out of the picture entirely. Whether he made South America, or started afresh under another name in the States there is no authentic report. But certain it is that neither he nor Old Dad Underwood ever paid the penalty, officially, for the crime.

Sam Bass, who had left Denton that spring a likable, bull-headed, but honest cowboy, came home a famous outlaw, fit to mention with Jesse James and the

Youngers. Nor did he lack apologists. Texas had always held itself somewhat aloof from national affairs; what a man did elsewhere seldom worried the Texans, so long as he obeyed the code in their midst.

Now it was complained that Texan authorities were pulling Nebraska chestnuts from what might well be a hot fire; that Sam Bass was being persecuted in this state when he had committed no crime whatsoever against the sovereignty of Texas.

Meanwhile, moving through the well-known county with a surety a prescience almost that baffled his pursuers, Sam Bass gained a following. Attracted by his reputation—perhaps by thought of that not-yet-spent ten thousand in shiny gold-pieces of '77—men appeared unobtrusively in the elm-bottoms.

So came Henry Underwood, with Arkansas Johnson, Sebe Barnes, Jim Murphy, young Frank Jackson, Pipes Herndon; later, two or three others not so well known joined the gang. Daring dangerous men, some of these men with records as gunfighters, as hard characters when "on the prod." But Sam was their undisputed leader.

Not long could such a group be content to ride into the little hamlets of Denton and Dallas and Tarrant Counties, to "belly up to the bar" and amuse themselves with occupations so mild as the mere downing of Old Jordan and shooting at marks—in or out of the saloons—and talking of past doings. The logical thought came to Bass that he could be hunted no more than he was. He had committed no crime in Texas, yet Texas officers chased him. He had the name; it would cost him little or nothing to get the game.

The gang's first job was the robbery of a Texas and Pacific train at Eagle Ford some seven miles west of Dallas. It was a simple job to stop the train near the sleepy little farming village and go through it. Thereafter, two or three similar robberies were executed with no features particularly interesting. Considering the numbers in Sam Bass' gang the profit was small, averaging perhaps five hundred dollars per man in each robbery. It is not his train-robberies which give interest to the career of Sam Bass

upon which his tradition rests, but the masterly fashion in which for months he tied sheriffs' posses and Texas Rangers into knots.

John B. Jones was Adjutant-General of Texas during 1877-8 and so commanded the Texas Rangers. Jones was an able and experienced officer, and the train-robberies of Sam Bass, which were becoming very frequent, roused him to unusual energy. Having visited Denton, Dallas and the surrounding country personally, he organized a new company of thirty Rangers at Dallas, giving the command to Captain June Peak.

To this company was given the special duty of capturing the Sam Bass Gang but figuratively, it not actually, Sam mocked Captain Peak and his clumsy, inexperienced recruits. It is said that counting Rangers and sheriffs' posses, at least a hundred men now took the trail of Texas' train-robber premier. Yet tradition has it, also, that during his time "on the dodge" Sam himself was rarely, if ever, driven out of the three adjoining counties of Denton, Dallas and Tarrant. The wooded nature of the country in this locality made it simple for him to elude the blundering officers.

Not always did the gang hold together now. Bass' second-in-command, the daredevil Arkansas Johnson, was killed at Salt Creek in Wise County by Captain Peak's Rangers. Then Pipes Herndon and Jim Murphy were captured. Sam himself, with Sebe Barnes and young Frank Jackson, were the only members out of jail, and they hugged the elm-bottoms of Denton County. The hand-writing on the wall became clear now. This dodging might go on almost indefinitely, but the nerve-racking strain was telling on them all; they were weary of it. Sam decided to leave his beloved north Texas and in Mexico or some other foreign country make a new start.

To General Jones, by this time, the intent to capture or kill Sam Bass had become an obsession.

Jim Murphy was the tool chosen by Jones. To Murphy, then in jail awaiting Federal trial for robbery of the mails Jones went with the offer of freedom on condition that he execute a certain plan which would result in Sam Bass' betrayal into the officers' hands. Murphy, to

give him the tiny modicum of credit one may, at first rejected the proposal, even though life imprisonment seemed its alternative. But Jones was persistent and finally threats and promises together overcame Murphy's remembrance of Sam Bass' many kindnesses to the needy Murphy clan.

Jim Murphy was arrested and then released on bail.

He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train for Terrell.

But Major Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall;

'Twas only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

So runs a verse of the old ballad. With the clear, unquibbling judgment of the outdoors, it tells unmincingly the tale of Jones' plan to trap Sam Bass.

Murphy, having been released on bail supplied by certain men in Jones' confidence, jumped his bond and a great hue-and-cry was raised. As had been planned, it preceded Jim Murphy to Denton, where he rejoined Sam Bass, Sebe Barnes and Frank Jackson. But friends of Bass and Barnes had written warning that this looked to be a snare; that the bondsmen were probably creatures of General Jones. Confronted with these letters, for his very life Murphy played his part in masterly fashion—without, however, convincing Sam and Barnes. The white-faced, protesting traitor read murder in their hard eyes and restless gun-hands.

Frank Jackson, barely twenty-two years old, had become with Arkansas Jackson's death, Sam's right-hand man. Now Frank took Murphy's part, declaring his belief in the traitor's good faith. But there were tense moments in the dusky elm-bottoms, with Sam and Sebe Barnes glaring murderously at the trembling Murphy, before Frank Jackson flung down his ultimatum: they must kill him before they killed Murphy.

It was decided to rob a bank and then strike out for Mexico. So, early in July, 1878, the four riders left Denton County forever, heading south. Just outside of Waco the four made camp and looked over the town. In a saloon fre-

quented by cattlemen, so tradition has it, Sam Bass flung down a twenty-dollar gold-piece upon the bar, with a bitter sentence that sums up all the pros and cons of such a life as his, weighing all the tinsel glory against the myriad hardships of the outlaw's lot.

"There goes the last U. P. gold-piece," he grunted, watching moodily as it spun toward the bartender's waiting hand. "An' a lot o' good they done me!"

Sam decided that a job in Waco would be too dangerous to attempt, hence the quartet mounted their horses again and jogged on south, steadily nearing the state capital at Austin, where Jones sat waiting for word from his tool.

To Jones came a hastily scrawled note postmarked Belton, saying that Sam Bass moved toward Round Rock in Williamson County, there to rob the bank. Then ensued action upon the quiet capital grounds!

There was a Ranger company stationed at San Saba, under the veteran thief-taker, Lieutenant N. O. Reynolds. One of the headquarters detachment killed a horse getting to Reynolds, while Jones himself, having dispatched R. C. Ware and two other Rangers to Round Rock, followed the next morning.

Upon coming into Round Rock, Jones warned local officials that the Bass Gang was coming. In the Texas of that day these words were enough to insure feverish activity in any town, small or large. On no account, Jones insisted, were the town officers to attempt an arrest before the arrival of Reynolds and his Rangers.

Friday, July 19, 1878. Reynolds' Company E, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers, had made the one hundred fifty miles from San Saba to old Round Rock at top speed and in early afternoon pitched camp outside of town. Sam Bass, with Barnes, Jackson and Murphy, were also camped upon the town's outskirts. The outlaws rode into town for a last check-up of the robbery's details. Murphy, sensing the final scene so soon to be played, upon some pretext dropped behind. So Bass and Barnes and young Frank Jackson came up to Coppel's store together. As they went inside they were noticed by the two local deputy sheriffs, Moore and Grimes.

They stared hard at the three dusty

strangers, but apparently without thought that the trio were the famous outlaws they were awaiting, upon whose heads were placed rewards by states, railroads and express companies. When Sam Bass' broad shoulders had disappeared within the door Moore turned to Grimes.

"I think those fellows got guns on," he said.

"I think so, too," nodded Grimes. "I'm goin' in an' search 'em."

He went in, a hero and a martyr, in a way; but history as written by the cool and practical judgment of rangeland in fifty years makes him, also, and more so, pretty much "plain d—d fool." For he took none of the mechanical precautions of the wary peace officer confronting strangers. As Grimes stepped inside Moore trailed him to the door and stood blinking.

At Grimes' entrance the trio at the counter whirled instinctively. For a long instant deputy sheriff and outlaws eyed each other.

"I think you fellows got guns on," said Grimes, a trifle belligerently. "I'm goin' to search you," he added, in the dead silence that greeted his speech.

Something about the silent group must have struck a warning note within him. For now, gun hand going toward Colt butt, he began to back toward the door, where Moore still stood gaping at the play inside.

"Sure, we got guns!" snarled Sam Bass suddenly.

As if the phrase were a signal, his gun and Barnes' and Jackson's flashed out. There was a rolling roar, deafening in the confined space of Coppel's store, as three Colts flung heavy bullets into the luckless deputy. Grimes staggered under the triple impact, but continued to back out. Moore had leaped aside and Grimes reached the sidewalk, to crash forward upon his face. After him sprang the outlaws, sensing a trap, scenting disaster. Moore was shot through the lungs as he snatched belatedly at his Colt.

Ranger Dick Ware was sitting in the barber shop almost next door, waiting for a shave. The heavy three-in-one report from the store jerked him to his feet. Automatically his Colt came out

and he stepped into the street, to come almost face to face with the outlaws, who stood staring down at the bodies upon the sidewalk.

An utterly fearless man, this Ranger Dick Ware, worthy exponent of all the heroic traditions of the service. Odds of three to one might well have sent a genuinely brave officer back indoors to fire from cover. But Ware ran toward them, his .45 flipping up. There was a hitching post on the sidewalk and bullets from Bass' gang knocked splinters from it that struck Ware in the face. But he came on, firing rapidly. A bullet struck Sam Bass' cartridge belt, broke two shells, and mushrooming, tore his right kidney to ribbons.

General Jones, at this moment coming up-street, heard the staccato rattle of the firing and came on the run as Bass and the others backed toward their horses. Jones had but a small-calibre double-action Colt, but he entered the duel blithely, joining Dick Ware. The other two Rangers who had come to Round Rock with Ware now ran up also, while from doorways up and down the street appeared armed citizens to open fire upon the trio by the horses.

Barnes was shot dead, Bass was mortally wounded. Only young Frank Jackson now stood erect, and, with bravery equal to Dick Ware's, he kept up the outlaws' end of the firing while with left hand he unhitched Sam Bass' horse. Bullets fairly rained around him from all directions as he helped Bass into the saddle, then sprang upon his own animal.

Out through O'd Round Rock galloped the two frightened horses, Bass reeling in the saddle, Frank Jackson holding him up. Jim Murphy, the traitor, pale, shaken, stricken by we know not what torture of remorse, or, perhaps, none at all, saw the two escaping.

For the rest of that day Bass and Jackson vanished from sight. Posses and Ranger detachments scoured the vicinity, but not until Saturday morning did Rangers find Sam Bass, alone, near death, lying beneath a large oak. He admitted his identity and made no resistance.

Jackson had insisted upon remaining with his dying leader, but Bass—game,

unselfish to the last, the cowboys' ideal now as he had been in brighter days—was equally insistent that Frank save him self. So, having made Bass as comfortable as possible, unwillingly Jackson escaped.

Taken into Round Rock, Bass received the best attention local medicos could administer. But he died on Sunday, July 21st, his twenty-seventh birthday, steadfastly refusing to give the names of associates or friends. Upon the tombstone set to mark his grave was carved the inscription:

SAMUEL BASS

Born July 21st, 1851

Died July 21st, 1878

A brave man reposes in death here.

Why was he not true?

Frank Jackson, after Sam Bass' death asked only for an opportunity to meet the traitor, Jim Murphy. But the latter evaded him and finally committed suicide. So the famous Bass Gang was finally broken up, but the memory of Sam and Frank Jackson, of Sebe Barnes and Arkansas, and of the traitor Murphy, is green today in Texas.

A few years ago, the writer was returning to Texas from New York, in company with a San Angelo cowboy. We unloaded the Mercer roadster on the Mallory dock at Galveston and started for El Paso. Coming into a land of wide prairies, near Menard, vast and bleak under the pitiless December wind, we encountered three lean riders in two gallon Stetsons and Fort Worth boots and stopped to pass the time of day, the Durham and the quart. When we had gossiped a while of range affairs and with benumbed fingers wrapped tobacco in those huge, thick brown papers colloquially known in Cattle Land as "saddle blankets," we said "so long" to the cowboys and they jogged on.

The tall puncher in the checked macinaw began to sing in a high, dolorous tenor, swaying to his pony's running-walk:

"Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home;

And at the age of seventeen, young Sam began to roam.

He first came to Texas, a cowboy for to be,

A kinder hearted fellow, you seldom ever see!"

Beside me, mechanically Morg took up the old ballad that every Texan knows, that I had not heard for years; sang it to the last verse, which deals with Jim Murphy's treachery:

"And so he sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn.

Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn!

Perhaps he's got to heaven; there's none of us can say;

But if I am right in my surmise, he's gone the other way!"

"He was a great guy, Sam," opined Morg, Twentieth Century cowpuncher. "Hadn't been for that blanked illegitimate, Murphy, he wouldn't have been caught, either!"

(Editor's Note.—Several months ago "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang" was published serially in Frontier Times, and later printed in pamphlet form. This was written by a citizen of Denton County, and first published in 1878, just a short time after Bass and his gang were exterminated. There are today only two known copies of the original booklet in existence and they are in the Library of Congress, in Washington, D. C. The reprint by Frontier Times is word for word like the original. There was a "History of Sam Bass" published in 1884 or thereabouts, but it is not authentic. Frontier Times has only a few copies of the "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang" left, which we will sell for only \$1.00 each.)

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Indianola's Church Bell

Rev. M. A. Dunn, Bertram, Texas, in Georgetown Sun



READING of the destruction of old Indianola in 1875, reminded me of a little incident or two that occurred along with this devastation.

It will be remembered that in 1886 there was a repetition of this awful storm which left but few survivors, and perhaps this was the reason the old town was never rebuilt. Among those who survived the storms of 1875 and 1886 was an old colored woman, one among the few, aunt Melindy Harris.

A few ears after the storm of 1886, Victoria wanted a bell for their new church, so they sent a committee down to old Indianola for the bell, all that was left of some flourishing Methodist church. At the end of their forty-mile journey they met only disappointment, for there remained just one surviving member of the old church, aunt Melindy, who had the bell in her sole possession as the Methodist church, and when the committee asked her for the bell she said "No sar, youse can't git it," and the committee went back to Victoria without it. Soon Aunt Melindy moved to Port Lavaca, and carried her treasure with her, and hid it away in her little shanty.

In about 1893 there was a new Methodist church built in Port Lavaca and when it was completed the struggling building committee began talking about procuring a bell, and had appointed a committee for that purpose. When Aunt Melindy heard that they wanted a bell she told the committee to go with her. The committee went with her, wondering what she wanted with them. When she arrived at her home, she uncovered the old Indianola bell, one of the best in Texas. Today if you are in Port Lavaca, and hear the Methodist church bell ring, you will hear the bell that survived the storms of Indianola, both of 1875 and 1886. It will tell you that the workmen are buried, but the Church of God still survives.

The writer has good reasons to believe that the bell was not all that Aunt Melindy Harris salvaged from the Indianola storm of 1886. When we went to Port

Lavaca in 1901, aunt Melindy was still living, and I buried her husband, and she was the only negro church member I ever had. A few days after we arrived in the town, Aunt Melindy, in the manner of one of those colored slave women, came to the parsonage, and in the midst of her conversation said to me, "Young brudder, Ise wants you to sees what you can git dis church and parsonage painted fur." I told her that it was fall, and bad weather, and was not a good time to paint, and we had better wait till spring, and she readily consented.

One spring morning she came to the parsonage again, and said, "My young brudder, Ise wants youse to sees now what youse can git dis propidy painted fur, de birds am a singin' and de flowers is a bloomin'." I soon reported to her that it would cost \$125.00 to have all the work done that she had suggested. She told me to go ahead and have it done and she would pay every dollar of it.

I did as she told me to do and I went to her for the money, when she went to a family Bible in her house and gave to me thirteen ten dollar bills that looked like they had been in Noah's Ark, but no, not that, but I am sure they were salvaged from the Indianola storms, gathered up from the salt water, for they had been wet and pressed, and would stand out like card boards. If so, the owners were dead and gone and she had secured them from the tepid waters and had tucked them away all these years, and then gave part of it to the church with only one condition, "Dat de right hand does not know what de left hand does."

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger

From Materials Furnished by Colonel Hays and Major John Caperton in California, and from Other Sources.

(Continued from last month)

He had started out on a scouting expedition with about twelve men and unexpectedly came upon twelve Indian scouts who were three or four miles away from their main camp. He surprised the Indians by suddenly rising within sixty or eighty yards of them, and they at once fled to a thicket, in the middle of which three oak trees and a log furnished good shelter for the savages. Captain Hays dismounted his men and stationed them around the thicket to prevent the escape of the Indians, and then took two men and entered the thicket to fight the savages. Almost the first discharge of the Indians arrows killed one of his companions, badly wounded the other, and wounded Hays also in the little finger. (The only occasion on which he was wounded.) He helped his wounded comrade out of the thicket and to a place of safety, and taking a double barrellled shot-gun and a pistol, he entered the Indian's entrenchment alone and renewed the contest. Waiting his opportunity and when three of the savages had come within fifteen feet of him, he discharged the two barrels of his gun, killing an Indian with each. Reserving his pistol for an emergency, Hays crept out of the thicket, and taking a Yager rifle, went back to the desperate encounter. For three hours he thus carried on the encounter. When ever an Indian presented himself for an instant, the unerring bullets of Hays rifle laid him dead, until all but one of the savages had fallen. This sole survivor was armed with a gun, and proved a formidable opponent. He lay concealed behind a log while Hays remained in the obscurity of the thick underbrush and by repeatedly changing his position endeavored to cover his foe. In an unguarded moment the Indian raised his head from behind the log, and two muffled shots rang out as each fired at the same moment. The Indian's bullet grazed Captain Hays' shoulder but Captain Hays' bullet had sent the Indian to the happy hunting ground. The horses

of the Indians were taken and the little party of? Rangers safely returned to camp.

With one fight with the Mexicans these reminiscences must close. After the defeat of the General Santa Anna in 1836 no general invasion occurred until 1842 when a large force under General Woll, a Frenchman, appeared up the Rio Grande, some fifteen hundred picked troops with artillery, and advanced on San Antonio, demanding its surrender, Major Hays,—he was promoted after the Canyon de Uvalde affair—was there at the time, though his Rangers were scattered in various quarters. Hastily organizing a force of about sixty men, he beat back the first attack of the Mexicans, who soon sent in a flag of truce, demanding that Hays be delivered to them, and promising safety and protection to the citizens. Unable to cope with such overwhelming numbers, Hays took with him one companion, and disguising themselves with Mexican blankets and hats, the two adventurers, rode unrecognized through the Mexican lines in the gray of early dawn, when Hays dispatched his companion for reinforcements from the settlements on the Guadalupe river, about thirty five miles distant. The Major remained in the vicinity, frequently passing through the Mexican camp, and noticing all their preparations. Eight days later, he was joined by about two hundred fighting men from the settlements, whom he secretly led into the town. The following day Hays exhibited part of his force and provoking the Mexicans to battle he gradually led them on to a point where his main force was stationed. Not a shot was wasted in the deadly fire which Hays now opened upon the enemy. The battle lasted the entire day, but when night came, the Mexicans, having lost most of their officers and fully three hundred men, withdrew and commenced a hasty retreat toward the Rio Grande. Hays in the meantime had been reinforced by the arrival of three hundred men from the Colorado, and at once started

in pursuit, overtaking the Mexicans about twenty-five miles west from San Antonio, on the Medina river. Several successive encounters still further hastened the retreat of the Mexicans, from the battle on the Salado finally drove them from Texas soil.

When the Mexican War broke out John C. Hays was placed in command of a corps of troops under General Taylor, with the rank of Colonel, his troops being mostly cavalry. He fought with distinction throughout the war, distinguished himself especially at Monterrey, where the Texas troops led van and bore the brunt of the battle. Afterwards he was transferred to General Scott's army and made an enviable record in the Valley of Mexico. When Santa Anna surrendered, he was made Colonel Hays' prisoner, the surrender being to the force under the immediate command of the great Texas leader.

In 1849, one year after the close of the Mexican war, the richness of the hills and valleys of California in gold spread far and wide, and called hither the adventurous and daring of every land. Col. Hays was in the vanguard of the goldseekers, although he never worked at mining in this state. He crossed the plains in California in 1849, making San Francisco his objective point. The State and city governments were being organized on his arrival, and the People's party enthusiastically elected the young and heroic Texan the first sheriff of San Francisco, an office he held for four years. During his term of office the interference of the Vigilance Committee (prompted apparently more by the shocking laxness of the courts of justice than by dissatisfaction with the activities of the Sheriff, . . . D. McM) but he nevertheless bore himself throughout that trying period in such a manner as to retain the confidence and respect of the better portion of the community. This was demonstrated in the winter of 1851, when the southern portion of the State was in imminent danger from the attack of the confederated tribes of Indians. At that time two companies of volunteers were authorized to be raised to reinforce the United States troops, one under the command of John W. Geary, and the other under Captain Daniel Ald-

rich, while Col. J. C. Hays was named as commander of the battalion. Fortunately the services of the volunteers were not required.

During his incumbency of the office of Sheriff of San Francisco attention began to be directed to this side of the bay (eastern side.) for desirable residence property. The entire region now covered by the City of Oakland and its suburbs of Temescal and Berkeley was then held as a rancho by Vincente Peralta under a Spanish grant, Peralta living upon the upper end of the ranch, in the neighborhood of where the Deaf and Dumb Asylum is now located. The southerly end of the ranch including the portion south of a line drawn from Lake Merritt to the bay at about Twentieth street was covered with a thick growth of live oaks, and was known as the Encinal, or Oak Grove. Along the Estuary or San Antonio Creek, Horace W. Carpenter had squatted and was claiming squatter rights. The honest old Mexican, Peralta, saw his estate in danger of being overrun by squatters, and in the loose state of the laws of the times felt himself powerless to contend against intruders and protect his own property. In this extremity a proposition of sale was made to him which he gladly accepted, and conveyed to John C. Hays and certain associates the present site of the city of Oakland. This was a bona fide bargain and sale, Hays and associates paying a valuable consideration in coin to Peralta for his land, and the conveyance was subsequently recognized by the Government and the courts and through it alone is any title to land in this city now held. Carpenter and his associate squatters were driven on to the marsh or tide lands of the estuary, which they have since been enabled to hold. But Hays and his associates, Caperton, Cameron and Jones, all of whom it is believed were his subordinates in the San Francisco Sheriff's office obtained in a perfectly honorable and legal manner all of the dry land north of the estuary and south of Lake Merritt now included in the city of Oakland; and all present titles date back through them. Colonel Hays caused the lower or southerly portion to be platted, and it was

sold off as city lots, yielding him a handsome return for his venture.

On retiring from the office of Sheriff of San Francisco, Colonel Hays took up his residence on this side of the bay, but was at once appointed United States Surveyor General for California by President Pierce, a position he filled to the satisfaction of all who had any business with the Government Land Department.

Colonel Hays has always been a prominent democrat, and in 1876 was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis when Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency. His counsel and advice has always been sought and usually accepted by the party especially in county and State affairs.

Colonel Hays has been a successful and prosperous man in California, and leaves a large estate to be divided among his heirs. He has a large interest in Oakland water front property, is a director and large shareholder in the Union Savings Bank and Union National Bank; is also a stockholder in the Oakland Gas works Light Company; has considerable landed interest in this city, besides owning several extensive ranches in the country outside the city, including his homestead ranch a few miles northeast of the city.

A Times reporter last evening called upon Mayor J. West Martin. He has known Colonel Hays intimately for thirty years and was surprised to hear of his death. Friday afternoon he visited him and the Colonel stated that he felt very well and would be out in a short time. The Mayor said that he never had more affection for any man than for Colonel Hays. He was a man of great benevolence, honest and sweet and engaging temper. All classes honored him and he was generous to a fault.

Extracts, with inaccuracies omitted, from The Alta, a San Francisco newspaper, date not noted on clipping:

A PIONEER HERO

A Biographical Sketch of Colonel Jack Hays—A Brave Indian Fighter—His Undaunted Courage and Peerless Coolness in Dangerous Emergencies—Services of the Texas Rangers.

The Alta's reminiscences of the men who figured prominently, both socially and politically, in California's days of infancy have proven so popular and interesting that the representative of the Alta again called upon the gentleman who has been kindly furnishing him the data for the series of interesting articles and was received with the usual courtesies so characteristic of the men who have grown up with the State of which we are so justly proud. Upon the suggestion that the readers of the Alta would like to hear something of that sturdy and brave old pioneer, Colonel Jack Hays, the gentleman cheerfully responded with the following narrative:

John Coffee Hays was born on Little Cedar Creek (Lick), Wilson County, Tennessee, in 1817. He had been fairly schooled, up to the standard of that period and surveying was his favorite study. (The family says he learned it later in actual practise.) At an early age he developed the traits of that extraordinary spirit of self-independence, pluck and energy for which he was through a long life distinguished.

(Note: He went to an academy near Nashville. He was notoriously a fleet runner, and though he like his bigger mates used to carry one of the little boys on his shoulders as he ran, he always won. By the way that same little boy used as a handicap in those races grew up to become Senator from Tennessee, who years later made the speech in Congress that won for the Colonel's widow a pension to live on.)

His bravery and self possession, his desperate valor and wonderful ingenuity in the most trying situations, attracted the attention of his comrades and extorted from his officers the warmest commendations. In the Mexican war the

names of Captain Sam Walker and Ben McCullough shine with that of Jack Hays but with less radiant and serene light. They were simply fearless and desperate fighters. Jack Hays was an heroic and humane fighter and while war was his apparent element, in peaceful life the noble virtues which distinguished him were made manifest in more ennobling degree. He was a patriot and eminently endowed with the great qualities of the soldier and the commander; hence he was engaged in the wars of his country; and then, too, he was of famous fighting stock on both sides—the son of sires who had battled under that paragon of the world's grandest heroes, the invincible "Old Hickory". But neither in look nor manner did he betoken this supreme quality. Tall, (?) slender, spare, sinewy, of toughest fibre and undaunted courage, coolest when confronted with the greatest danger and never disturbed from propriety, careless in dress and of simple habits, temperate in all things, courteous, affable and kind, of boundless generosity and the most magnanimous of natures, never prone to quarrels and never revengful; disposed to yield to immaterial points to avoid difficulties, but firm as a rock in the right. His word was as a bond, his friendship never faltered. It was by his invaluable and unrivalled services in the Mexican War that he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He sought no higher rank. At the close of the war Colonel Hays resigned his command. In 1848 he was in Washington. The news of the discovery of gold in California had just before reached the National Capital. Much had been written at that time of the Gila River country, and report had supplemented this by reports of gold mines there. President Polk, appreciating the great service and pure worth of Colonel Hays, offered him the appointment of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the newly acquired Gila river country. It was accepted. At that time another distinguished Tennessean was also in Washington, a prized friend of Colonel Hays, Major Eastland, father of Mr. Joseph Eastland of this city. He had served in the Mexican War and he and his son, Joseph, had accompanied Colonel Hays from Vera Cruz

to the City of Mexico. Major Eastland had determined to go to California and Colonel Hays persuaded him to accompany the expedition that was to act as escort to himself to the Gila. San Antonio was the appointed starting place and a force of infantry with topographical engineers was ordered for the service. In June, 1849, the expedition left San Antonio. To advantage themselves of the protection of the troops, a considerable number of California immigrants traveled with it. Colonel Hays' party consisted of Major Caperton, Major Eastland, Joseph Eastland; then a youth, John Nugent, and one or two others. The Expedition was ordered to cut a road through to El Paso. It was a tedious and difficult work. El Paso was reached about the first of September. At that point Major Eastland abandoned it and resolved to travel through Mexico to Mazatlan there to take a steamship for San Francisco. The party of Colonel Hays had journeyed through to Gila and there concluded to push on to San Francisco as the country appeared too forbidding with no prospects for the future to encourage them. The first American settlement found within the borders of California was Warner's ranch where they had breakfast that none of the half-famished party ever forgot. They were treated to pie, and had ridden over the mountain before dawn, to respond to the invitation of their host, who visited their camp the evening before to greet Colonel Hays, of whose coming he had heard. It was a memorable meal. The party arrived in San Francisco about holiday time. Colonel John W. Geary was Alcalde. He had served in Mexico during the war and had met Colonel Hays. He and some friends then gave the famous Texan an appropriate welcome. The first municipal election under the new government was soon to be held. Andy Sublette, of the great family of trappers and mountain men was sheriff, and declined to stand for reelection. One of his deputies was a brother of Powers, the celebrated sculptor. Another, Colonel Towns, was the Whig candidate for the office. Colonel J. J. Bryant, owner of the Bryant House, formerly the Ward House, on Clay street opposite the Plaza, was the democratic

candidate. The friends of Colonel Hays ran him as independent candidate. The election was late in March. Colonel Hays was elected by a large majority. The Eastland party worked hard in his behalf. Colonel Jack Hays appointed Major John Caperton under sheriff, and John Frenor, brother of the noted Jim Frenor, the "Mustang" Mexican war correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, was one of his deputy sheriffs. It was during his term that the first Vigilance Committee was organized against Sidney thieves and others of desperate character. Sheriff Hays found it difficult at times to maintain his authority but he succeeded in doing so. Once, in dislodging a most refractory and violent squatter, Deputy Frenor was shot by the squatter and severely wounded. But he captured his assailant and had him conveyed to prison. In 1853 upon the election of President Pierce, Colonel Hays went to Washington. He had served with General Pierce in Mexico and a warm friendship existed between them. Major Richard P. Hammond, who had served in Mexico as captain in the regular army, Hays dearest friend (His brother-in-law, his sister's husband) accompanied him. President Pierce gave cordial greetings to the two and appointed Major Hammond Collector of the Port and Hays as Surveyor General. Hammond had been speaker of the California Assembly the year before and would have been elected to Congress had he not had his leg broken while on the way to the Convention at Stockton, and but for the murder of Jim Frenor by the Pitt River Indians, on his way also to Sacramento, as a delegate from Siskiyou with all the proxies from that Northern region to be cast for Major Hammond. Colonel Hays filled the office of Surveyor General with integrity and ability. He joined with Major Caperton and others in the purchase of a large and valuable tract of land across the bay in Alameda county, then Contra Costa known as the Encinal, and this secured him a competence upon which to rest in circumstances during his lifetime, also to leave to his widow and children a snug estate. I never heard of his having been overcome and rendered speechless except upon one occasion, when a con-

vivial old friend in Alameda called him into the house one morning to taste some fine old Hudson Bay rum, which he said he had found, greatly to his surprise, in his daughter's room. Colonel was not an expert in drinks, his life had been temperate and exemplary. But to please his old friend he consented; the bottle was brought forth, the glasses filled. "Drink it neat, Colonel Jack, don't spoil it with water," was the hospitable host's injunction. With the easy simplicity of a child Colonel Hays followed the instructions. Down went the liquid. His face told the story which his stopped tongue could not. It was bay rum! The young lady had got it for her toilet. Hays' remark afterwards was that his friend kept d—d poor rum; he wanted no more of it.

He was a wonderful man, and so modest. Why, you might have travelled with him around the world and unless you knew of his extraordinary exploits you would never learn anything of them from him. Even when pressed by his friends to relate incidents of his Texas Ranger life, and if strangers were present, he would decline. He never spoke of himself nor his heroic deeds. It was of his men, his comrades, that he would recite so much that was grand and glorious, as though he had been merely a spectator. I saw him in Washington in 1850, and during that winter once in New York. I stood talking to an old friend, Ad. Saunders, who had a store both of us in the doorway. It was a fine day under the Astor house. He bareheaded, bright, unusually pleasant day for the season, Jack Hays passed, a friend accompanying him. We exchanged salutations, and I remarked to Saunders, "That's Col. Jack Hays, the famous Texas Ranger." He exclaimed, "My God, hurry up and overtake him; I'd rather be introduced to him than to any man in the world." He bareheaded and I hurrying, we did overtake the Colonel just as he was crossing Barclay street, and I introduced my enthusiastic friend. Jack Hays received him courteously and kindly, he was never demonstrative. But after the brief interview I had hard work to convince my friend that the modest, unpretentious, mild, quiet toned gentleman he had talked with was the world

renowned Jack Hays, the Texas Ranger. He had expected to see a man breathing fire and with the warlook overpowering in every feature. He remarked that Hays appeared in very questionable shape to his fancy. It was Jack Hays' way. It was the even simplicity of his gentle, nobly rounded nature, in which there was neither defect nor irregularity. Match him among the world's heroes if you can, in all your reading or any you have known. I can't. He was not so great, however, as he was good and true. He was more than the world took him for.

From the Scrapbook:

After account of Hays funeral under the auspices of the Veterans of the Mexican War of Alameda and San Francisco counties, California Pioneer associations, and other military and civic organizations:

But impressive as were the ceremonies, and imposing as was the procession that followed the dead hero to the grave, these were as nothing compared with the universal unfeigned and touching exhibitions of grief that pervaded all classes of the populous community in which he had spent the last thirty years of his life and in which the admiration of men, women and children for the hero had grown into a deep and imperishable affection for the man. The memory of his heroic deeds was little more than a tradition in Oakland, yet the serenity of the long afternoon that followed the stormy morning of his life gave full fruition to the true inwardness of the man, and rendered him one of the most lovable of men and for years past almost any child in Oakland would point to that diminutive form and that face that was at once benevolence and gentleness personified and tell you with bated breath and air of deepest benevolence, "That's Colonel Jack Hays."

Short Autobiography.—Through small of stature, and in younger days of almost glibish appearance, he possessed an iron constitution, and his quick intelligence,

unexampled activity and powers of endurance, coupled with intuitive strategy and a courage as discreet and unwavering as Julius Caesar's, soon made him the idol of the rough Texans, with whom he cast his lot. They not only admired him, they loved him, as the friends of his after life loved him, and the greatest coward in his command would gladly have walked into the jaws of death at his command.

General Sam Houston, who was himself a really great captain, readily perceived all this, and when the independence of Texas was gained he organized a little mounted army known as the Texas Rangers with that little lump of mental and physical electricity, Col. Jack Hays in command. Incessant war with a powerful and wily tribe of Indians ensued, and continued until the annexation of Texas precipitated war between Mexico and the United States, by which time hostile Indians had become scarce in the vicinity of the white settlements.

The brilliant achievements of Colonel Jack Hays at Monterey and in other general engagements, skirmishes and strategical movements have long since gone into history, poetry, painting and song; but the unselfish heroism and real grandeur of this peerless little man found their grandest exhibition in the then unbroken wastes of Texas during his unrecorded struggles with the fierce Comanches. Having of late years gone over these struggles with the modest old hero and others who participated in them, we may at some future time relate some incidents connected therewith. Fierce and bloody as had been the assaults of this born leader of men upon a Comanche camp and formidable Mexican battery, he was gentle and modest as a little girl. And none but his most intimate friends could draw the old hero out on his warrior life in Texas and Mexico. But when the writer, or General George S. Evans of Stockton, or Uncle Nat Harbert of Fresno, got him warmed up on the subject by touching some tender chord in his memory, he became one of the most fascinating conversationalists we ever listened to.

Colonel Hays was a pioneer of California; was the first sheriff of San Francisco and held the office for four years

and was United States Surveyor General of the State under President Pierce. In pioneer days he purchased a large portion of the Peralta land grant, on which the city of Oakland now stands, and from this he soon realized a competency which enabled him to pass the declining years of his life in ease, and what was more gratifying to his great heart, to dispense charity with a quiet, but liberal hand.

In all the realizations of life, as soldier, civic officer, private citizen, husband, father and friend, he was a true man, and the world has been benefitted by his noble example. Peace to his ashes.

Extract from the Annual Year Book of the Oakland Tribune, 1922.

MONTCLAIR—The story of the Grant Louis Peralta by the King of Spain of the land "five leagues in extent running from the deep creek of San Leandro on the east to a hill adjoining the sea beach," his division of it among his sons, to Vincente and Antonio the areas now covered by Oakland and Piedmont, and their life thereon.

Then came a figure into the history fully as picturesque as the old Spanish "dons". This was Captain Jack Hays, the Texas Ranger, first sheriff of San Francisco, as the village of Yerba Buena had been called. "Captain Jack" came across the bay one day and saw the future city in the squatter community. He rode about the hills and in halting in the center of the beautiful district now Montclair, he saw the future home center of the city, and decided to live there. That is pure real-estate! He chose "Jack Hays Canyon" because it was beautiful, wild, and out of the way. So he went to the distracted Peralta brothers, beleaguered by a horde of squatters, some of whom paid Peralta for the land they took and others who managed to steal their titles through the tangled and hectic juggling of the law that followed the gold rush. So suddenly did this crowd of settlers pour in, so highhandedly did they ignore Spanish ownership of the land and so sturdily did they stick together that the easy-going Spaniards were bewildered. They tried to fight

back. The squatters set up a cannon near the present site of the Oakland City Hall and declared that this cannon would be fired whenever the Spanish Californians tried to evict a squatter and that from all the area within hearing the Americans would gather with guns ready to fight. Hays, with the backing of some of his companions, succeeded in buying a section of the Peralta acres, "all the land north of the estuary and south of Lake Merritt." Thus did Captain Jack Hays become the first realtor of the Eastbay region. His purchase began to bring in money at once. Hays immediately began preparations to leave San Francisco and resigned his shrievalty in 1853. He then bade goodbye to a long career of wildest adventure and romance and settled down in the home he had found for himself near where the old road runs from the site of the Moraga Ranch to connect with the roads between the various parts of the Rancho San Antonio. (Peralta, the first, named his huge ranch San Antonio) Of this spot that "Captain Jack" chose for himself in what is now Montclair an old history of Oakland says:

"His residence near Piedmont, where he died, is one of the most beautiful of the state. It is located at the base of the verdure-clad hills of the Coast Range, in a quiet nook, secluded from the bustle and turmoil of that busy world in which this hero so long maintained a gallant and successful career. Lordly oaks surrounding a handsome building, and exquisite art has been made an assistant in adorning the natural beauties of the scene."

A clipping from an Oakland paper, reporting the speech of J. H. Hammond, mining engineer, (nephew of John C. Hays) at a banquet of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce on the connection of Colonel Jack Hays with early Oakland:

"In the almost forgotten Indian troubles in California in 1860 Colonel Hays was assigned command of two companies of volunteers from the bay region. He was well fitted for this task, having not only fought with whites against Indians, but with Indians. One of his favorite tales, according to Hammond, was of an inter-

tribal war between the Delaware Indians and Comanches in which he participated on a footing with the Delaware Indians. The Comanches drew first blood by killing a Delaware on a hunting trip. This called for swift revenge and Hays was accepted as one of the punitive parties that set out to slaughter the Comanches. He and his twenty-two red-skinned comrades surprised a camp of 120 Comanches on the banks of the Rio Grande and killed and scalped the whole lot without the loss of a man of their side."

The pleasanter reverse side of this rather grewsome tale is that the Colonel seems to have caught that liking for Indian ways, and for the red-skins themselves that appears to mark their most successful enemies. His small daughter, whose recollections of him are as delightful as they are necessarily few, had a favorite game that appeared to please her father as much it did her—"playing Indian" by stalking and hunting each other among the trees of Fernwood. He took great pride in making a rider of her, having a tiny red velvet saddle made specially. Other times he would escort her and her little friends to the visiting circus. All the neighboring Indian children would come to town on circus day, and such small dirty unfortunates as could not muster the admission price planted themselves outside the tent. The Colonel would spy them and bargain with the gateman for a blanket entrance fee for all the Indians in sight. His party would be escorted through the gates by a horde of them, sprung apparently from the ground. The gateman and the small guest of honor shared sensations!

FAMILY HISTORY

From Betty Hays Norris, Daughter

Mrs. Hays maiden name was Susan Calvert, of the Alabama Calverts. She and her immediate family came from Alabama by wagon to Texas, her father wanting to remake his fortune in a new country, having gone too generously on other people's notes in Alabama. She was fifteen when they arrived in Seguin. At seventeen she met the cap-

tain of the popular Rangers at a dance and they were quite promptly engaged. He left her to go to the Mexican War, and was gone a year, came home, married her, was forced to go eight days later on a government expedition to explore the trail to El Paso, expecting to be gone eighty days, and was gone a hundred and eighty. Apparently they lost their way. Everybody was convinced that they had perished, except the bride who never had a doubt. They came home in a most pitiable condition, having exhausted their ammunition and having been forced to subsist on their own mules. One man went insane with the privations and the diet. The Colonel told that of the mules they made soup and stew, the halves of the party taking their turns at each, after they discovered that the soup-choosers were apparently the more nourished. They were in fatters. Then Hays went to Washington to make his report on the trail, and when he returned took the contract to furnish some government troops with beef and meat on their journey from Texas to California, which meant that he left his wife again, in the care of her parents in San Antonio, where they had moved and bought land after their daughter married. When he had established himself in the new state, he sent for Susan to come by Panama. She went to New Orleans, and with her husband's young brother, Bob, she came across the Isthmus.

She had the only sidesaddle in the party, and when a mother in the party was to be separated from her small baby, who was to be strapped to a native for transportation—apparently in those days it was all—even a frantic mother could do to ride cross-saddle—she carried the child in her lap. They settled on a ranch the Colonel had at Redwood City (now) some thirty miles down the Peninsular from San Francisco—part of his land he sold to Governor Stanford and the University of Stanford occupies it now—and for part of the time he held the office of Sheriff he used to ride those thirty miles daily to his office, and ride back. Later after living in the City (San Francisco), he could not stand the foggy and windy climate and that is why

he bought the land across the Bay and built Fernwood. Mrs. Hays was temperamentally as much of a pioneer as he was, and loved everything about her life except the separations. She was a beautiful horsewoman. One time in Texas, after she was engaged, too, she went riding with another escort to pick wild flowers, and they only saved themselves from a sudden Indian attack by sheer speed of their horses. The Captain wasn't pleased! She was also an excellent housekeeper, which was fortunate, since Fernwood was always full of guests and relatives. She must have had a charm like the Colonel's and a sense of humor, as the most diverse sorts of people remember her with delight, and her friends were legion. She made two or three trips back to Texas to see her people. She had six children, all of whom died in childhood except the eldest, John, and the youngest, Betty, my husband's mother.

John McMullin who was the lieutenant spoken of in the Reid's Texas Rangers, was a lifelong friend of Colonel Hays, who came up to California with him after their Texas life. He went back to Washington, married Eliza Morgan, brought her to California, bought land in San Joaquin Valley and the two families lived in the closest friendship. Anna, the eldest McMullin, married John the eldest Hays, and John the youngest McMullin, married Betty, the youngest Hays. Years later after his death she remarried and is now Mrs. B. H. Norris. John Hays the son died. He left two children, Harry and John, and Betty has three children, John, Eliza Morgan, and Harmon Hays. John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, is Colonel Jack Hays' nephew, being the son of his sister.

AS SHERIFF

On one occasion the Sheriff was informed that a certain vessel was about to set sail with contraband on board. He went down to the dock, took a row boat and all alone rowed out to the side of the ship. The captain saw him and ordered the man at anchor to raise it, and the sheriff ordered him to

it alone. The captain threatened to shoot him if he did not raise it, and the Sheriff announced he would shoot him if he did. The sailor obeyed the deep sea and the captain submitted to arrest.

Concerning Colonel Jack's endurance, his wife told that when they were first married, they would go for long drives during which he would run for miles beside the running horses. Later when they lived in Oakland, when sometimes he would miss the last ferry boat, he would row across the bay in a row boat, something of a feat; the distance is some seven miles and the tides from the Golden Gate something to reckon with. Office life, even the office life of an Argonaut Sheriff, told on him, and during the last part of his life he was very much of an invalid, suffering terribly from rheumatism. His daughter, who was born when he was fifty-two, only remembers him as an invalid, though he was often well enough to "spoil her dreadfully" and play Indian with her among the trees of Fernwood.

Extracts from the Annals of San Francisco and History of California by Frank Soule, John H. Gibon M. D., and James Nisbet.

April 1st.—The first election for officers. The principal office to be filled was that of sheriff, for which there were three candidates. (This was the first election before the new San Francisco charter. Heretofore the city had had an Alcalde, Col. Geary, who was to "perform the duties of every one of the customary officers of a city and county jurisdiction. He was sheriff, probate, recorder, even rotary public and coroner. "He was reelected, and continued as alcalde until the old Mexican institutions were supplanted by our own system of municipal government.) Col. J. Townes was the regular whig nominee, Col. Bryant the nominee of the democratic party, and the celebrated Texas Ranger, Col. John C. Hayes (so spelled) was selected by the people as an independent candidate. It was soon apparent that the contest rested between the two last named, Col. Bryant

was a man of fortune, and was determined to spare no exertions or expense to secure his election. He was proprietor of the most extensive and best conducted hotel in the place, known at that time as the Bryant House, formerly the Ward House, which was a great place of resort for politicians, and where hundreds of the colonel's pretended friends and real supporters, enjoyed in no slight degree the advantages of his generous hospitality. A band of music was daily stationed on the balcony of the Bryant House after the nomination of its proprietor, free lunches were served in the spacious saloon, and on this day the building was literally covered with flags, signals, and banners of every form and beautiful color, while the finest liquors were gratuitously dispensed at the well stocked bar to all who chose to drink. On Saturday afternoon, March 29th, the friends of Col. Hays held a mass meeting on the plaza, which was a large and enthusiastic assembly. After several spirited addresses had been given, the meeting formed in procession, and headed by a band of music paraded the principal streets, cheering and being cheered by multitude of spectators as they passed along. In the evening the democrats also assembled in the square, making a truly splendid display. The whole plaza was covered with men, horses and wagons, and was illumined with flaming torches and other lights, which blazed from the speakers' stand and hundreds of vehicles admirably arranged for effect. Numerous transparencies, banners and flags added greatly to the life and splendor of the pageant. Able speakers urged the claims of the democracy in general and of Col. Bryant in particular, to the suffrages of the people, while at regular intervals cannons were fired to give effect and increase the excitement. This meeting also ended in a procession, which traversed the streets to a late hour in the night. Early this morning the different parties were in force about the polls, and in due time the judges, inspectors, and clerks were chosen and installed in their respective offices. The election was conducted with more than usual spirit. At noon it was evident that Col. Hays was the

peoples' favorite, which incited to increased effort the Bryant party. Accordingly they appeared with another grand display upon the plaza. A procession of mounted men and carriages filled with musicians, with banners and flags waving and floating above them, occupied the square and were in a measure producing the desired effect.

But in the midst of the excitement thus produced, Col. Hays, mounted upon a fiery black charger, suddenly appeared, exhibiting some of the finest specimens of horsemanship ever witnessed. The sight of the hero, as he sat bareheaded and unattended upon his noble animal, took the people by surprise, and called forth the admiration and patriotism of the vast multitude of spectators, from every one of whom shout after shout rent the air, deadening the sounds of trumpet and drums, and being heard far and wide over land and sea. Men crowded around him on every hand, some seizing the bridle, others clinging to his clothing and stirrups, and each anxious to obtain a grasp of his hand. The noise and tumult terrified the spirited beast he rode which reared and plunged among the enthusiastic crowd though so admirably managed as to do injury to none; when, at length, his rider giving him the rein, he dashed into and along the adjoining street, followed and greeted by loud huzzahs at every step. This settled the question. The cause of Col. Bryant was abandoned, and a vast majority of votes were given in favor of the Texan Ranger."

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December—The Southern portion of the state, having been recently in great danger from attacks of the confederated Indians tribes, applied for aid to Gen Hitchcock, commanding U. S. forces in California. He accordingly sent as many of his troops as could be spared, and authorized the raising of two companies of mounted volunteers. Great excitement, in consequence of this permission and the previous alarming news, existed in the city, and numbers hastened to enroll themselves in the proposed companies. To the disappointment of many applicants, a selec-

tion only could be received. The two companies were placed under the respective commands of Col. John W. Geary and Capt. Daniel Aldrich, while Col. John C. Hays was appointed to be commander-in-chief. Later intelligence from the South, to the effect that the Indian difficulties were being arranged, rendered it unnecessary for the volunteers to proceed thither.

Regarding the activities of the Vigilance Committee:

"The next great occasion on which the committee figured was in August following. They had had in their custody for some time back two persons of the names of Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKensie, who were charged with various crimes of burglary, robbery and arson. These persons had been fairly tried, had confessed their guilt, and were sentenced to be hanged. The particular time for the execution had not been fixed, although a rumor spread abroad on the evening of the 20th of August, that it would take place next day. Meanwhile the governor of the state the Hon. John McDougal, issued (on the 20th of August), a proclamation to the people in the county of San Francisco, directed against the Vigilance Committee by name, and he called upon "all good citizens of said county to unite for the purpose of sustaining public law and tranquility, to aid the public officers in the discharge of their duty, and by all lawful means to discountenance any and every attempt which may be made to substitute the despotic control of a self-constituted association, unknown and acting in defiance of the law, in place of the regularly organized government of the country." To this proclamation the following strange certificate was published in answer:-

"San Francisco, August 20th, 1851.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby aver, that the present governor, McDougal, asked to be introduced to the Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance, which was allowed, and an hour fixed. The governor, upon being introduced, stated that he approved the acts of the committee, and that

much good had taken place. He hoped that they would go on, and endeavor to act in concert with the authorities, and in case any judge was guilty of non-administration, to hang him, and he would appoint others, etc."

On the morning of the 21st, before dawn, the sheriff, Col. John C. Hays, with warrant of habeas corpus procured upon the affidavit of Governor McDougal himself, went with one of his deputies to the rooms of the committee, which he entered without experiencing any resistance. A party of policemen followed behind, to be ready in case of need. There were a sufficient number of the committee at hand to have forcibly and successfully resisted the authorities; but taken by surprise, and unwilling to proceed to actual blows and blood-shed, they suffered the prisoners to be removed. Some of the Committee however, hastening from the apartment, immediately began to ring the bell of the California Engine House. This soon aroused the numerous members of the committee from slumber, and sent them quickly to the scene of action. By the time they arrived the sheriff had left with the prisoners.

COLONEL JACK HAYS

The following sketch of Colonel Jack Hays was taken from Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas," a book which is now out of print:

Among the many noted Indian fighters who have figured in the border wars of Texas none perhaps hold a more conspicuous place than Colonel Jack Hays, the subject of this little sketch. He was a native, I believe, of Tennessee, and came to Texas when quite a young man some time previous to its annexation to the United States. He brought with him letters of recommendation from prominent people to President Houston, who, not long after his arrival in this country, gave him a commission to raise a ranging company for the protection of the western frontier. This company was, I believe, the first regularly organized one in the service of the country, at least in the west.

With this small company, for it never numbered more than three score men, Colonel Hays effectually protected a vast scope of frontier country, reaching from Corpus Christi, on the gulf, to the head waters of the Frio and Nueces rivers.

It may seem incredible to those not acquainted with the facts that one small company of rangers should have been able to protect such an extended frontier against Indians and marauding parties of Mexicans. But it must be borne in mind that this small company was usually divided into squads of ten or twelve men each, who were almost always constantly in the saddle scouting over all parts of the country, and consequently the Indians never knew where or at what moment one of these squads would pounce down upon them. And besides the rangers had so much the superiority of them in arms and horses that one of them was fully equal on any ground to five or six Indians, armed as they were at that time with only bows and arrows or old flint and steel guns still less effective.

Shortly after the invention of the five shooter by Colonel Colt he furnished the navy of Texas, under contract with the government, with fifty or sixty of these improved fire arms. Subsequently, as it was supposed they were more needed on the frontier than in the navy, they were turned over (or at least a portion of them), to Colonel Hay's ranging company. With these improved fire arms in their hands, then unknown to the Indians and Mexicans, I have not exaggerated in the least in stating as I have done that one ranger was a fair match for five or six Mexicans or Indians.

Colonel Hays was especially fitted by nature for this frontier service. He was a man rather under the medium size, but wiry and active and gifted with such an iron constitution that he was enabled to undergo hardship and exposure without effect which would have placed the majority of men completely hors de combat. I have frequently seen him sitting by his camp fire at night in some exposed locality, when the rain was falling in torrents, or a cold norther with sleet or snow was whistling about his ears, apparently as unconscious of all discom-

fort as if he had been seated in some cosy room of a first class city hotel; and this, perhaps, when all he had eaten for supper was a hand full of pecans or a piece of hard tack. But above all, he was extremely cautious where the safety of his men was concerned, but when it was a mere question of personal danger his bravery bordered closely on rashness.

When the war between the United States and Mexico broke out Colonel Hays was elected to the command of a regiment of Texas mounted volunteers, and at the storming of Monterey he and his regiment rendered effective service. Some time after the conclusion of the war he moved to the State of California, where he died several years ago; but his name has not been forgotten by the people of Texas, and will long be a household word among them.

As an appropriate place for them, I will herein relate a few of his battles with the Indians when in command of his ranging company, and also one or two of his personal exploits.

In the fall of 1840, a party of Comanche Indians numbering about two hundred came into the vicinity of San Antonio, stole a great many horses and made their way off toward the Guadalupe river.

Colonel Hays with about twenty of his men followed in pursuit of them. He overtook this formidable force at the crossing of the Guadalupe river. The Colonel, who was riding in front, as he usually did, was the first to discover the enemy. He rode back to his men and said, "Yonder are the Indians, boys, and yonder are our horses; the Indians are pretty strong, but we can whip them, and recapture the horses; what do you say?" "Go ahead," the boys replied, "and we'll follow if there's a thousand of them." "Come on then, boys," said Hays, and putting spurs to their horses, this little band of twenty men boldly charged two hundred warriors who were waiting for them, drawn up in battle array.

Seeing the small number of their assailants, the Indians, made sure of victory, but in this they were badly mistaken, for the Texans charged them so furiously, firing a volley into their midst as they did so, that their line of

battle was thrown into confusion. For a while, however, they stood their ground, and strove to overwhelm the Texans by mere force of numbers, but at length their braves began to fall so rapidly before the continuous fire poured upon them that they wavered and commenced to give way. At this juncture their head chief while endeavoring to rally them, received a fatal shot and fell dead from his horse. The fall of the chief completely discouraged them and the retreat soon became a total rout, each one fleeing for his life before the victorious Texans.

Colonel Hays and his men pursued the retreating enemy vigorously for several miles, inflicting still further loss upon them and recapturing the greater portion of the stolen animals.

It was for such feats of personal prowess and daring as the following that Colonel Hays received from them the appellation of "Captain Yack" (Captain Jack.)

In the fall of 1841, he was one of a party of fifteen or twenty men employed to survey some lands near what is called by the Indians "The Enchanted Rock." This rock forms the apex of a high round hill very difficult to climb. In the center of this rock there is a circular hollow sufficiently large to allow a small party of men to lie in it, and its perpendicular sides formed an effective breastwork. While the surveyors were engaged in work not far from the base of this hill, they were attacked by a party of Indians.

At the time the attack was made, Colonel Hays, who was at some distance from the rest of his companions, ran up this hill and took his position on the top in the little hollow we have mentioned, determined to sell his life at the "highest market price." He was well known to the Indians, and they were anxious, if possible, to get possession of his scalp. They mounted the hill, surrounded the rock and prepared to charge him. Hays was well aware that his life depended more upon tact and strategy than mere courage, and he resolved to reserve his fire as the last alternative.

The Indian rushed towards him, hoping to draw his fire when they were yet at such a distance as to render it ineffec-

tive, but the Colonel was too wily to be caught in any such trap, and all he did was "to lay low and keep dark," and whenever the Indians came near enough to see the muzzle of his gun protruding from the walls of his little fortress their hearts would fail them and they would fall back. Several times they repeated this maneuver but always with the same result, for the Colonel was reserving his fire until they should come to close quarters, when he could make every shot tell. Finding there was no prospect of obtaining the Colonel's scalp without running some risk to get it, the Indians made a charge upon his little fortress in earnest. The Colonel coolly waited their approach until they were so near that he could see the whites of their eyes when he suddenly rose up, presented his rifle, fired at the foremost Indian, who fell dead in his tracks. The others, thinking he had his revolver in reserve (and in fact he had two of them) halted for a moment and then fell back again, giving the Colonel time to reload his gun. At length, however, seemingly furious at being kept at bay in this manner by a single man, the Indians made another charge upon him, yelling loudly as they came on. But as far as their yelling was concerned they might just as well have saved their breath, for the Colonel had been too often in the woods to be frightened by the hooting of owls. He let them advance until they came even nearer than they had been before, when he "upped" one of them with his gun, and then seizing his revolvers he emptied their contents so rapidly among the others that they hastily fell back again. Just at this moment his companions, who, all this while, had been fighting the main body of the Indians and at length had compelled them to retreat, hearing the fire at the summit of the enchanted rock, and suspecting the cause of it, hastened to the Colonel's relief.

As soon as the Indians, who were beleaguering him in his little fortress, saw them coming, they retreated, dragging with them their wounded comrades, but leaving the dead behind. The surveyors finished their work without any further interruption from the Indians.

In the year 1844 Colonel Hays, with fifteen of his company, was out on a

scout, the object of which was to discover the rendezvous or haunts of certain bands of Indians who had recently been raiding the settlements. When about eighty miles distant from San Antonio, near the Perdenale river, they came in sight of fifteen Comanches, who were mounted on good horses and apparently eager for battle.

As Colonel Hays and his men advanced towards them, the Indians slowly drew off in the direction of a thick growth of underwood, which convinced the Colonel that the Indians they saw were but a portion of a larger party who were concealed in the thicket. He therefore restrained the ardor of his men, who were anxious to charge upon those they saw; and, taking a circuitous route around the thicket, he drew up his little force on a ridge, with a deep ravine between them and the Indians. The Colonel was satisfied the Indians were in such force they would make the attack, and he wanted to secure an advantageous position or to choose his own way of beginning the fight.

Finding they had failed to draw the rangers into the trap they had set for them, the Indians then showed themselves to the number of seventy-five. As soon as they did so, Colonel Hays moved his men slowly down the ridge until they reached the ravine, where they were concealed from view by the thick bushes that grew along the bank. When they reached this point the rangers started at a full gallop, turned the ridge and gained the enemy's rear. The Indians, who were watching the place on the opposite side of the ravine where they had last seen them, had no intimation of their danger until they were startled by the sharp reports of a dozen rifles in their rear.

This created some confusion among the Indians, but they soon rallied and made a furious charge upon the rangers. To resist this, Colonel Hays formed his men in a square and ordered them to draw their five shooters. The Indians charged on all sides and fought bravely for a while, but after twenty-one of their warriors had fallen before the rapid fire of the five shooters, the remainder drew back. Colonel Hays then charged them in turn, and the fight was renewed. The

battle lasted nearly an hour, both parties advancing and retreating alternately. At last the ammunition of the rangers was exhausted and their fire slackened. The chief perceiving this, rallied his warriors for a final effort. As they were advancing, Colonel Hays discovered that the rifle of one of the rangers (Mr. Gillespie) was still loaded. He ordered him to dismount and shoot the chief. Gillespie did so, and at the report of his gun the chief dropped dead from his horse. This so demoralized the Indians that they fell back again and made no further attempt to charge the rangers.

In this fight two rangers were killed and five wounded. Thirty of the Indians were left dead on the field. For good generalship, as well as for the cool, unflinching bravery of Colonel Hays and his rangers, and great disparity of numbers, etc., this fight is certainly one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in Indian warfare.

In 1845 a large party of Indians, to the number of two or three hundred, made a descent on the settlements west of San Antonio. After killing some people and stealing a large number of horses, they left for their mountain rendezvous. Colonel Hays having received information of this raid, went in pursuit of the Indians, determined, if possible, to overtake them, and by a forced march he came up with them near the Frio river. The Indians numbered between two and three hundred, as previously stated, whilst Colonel Hays had but forty two men.

When the Indians saw the small number of rangers they had to contend against, they immediately drew up in line of battle and waited for the attack. Hays and his men were not in the least intimidated by the superior numbers of the enemy, and without waiting to form in line, they rapidly advanced towards the Indians.

When they were first discovered, Colonel Hays happened to be in the rear of his company, mounted on a mule, and as soon as those in front commenced firing on the Indians he hurried forward as rapidly as he could on his slow going charger. On his way he passed one of his men mounted on a fine horse, and who was evidently trying to hold him back.

He called out to him and asked him why he did not let his horse go ahead. The man replied that if he did so his horse would run away with him. "Then," said Colonel Hays, "let me have your horse and you can ride my mule." The man readily agreed to this, and they quickly exchanged animals.

Colonel Hays being now mounted on a good horse, soon reached the front where the missiles of death were flying thick and fast. Here, however, he discovered that the man who owned the horse had told him the truth, for, in spite of all his efforts he found it was impossible to check his excited and unruly charger. On he went, right into the thickest of the Indians, ahead of all except Flacco, a young Lipan chief, who was also mounted on a splendid horse, and stuck closely to the Colonel's side. These two alone charged the Comanche line of battle with their five shooters in hand, passed entirely through it, and came out unhurt on the opposite side. The Comanches were so astounded at their reckless bravery that they opened a way for them as they advanced.

The rest of the company seeing this gallant feat of the Colonel and the young Lipan chief, and that it had thrown the Indians into some confusion, took advantage of it and rushed right in among them, each one with his five shooter in hand. The warriors stood their ground for a while, but seeing the numbers that were falling on every side before the rapid and continuous fire of these fatal five shooters, a panic at length seized them and they fled and scattered in every direction.

Not long after this fight Colonel Hays, with fifteen men of his ranging company encountered and totally defeated the famous chief Yellow Wolf at the head of eighty Comanche warriors. Among the men Colonel Hays had with him on this occasion were Ad. Gillespie, Samuel Walker, Samuel Luckie, Kit Ackland, and several others who subsequently figured conspicuously during the war with Mexico. After a hand to hand fight, lasting for some time, the Indians were totally routed, with the loss of one-half their number. Among the slain was the Comanche chief, Yellow Wolf. The

loss of the rangers was but one killed and three wounded.

The report of Colonel Hays as to the efficiency of the five shooter on this and former occasions, induced Colonel Colt to present him with one of his improved six shooters, on the cylinder of which there is an engraving representing a Texas ranger charging a party of Indians.

The battle above described with Yellow Wolf and his eighty warriors took place at the Pinta crossing of the Guadalupe river, between San Antonio and Fredericksburg.

IN CONCLUSION.

The reports of the activities of Colonel Jack Hays have been gleaned from various sources, as is readily seen by reading the series. Each writer pays high compliments to the intrepid Texas Ranger, and although accounts of different battles and important incidents in the life of Colonel Hays, are repeated or given in different version by separate writers, we have deemed it proper to publish such versions as given, for in each instance some new light is thrown upon the exploits of the premier Texas Ranger. No effort has been made to arrange these articles in chronological order, or to make them fit into the series in any particular place. They are given just as we have received them, and when the history of this remarkable man is put together bit by bit, the reader will have a record of daring and adventure unequalled by any of Texas' early pioneers.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

Kimble County in 1867

Written for Frontier Times by J. H. Faubion, Leander, Texas



RECENTLY I have been reading in *Frontier Times*, accounts of happenings in Kimble County, by different writers, but none of these sketches, were of occurrences of as early a date as 1867. I, and my brother, had only been in Texas for less than two years, coming to Texas at the close of the war between the states. We had been living on the Brazos River the previous year, had accumulated a lot of malaria, and came to San Antonio, to get rid of the chills and fever. We visited our uncle, Dr. John McSween, and he sent us to a ranch that he owned on Comanche Creek, a few miles south-east of Fort Mason, then garrisoned by U. S. troops, commanded by Major Thompson. This ranch was then under control of Mr. Adam Keller, who at that time was sheriff of Mason County.

We stayed on the ranch for a time, looking after Dr. McSween's cattle. A Mr. Nixon of Kimble county also had some of Dr. McSween's cattle on his Kimble county ranch, which was about four miles west of the junction of North and South Llano rivers. We were sent to the home of Mr. Nixon to get a bunch of beeves to take to San Antonio. The beeves were soon gathered by Mr. Nixon and his sons, there being 25 or 30 head of them. The country where we gathered the beeves was very sparsely settled, and wild game was abundant, especially deer, turkeys, and bear. In one evening, while gathering cattle, we saw six large black bears. Mr. Nixon had his smoke house hung full of bacon, not bacon from hogs, but all of bear bacon.

On starting to San Antonio with the cattle, Mr. Nixon presented us with a whole side of bear bacon, enough for the whole trip, but it was so toothsome that it only lasted us two days. I returned to the Nixon ranch alone for the second bunch of beeves, and knowing that the cow boys were gathering them, before reaching the junction of the rivers, I saw two men on horseback, on the side of the mountain. Thinking that it was some of the cow boys, I stopped to look at them, and while looking at them,

other horsemen rode into sight from behind some liveoak brush. Finally I noticed that none of them were wearing hats. This aroused my suspicions, and I made no more observations, for I knew they were Indians and only hit the high places until I reached the Nixon ranch. When I get there the cow boys had just come in and reported that they also had found Indians, and had a little scrap with them in a cedar brake.

I was told that a Mr. Johnson, who was out looking for a horse that he had hopped out the night before was found dead, and scalped. They had taken all of his scalp off, and laid the hoppers off his horse, a moccasin and an arrow on his breast.

Another incident related to me while I was at the Nixon ranch, was of a young man, who, while eating breakfast, saw a deer not far from his home, and took his gun, an army musket and went to kill the deer. While creeping around a thicket to get a shot at the deer, arrows began whizzing over him. Knowing that it was Indians, he arose and tried to shoot at the Indians, but his gun failed to fire. He had put two army caps on the tube, one inside the other. He stood there and took off the caps, put on another, and took a shot at the Indians. Then he started to run to the house, and on the way he accumulated several arrows, two or more of them being in his legs.

On Bear Creek, east of Junction, lived a family or families of the name of Putman or Putnam, and one day in the absence of the men, the children, three or four of them, were sent out to a mott of timber to gather some dry wood for cooking the noon meal, and were attacked by Indians. When the cries of the children were heard the women ran out to see what the trouble was, and found that one of the children had been picked up by an Indian, and placed behind him on his horse, and a boy was fighting off another Indian with an axe. The screams of the women, caused the Indian who had picked up the child to drop it,

and the Indian that was trying to get hold of the boy with the axe shot the boy through the body with an arrow.

The screaming of the women caused the Indians to leave. The boy I was told finally recovered from his wound.

The City of Kent

Written by Mrs. J. S. Moss, Austin, Texas



HE spudding in of an oil well three miles from the little town of Kopperl, Bosque County, Texas, created quite an excitement among the few remaining pioneers of that community, who have watched the gradual development of that section of country from its unsettled days through the Indian depredations on and on from wild waste to this present day of well tilled farms and quiet community life. Naturally the minds of the old citizens reverted to the early day and many reminiscences were brought to light, among them being the following story told by Mrs. James C. Frazier of Frazier Ranch.

THE CITY OF KENT.

In 1850, The English Universal Immigration Co. bargained for a body of land of 27,000 acres in what is now known as Bosque County, then Milam County. In the latter part of 1850 or 1851, they sent out about thirty families of immigrants and landed them at Galveston. Sir Edward Belcher and Sir C. F. McKenzie of the British Navy came out with these families. Captain Pidcocke and his family were in this colony also. Captain Pidcocke had a lovely daughter, and on this voyage an Episcopal clergyman performed the ceremony that made her the wife of Captain McKenzie.

Richard B. Kimball of 49 Wall Street, New York, sold the English this tract of land which had a frontage on the Brazos river of thirty miles, including the noted Kimball's Bend. That was what old Texans called a rainy winter and in pioneer days that phrase had a meaning all its own. The colonists had a fearful journey overland, after they left their boat, as they were traveling in ox-wagons. So miserable was the experience that several members abandoned the company and accepted

positions in Brenham, Cameron, Waco, and other towns along the way. Only those of the greatest pluck and hardihood and a love of adventure made their way to the new home, about fifty miles above Waco, which was their nearest trading post. A feeling of safety came over them when they discovered that ten miles from their destination was one store and a fort, consisting of two companies under Major Arnold and Dr. Steiner. The lonely wayfarers made their first settlement at a large spring $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles below what is now the town of Kimball. Here they laid off in proper form the City of Kent. The main street was the pass between the mountains along the Brazos river. All lots and cross streets were laid off and marked accurately with cedar stakes, many of which are still in evidence, unless very lately destroyed. The town proper embraced forty acres. Much more was divided into small farming tracts. Excellent farming land lies both north and south of the City of Kent.

The first log house was built at the big spring at the foot of the mountain peak which the English named Solomon's Nose owing to a fancied resemblance, in shape, to a man's nose. This Solomon's Nose is quite a rugged cliff overhanging the Brazos, and underneath the bluff are natural caves, looking out from which one has a magnificent panoramic view of the river and the fertile valley sweeping out to the north and east. All of the surveying done in the Colony was under the supervision of Sir Edward Belcher, with Major George B. Erath and Neil McLennan, noted surveyors, doing the work. Erath and McLennan counties are named for these pioneers.

Jacob DeCordova, about whose life an entrancing story might be written, was the agent for R. B. Kimball and

he remained with the colony until he considered it safely settled. Sir Edward Belcher returned to England, leaving Captain McKenzie in charge. Among the colonists was a family named Martin. Two of the sons were clerks out of the Bank of England. Miss Martin married a jovial Irishman in the party named Ballentine. Another family named Plowman came out with the colonists but soon moved on to Ft. Belknap when Ft. Graham was transferred to that place. This family was most fortunate and prospered wonderfully. The moving of Ft. Graham marked the beginning of the end of the picturesque City of Kent.

The Indians were numerous and dangerous at this time and the settlers were naturally afraid, since the branch of the colony that came up from Galveston by boats on the Trinity river, never got nearer the colony proper than Ft. Graham, on account of Indian fights. Most of this unfortunate group were Scotch and one of the families, named Wood, weathered the stormy introduction to Texas life, established a home in Hill County, and the descendants have brought destination to the name. While there were only a few Scotch and German families among the colonists it is a fact that they survived and prospered in this wild frontier country, while the English and Irish could not cope so well with conditions as they found them. It was not lack of grit, determination or courage, but was due to a less hardy physique and adaptability. One of the young Englishmen, however proved himself a genuine John Bull because, after squandering a fortune, he settled down, studied law and became Attorney General of Texas in Governor Ross' administration.

Adjoining the City of Kent, Captain McKenzie had 100 acres planted in corn. The land was unfenced and while the crop was excellent, it was typical of bad management of the English group, that just as the corn was at the roasting ear stage, Captain McKenzie should buy a number of horses and cattle, turn them loose on the range, where they promptly found the corn, and the crop was ruined.

There is an old saying in Texas, like this: "What a man brings to Texas belongs to Texas, what he makes afterwards is his own!" History verifies the truth of the adage.

Another illustration of the impractical way in which the colonists farmed, was this: Captain McKenzie's home was the log house built by the spring, far away from the fields. He had a personal valet, and kept many men hired to work the fields. Every morning when ready to send them out to work, the men were gathered in a group, military formation, the roll was called, and Captain McKenzie, escorted by his valet, who carried the Captain's gun, would look over his company and all being in order he would call "forward!" but just as the company would begin to march, his beautiful, spoiled young wife would come flutteringly to the door and call out "Oh, Captain McKenzie, that hen refuses to set." "Halt!" would come the command, and while the men waited, the momentous problem was discussed, at the conclusion of which the march to the field was started once more. Tradition has it that these interruptions were of daily occurrence. The love of the military was evident in all of the daily life of the colonists.

Many things contributed to the disintegration of the City of Kent. Owing to exposure in the long journey overland from Houston and the unsanitary condition of the houses and dug-outs in which they lived, the change in climate from that to which they were accustomed, the drinking of the fine liquors brought from old England, caused many to fall ill and die. Their graves may still be located by a few of the oldest inhabitants.

Once the colonists got the impression the country was sickly, the remaining settlers grew discouraged and wrote back to England most sarcastic and untrue accounts of the country. Some wrote "The country is no account, there is no timber, not even a riding switch can be found in the whole 27,000 acres." Such letters discouraged further immigration, the colonists who survived, abandoned the

land and it reverted back into the hands of the original owners.

Mr. Frazier was a surveyor and partner of Jacob DeCordova, and spent one night with the Martin family in this colony. The house was most peculiar, being built with yellow willow, wattled from tree to tree, making a circular house and the wattles were covered with mud. The roof was of thatch. In addition to this the family had a tent. Mr. Frazier said such hospitality as those Englishmen dispensed was never surpassed. They brewed a

delicious punch which was served in a huge silver bowl and it was most welcome as the travellers had their nerves tried severely all day by Indian alarms. All of the aristocratic lineage, brought with them solid silver and beautiful china from their English homes. Tradition says that much of this silver is buried near the fast disappearing graves and in the caves and dugout homes of these early settlers. However that be, a world of unrecorded romance and pathos lies in the graves of the lonely inhabitants of the City of Kent.

The Beautiful Grey Horse of the Plains

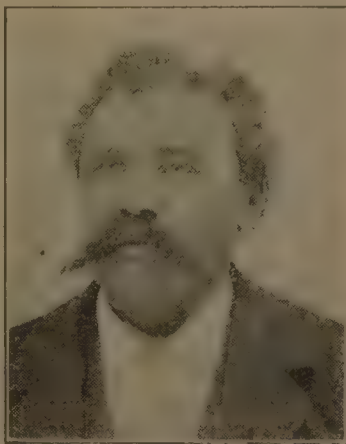
By Curley Hatcher, Myrtle Point, Oregon

I have had some inquiries about a wild horse which used to range along the Kansas and Colorado line, so I will tell the readers of Frontier Times what I know of this beautiful animal. I was catching wild horses in that section of country in 1868, and I saw this horse very often. He was never seen with other mustangs, but was always alone. When I first saw him he was a beautiful grey, with long mane and tail, and I often ran him to try to rope him. I always rode the best and fastest horses I could get, but I never rode one which could make this splendid wild horse break a pace. He kept drifting south, through No Man's Land and New Mexico, and the last time I saw him was when I was carrying some dispatches from Coleman county to Company A at Menard in 1874. I came upon him about twenty miles east of Menard, and immediately recognized him as the same horse I had so vainly tried to catch five or six years before, although he was almost white. I took after him and ran him for quite awhile, but, as usual, he out-distanced me, and not having time to tarry long, as the dispatches had to be delivered, I resolved to return and make another attempt to catch him.

On my return trip I found him, dead. A Mexican lion had jumped out of a live oak tree onto his back and bit him just back of the head. There were signs of a terrible struggle, but the beautiful wild horse had received a death wound,

and died there. I examined him closely, but could find no brand nor mark of any kind on him.

At that time I belonged to Company E of the Texas Rangers and we made



Curley Hatcher

frequent trips to Menard, Fort Mason and Paint Rock; in fact we scouted south, southwest and northwest all over that region. We saw wild horses as wild as wild Indians. I am sure there are many of the old boys yet living who have seen this beautiful grey horse on the range and no doubt many of them, like myself, tried to capture him. I hope to be able to meet with the old Ranger boys at Menard next August.

Captain Lucy Explodes the Ben Thompson Myths

Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, in The Austin American, March 14, 1926

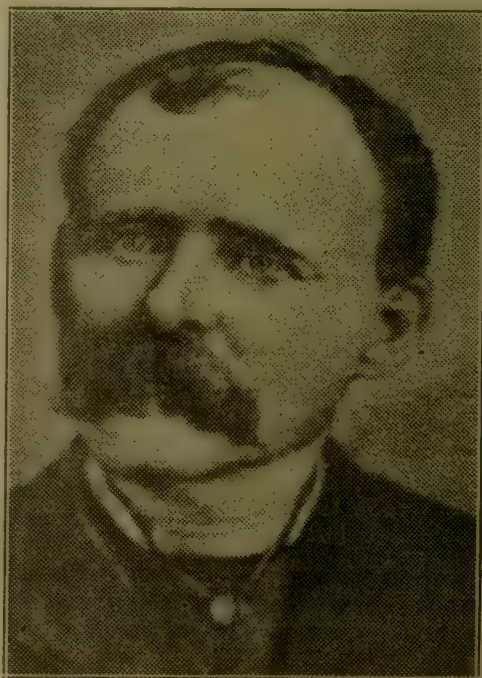


WISE MAN said in the long ago, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Henry Ford said, when called as a witness and asked a question in the famous Chicago Tribune libel suit, "All history is bunk." Arthur Brisbane, in a story of very recent date gave as his opinion that history is 75 per cent imagination. Practical writers throughout the ages conceded truth stranger than fiction. Henry Ford was sneered at by the highbrows for his candid and very terse remark concerning the history of all the ages. He was punctured by the waspish scribes, he was caricatured by the newspaper and magazine artists and branded as a human dumbbell by the very exclusive intelligencia of the civilized world. Then along came Arthur Brisbane with his quaint conclusion and the highbrows and the scribes and the cartoonists may have gnashed their teeth but they never murmured a protest in newspaper or magazine.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Tradition for the most part is a musty old liar. A thousand writers have written stories of the noted Ben Thompson and his encounter in the long ago with Captain James E. Lucy. A thousand newspapers have published these stories. No two stories were alike. They were not based on facts. They were more than 75 per cent imagination with a garnishment of tradition. Indeed the real story has never appeared in the press of Texas or the newspapers or magazines of America. Ben Thompson was shot to death long ago. Those who were eyewitnesses to the famous run-in are sleeping their last sleep, with one exception, and that exception is Captain James E. Lucy, the hero of a thousand tales. He is in the land of the living. He has been on a bed of pain for months. Now for the first time he has given the story, with its details, just as it happened. He was not a peace officer when the encounter occurred. Ben Thompson was not a peace officer. Ben Thompson was the proprietor of a gambling house on the avenue in the capital city. Captain Lucy

was engaged in private business, which called him to Mexico and elsewhere. From the hour that the melee took place until a very recent date Captain Lucy ignored all the tales that were written and all the fantastic descriptions that have appeared in the newspapers of Texas and elsewhere throughout the years.

A modest man is this noted Texan. He



Ben Thompson.

never talked of himself. He shunned publicity. His closest friends were newspaper men of the old school and yet, they never were permitted to exploit the incidents of his career or to invade the privacy of his inner life. History should be accurate to be of value, and justice should be done all concerned by the participants or makers of history as well as those who chronicle the events from which history is made. This is the story of Ben Thompson and Captain Lucy as given by the latter:

"Throughout all the years the seal of silence has closed my lips, but in justice to myself and the noted Ben Thompson,

I have decided to give you the real facts of the story of my clash with Ben Thompson in the long ago. Hundreds of stories have been written by hundreds of writers and all at variance with the facts. Many of these tales were manufactured out of pure fiction. Others were gathered by their writers from garrulous tongues who are supposed to hand on to posterity the traditions of the period in which they lived. Now I believe in truth and in justice—in justice even to Ben Thompson, who had enough to answer for without his courage being questioned or his motives impugned. Ben Thompson was a very dangerous man, but a most courageous man. He never showed the white feather in his life. There was a convention of cattlemen in the city of Austin. The cattlemen of that period, whatever may be said of their faults, were men of unquestioned nerve, men without fear and men who had braved dangers all their lives. After the regular proceedings of the convention there was a banquet held at Simon's Cafe, a noted restaurant on the avenue in those days. Of course, the cowmen were enjoying life and many speeches had been made.

Captain Lee Hall, a noted ranger, was there and the cattlemen called upon him to make a talk. He mounted a chair. He was a rare entertainer and those present on the side of the cafe reserved for functions, were uproariously applauding his remarks. On the other side of the big room were the tables usually occupied by those not associated with the organizations or associations which gave their affairs at Simon's. I was seated at one of the tables. There were four around the table, James A. Hamilton, then connected with a banking house, was one of the four. Frank Maddox, a big cattle and land man, another. My lifelong friend, Col. William Greene Sterett, famous for years in the newspaper world of America, was the fourth. Now I had been in Mexico in the connection with a big deal that Hamilton had on in that country. By appointment I met Hamilton early in the afternoon or evening at the Travis Club. There we discussed the deal for quite a while and finally adjourned to Simon's at the suggestion of Hamilton, for dinner.

"Captain Lee Hall had been my pal. We had served together in the rangers. We had bunked together in northwest Texas. He was almost as close to me as a brother. There were large strong or screen doors to Simon's cafe. While the merriment was at its height around the banqueting board and Hall was using a chair as a rostrum for speaking purposes, one of the screen doors was pushed inward and revolver in hand, Ben Thompson walked toward Hall. Hall was one of the bravest men I ever knew. He had been given the acid test as a ranger many times. Thompson was in an ugly mood. He had not been invited to the banquet. He disliked Lee Hall. He looked upon Hall as a personal enemy. He used his gun as a club, smashing the glass and other tableware and was to all intents and purposes bent upon deadly work.

"Then happened the most remarkable stampede I have ever witnessed, Thompson was known from border to border as one of the most dangerous men of the period. Banqueters deserted their long tables. They deserted the place. Hall never drew his gun. I felt that he was in a most precarious place, that his life was in danger and I drew and cocked my pistol and covered Thompson. He said to me, 'Captain, this is not your fight. You have no business in it. It does not concern you.' Now I had no ambition to kill Thompson. I do not think he desired to kill me. Lee Hall was the man I was thinking of. He was my loyal pal and friend. As I have said those interested the most had stampeded the place. Like the Arabians, they had folded their tents or cloaks about them and the place that they had occupied at the beginning of the affair was a banquet hall deserted.

"I held a cocked gun in my hand. In the rear of the tables was a vacant space and against the wall was a large safe. Thompson as well as me our lives. Will-safe. He kept his gun in his hand. My gun was cocked and covered him. Indeed I was taking no chances, but I was not there to stay if I could avoid it. He continued to tell me that it was not my fight, that I was not concerned, that it was his and his alone. There was a rear entrance, and then something happened which may have prevented blood-

shed, bloodshed that would have cost Thompson as well as me our lives. William Henry Crane was a brilliant and lovable member of congress from Texas. Cuero was his home. He was a close personal friend of Colonel Sterett, famous writer and raconteur called to his long home in the not recent past. There we stood, guns in hand. I did not dare turn to peer into the rear section of the place. All at once there was a rustle or rush and a sound of footsteps. Then a voice rang out, 'Ben, give me your gun.' Then I did look. The man who had stepped in between us was Congressman Crane. Without a word Thompson handed Crane his gun.

"This done, Crane turned to me and said, 'Will you give me your gun, Captain?' Thompson had complied with his request. There was nothing left for me to do. Into Crane's hands I placed my pistol. Then the gentleman from Cuero, one of the democratic leaders and orators of his day, departed with the guns. Thompson called out at the top of his voice, 'Mack, where are you?' A large negro who was employed by Ben Thompson at his gambling house joined our party of two. He was the personal valet and attendant of Thompson, and he handed Thompson a gun.

"If he had been so disposed, Thompson had me at his mercy. He had a gun and I was unarmed. Of course, I did not lose my presence of mind. I merely remarked to him, 'You have a gun. Where do I come in?' He looked me squarely in the eye. He did not show a trace of anger. He merely stated, 'There are bad men outside. You must protect me. Here is my gun. Are you ready to go? If you are, there is a horse and cart on the avenue in this same block.' He was as good as his word. He placed the gun that the negro Mack had given him in my hand. We walked to the main exit. On the outside were four or five men as desperate as I knew in Texas. They had no use for Ben Thompson. Regardless of this, they exhibited no signs of hostility. We walked to the place Thompson had indicated. We entered the cart and I drove Thompson to a place where he had asked to be taken for the night. We stopped at the house, he dismounted and

entered the place. He sent a man out and the man mounted the cart and drove back to the avenue to Simon's cafe.

"There I found Hamilton at the table where we were seated when Ben Thompson entered the place, began the smashing of glassware and stampeded the crowd. Hamilton sat there cool and unconcerned. He did not get out of his chair while the stampede was on. He watched the proceedings, but I doubt if he enjoyed the danger signs and the display of weapons. This is the story, but not all of the story. On the morning following, I met Thompson and he asked me to walk with him to the jewelry store of G. B. Bahn & Co. He appeared to be in a very appreciative mood. Together we visited the Bahn Shop. There he ordered a pair of cuff buttons for me, made of English sovereigns. They have remained in my possession throughout all the years. Then he insisted we visit a clothing store, where he insisted on buying a five gallon hat of the Stetson make and one of the showiest that has ever come within my range of vision. As a matter of fact, I did not wear five-gallon hats. They never appealed to me. Really I protested against the acceptance of the gift, but he said he wished to give evidence in a slight way of his gratitude for what I had done for him in preventing bloodshed the night before as well as in affording him protection as he journeyed from Simon's place to the place where he had spent the night. There was no other way out of it. Five-gallon hats. They never appealed to souvenirs of this very thrilling incident in my career.

"Of course, I have wore the hat, but the sleeve buttons, made of English sovereigns, and of a design popular in those days, have never been out of my possession. Hamilton and Maddox and Sterett are dead. It is useless to refer to the finish of Thompson. As dangerous as he was, he was a courageous man, courageous at all times. Many Texas newspapers of the period were very unfair to Thompson. They said he was yellow without courage and ever ready to take advantage of any man at the mercy of his gun. Justice should be done this noted product of wild days in

Texas and that which I wish to impress upon you is that Thompson was one of the most dangerous men I have ever known as well as one of the most courageous that ever faced a gun. He did not evince the slightest trace of fear when I covered him with my gun on that eventful night, covered him to save the life, if possible, of my friend and pal, Lee Hall, who was with me in my ranger days and who made a glorious record in the

Philippines and again as a peace officer in Texas in later years. This is the first time I have given the facts and it will be the last time. Personal publicity is not the thing, as I see it, if given for self exploitation. I am giving you this story because I wish the chaff blown from the wheat and the public to be fully informed as to that encounter with Thompson, while I remain in the land of the living."

The Great Steamboat Race

The last surviving passenger of the Robert E. Lee on its memorable race with the Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis also was the first reconstruction governor of Louisiana after the Civil War. He is Henry Clay Warmoth, 85, of New Orleans.

Warmoth was aboard the Robert E. Lee at 5:01 p. m. June 30, 1870, when the boat steamed away with the Natchez from the Canal Street wharf. He left the boat at Vicksburg to return to business duties.

"The Lee was stripped down like a battleship going into action," said Warmoth. "Captain John W. Cannon had prepared to win that race. The Lee's spars and dunnage were stripped off. Portions of her guards aft the wheel houses were cut away to prevent dead water and air resistance. 'I was told that besides a huge supply of pine knots for fuel, the Lee carried a lot of spoiled fat bacon and barrels of rosin and pitch and even tallow candles to keep the steam at the highest possible pressure. I did not see any of that, however. And I did not see any negro sitting on the safety valve, either.

"The Lee and the Natchez were different in build. The Lee looked a bit ungainly compared to the Natchez. The Lee was broader in the bow. On the other hand, the Natchez came along like a racer. Her bow was sharp as a razor blade.

"All the way up to Vicksburg the Natchez was in plain sight from the Lee except for some brief spaces when we rounded a sharp bend. But she never caught us.

"We reached Vicksburg on the Lee just 24 hours and 38 minutes after we started upstream from Canal Street in New Orleans. There a fuel ship was waiting for us and the crew rushed aboard the Lee 100 cords of fat pine knots simply oozing rosin.

"The Natchez came along 16 minutes behind the Lee at Vicksburg steaming like a house afire. But she never caught the Lee. The Lee pulled into St. Louis at 11:25 on the Fourth of July, her whistle howling and her gun booming. She made the trip in three days, 18 hours and 14 minutes. The Natchez arrived at 6 p. m. the same day. She had made the trip in three days, 21 hours and 58 minutes, allowing for lost time in repair and fog. Captain Leathers always claimed that deducting that time out for fog and machinery repairs, he had beat the Lee by some 20 minutes."

Warmoth, lawyer, sugar planter and host at the princely Magnolia plantation on the west bank of the Mississippi, entertained in his home Mark Twain.

He was a pioneer at 18 and a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army before he was 20. He was dishonorably discharged by General Ulysses Grant for overstaying a leave of absence and reinstated by Abraham Lincoln.

He was governor of Louisiana at 26 the constitution of the State being amended so that he could take office at that age.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, Send to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Reported Killed in Bass Canyon Attack

Some queer things have happened on the Texas frontier during the early days, and among them was the killing of a man named Grant by Indians in Bass Canyon in 1880, mention of which was made by Merve L. Weaver in a story published in the January number of *Frontier Times*. Judge O. W. Williams, of Fort Stockton, writing us under date of March 10, says:

"I am enclosing you a letter to me from Mr. G. F. Grant of Portland, Maine, referring in part to his trip through Bass Canyon in 1880, and in part to a trip made by a party in 1875, of which we were both members, when we crossed the Tulia Creek just above the beginning of Tule Canyon, and visited a pile of horse bones then reputed to be the remains of horses killed by General McKenzie either just before or just after the fight on Battle Creek. The trail of McKenzie's wagons was quite plain at that time, so plain that we were led to believe that other wagons must have traveled over it after McKenzie's day. Mr. Grant was reported in the papers of his home town as having been killed in that Bass Canyon attack, but he never knew who was the Grant said to have lost his life in that affair."

Mr. Grant, who, by the way, is treasurer of Deering Lodge, No. 183, F. and A. M., of Portland, Maine, writes Judge Williams as follows:

"My dear O. W.:—Thanks for copy of *Frontier Times*, which I am returning as requested, same mail with this. I was particularly interested in two articles, naturally more in the one with reference to the killing in Bass Canyon than the other, the pursuit of the Indians by General McKenzie on the Plains in 1874. You will remember we were at the place, Tule Canyon, where the troops rounded up the Indians and killed their ponies. I have several pony teeth which I picked up there. As to the killing of Grant, I would like to know just who he was and where he came from. I have never been able to credit as a fact that I was the victim, and yet it was my privilege to read

my obituary notice in my then home (Meriden, Conn.) paper. Since then matters in regard to this killing have appeared in "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," (by Gillett), and now in the *Frontier Times*, though without initials. This article in the *Times* by Mr. Weaver is not exactly as related to us by the stage hands at Van Horn's Wells, also not in accordance with the statement of Mr. Murphy, whom I met at El Paso shortly after. They stated that Murphy got his wife and children back of him and gradually worked his way back to the stage station. Murphy did not say that his rifle was out of condition, but that he used it to some advantage. Also he stated that at the head of the wagon train was a wagon containing four men, gamblers he called them, that said wagon was drawn by two horses or mules, and that at first fire by the Indians these four men skinned out and left the rest to look out for themselves. We went through the Canyon in the night, and about two weeks after the killing. There must have been several horses or mules killed, as when we passed the spot the stench was fierce. I have no distinct recollection as to the appearance of that Canyon, but am hoping to re-visit it and view the place where my bones have rested more than forty years."

Photographs Noted Characters.

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others, I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. *Frontier Times*, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with *Frontier* history, Send to *Frontier Times*, Bandera, Texas.

Bob Glasscock Tells of Cow-Punching Days

Cora Melton Cross in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, April 1, 1927



A CATTLEMAN who knew years of study in every man's college life speaks little of himself, and it is only by the stirring of old memories, wherewith he couples up with the "boys" of herd and drive, that he talks at any length. It is of such an account of events of pioneer days in cattle trailing, of friendships as loyal as that exemplified by Damon and Pythias, of bucking brones, of camp fires and night herds, passing panoramically through his mind, that induced Bob Glasscock to select the following story from the many in his abundant store, that I might give it to you here.

"My father moved from Travis to Stephens County when I was but two years old and my earliest remembrance is of cattle, cattle everywhere on acres of green grass as free as the air. Father bossed the old "Anvil Ranch" for years and later worked for Bill Hitson of Dodson's prairie. Soon after taking his last herd up the trail to Greer County, Okla., for Ed Watson, he acquired a ranch for himself. I had "pulled leather" from the time I could sit astride a horse, and as I grew older I learned to pull the reins instead.

At thirteen I was making a "top" hand. That year marked the turning of my life from boyhood to man's estate for it was then I looked, for the last time, into the eyes that held the love light of a mother. When she was laid to rest home lost much of its meaning for me—the understanding heart of it had gone. And while I worked with my father for sometime, there was a restless urge for change that I knew would get me in the end. It was the year I was seventeen, that I, with two neighbor boys (and everybody was neighbors who lived within fifty miles) whose names were Doc and Bill Nolan, decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and that fall we trailed 500 head of steers to Crockett County. It was exciting and interesting, that first trip, short as it was; but when delivery was made we were all ready to go back home for awhile.

"The spring following our trail driv-

ing, the wanderlust got me going again and Jim Washburn, Lee Scott and myself set sail on our prairie schooners from father's ranch near LaCasa, Stephens County, to "somewhere" in the Texas Panhandle. We finally, drew rein at the "N-Bar-N" headquarters.

"There was something like a hundred or more punchers there looking for work same as we were, and on the morning that work began, which was April 1, the ranch table was set for 114 boys. I went to Tom Coffey and asked for a job, for I'd heard a trail drive was in the making. He looked me over and said, sort of uncertain like, "have you ever rode the trail, busted bronchos or stood night guard?" I didn't feel very competent, in the light of past experiences, but I was broke and I had the assurance of youth, so I said, "I have not trailed much and I would rather have my ponies broke, but I can stay awake nights and I am broke and need a job Mr. Coffey and if you will give me a trial I will do my best and if I don't please you, why you can just fire me and I will take my medicine like a man." That seemed to please him, and he said, "Well, Kid, that is fair enough. I don't like to see a boy either hungry or broke, so get busy and we will see what you can do."

"Of course I was anxious to make good and the boys were more overjoyed to help me by picking me the wildest bronchos they had. As a consequence the third day of my try out I let an unusually hard bucker fall back on me and crush my leg. Mr. Coffey was in Panhandle City at the time, having left word that all of us boys slated for the trail drive were to meet him there next day and stock up with bedding for the trip.

"Among us was a fellow named Rainey, who had drawn a regular devil of a horse, and he wasn't any too anxious for the initial job of riding him. Logan Coffey, nephew of Tom's, good scout that he was, offered to try the first sitting, and that was about all he did; for he hadn't much more than hit the saddle until he felt the ground rise up and hit him. Rainey remarked: "The horse

can't do that always, and I will show him he can't. After he had mounted and the pony had a few rounds of bucking he settled down and seemed to be getting over his desire to shed his rider. We were five miles from the camp when he suddenly changed his opinion and rose up, seemingly trying to reach for the sky. About that time Rainey hit the dust.

"When the boys caught the pony and brought him back to Rainey he offered the best pair of gloves in Panhandle City to the puncher who would ride him to that place. He did not seem to be getting any takers, and the fact that I was broke, was without gloves, and had a busted leg that seemed it could not hurt me much worse were the deciding factors in me offering to enter the contest. The boys protested when I asked them to put my saddle on the pony, saying I could not ride him with that bum leg, but they did it and held him for me to mount. He was a past master in his art, all right, and I was a green brone buster, but with an occasional pull at the leather I somehow managed to keep on him until he was either tired out or disgusted. Anyway, I rode him into the city where Mr. Coffey met us with 'How comes it the Kid's riding the dun horse?' Upon being told that he had bucked off both Logan and Rainey, he turned to me and said, 'They tell me you are the only one that can ride the yellow horse. How about it? And how is your leg? I guess it's hurting you pretty bad.'

"I grinned and said, 'I don't know whether I am the only one who can ride the dun or not; all I know is I am the only one who did. My leg is hurting about as bad as it can.'

"Well, I got the gloves. Panhandle's best, they were, costing \$2.50. And that was not all. I knew by the tone Mr. Coffey had used in speaking to me that my job with the N-Bar-N's was cinched by the riding I had given that dun horse and so it was to the end of the trail.

"It was a jinx day, the thirteenth of April, when the boss of the N-Bar-N set eighty-eight cowpunchers to rounding up cutting and massing. There were to be eight herds of 2,500 cattle each, totaling 20,000 in all, each herd composed of cattle of a given age, and all of them to

make the drive from there to Wolfe Point, Mont. With every herd was a boss, a horse wrangler, eight cowboys and a cook and chuck wagon. It just happened that Tom Coffey, of whom I have spoken, was my boss, and needless to say how glad I was of it. Of the punchers with our outfit I remember there was Logan Coffey, Jim Sherley of Indian Territory, Cap Lovett from the Coast Country, Tass Crouson from the Reynolds ranch in Throckmorton County, and George Gray from Fort Sill. He was our cook, and his melodious 'Come and get it' three times a day stopped all the machinery of that drive until we had drunk our fill of hot coffee that would carry double, and ate good baking powder biscuit, three inches thick, baked in a covered skillet; good bacon, prime beef, until food was no object.

"There were other cowboys with whom we got acquainted on the trail that were with our other herds, among whom I recall Ormond and Seymour Broome, Big Frank Stephens, boss of the herd that my friends, Jim Washburn and Lee Scott, sang to sleep with 'O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie,' and other familiar cowboy airs. Joe Weaver was another one, boss of a herd, he was, too, I remember. And there are many whose faces are plain in my memory, but whose names escape me now.

"We went up the old Chisholm Trail, crossing the Canadian River near the Turkey Track ranch, at what is known as the Adobe Wall; from there across No Man's Land and the corners of Kansas, Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming and on into Montana. Towns were like the familiar saying of the Governors of the Carolinas, but if they were few they were extremely important to us. Particularly was this true of Lamar, Colo.; Lusk, Wyo., and Terry, Mont., at which we crossed the Yellowstone River, and Fort Laramie. There it was we forded the Laramie River and it was near Lusk, Wyo., that we had the most fun on that trip.

"We had some trouble finding a place to bed that night. The prickly pears were like hair on a dog's back, but we finally found an opening and it was not long until everything was sitting pretty. Cattle quiet and boys, too; nothing heard but an occasional coyote howl, a prairie

owl or a puncher's loud snore. Suddenly we sat up, with one accord, at a shrill 'Cattle stampeding!'

"Every fellow reached for his boots, for cowboys always know the meaning of a stampede close in camp. One of the boys, Jack Pennell by name, not more than half awake, ran right out into the prickly pears in his sock feet; and as he stepped on one and grabbed his foot with both hands, he promptly sat right back in an immense bunch of them. With that he let out a series of yells that would have done credit to the chief of the Comanches, and we all ran to see what was the matter. We dug him out, carried him in and began to picking thorns. They were there, singly and in bunches, big, little, rough, smooth, crooked, straight, long and short. Thorns of every kind and quality, and the more we picked the harder we laughed and the worse he cried and cussed. It was more trouble that night to tend to Jack than it was the stampeded herd. When we finally got him so he could sit down and walk a little we let him finish the job, but for the rest of that drive if we got to 'sp'ilin' for a fight we sure could get a first-class sample by just yelling 'Prickly pear' at Jack Pennell.

"When we got within five miles of Lamar, Colo., Mr. Coffey said to me: 'Kid you need some clothes, so I will let you off tomorrow and you go to Lamar and get 'em.' I didn't need any urging, for I was pining to get to that town, and so was up and off bright and early next morning.

"We delivered the cattle at Wolfe Point, Mont., after trailing them five months to a day, and as luck would have it we found a trainload of beeves there from the 'N-Bar-N's,' the boss of which got us passes to Chicago where the cattle were to be shipped to market. By 'us' I mean Mr. Coffey and myself. When we got to that city and to the Exchange Building we had those passes exchanged for some to Kansas City and we rode from there together until Mr. Coffey got within the nearest point of the ranch, when he left me and I went on up to Washburn and doubled back to Fort Worth, where I chanced to meet an old-time friend, called Uncle Van Gardenhire, and we went on home together. I

had no thought of not sometime seeing Mr. Coffey again when he said good-bye to me, but I never have, to this day, and I would like to say here that if he sees this story I sure would like to have a letter from him. I often think of how he warned me against drinking, gambling and stealing, advising me in the best way a man could. He surely was a fine man and a good boss, too, as I ever saw with a herd."

Mr. Glasscock seemed to be seeing again the highest peak of the range, as he said in a reminiscent way:

"I am sort of lazing on the job now, and kind of enjoying it, too; for it's the first time in my life that I have had time to do it. They have struck a 40,000,000-foot flow of gas in two wells on my ranch, and while the gas is flowing my cattle are growing and I am not riding bucking bronchos or going up the trail with steers. But it was a great life, riding with the herd, sitting cross-legged on the ground 'round the camp fire eating and spinning yarns or unrolling your bedding and sleeping with your saddle for your heading, and the stars for cover. It's good to remember those hours, and I often wonder if I will ever know many happier ones than those spent on that five months' trail up to Wolfe Point, Mont."

Appreciative.

Mrs. Nora Carpenter, of Dixie, Wash., writes: "Please renew my subscription to Frontier Times for another year, as I do not want to miss a single issue. While I do not care so much for the new cover design as the former one, I enjoyed the contents of the April number very much. The authentic articles descriptive of the characteristics of Jim Bridger and Kit Carson are worth many times the price of a year's subscription to me. For a year I have been searching books and histories of the Pioneer West for just what those articles give. I wonder if there is any old timer living who knew or met up with Marcus Whitman and his wife on the trail as far as Fort Hall. If so, I wish they would write about it, although there would be no Texas history in it. Long may Frontier Times prosper."

The Truth About "Wild Bill"

Written for *Frontier Times* by Herbert Cody Blake,
21 Greenpoint Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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FOR OVER 50 years, histories, magazines, newspapers, and the like have credited "Wild Bill" Hickok with being the greatest, deadliest, quickest, and surest shot with a revolver of the West. One book, a beautiful rehash of all the old dope, speaks of him as the "Prince of Pistoleers." I ask, where do these "historians" and roll-top desk fakirs get their dope? Is there among them one who knew Wild Bill? Or ever saw him?

Have they any facts obtained first handed? For over fifty years the old stuff has been rehashed, warmed over and over, and "histed" at the public, to be repeated.

It's about time the truth was told, not only about Wild Bill, but about Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill), Custer, California Joe, and others, especially some of a more recent vintage—Bat Masterson, for example.

I never knew Wild Bill. I do know men who did—men who were intimately acquainted with him, who rode, ate, drank, smoked, gambled and bunked with him, and what's of more interest, shot with him, and I offer the following as proof that he was not the expert with a 44. he is credited with being.

Bill Cody seldom told the truth, "Sitting Bull" overreached him, but Cody had Ananias, Theresa Humbert, and Dr. Cook tied, his claim of having killed "Tall Bull," "Yellow Hand." Making the Reprisal on "Turkey Leg" and his Cheyennes for derailing the U. P. train in 1867 etcetera, being illustrations. Cody did tell the truth when in answer to the question, "Was Wild Bill a crack shot?" he replied, "No! Just fair, just fair," and added "Frank North, white chief of the Pawnees, he was the best revolver shot standing still, in the air, from hoss back, or at running animals or men that I ever saw. ("Last of the Great Scouts, Pg. 328)

It is doubtful it he was as quick as the famous gun man named after the founder of Methodism, John Wesley Hardin. No

long horn of the old school will allow for a second that Hickok was more abrupt than Jack Mellish, and if space permitted a score of men—real gun-men of Texas and Arizona, who equaled Wild Bill for quickness and out-classed him in shooting. "Mr." James—Jesse, whom I speak of as "Mr." for he looms up quite respectable compared to the New York bandits of today. Mr. James, like Johnny Owens, was as quick on the draw as Hickok and what Hickok was not—a splendid marksman.

The question has been frequently asked "Did Wild Bill and Jesse James ever meet? Did they ever fight together?" Probably not. I fail to learn if so. It is a safe bet, however, that had they ever "looked for each other" Hickok would have found James was not exactly in a trance, and anything James missed on the "deal" he'd have gained on the "draw."

Shooting at a mark, at a target, for a bullseye, Bill was slow, painfully slow, and absolutely a poor shot. i. e. failed to qualify.

Which bluff, having made it, I will up-holster with facts.

Capt. Luther H. North, 81 years old, a highly honored resident of Columbus, Nebr., Chaplin of the local G. A. R. Post, an ex-Government official, and last month elected President of the Pioneers Association of Nebraska, is a brother of Maj. Frank North, the organizer and commander of the famous U. S. Army Pawnee Scouts, 1865-'77 and was intimately acquainted with Wild Bill, Bill Cody, and other celebrities of those days. Captain North is noted for his wonderful memory. He was a great rifle shot. Two—and only two—men ever wiped him off the board—Lieut. Bill Harvey of the Pawnee Scouts, and "Little Buckshot" Wentworth. Mrs. North, who in her youth was a celebrated "hoss woman" and is a crack rifle shot, is the only woman who ever beat him. Captain North tells me: "It was in 1873 that I was in Cheyenne and saw my brother, Frank, John

Talbot, and Wild Bill at arget practice. The distance was 100 feet. Frank won, Talbot was second, and Bill a rather poor third; and I will say that if Bill was fast on the draw, or could shoot from the hip, he certainly didn't show it that day.

"He was very deliberate, and in aiming closed his left eye. As to his being a two-handed gunman, Frank said so long as he had known Bill he had never seen him use his left hand. Talbot was a noted pistol shot, and he said Frank was the only man whom he had met who could beat him.

"Frank frequently beat Bill shooting at 50, 75, and 100 feet. Bill and Frank closed the left eye. Talbot kept both open."

Johnny Owens was not only as quick at pulling and "pinting" a six-gun, but he was a much better shot than Hickok. Many of the older readers of Frontier Times will recall to memory the name Belden (White Chief), and as it has never been told in print, I'm going to digress long enough to repeat a story told me by Captain North about Belden and Bill Cody, and give it as near as I can as told me by the old scout.

"You ask me if Bill Cody was a crack shot? Well, on a running hoss with a rifle Bill was the best shot I knew. On the ground? Say, did you ever know Belden? He and I were buck soldiers in the Second Nebraska Cavalry during the Civil War, high privates in the rear file. He afterwards became lieutenant in the regular Army, but I don't know what regiment.

"Like as not you read in Bill's autobiography where he and Belden shot a match. That match was the 'limit.' They were both half stewed when they started, and after each shot at the target they would adjourn to the sutler's store (it was at Fort McPherson and take a drink or two. The target was a piece of white paper tacked on a soap box about two feet square (the box), and about half the time they missed the box—to say nothing about the paper—shooting at 50 yards, not 100 or 200, as Bill says. Belden beat him.

"I ain't holding that exhibition up as a fair sample of either his or Belden's skill, for they neither of them could see the box after a few shots.

"We were in the cattle business in the '70's, after we quit 'Injuns,' with Cody for a partner. One day, up on our ranch on the North Platte, Bill and me were out back of the ranch house shooting our rifles. We stuck up a tomater' can and fired at it 50 yards off. Was we sober?" you ask—absolutely.

"It wasn't like the days round Fort McPherson. As I was observing, 50 yards off, and Bill was missing it. Frank came out of the house and let go all six shots (.44's) in his revolver and plugged the can five times out of the six. He used at the time, one of the pair of S. & W. Russian Model .44's presented to him by Professor Marsh of Yale—pistols like you and I have now.

"Cody walked off, and chucking his rifle up onto the dirt roof of the ranch house, remarked, 'I guess I won't shoot any more today.'

"As for revolver shooting, I couldn't beat Cody, yet neither of us could hit a barn, and if I wanted to hit the house I'd have to go inside and shut the door. The time I beat Bill Burke, John Hancock, and Bill Burroughs, and half a dozen more up at North Platte, my string of ten shots was 12¼ inches at 50 yards off-hand. When Cody won from 'Yank' Adams at Portland, Me., his string was only 21½, same conditions. Both matches were with rifles."

Having mentioned Custer and California Joe, a word regarding them may interest readers. A volume could be written—and is in preparation—giving the real "dope" regarding California Joe. * He was one of the greatest shots of the West. Custer was a fair shot—that's all. Like Cody, he loved the lime-light, courted notoriety, was fond of overdressing and getting credit for what the other fellow did. Custer's favorite photo holding the "8-square" Remington so-called sharpshooter's rifle, .50 caliber, as he sat alongside that big buck (which he did not shoot), shows it.

To get back onto the trail—Why could Wild Bill shoot so quickly? It's as plain as paint—and any one interested can demonstrate it. Hickok lived every minute in suspense. He expected trouble; never relaxed; never became careless—until Aug. 2, '76, when he sat with his back to the door. Always in anticipa-

tion of trouble, he was ever ready for it.

Mr. Robert ("Baldy") Johnson knew Wild Bill intimately, and remarking how cautious Bill was, recently said to me:

"Hickok, entering a room or saloon, would never walk straight across it. He would ease himself along the walls, would go in front of the bar in a saloon if it had a mirror, but otherwise would go to the end of the bar where no one could get behind him. He was always alert, although apparently at ease."

He did not as has been claimed, shoot on a line with his eyes. Had he done so he would have been put on file early in his career. As Captain North, Talbot, Mayhew, and others testify, he was painfully slow and deliberate aiming at a mark and shooting at a target, a poor shot, usually finishing at the bottom of the list. The 10-cent-piece story is manufactured bunk—he never fired at one.

It is denied by those who knew him that he packed a spring shoulder holster—more bunk. Regarding the two revolvers he wore at the time of his death, Utter (Colorado Charlie), his pal, retained one and gave the other to California Joe, the great scout and "Injun" fighter. Joe was a real shot, and could have cleaned up Bill or any of the others of that day and generation. Joe was soon afterwards murdered in the same cowardly fashion (shot from behind) as Wild Bill, and the probability is had with him at the time Wild Bill's revolver. The whereabouts of either of these Colts is unknown to me.

One Colt, an ivory-handled .44, which Bill packed back in 1870, had the front sight filed off. Regarding where and how Wild Bill wore his guns, very little of what we read is true. He had both pistols and holsters given him by the score, and he gave away the majority. One account, published in 1882, tells how Bill wore a Texas holster, tied down to his right leg, and places the time 1872.

It rather lets the whey out of that statement to look over the photos taken of Bill, alone or in groups, which Utter, Omohundro, Cody, and others, for in a number of them his pistols were stuck in the top of his trousers, for cross drawing (butts towards center). These photos were taken between 1870 and 1876.

Try the following experiment if you are interested in demonstrating "quick draw."

Belt on a single action .44, loose, tied down, or tight, on right side or cross draw. Have a friend to time you. Draw, raise, cock, lower, aim and fire at a large target, size and shape of a man, not over 20 feet away. Aim or not. For the sake of argument don't aim. Fire to hit the target. Then take and weaken the mainspring. File it down (most mainsprings are too stiff). Ease the pull till it is a hair trigger. Pack the gun in a real, genuine, quickdraw holster. Belt it on. When you draw this time, let it be done by pulling the gun out of the holster with the thumb on the hammer and forefinger inside of the guard, cocking the gun as it comes up, grasping the grips as it clears. Fire on the rise. No up and then lower. No cocking after drawing. Practice this week, first. Use blanks or, better yet, exploded shells, unless you care to get new pants—maybe legs or feet. Notice the time. Note the difference. Let your friend use the first method, you use Wild Bill's, and time the difference. He needed no sights, but he did not, as we read, shoot from the hip, nor do any snap shooting or fanning. He did not aim, as we understand aiming. It was as if you point your finger. He had no bull's-eye on his targets! Seldom, very seldom, were his victims over 20 feet away. He had fired before one could aim. Hickok's great secret was in being ready. An old sport, years ago, writing about Wild Bill, tells us he took "touch me not" for his slogan, and after the fashion of his time translated it literally—"if you see anybody looking for trouble, accommodate them." Wild Bill not only accommodated such, but looked for them.

"Do unto others what they'd do to you, but do it first," was his rule. The secret of his successful quick-draw holster is that it be possible, if held in the hand, to fire the gun without removing it. With practice the average reader can, with a single (not double) action 5½-inch .44 or .45 Colt (with the front sight knocked off), in a Weaver quick-draw holster, become as sudden as were Wild Bill, Hardin, Owens, Mellish, James, and the others.

There is no truth—absolutely none—in the claim which has been made that Wild Bill was blind in his left eye, or half blind, or troubled with his eyes. Capt. North replying to me when asked, informed me Hickok had nothing the matter with either of his eyes. In 1869 his eyesight was perfect. In 1876, shortly before he was murdered (Aug. 2nd), in a shooting match Wild Bill was badly beaten by California Joe. This target duel was sawed off at the “66” (so called) Saloon in Deadwood, Wild Bill’s

hang-out, and the place in which McCall shot him. Mr. Young, the literary bar-keep, remarked, “Are your eyes going back on you—are you having trouble with your sight, Bill?” “No,” replied Hickok, “and I will show you I’m not.” Wild Bill Hickok—California Joe and Jesse James, all three gun men of the old West. When men were men and women were women, all three cowardly murdered in the same fashion, shot from behind, murdered. Who knows his end?

Frontier Feudists Were True to Friends

Austin American-Statesman

TEXAS bad men who became so famous throughout the nation for their gun plays were at heart the best men and were thrown into feuds because of surrounding conditions, according to V. O. Weed, observer of life and growth in Austin for the past 55 years.

Mr. Weed, was the intimate confidant of many Texas pioneers who gained renown for their feuds.

“They were the best of fellows,” Mr. Weed said. “Those men, and I’ve known lots of them, would stand by their friends through thick and thin, and they were not bad men at all. They were forced into using guns by accident or by conditions. They started feuds because they had to and not because they liked fighting.”

Mr. Weed, as he explained, was speaking of the men who were known as feudists and not of the desperadoes who were bad men for commercial reasons. He knows the records of train robbers and highwaymen of the day, but he knew none of them intimately.

“Take Ben Thompson for instance,” he continued, “there never was a better hearted man than Ben. But he was a fighter. He claimed to have killed 32 men before he was killed.”

Mr. Weed was a boy of 16 during reconstruction days in Tennessee and Kentucky, and he saw many activities of the klan in fighting negro uprisings and carpetbaggers. He remembers the post war period vividly.

“What about the young people of other years and the ones of today,” Mr. Weed was asked. He rented horses and buggies to the university boys just as garages rent automobiles to them now.

“Oh,” he sighed, “the lines are so far apart, I can’t see across them. It may be all right, this way of young people—but don’t say anything about that.”

Mr. Weed came to Austin in 1871 and opened a saddle and harness business at Pecan street and the Alley, now the corner of East Sixth street and the alley by the Driskill hotel. He later moved to Fifth and Colorado Streets, then opened a livery stable on Eighth street between the Avenue and Brazos street. For several years he has been proprietor of his undertaking establishment on Congress avenue.

Photographs Noted Characters.

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others, I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Life of Ben Thompson.

“The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson” which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price, \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

FRONTIER TIMES

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and Pioneer Achievement**

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The Texas Ranger.

"The Texas Ranger" is the title of a new book just published by the World Book Co. Captain James B. Gillett is the author. This is a fascinating story of the frontier in the 70's and gives a true picture of the troublous days when marauding Mexicans and raiding Indians were constantly harassing the settlers within the borders of Texas. Captain Gillett, himself a Texas Ranger, faithfully portrays the real ranger life, and his story is full of inspiration for our boys and girls, radiating as it does a love for law, devotion to duty and a reverence for parents and for God. The book is well illustrated, and will prove invaluable as a supplementary reader for intermediate grades in our public schools.

Frontier Times has arranged with the publishers to supply copies of "The Texas Ranger," at \$1.20 per copy, plus ten cents postage.

Cattle Raisers Boost Monument.

The campaign to raise funds with which to build a \$100,000 monument in San Antonio in commemoration of the old trail drivers of Texas, was given considerable impetus at the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association convention in El Paso recently according to Mrs. R. R. Russell, president of the monument association.

Following an address by Mrs. Russell before the executive committee and the association, several groups of cattlemen organized for the purpose of raising money with which to honor pioneer cattlemen and trail drivers by subscribing \$1,000 through clubs for getting the old timers' names inscribed on the monument she said. The monument association's action some time ago decided to put the name of each one whose contribution amounted to \$1,000 on the monument.

Congressman Claude Hudspeth made an individual contribution of \$500, matching the offer of Will Rogers, humorist, who

gave his check for that amount during a recent visit to San Antonio.

Mrs. Russell said that more than a dozen \$1,000 contributions had been made in response to the plan of inscribing names of pioneer cattlemen on the monument, which is to be sculptured by Gutzon Borglum.

Several clubs have been started to place the names of cattlemen on the monument, among them John Blocker, John Lyle, Mark Withers, Bill Irvin, Jesse Presnall and others. Friends of Charles Goodnight started a club at the El Paso convention to subscribe \$1,000 for him, although he had expressed a willingness to give the amount himself. Friends of George Saunders of San Antonio expressed a willingness, Mrs. Russell said, to subscribe \$1,000 at the El Paso convention to place his name on the monument but Mr. Saunders asked that a \$1 to \$100 club be started for him, since his friends included many who worked as cow hands, cooks and horse wranglers.

Ogden Brower, Jr., writes from Philadelphia, Pa.: "I enclose \$1.50 for subscription for my boy to your Frontier Times. I also think it would be a big mistake to change the cover on your interesting magazine. Stick to it and you will win success. I was a cowboy in Texas myself 26 or 27 years ago, and could write some good stories for you of my personal experience. I used to know Joe Sheeley in San Antonio back in 1900. You undoubtedly have known of Joe."

Mr. V. L. James, of San Antonio, Texas sends us a very interesting diary, written by James Bell, of a cattle drive to California in 1854. Mr. Bell was an uncle to former Mayor Sam C. Bell of San Antonio. The diary is quite lengthy, and will be published in an early issue of Frontier Times.

John G. Bohlen of Dunlay, Texas, sends in the subscription of John M. Saathoff, Hondo, Texas, to Frontier Times and says: "Mr. Saathoff made a trip to Dodge City, Kansas, in 1883 with cattle, and from there to the Indian Territory. He would very much like to find out what became of a man named Joe Box, who was with him a long time."

WANTED: OLD TEXAS HISTORIES—
Write me what you have, title, author,
date of publication, condition of volume,
and price asked.—**FROST WOODHULL,**
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2. That the owner is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

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Volume 4

JUNE, 1927

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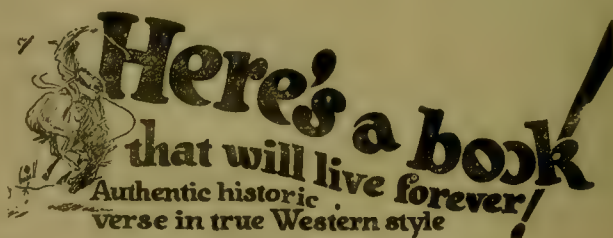
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FRONTIER TIMES



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JUNE, 1927.

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Murder of Alwilda McDonald and Her Mother

Written by Leonard Passmore, Voca, Texas

TOM McDONALD was an old pioneer who came from Illinois to Texas in 1855, settling at the Doss ranch in Gillespie county, Texas.

In Mr. McDonald's family were the following children: Mary, Monroe, Fannie, Melvina, Mariah, Angeline, Josephine, Lafe, Gus and Sam. Of these Mary who married a man by the name of Fannin.

While the McDonald family was living on the Doss Ranch there resided not a great distance from them another pioneer family by the name of Joy. The name Wiley Joy will be readily remembered by all old timers as that of a noted Indian fighter and sturdy frontiersman. He possessed in his family a very beautiful daughter named Alwilda. She was considered most lovely by all who knew her. Her cheeks showed the flush of good health, her eyes were blue, sparkling with fun; her hair was a most beautiful auburn; and her voice was low and sweet. But this was not all, for she possessed a disposition most tender and loving, making

her one of the saintliest and best loved of the Texas border. The dignity of her bearing, together with the other things we have mentioned, won the heart of young Lafe McDonald, who wedded her in the year 1863—that year of turbulent civil strife between the states.

Not long did the young man enjoy the sweet companionship of his bride. Duty demanded that he should join the army, which he did, enlisting on the side of the Union. Owing to a feeling of insecurity on the part of all not in sympathy with the secessionist at that time, he, like Hon. J. A. Hamilton and others, deemed it wise to leave the state and seek refuge in Mexico. The condition of the

times fully justified such a course. It was an attempt to do this very thing that led up to the fearful massacre of the German citizens on the Nueces, who were loyal to the union.

While Lafe McDonald was away from home his beautiful young wife resided with her parents on James River. Her father-in-law, Tom McDonald whom she thought a great deal of, had moved from

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the Doss Ranch to a place in Gillespie county on Spring Creek. Not far away on a branch of the Perdenales River, called Walnut, lived Monroe McDonald. Of this brother-in-law the young bride was also fond. These relatives the young woman often visited, going horse-back all the way from her father's ranch on the James River, a distance of about twenty-five miles. But the young women of that day were used to riding and did not mind starting on a journey like this any more than some would today in an automobile. Trips of that kind were considered a pleasure, being a diversion from the loneliness and monotony of staying day in and day out on a ranch far away from friends and neighbors.

One autumn day in the year 1865 according to the information that I have gotten, the young bride, in company with her mother, went in the manner above described to visit her husband's people. Several reasons prompted her in doing so, one being the desire to hear from her husband. Another was for the purpose of securing a fine rifle—the one afterwards used by Eli McDonald in defending the Taylor ranch when attacked by Indians one year later. The savages were becoming more troublesome than usual, and the people on the Joy ranch were feeling insecure. Hence the women were told to be sure to bring the gun referred to, back with them. Guns were not easily gotten in those days and this particular rifle was wanted.

Gladly were the visitors received in the McDonald home. It was perfectly natural that it should be so from the relation between them; besides this people met each with a greater degree of pleasure in those days when the country was so sparsely settled. They appreciated each other greatly and did not find time to quibble and faultfind as do so many of this day.

Mary Fannin then a young widow, was here. She and her sister-in-law, Alwilda, were very glad to meet each other. To be together always meant a good time, and the old frontier cabin that night was filled with music of their laughter. Their enjoyment was that produced by the beating of kindred hearts in unison. No vases filled with

flowers adorned their surroundings, no rich draperies hung before the windows, and the women were not bedecked with diamonds and pearls. These are all right in their places, but are not essential to happiness and a feeling of welcome. This home was a home of the poor—only an old log hut—but within its humble walls there was contentment and happiness, especially at the time of the visit of the beautiful and soul-inspiring Alwilda.

The visitors remained several days from all accounts. At last when the time for their departure arrived, Alwilda insisted very much on Mary Fannin going with them. "Do go," she said, "for we get so lonesome away up there. It is seldom we ever see anyone. Being with you is so much like being with Lafe; I do wish he would hurry up and come home."

Mrs. Fannin at last consented, and made preparations to go. Her favorite saddle horse was gotten and saddled, when, in some way a premonition of danger seemed to present itself to the woman's mind which caused her not to go. All this, however, delayed the other women and they got started later than they otherwise would. "It makes no difference," Alwilda replied, "the moon will shine, and we had as soon travel by moonlight as in the daytime; but you must come, Mary, as soon as you can."

Then good-byes were said, and the young woman and her mother started. It was rather late in the evening, but they were on good horses and expected to reach home before the hour of midnight. When something was said about Indians just before their starting, the old woman, Mrs. Joy, replied, "There is less danger in the night than in the day time. This is what Wiley always said."

In speaking of this visit, Mrs. Fannin said, "I came very near going home with Alwilda and her mother. I had my pony saddled, but in some way or another I became afraid. Mrs. Joy had told us of a strange dream of hers which caused me to feel uneasy. She said she dreamed that she and Alwilda were attacked by Indians, and that she seemed to think that they were friends when they at first approached. She said she

felt as if her dream might come true and that she and Alwilda both would be killed.

"In some way what she said made a deep impression upon my mind and my heart was filled with fear. I did not believe in dreams, but could not help being fearful. I told Alwilda I was afraid to go; were I killed my four little children would be left in the world without a mother's care, and that I, therefore deemed it best to remain at home.

"We embraced each other and wept over the thought of parting. I did not say so then, but I actually felt that this would be the last time I would see Alwilda alive. I watched her as she went riding off so gracefully, and thought how glad Lafe would be to see her, and how fortunate he was in winning such a lovely prize."

In the way of further relating our narrative we will now give you the words of Monroe McDonald. He says:

"I was not far from my home on Walnut Creek, working some timber for the purpose of making a gate. Suddenly I heard the sound of hoof beats on the ground, and upon raising my head to look I saw it was Alwilda and her mother. I was very glad to see them, and threw down my hatchet and auger and went walking towards them. I told them to get down but they said they did not have time. They said they intended to go home that night. It was then getting late and the day was rather cool and a little cloudy. I insisted very much upon them to stay till morning, but they would not.

"Alwilda said she had come by to get me to take care of Lafe's two horses, Buncom and Selam. She said she wanted me to take them in charge and keep them till Lafe returned. This I promised to do. The women then departed on the James river road that led out by the way of the head of the Perdenales river, where Harper is now situated. I went on about my work, but could not help thinking of the danger to them thus traveling alone. They were totally unarmed, having in some way failed to get the gun they went after, but, they did not seem to be afraid.

"The next morning a man rode up to

my house. I do not remember his name, but he was a German and seemed very kind. He said the bodies of two women were found near the head of the Perdenales river, on the little branch known as Banta Branch, where they had been murdered. Well, no one will ever know how this intelligence shocked me, for I knew from the description given that the bodies were those of Alwilda and her mother. I knew it could be no one else, for they had left just the evening before on that same road.

"Hastily saddling my pony, the man and I rode over to my father's place and told the ones there of the sad incident. The women were almost frantic with grief. It was a picture of woe the most heartrending. They wrung their hands and spoke the sweet name 'Alwilda,' and over and over repeated their sympathy for poor Lafe away off in Mexico.

"Mrs. Joy's dream has come true,' one of them at last said—I do not remember which—then amid her sobs she told me what it was. Well, I do not know that there is any significance to dreams, but this coincidence was a very strange one.

"After getting the women somewhat pacified my father and I went to the scene of the tragedy. There we found everything as the German had told us. The first body found was that of Alwilda. The scene was shocking. Her beautiful long hair was all in a tangle and matted together with clotted blood. Some of the locks had been cut off. In the back of her head was a large crushed place and in her back was a bullet hole. Around the body were moccasin tracks which proved it to be the work of Indians.

"Going on further we found from indications, the place of attack. It was near a brush fence which had been built by John New. We could see very plainly that when attacked the old lady ran forward, while Alwilda retreated in a vain endeavor, no doubt, to get back to the people of him she loved so well.

"As we proceeded we found locks of gray hair lying in the road. This we knew had been jerked from the old woman's head. We also found some beads which the woman had worn around her neck. At last the body was found di-

rectly in the road. The woman had gone about a hundred yards and indications showed she had daringly fought her assailants. She was stabbed in the breast. So keen was the instrument with which the deed was done that some pins in her dress were cut entirely in two. The sight was indeed most ghastly, but strange to say, neither of the women were scalped.

"As Mrs. Joy, in relating her dream had said, that the ones who appeared to attack her and her daughter were at first taken for friends, and from the fact that the bodies were not scalped, led many to believe the dastardly murder to have been committed by desperate white men. But the moccasin tracks gave evidence of Indians.

"Getting together what help we could my father and I had the bodies taken down to Spring Creek and buried. There was a little graveyard there and in it we laid them to rest.

Of this sad burying we would like to give more details, but those relating the story to us gave but a few meager facts, and therefore did not mention any of the persons present at the last sad rites of these two noble frontier women. We know, however, it was all a very touching scene, for among those at the graves were many bound to the dead by ties of friendship as well as kinship.

Old Wiley Joy afterwards, we are told put in all of his time in executing vengeance upon the Indians with the hope of getting some of the ones implicated in the awful tragedy just related. Interesting indeed would it be if we had an account of his many thrilling experiences.

Lafe McDonald afterwards returned

from the war, went down to the silent resting place of his beautiful young wife, and there above her dust shed many bitter tears of remorse. He had heard of the fearful event of her murder before he came. He endeavored to face his trial bravely, but upon arriving at his threshold, the sacred past stood resurrected before him, and he was overcome with grief.

In after years his heart sought and found affinity with the heart of Miss Bettie Larimore, the daughter of John Larimore, another old frontiersman who had many adventures on the early Texas border.

About the same time of the murder of Mrs. Joy and Mrs. Alwilda McDonald, Charlie Wahrmund and another man went out near what is now Tivydale in search of some horses. After going some distance, the men separated. At last Wahrmund saw a man whom he thought to be his partner. On approaching him, however the man proved to be an Indian. The white man, on making this discovery, turned and fled, and the Indian, joined by some of his comrades, gave chase. The race was a long and exasperating one. At last Wahrmund succeeded in getting in home, but he had run so vigorously that blood was pouring from his mouth and nose. From what we can gather, it seems that this incident must have occurred during the same "light-of-the-moon" period that the two women referred to in our narrative, were killed, thus further confirming the belief that they were killed by Indians. Be that as it may, the event was one of the darkest painted upon the canvas of frontier tragedies.

The Transformation of the XIT Ranch

Mrs. T. V. Reeves, in The Cattleman, May, 1927



THE EARLY and middle nineties saw the last of the great trail herds of Texas following the long road to northern pastures and northern markets. Texas fever, increasing number of nesters along the trails, barbed wire fences, and the extension of railroads had brought to an end

one of the most picturesque periods of history of the old Southwest, and were ushering in a period of development which will not reach its full height for many years to come.

While the old order was passing there existed in the Panhandle of Texas one of the largest ranches in the world; one

whose organization was to exert an immense influence upon the development of Northwest Texas. This was the XIT Ranch, composed of a vast body of land, 3,000,000 acres of which the State of Texas traded for its huge granite capitol building, and 500,000 acres which the Capitol Syndicate purchased.

Many people have been under the impression that the Capitol Syndicate was an English concern, but it was not. It was chartered in England, however, because the Farwells of Chicago, who owned it, went to England and there obtained the loan which enabled them to finish the capitol building and to develop the vast territory which composed their holdings in the Panhandle.

The ranch, like hundreds of others, was commonly known by the name of the brand it used; it was said that the brand, XIT stood for Ten (Counties) in Texas. It is not strange that the brand became so well known, for cattle with XIT burned on them covered a ranch 575 miles around; a ranch which had as its northwest corner the northwest corner of the State, and extended south 185 miles to a point in Hockley County; the east line of the ranch was 175 miles long, and the north line 30 miles long.

When the Farwells came into possession of this land in 1885 they intended to colonize it immediately, but upon investigation they decided that the land was too new and untried for this, and determined to fence it and develop it as a great ranch, which they proceeded to do in the late eighties.

Fencing alone was a stupendous task; 240 carloads of wire, 101,200 posts and a carload of staples were freighted from Fort Dodge, Kansas, a distance varying from 250 to 270 miles. This first fence, even in the old days of low prices, cost \$171,000. All this had been completed long before 1899.

During the years that this territory, big as the State of Delaware, was being stocked, and the country was being tried, a complicated organization was worked out in order to manage the ranch with a minimum of waste.

By 1899 the XIT had facilities for caring for 150,000 cattle. There were eight divisions of the ranch; these were named, from north to south, Buffalo

Springs, Middle Water, Minneosa, Rita Blanca, Escarbada, Bovina, Spring Lake, and Yellow Houses of Casa Amarillas. These names are more or less descriptive; and they give hints of the Mexican sheep men who used the land before it passed into the hands of the Farwells. There was never a feud between sheep and cattle forces here, for the Mexicans moved west without offering opposition to the new owners.

Each division had its own headquarters, foreman and crew. The crew of each division was composed of the cow outfit, having ten to twelve men and one or more windmill outfits, each having two men.

Each cow outfit was provided with a chuck wagon, on the back of which was carried the chuck box containing knives, forks, spoons, tin plates, sugar, spice, coffee, soda, baking powder and other articles for immediate use. Under the bed of the wagon was a huge box which contained the heavier cooking utensils. In the wagon was carried flour, bacon, beef, pickles, beans, dried fruit, molasses (lick) and a case or two of canned goods. On top of these were carried the "hot rolls" or beds of the cowboys. These beds contained several pairs of double blankets, and soogans (heavy comforts often made from patches of pants, coats and overcoats) all rolled in a tarp, which was made of heaviest duck and is 15 to 20 feet long. These tarpaulins would not be penetrated by the hardest rain.

The work of the cowboys was hardest in spring and fall. In the spring the cattle were rounded up, the calves branded and the steer yearlings rounded into a separate punch to be taken north for maturing. In the fall the calves were gathered and weaned; as the annual calf crop of the XIT was about 31,500, and some times 1,000 calves were put into one corral, the lowing that followed their separation from their mothers can be imagined.

Hundreds of stories could be told about the work of the cowboys who cared for these vast herds—stories of stampedes dearth of water, wonderful cutting horses, expert and poor cooks, tenderfeet, killing of wild animals, terrific blizzards, and dozens of other things

that made up life in an open, untamed country.

The windmill outfits of each division consisted of two men, supplied with mule team and wagon, tools enough to equip a small blacksmith shop, and supplies to last many days; these outfits kept the windmills in repair and sometimes kept up the fences.

The XIT maintained a general headquarters at Channing, in Hartley County. Here the general manager resided, and from this point all the business of carrying on the ranch was transacted. The amount of this business may be judged from the fact that besides 150,000 cattle, the buildings on each division, the fence that enclosed the ranch, there were 130 men, 1,025 saddle horses, 850 stock horses, 100 mules, 45 wagons, 1,000 gates 335 windmills, and 500 dams or earthen tanks and 1,500 miles of pasture fence to be kept in order. During the first years of its existence the XIT freighted all its supplies from Dodge City, later from Amarillo; then Channing on the Fort Worth and Denver railroad, and Bovina, on the Santa Fe became the supply stations.

The company paid its men about \$50.00 each year, and employed about 130 men all the time.

The headquarters maintained a regular system of distributing mail to its employees. It endeavored to see that injured or sick men were cared for in a territory in which not one physician resided.

And during the years that the ranch was kept intact, its owners were learning about the country and gathering the information which would make it possible to successfully settle it. Rain gauges and thermometers were kept at every division headquarters and records carefully kept. Logs were kept of the wells, experiments were made with different crops to determine which were best fitted for the climatic conditions that prevailed.

In 1900 the great ranch was placed upon the market. According to the printed advertising matter of the company, one million five hundred thousand acres of it was sold by January, 1903.

During these early days the owners advised prospective buyers not to pur-

chase less than 2,000 acres, as at that time it was not believed that a smaller acreage could be profitably operated. Among the large early sales of the land was that to the late Major Littlefield of Austin, who purchased 275,000 acres at \$2 an acre. The 1,500,000 acres sold at that time brought \$1.50 and \$2 an acre and the money derived was used to develop the remainder of the ranch.

The owners sold their cattle holdings in 1909 and 1910, and since that time the land remaining as a part of the old XIT Ranch has been leased to live stock men or has been sold. It is estimated that 95 per cent of the buyers of this land became actual settlers.

Where in 1899 there were thousands of cattle and a few hundred persons, now there are hundreds of cattle and thousands of people. A territory which a generous census of 1900 gave 778 persons now has 46,000, and the story has just begun.

Dozens of rapidly growing small towns and a few budding cities are to be found. Dalhart, Channing, Vega, Genrio, Summerfield, Friona, Bovina, Farwell, Amherst, Littlefield, Olton, and Muleshoe are growing by leaps and bounds. Where line camps once stood now are school houses, structures of brick and mortar, equipped with electric lights and all modern appliances, and serving hundreds of children.

This land is now known, not by the single brand which its cattle made famous in the great markets, but by its varied products; wheat fields, some of them two to four thousand acres in area; maize, Kaffir corn, and feterita, which fed to hogs is making the farmer content and prosperous; potatoes, fruit and all the products of the truck garden are now to be commonly seen on the farms.

The last five years have seen the north boundary of the cotton region pushed constantly north. The old ranch area is proving itself a region particularly adapted to the raising of chickens and turkeys.

And now, in the opening months of 1927, there is not one of the Ten Counties in Texas, but who dreams of becoming the oil center of the Panhandle field. And no one knows, yet which bit of the old land will be able to claim this title.

While this material development has been going so rapidly forward, spiritual and intellectual advances have been made. Where there was no church except the out of doors with its roof the sky, there are now hundreds. Where colleges were yet undreamed of, there are now three. Where there were camps for men there are now homes with life complete and happy.

The old West has passed; the new order is as untried as the land of Northwest Texas fifty years ago. And no man yet knows which period the life of the world a thousand years hence will find to have been more significant.

Reminiscences of the Old Chisholm Trail

(Written by W. M. McKee, Bowie Tex.)

In the spring of 1867 I was on a cattle ranch in Erath county, then the far West. There were plenty of Indians and wild cattle out there. The owner of the ranch had been murdered by the Indians and his widow sold her possessions to my mother's cousin. My experience helped me to get a job with my relatives on the ranch.

The country was wild and unsettled. It had been over run by the Indians during the war. Our camp, consisting of seven or eight men, heavily armed, was never attacked by Indians, but we often saw their tracks around the watering places. We would make ten day drives, mark and brand the calves and turn them back on the range. The beef cattle were driven over the old trail to the Eastern markets, starting from Cleburne, Johnson County. We struck the old "Chisholm Trail," which ran through Johnson, Hill, Tarrant, Denton, Montague, and Wise counties; we crossed Red River at old Eagle Ford, then out through Indian territory, now Oklahoma, crossed Big Blue ditches at Nail's Mill, where General Pike was during the sixties. From here we went on Northeastward, crossed Arkansas River six miles Northeast of where Muskogee now is, at the old stage crossing. Here we delivered the cattle to some Kansas City buyers.

The Chisholm Trail could be easily traced as the grass was all killed and the sod tramped out by the great herds

of cattle. We could see great clouds of dust for miles and miles over the thousands of cattle driven from our state to feed the people of the Eastern cities.

The "old Trail" was just east of the State Line Riders Line, which ran from Red River to Jacksboro and on through the state. Texas Rangers, heavily armed, rode this line to protect us from the Indians. Later the trails were moved, or rather new trails were opened out farther west.

I can never forget those old days. Now in my declining years I can sometimes imagine I hear the old cowboy songs, and the cracking of whips on the old trail. The railroads ended the old time cattle driving. I sometimes get letters from the boys of yesterday in different states.

Texas was then a land of free grass. One could get out on a prairie knob, look into the distance and see cattle for miles and miles; literally "the cattle of a thousand hills." About 1870 there was a great rush of immigration to Texas so the old cattle men moved on to hunt more room and cheaper range.

"The Round-Up."

Frontier Times is in receipt of a very interesting volume of verse entitled, "The Round-Up," by Berta Hart Nance, of Albany, Texas, and bearing the author's autograph. We are pleased to add this booklet to our library, and kindly thank the author for the good wishes expressed in the presentation. As the title indicates, the booklet deals with cowboy life. It is written in beautiful style, full of real sentiment, and free from the "liggerel" which characterizes so many compositions now dealing with the Texas cowboy.

Gives Up After 50 years.

An elderly man walked into the sheriff's office at Stephenville, Texas recently, and quietly spoke to Deputy Pearsy.

"My name is Russ Holloway, and I live in Callahan county," he said. "I was indicted in Erath county in 1879, charged with the murder of a man named Robertson, and I want to surrender." Holloway, who is 72, then told this

story to a group of absorbed listeners:

Forty-eight years ago, when he was a young man of 24, he was living in Erath county. Robertson, with another man whose name Holloway did not recall, came to his home and raised a disturbance.

"They were drunk," Holloway said. "I pleaded with them to leave me alone. They refused, continued to threaten me, and an altercation started in which I shot and killed Robertson.

"Those were rough days out here on the western frontier, gentlemen," Holloway went on. "Instead of waiting for the law, a mob would usually deal out justice in its own way, and often the mob was wrong. I was right in this case, but was not very well known and feared I could not convince the people. Fearing a mob trial, with no justice assured I left home at once, leaving my wife and one child, a little girl."

Holloway has not seen his wife and daughter since the day of his flight, and does not know where they are living. He went north and west—to Canada, Wyoming, and to other western American states.

"Finally," he said, "having come down to old age, I wanted to get this thing off my mind and stand trial. That is why I am here, gentlemen!"

After hearing Holloway's astonishing story, the sheriff of Erath county immediately began a search of court records, without success. If an indictment was ever returned, there is no record here. It is thought probable that the papers were destroyed by fire which consumed the old courthouse many years ago.

Holloway, however, insisted that legal action be taken, and so he was placed under arrest. He at once employed counsel, bond for \$2,500 was arranged, he made it without difficulty, and departed saying he was going to his sister's home in Callahan county.

It is said that Holloway, despite his years of rambling, has accumulated considerable property.—Rising Star Record.

Some Errors Corrected.

Editor Frontier Times:—

In your April number you published an article entitled, "An Indian Boy Exe-

cuted in Fredericksburg in 1852," taken from the Brady Sentinel, as related by Mrs. Otte. There are a number of errors in the article, which I shall attempt to correct. My father and mother told me all about this affair, and before I wrote this I asked an old man, who was one of the guards, all about it, and his version agrees with that of my father and mother. The Indian executed was not a boy thirteen years old, as stated in the article, but was a man some twenty-five years old. The name of the butcher mentioned in the article was Emil Wahrmond, Sr. His home was not in Fredericksburg at that time, but was eight miles south of the town, on Bear Creek. The Indian came there one moonlight night, not with one hand over his mouth and the other on his forehead, but with the intention to steal Mr. Wahrmond's horses, and was prowling around the stable, which was locked, when scented by the dogs. These dogs immediately attacked him and when Mr. Wahrmond went to investigate he found the Indian "treed" in a fence corner trying to keep the dogs off with a club. When he saw Mr. Wahrmond coming, he raised one of his hands, not to his forehead nor to his mouth, but as high above his head as he could get it. Wahrmond took the Indian prisoner, took him to the house, and sent for help. Two men, John and Hanam Klein, came and guarded the Indian that night. The next morning they took him to Fredericksburg and delivered him to the sheriff. The sheriff told them to take him outside of the town and kill him. They took him a mile beyond town and killed him, but not under a pecan tree, for there is no pecan tree there, never was, and probably never will be. The statement was made in the article that the Indian had to carry wood for his own funeral pyre. Positively not. They carried the wood themselves. The Indian was executed because, about a week before, the Indians had killed a man by the name of George Brode. It was also stated that the Indian was shot thirty times. He was shot one time and no more. The article makes it appear that the settlers were worse than the Indians.

B. MARK WORDT,
Barber, Texas.

Says Reno Was Not a Coward

Written for Frontier Times by E. A. Brininstool, Los Angeles, California.



SEERGT. JOHN RYAN, late of Troop M. Seventh Cavalry, who is spending his declining years at his home in West Newton, Massachusetts, is a survivor of Major Reno's battalion, which fought the Sioux along the Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25, 1876.

And John Ryan says that Major Reno was not a coward. He thinks that Reno did the best thing possible, and that he, with others of the three troops of cavalry led by Major Reno have him to thank for being alive today. This is what John Ryan said in a letter to the writer dated March 15th, 1926:

"You asked me in your letter in regard to Major Reno—whether he acted the coward, or was under the influence of liquor in that battle. I cannot say anything against Major Reno. I always found him a very upright man and a strictly military officer. I saw more or less of him during the battle of the Little Big Horn, both in the river bottom, where we were surrounded, and on the bluffs later in the afternoon where we were again surrounded. I consider that he was a gallant and brave man. I saw a great deal of him during the engagement where we were surrounded on the hills.

"They blame him for not going to Custer's assistance. There has been a great deal written about that by parties who don't know what they are talking about. They haven't the least idea, but they put in what somebody else told them.

"When my battalion, under Major Reno, broke away from the balance of the troops and proceeded down the Little Big Horn, we were then in the valley of that stream. We halted, dismounted, tightened our saddle girths, and then swung into our saddles. We formed a line of battle then, my troop on the right, under Captain Tom French; Troop G, under Lieut. Donald McIntosh, on the left, and Captain Moylan in the rear.

"As we moved down the valley toward the timber, Captain French gave

me orders to take ten men off the right of my company, form a skirmish line and cover the brush. There was considerable brush and bull-berry bushes between our line of skirmish and the river. He said Indians might be lurking there and fall into our rear.

"We proceeded in that position until we came down to pretty near where the timber was. Up to that time there was never a shot fired that I know of except one shot. I don't know who fired that shot—whether it was one of our scouts or the hostiles.

"We then rode down into the timber where the channel of the river had changed, and was a great deal lower than the level of the prairie. Number Four, of each set of fours, held the horses. We then were ordered up onto the level of the prairie, where we formed a skirmish line, each man fifteen feet apart.

"Lieut. Hodgson, who was acting major of the battalion (later killed) was on the skirmish line with my company. That was the place, and the only place, that I had seen any Indians up to that time. My troop was on the extreme left of the line—there was nothing in front of us nor on our left—not even a scout, that I could see.

"Presently the Indians made a break from a coulee. They came up out of there in a solid body, and strung out in single file and commenced to circle us. They overlapped our skirmish line on the left, lying on the opposite side of their ponies.

"At this, particular place there was a prairie-dog town, and some of the men laid down and others knelt down, and we opened on them, emptying a number of saddles. Lieut. Hodgson was encouraging the men, telling them to keep cool, to fire low and make every shot count. There appeared to be no end to the Indians coming. They finally got in the rear of us, and then we had orders to fall back to the timber. Up to this time I don't know what had happened in the timber.

"They blamed Reno for not going to Custer's assistance. Now any military

man of common sense knows different. In the first place, there was ten of the Indians to one of us—there were only 112 men in the three companies we had. In order to go to Custer we would have had to charge through the Indian camp—and it was quite a distance (almost four miles). We would have had to fight the Indians in the camp, then cross the river and go up the bluffs where Custer was—and there never would have been a man of us left. I don't believe there would have been a man left out of the three companies before we got out of the Indian camp. I think that Major Reno did the best thing he could do possibly; and I, and others, who made their escape there, can thank Reno for being alive today.

"Now, in regard to Reno being under the influence of liquor: I don't think the man had a drop of liquor in him; and I doubt very much if there was much liquor in the whole command. I don't mean to say that our officers were all tee-totalers—in fact, I know they weren't, from early experience.

"There is one thing in particular in regard to the battle of the Little Big Horn: There was a high point of bluffs situated so that they extended up toward the river in the rear of Reno's position in the timber. If he had remained in the timber, the Indians could have shot right down on his command from the bluffs.

"And suppose Benteen had come in a little earlier to join Reno's battalion—he would have to go down and cross the river to where we were. Any man knows it is a pretty hard job to get a pack-train up over an embankment of four or five feet, and I can tell you the Indians would have made short work of his battalion—and the train, too.

"I was in the Seventh Cavalry when it was organized in 1866, at Fort Riley, Kansas. At that time we were armed with Spencer carbines, and we used these in the battle of the Washita. November 27, 1868. There was one mistake about those guns. They were all right if a level-headed man used them; but if a man got excited and threw the lever down too quick, he was liable to get the second cartridge stuck in the chamber. Another fault was that the

biggest part of the weight of the gun was in the stock. There were two issues of the Spencer that I know of. They loaded through the butt of the stock—seven cartridges. There was a cut-off underneath, by which the gun could be used as a single-shot weapon, holding the extra cartridges in reserve.

"The other Spencer that I know of, did not have this magazine cut-off, but those were the old style, and we of the Seventh Cavalry at that time did not have them. I knew of but one company at that time that had the Spencers, the Ward-Burton, the Sharps and the Remington. I think that was K. Troop, Seventh Cavalry. The commander at that time was Captain West. He afterward resigned. We were armed also with 44-caliber Colts pistols, using a paper cartridge. One of the companies had the Remington pistol. I think it was K Troop. They were very different from the others—a single shot. All those others, except the Spencer, were experimental weapons—trying them out to see which was the best. Later on, they changed to the Sharp's.

"At that time of the Custer battle we were armed with a 45-70 Springfield carbine and a 45-caliber Colt's pistol (revolver). There were not quite enough of the Colts in my company to go around, so we were issued some of the Smith & Wesson 45-caliber revolvers, and that is what my company was armed with when I was discharged on December 21, 1876, at Fort Rice, Dakota.

"I was in Hays City at the time Wild Bill shot two men of my company. There are plenty of other interesting things I could tell you if I could have a personal interview with you."

Sgt. Ryan would like to meet his old comrades on the Custer battlefield in June of this year at the 50th anniversary exercises and celebration of the battle of the Little Big Horn. "But I haven't been out of the house since last December," writes the old trooper, "and I doubt very much if I will be able to go."

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

The Murder of Jim Billings

Written for *Frontier Times*, by Miss Alice Nichols, Harper, Texas



JIM BILLINGS settled on Willow Creek, Gillespie county, Texas, in 1863, with his family. One day while he and his small son, John Billings, were out hunting their cows, some distance from their home, they were attacked by a band of Indians and the elder Billings was killed, while the little boy escaped death only by a miracle. John was about eleven years of age at the time, but he displayed a rare presence of mind and heroic fortitude that was remarkable for one of his tender years. Mr. Billings was armed with a rifle, and when they discovered the presence of the Indians the two were completely surrounded in an open space, with all chance of escape to a thicket cut off. The Indians began shooting at them, but before they killed him Mr. Billings shot one of the Indians. Little John, who was unhurt, resorted to a ruse, and fell to the ground as if shot, and lay perfectly still. They gathered around the fallen and for a time held high carnival, then all left but three of the redskins, who remained for a short while to make sure that their victims were dead. John dared not make the least movement for fear his ruse would be discovered. Finally an Indian picked up a large stone and hit him a crushing blow in the face, knocking out several of his teeth and cutting a deep gash under his right eye. The pain from this was almost unbearable, but the boy bore it with fortitude and shammed death so effectively that the Indians went on, believing they had killed both father and son. Before leaving, however, one of the Indians stooped over him and with a keen knife cut his belt off and carried it away with him.

John lay flat on his back for a long time, and then confident that the Indians had departed he went to a creek some distance away to quench a terrible thirst which seemed to be consuming him. Arriving at the creek he lay in the water a long time, in a semi-conscious state from the wound given him with the jagged stone. His mother, becoming alarmed at the continued absence of her

husband and son, and fearing that the Indians had killed them, went to the house of a neighbor three miles away, and told of her fears, and the neighbor, with two of his sons, started to search for the missing ones. They soon found little John in the creek, and he related to them what had happened and told them where they would find his father's body.

John Billings lived to be an old man, spending the later years of his life on a ranch near Mountain Home, in Kerr county.

The American Indian Not Vanishing.

The idea that the American Indian is a "vanishing race" or that the redman has degenerated into a shadow of his once picturesque glory, is wrong. He has more wealth, per capita, than any not only is increasing in numbers, but he other group, race or tribe in the world, bar none.

These statements were made to a meeting of the Oakland Forum at Oakland, California, December 1, 1926, by Edgar B. Merritt, assistant United States Indian Commissioner. The address was for the most part a denial of criticisms of the Government's Indian Service by Congressman James A. Frear of Wisconsin.

"The truth of the matter is that the Indians in the last 25 years have been steadily increasing in population and are no longer a vanishing race," Merritt said "For example, in 1900 there were 270,544 Indians in the United States and today we have 349,876. The Indians are increasing in population at the rate of about 1,500 per annum, which is the result of the work of the Indian Bureau along educational and health lines."

While thousands of Indians are being released from the jurisdiction of the Interior Department and granted complete freedom of action, the greater percentage of them dispose of their lands and other securities and have fallen back on the department for aid, Merritt said.

Helped Knock the Bark Off of Texas

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, April 8, 1927



IF YOU have ever been up Gainesville way you may have met Jim Rose, whom I to know is to remember. A trifle more than six feet he stands in his socks, with the brawn and bone and build of an athlete. His eyes are blue and keen; trained to distance, to adventure, and tragedy. But withal they are tender, sympathetic and humorous eyes; for they mirror an epic of prairie and trail; of men and creatures and events. His carriage substantiates his claim to real American blood, this through an ancestor mated with the daughter of a chief of the Cherokees. A long swinging stride, harmonious with his statue, classes him to himself. The cattlemen's brand "hand-made" boots and broad-brimmed hat mark him still as one of the clan whose business was cow-punching.

It was when the boy Jim was a husky "yearling" that Thomas Rose, an Illinois "corn-fed" who trekked to Fannin County some years before, decided to move on to Sivells Bend, twenty miles north of Gainesville, Texas. This man with his family, a Dr. Ligon, Judge Dillard and Langford Pace with their families, constituted what was known as 'the Sivells Bend settlement.' These were the only settlers then in what is now known as Cooke County. Thomas Rose had done his bit in helping rescue Texas from the Mexicans; later he served in the war between the States and was one of the few people who actually remember seeing Texas under six flags.

"My father was a cattleman, and and among the things I first remember was that I cried for him to take me on the horse with him, and he did it. I often now think of his patience with me at a time when the danger signal hung at full mast for every white settler and when work was plentiful for all hands. It was when I was 3 years old that I began my first real schooling with the herd. At 6 years I was regularly following the day bunch. In a few more I was roping, branding and horse-wrangling and in almost no time after that I had won my diploma in the college

of the West cowpunching. Talking of schooling reminds me that when we children grew older and did get to the inside of a schoolhouse it was to learn of of more good, sound, usable, everyday education in two weeks than my boys do now at college in two years. I suppose one reason for that was we knew our time was limited and studying was extremely interesting because it was so different from everything else we did.

"Indians were plentiful and when the moon was new the settlers knew the Comanches were riding and that by the time it was full horses would be few unless close watch was kept over them, for the Indians lost no opportunity to steal them. Cattle didn't seem to interest them. Occasionally they would drive off a fat yearling for beef, but a horse, old or young, was never left behind if by any chance he could be sneaked away. It was difficult to combat the cunning of the Indians, too. We tried many ways before we finally were successful. We began by tying the horses near the house; later we tried putting a bell on the oldest and gentlest one so it would give the signal if danger was near. But they were too wise for these simple precautions and cut the animals loose, even when the ropes on them were tied around a log in the house wall, or killing the bell horse, they would steal the remainder of the bunch.

Killings were not unusual, but almost always occurred while the settlers were in pursuit of the thieves. I shall never forget how scared I was, just a boy at the time, when eight or ten of our neighbor men took after some thirty-five or forty Comanches to try and get back a big bunch of horses stolen the night before. They caught up with them all right, but were so greatly outnumbered that after fighting as long as there seemed any chance of success and with the killing of a neighbor named Sayles and two boys, one of whom was Hardie Pace, they turned back home without the horses, and so far as they knew without a dead Indian. Of course Indians were never left where they fell if any of the

band could get them away. So it was pretty hard to tell when one was killed. After losing a great number of horses the settlers tried bunching all of their stock in the safest place, as they thought in the community, at the same time collecting all of the families at the house nearest that point. The men then took turns watching the stock and guarding the women and children and it worked fine, for their efforts were more united and centralized.

Neighbors were all the term implies in those days and stood by each other through thick and thin, even to sharing the last cup of meal or dollar, and in danger they were as one man. The Indians were pretty bad, but they weren't to blame for all depredations charged to them by a whole lot. It was renegade whites that promoted the greatest part and the worst of the devilment credited to the redskins. And without a doubt it was they who were responsible for the killing I just mentioned, as well as others in our neighborhood.

But there is no disease without a remedy and at last the Government found the one that put a stop to the raiding for all time. United States Marshals were stationed in our territory, under orders to 'take 'em dead or alive.' By scouting and trailing they did get a lot of the thieves, and if they were alive, they acted on Government instructions and chained them in wagons and took them to Fort Smith to be tried. I remember that at the time Gov. Parker commanded that forty of them be hanged, the majority of whom were low-down white men who had covered their meanness by running with Indians and urging them on so they would get the blame. Along came Gainesville about that time too with a decree for a rope necktie for three more. There were no courts of decision, no Cooke County and no appeals. The penalty for stealing either cattle or horses was hanging, and the people were the law and they saw that it was carried out. These outlaws knew this and after the successful 'forty party,' as it was called, things quieted down and our horses got so when we staked them they stayed put."

"I was just turning my sixth year when I ate my first biscuits. It's a

fact, and I was lucky to get 'em then for flour was not in general use until I was about 20. People all raised little patches of corn and bread made from that was all we had. Father took a trail herd up the year I was 6 and when he delivered it and collected the money he spent some of it for a wagon and flour enough to load it to the full. When he drove home with all that flour it was some sight. All of the neighbors came to see and share in it; for of course he let them have their part. I'll never forget it if I live to a 100, how anxious I was to taste bread made of that white soft flour. Nor how good those first biscuits were. We saved every tiny crumb, for corn bread had never been plentiful enough to waste and biscuits were on a basis with cake those days.

"Mother set Sunday as our special feast day, and how long a week did seem! It makes my mouth water now as I think of the big heap of choice venison and buffalo steaks, cooked to a fare-you-well with, maybe for a change, a big wild turkey roasted in an old-time skillet with ashes and coals on the lid, than which no kind of cooking is better. These dinners were so good that I have never eaten any since to compare with them, and whether it was my appetite—a first rate one—the rarity of hot biscuits, the juicy meat or mother's excellent cooking that was responsible for it, I have never been able to decide. But I do know that I would give the world to have the same relish for a meal now.

"Some time later we began to plant wheat and threshing for many years was a tedious process. It was done with a tread mill, which was just a long beam, pivoted in the center to a stump with three oxen or horses hitched to it so they would go round in a circle. The wheat was scattered so they would walk on it and tread the grain from the straw as they swung round. It was then gathered onto wagon sheets, which were held by two men at each end, and kept moving so the grain would roll to and fro and the wind would free it from chaff. Crude, wasn't it? But we had flour bread by it, and that was what we were after."

Some years ago William Faversham gave a wonderful portrayal, in a play

called "The Fawn" of some of the agony experienced by men and animals in adapting themselves to the demands of civilization. Young Rose must have fully understood the torture of some of these trials, particularly the accustoming oneself to the feel of shoe leather, for he says:

"I did not know anything about who the fellow was that said it, but I sure did agree with him in thinking 'What fools these mortals be' if he meant wearing rawhide shoes. I was 16 years old before I had a pair of shoes that I could actually wear all of the time. Rawhide was our only shoe material and all you could say for it was the hair was taken off. Talk about hard, dry, stiff, unbendable leather—that rawhide had the world beat and a mile to go on. If you happened to get shoes anything like a fit you served a prison term getting them and another taking them off, unless you slept in them. If they were big enough to avoid all this trouble you couldn't walk in them, especially hunting, and we just had to hunt, for it was no trick at all to kill a big buck deer or antelope, a buffalo or all the wild turkey we could carry. And it was too much fun to give up just to wear shoes. A fellow with a grain of sense would rather trust to the calluses on his soles than to risk losing a shot and rubbing blisters on his feet with those rawhide hobbles.

"My first pair of wearable shoes was quite an improvement, but I did not care so much about them. I was clumsy and awkward in 'em and had to learn to walk all over again. They hurt, too, and I might say honestly that I never did have any real shoe or boot comfort until I got my first pair of high-heeled, high-topped, hand-made cowboy boots. I still wear that kind, too, and always will, for they're as much a part of me and every other open-range cowpuncher as his leather leggings, spurs and broad-brimmed hat.

"Everybody around us kept a little bunch of sheep. Father had about twenty or thirty. These were clipped regularly and when the wool was washed and dried mother spun it into thread, wove it into cloth and from that cloth she made, by hand, our pants, coats and

vests. They lasted like buckskin, which was the biggest thing that could be said in favor of them, for she couldn't get us more than one suit around once a year. We had to take care of them, for worn-out clothes were not comfortable in a blue norther. Buffalo robes and bear skins made us good overcoats and many a time my good buffalo coat just about saved my life when I was close to freezing.

"Mother spun and wove her dresses and aprons, too, and our shirts and underwear, and after we got shoes we could wear she knit all our socks and stockings. She was busy from day-break until candle light, with never a minute to spare for anything but a sick or needy neighbor. But many a time I have seen her mount her old side saddle on a none too gentle horse and hurry off to do all she could in response to a call for help.

"Foks were foks in those days, and a call for aid never went unheeded. Most of us had a little money, and if a friend got in a tight place none of us thought of anything but letting him have enough to tide him over, and we didn't take any mortgages or notes for it, either. We knew nothing of banks or checks as now, but we did know truth, honesty and sympathy. We trusted each other and were always worthy of that confidence, a thing I am sorry to say we have almost lost sight of in the march of what we so often call progress. Then a man's word was his bond; today it is the other way round, and ten chances to one a fellow will skip and leave his bondsmen the bag to hold. I sometimes wonder if Jesse James hasn't more followers than George Washington, there's such an epidemic of crime, treachery and shameful conduct all the time. It seems very few can be classed with Washington and his tale of the cherry tree. But there are lots of good people in the world, and it may look worse because, like wheat, today ten or a dozen stalks grow where only one did in the early days; there certainly is a wonderful lot more foks than then."

Men, mountains, plains and cattle trails have their part in the life of Jim Rose and a big part it is too; but listen as he paints a word picture of the real

West, a vivid, living thing that carries more thrills than any setting of the silver screen and as much of wholesale slaughter as our World War.

"If you have never seen West Texas prairies with the setting sun for a background, and miles of green, and hundreds, yes, thousands, of buffalo grazing, or with heads up scenting danger, coyote or two in the foreground, a cowboy with his horse and gun, and over all that quiet that comes only there and then—well, you have missed a lot. I couldn't beat such a sight at all, nor could I the inhuman way the buffalo hunters destroyed it for us, by slaughtering those big, wild, helpless animals just for schooner loads of their hides, to be sold for a song and then sing it themselves. It was an hourly occurrence to hear a couple of shots, see two buffalo fall and the herd begin to mill 'round the hidden huntsmen whose rifles cracked regularly and surely at some particular target as it rounded by. I've ridden by the side of the road for miles because of the long trains of hide-laden wagons so thick no room was left for even a single horseman.

I regretted that wholesale killing then, boy as I was, my love of real sport rebelling at such methods. It was to me as merciless as shooting a man in the back, or while unarmed. Then came the summer and with it a scent to high heaven from the decaying flesh. I remember how terrible it was for me to endure, but how I laughed within myself when a hunter complained of the odor, and how glad I was he got that much of a punishment. Now I see what a woeful waste those unsportsmanlike riflemen made, for we have no more buffalo on our Texas prairies.

"What we call rodeos now were our regulation sport when I was learning cowpunching. It was part of our training to bust broncos. We used to snub 'em down, saddle, and for the most part ride 'em. Once in a while we would run onto one that had seven devils and a whirlwind inside of him then all hands had fun until he was conquered. Yes, I've ridden many a one; wouldn't have felt like I was a sure-enough cowboy if I hadn't. It was a carefree, independent sort of life all right. Easy enough

to be a saddle tramp; for if things went wrong for a puncher at one camp, he had but to roll his bedding, saddle his mount and with apologies to none, drift from one outfit to another.

"As for me, I began getting a few cattle of my own together when I was counted a top hand. And it seems like now I have almost always had from five hundred to a thousand head. It used to be said that if a fellow ever wanted to be a cowman he had to steal. I never held with that argument, and I have never been arrested for practicing it, nor had any cattle taken from me because of it. I've drunk water out of cow tracks when it tasted better than ice water does to me now, because I wanted it more, and it all depends on how much or how little, a thing is worth to you whether it is really valuable at all or not.

"I've lived twenty miles north of Gainesville on the same ranch for half a century, and still own it. I have some twelve or fifteen hundred white-faced cattle now, bred up from registered stuff for twenty years; but I can't say they look any bigger from my point of view, today, than five hundred longhorns did to me forty years ago, which goes back to what I said just now about comparative values. I like Hereford cattle because the are better grassers and rustlers. They sell for more money than other blooded breeds too, according to my way of thinking.

"Do I worry? I'll say I do and I am here to state to the world that the man who doesn't worry won't get anywhere. I have lost a lot of cattle, but still have plenty left and I have never given a mortgage on anything I have owned. I handle lots of notes for others and still like to help a fellow out. You know they say early habits are the ones that stick and I guess it is sort of a disease with me, this wanting to stand by a neighbor or friend, for I have paid more security debts than most anybody, yet I don't count that I have lost more than I could spare, and maybe if I did the other fellow needed it worse. Anyhow, I have done it and am not sorry," he finished with a smile.

"I have got several thousand acres just across Red River in Oklahoma,

where I raise Herefords and horses and hogs, all kinds of feed, including barley and oats, and I always plant 800 or more acres in wheat so I will be sure never to go hungry for biscuit again. I kill my own meat and have my horses broke on the ranch. And I want to say here that any old horse has got horse sense, but it takes an old-fashioned Texas pony to have cow sense, and I have got just that one. He is as quick a cutting pony as I ever saw. I ride him all of the time and he never has unseated me in his dodging yet, and I intend to keep on riding him until I am 100 years old, which won't be so awfully long, for I am 70 now.

"My house sits right in the center of this ranch; pretty good house, too; makes a pretty picture of a prosperous ranch, and while I have not a word to say against Oklahoma, I'll tell you that just as soon as trucks are made big enough to haul it I am going to load the whole thing on one, lock stock and barrel, and truck it over the line to Texas. That is what I think of the Lone Star." And Mr. Rose smiled and threw his head up with the dignity that is the heritage of the first Americans.

A tender, retrospective look came into his eyes and he said in conclusion: "There was always joy in the trail. Halting at night to build a smoke, having your coffee twice, when you first smelled it and again when you drank it, helping to dust the prairies off for cities, railroads, telegraphs, telephones and macadamized highways. Joy, yes, there was, possibly more in getting ready for civilization than in the progress itself. But it is good to have it. We couldn't always stay young and look across the prairies and wonder what lay farther on. But I like to remember the lonely howl of the coyote, the rattle of horns and thud of hoofs, and to laugh as I recall some cowboy yarn or incident of herd life. Yep, I am glad I had some part in helping to knock the bark off of Texas."

From a Real Pioneer.

A. J. Nichols, whose home is now in Runnells county, writes us from Gonzales, Texas, as follows:

"Having got hold of your magazine

by chance I am writing to say that I am delighted with it. I think you are deserving great credit for the work you are doing. I am a native of Texas, born when she was a Republic. Such reading as your magazine contains apperls to me greatly. My parents came to Gonzales in 1836, and helped to found the town of Seguin in 1838. I was born in Seguin in 1844. I saw something in your magazine about Arch Gipson being wounded in the Woll campaign on the Hondo. My father was with him at the time he was wounded; he was an old and tried friend of father's. I also read about the Dawson massacre. Alsee Miller, my father-in-law, and Gonzales Wood were the two men who got away. My father and Alsee Miller and two uncles, Milford Day and Jim Nichols, were in the Plum Creek fight with the Indians who burned Linnville, our only seaport at that time. Alsee Miller and Jim Nichols were both wounded in that fight. I was raised a cowboy in Guadalupe county, and now belong to the Cow-Puncher's Association of Runnells county. We have a big rally and barbecue every August. I would like for you to drop in on us some time. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Texas left Col. McCord one regiment to keep the Indians from raiding the frontier. He cut his company in two, McCord taking one half and his lieutenant one half, and strung them across Texas to the Rio Grande. In 1862 I hauled with ox teams for the most western camps in Nuèces Canyon at what was known as Chalk Bluff. It was sure a wild country at that time; the Indians were in some where every light moon. Milford Day was a noted man on the frontier. He died a cripple from a Mexican ball in his hip, a wound he received at Plum Ridge, five miles above Seguin. My father was with him when he was shot. I find very few men living today who were born in the Republic of Texas. There are three in Runnells county. Two years ago I attended a trail drivers barbecue at Seguin, and found only two men there that I knew when I was a boy. Ben Terrell and Joe Dibrell. If I ever happen to be in your section I will hunt you up for a good old talk."

More Light on Bill Longley.

By the Frontier Native



IN THE ARTICLE on Bill Longley by the Frontier Native, published in Volume 111, No. 9, for June, 1926, of Frontier Times, a sentence referring to the capture of Bill Longley should read as follows:

"Captain Mast, Sheriff of Nacogdoches County, Texas got on Longley's trail with the result that he and William Burrows of Nacogdoches County, Texas with the active aid of June Courtney, Constable of Keatchie Ward, DeSoto Parish, Louisiana captured Bill Longley near Keatchie, Louisiana, June 13, 1877 (not May 13)."

Another sentence in the same paragraph should read as follows:

"He was probably delivered to the jail in Giddings on the 18th or 19th of June, 1877."

ARREST NEAR KERRVILLE

It will be recalled that Sheriff Finley of Mason county followed Longley through Fredericksburg and finally with a large party captured him on the plateau between Kerrville and Rock Springs. He evidently returned through Fredericksburg and presented Longley before the district clerk in order to obtain official recognition of his capture. The following copy of State Papers gives the date of his capture on the Edwards Plateau as July, 1873:

(Source: "Papers of Governor E. J. Davis," Texas Archives, Texas State Library)

The State of Texas,
County of Kerr.

Before me, A. M. Garland, Clerk of the District Court of Kerr County, personally appeared A. J. Murray of the County and State aforesaid who being duly sworn deposes and (sic) says:

That he knows W. P. Longley personally who is present while this deposition is being taken; that he knows the said Longley is charged with a murder committed in Burleson County near the Brazos River at or near Evan's or Mose-

ley's Ferry in or about the year 1862 or 1863; that the said Longley stands also charged with a murder in Washington County near a point called Evergreen: wherein one or more negroes were killed; in connection with the murder in Burleson County the said Longley stands charged with the theft of a horse stolen from one Thomas Evans at or near the date of said murder.

A. J. MURRAY

Personally appeared before me, Thomas J. Carson, who being sworn, deposes and says that he knows the said W. P. Longley from character; that he the said Carson is familiar with the charges alleged against the said Longley at Evergreen from rumor only.

T. J. CARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me at Kerrville, Texas, this July 17 A. D., 1873.

Witness my hand and official seal at Kerrville, Texas, date last above written.

A. M. GARLAND,

District Clerk, Kerr County.

(Endorsed)

Affidavit

A. J. MURRAY

T. J. CARSON

Kerrville, Texas, July 17, 1873

It will be recalled that when Sheriff Finley brought Longley to Austin, Governor E. J. Davis would not recognize the reward and Longley was practically turned loose.

THE KILLING OF LEW SAWYER

The late A. J. Durham of Sabinal sent the following account of the killing of Lew Sawyer which has been gathered from old settlers on the Dry Frio:

Lew Sawyer was a man of mystery. Little is known of his antecedents before coming to the Dry Frio canyon a few years prior to his killing in 1875. He is supposed to have come from somewhere "down on the coast," but from what

part or what place we have no information. He was considered a desperate and dangerous man, a wonderful shot, with plenty of nerve and as quick as lightning; is supposed to have killed several men; was always on the watch, carried a six-shooter and winchester rifle and was ready for business in the fraction of a second. Sawyer was a petty thief; he attended the dances, but never went in the houses nor mixed with the people who were there. He always herded around alone, and when the time came for the dances to break, Sawyer was always found missing and so were a rifle, a six-shooter, a hat, a saddle, quirt or some other thing.

A great many of these articles were stolen by Sawyer, but were never found. After he was killed, his wife told that he had hidden them in a cave somewhere nearby in the canyon where they still remain; but none of them have ever been found to this good day even though people searched for them for ten years or more.

Sawyer owned a little place where he lived with his wife at the time he was killed. There is no mention of any children. He had a man, a German, who was working for him at that time, but his name has been forgotten by those who have furnished this information.

Bill Longley went by the name Webb all the time he lived in the Dry Frio canyon. His true name was never known there until he wrote a sketch of his life before he was hanged. He came into the canyon in the winter of 1874 and worked for Captain Theo. Watkins. He also brought a man with him to the canyon who was known there by the name of Hayes. Little is known of Hayes except that he and Longley were fast friends and companions.

"Webb" was a gentlemanly man, well liked, polite and had the respect of the whole community. Had he (Longley) not revealed his true name and character in the sketch of his life just mentioned (printed in 1877 in Giddings) the people of the Dry Frio community until this day would never have connected this man with the notorious Bill Longley. Lew Sawyer just before coming to this community stopped at the ranch of an old bachelor (whose name has been

forgotten) and stayed all night and was well treated. The next morning this old bachelor took him out and showed him some fine horses of which he was proud. The man was killed, the horses gone (which were never heard of again), and Sawyer was missing from the neighborhood.

Longley and Hayes followed him to the Dry Frio canyon for the purpose of avenging this outrage perpetrated against the kind old bachelor who must have been a friend or relative of Longley's.

Now, Longley knew that Sawyer was a desperate character, a dead shot and as fearless as he was quick to draw, and he secured a warrant for his arrest from Pat Dolan, the sheriff of Uvalde county; and no doubt, he executed this warrant just as he had calculated.

Longley was not willing to take even chances with Sawyer; each had reputations to sustain of which each was proud. Therefore, Longley got these papers for Sawyer's arrest that he might have some excuse for killing him as the proper method of serving. Now, we understand that Longley and Sawyer had been on good terms, and on the day that the killing took place Longley and his friend Hayes went to Sawyer's house and pretended to be on a cow hunt. They told Sawyer that they had killed a beef and that he might have part of it, as it was more than they could use before it would spoil. Sawyer unsuspectingly saddled his horse and rode off with them—Longley and Hayes. Before going, he (Sawyer) told his hired man to "hunt up" the yoke of oxen, hitch them to the cart, and come after him to haul the beef. Then, Sawyer, Longley and Hayes rode off together to skin and prepare the beef to be hauled in.

After they had gone quite a distance they maneuvered Sawyer ahead of them. Just as he turned a corner, both drew six-shooters to shoot Sawyer. Longley and Hayes were quick as lightning and had perfect records for accuracy. Sawyer heard the click of their pistols, and being quicker than either Longley or Hayes, was able to shoot twice at them before they could shoot him. One of Sawyer's shots knocked off the horn of Longley's saddle and the other tore a

hole through his hat, but both of his enemies' shots had lodged bullets under his hide and he spurred up his horse and ran off a distance of about 200 yards where he got off or fell off his horse, crawled into a thicket and prepared for action.

Longley and Hayes began looking for their victim when Sawyer's dog began barking and revealed his hiding place. Sawyer then called to his pursuers to come to him, but they considered discretion the better part of valor and did not go.

After Sawyer had got into the thicket, mortally wounded, he made careful preparation to sell out the few hours or minutes remaining for full value if the opportunity offered. He separated his cartridges into two piles, those for the pistol in one and those for the rifle in another, but he found no chance to use either of them as Longley slipped up behind a tree and shot out his brains.

The man with the oxen and cart went to the place where the beef was supposed to be and finding none, looked everywhere for Sawyer. On finding his body, he picked it up and hauled it home. Sawyer's coffin was fashioned from a water trough and he was buried in the yard of his home by his widow. His body remained there until she sold out about a year later, taking the body to a place unknown to the people of today.

After Longley and Hayes had killed Sawyer, they went up through the Main Frio canyon and told that they had killed Sawyer and advised some of the men up there to go over and help Mrs. Sawyer bury her husband.

Longley left the community, and it was never suspected that the "Webb", who came into this neighborhood and was so well liked and respected by those good hearted people, and Bill Longley were one and the same man until he told of this tragedy himself. This closes a tragic chapter in which two desperate men submitted and settled their differences in a manner that was in vogue in those early never-to-be-forgotten times.

THE ARREST OF BILL LONGLEY IN LOUISIANA

Mr. J. E. Hewett, Editor of the Mansfield (Louisiana) Enterprise, has sent

the Frontier Native the following account of the arrest of Bill Longley, contributed by eye-witnesses and exploding some of the former statements that have given rise to circulation. It seems that most of the credit for the arrest of Bill Longley belongs to a young constable by the name of June Courtney. Mr. Hewett's account is as follows:

On June 13, 1877, the most notorious desperado and man-killer ever known in the Southwest was arrested in DeSoto parish. He was hung at Giddings, in Lee county, Texas the following September. He claimed to have killed 32 men, which was probably an exaggeration, but there were eight separate indictments against him for murders in Texas, one in Oklahoma, and two in the Federal court at Ft. Smith, Arkansas, for crimes committed in the Indian Territory, now the State of Oklahoma.

The Texas historians are now investigating his record, and at their request we write this article as a true and authentic account of his arrest. The writer at that time editor of the DeSoto Democrat, published at Mansfield, wrote an account of Longley's capture at the time and still has a clear recollection of the facts; although 49 years have passed since that event occurred. However, as the parties at whose instigation this is written, are insistent that it be positively accurate, we have had an interview with Mr. W. T. Gamble, with whom Longley lived during his entire stay in DeSoto Parish, and in whose yard the arrest was made. We also have the version of the incident as given by Mr. W. G. Burgess, father of our present District Judge, and as they are two splendid citizens and their memories seem to be as clear as bells, we feel that there can be no mistake as to the accuracy of their accounts.

It seems that in the beginning of the year 1877 Mr. W. T. Gamble, who operated a farm six miles northwest of Keatchie (as he does now in 1926,) was out of farm hands. Mr. Adams, Mr. Gamble's father-in-law, happened to be going to Shreveport to purchase supplies, and Mr. Gamble asked him to see if he could not pick up several farm hands for him. Mr. Adams came up with a young man on the road who asked that Mr. Adams give him a lift on

his wagon. This request was readily complied with, and the young fellow gave his name as W. T. Jackson and stated that he had been out West on a cattle ranch, but that he had tired of that life and wanted to find a good job on a farm. Remembering Mr. Gamble's request, Mr. Adams invited the young fellow to go home with him, and assured him that he could get such a job as he wanted.

When they reached Mr. Gamble's farm, the young man got out, and sought a job from Mr. Gamble, and they soon made a contract under which W. T. Jackson was able to make a crop on the basis of share and share alike, Mr. Gamble furnishing the land, team and supplies, and Jackson doing the work. Mr. Gamble tells us that the young man was a good worker and he thought he would do well.

This was about the time that Bill Longley's reputation as a man-killer was at its zenith, and every officer in Texas wanted him. At that time June Courtney, a young man, had just been elected constable for the Keatchie ward in DeSoto parish, and he must have had some detective talents, as he was a very enthusiastic criminal officer, and made several important arrests. The constable, Mr. Courtney, and other young bloods of the neighborhood were ardent fox hunters, and soon young Jackson, on Mr. Gamble's farm, met with them and proved himself to be an all-round sport, and ere long an intimacy between the constable and Jackson grew up, and it was the practice of Constable Courtney to get Jackson to help him make arrests, in which Jackson took great delight.

In the meantime Constable June Courtney had received some circulars giving a description of and offering a reward for the capture of Will Longley, the terrible man-killer of the nation.

He concluded that young W. T. Jackson, who was cropping on Mr. Gamble's farm, answered the description of Longley to a letter, and began to court his friendship with avidity and soon decided that Jackson and Longley were one and the same man. He opened communication with Sheriff Will Mast, the sheriff of Nacogdoches county, from whom he had received the circulars, and it was

arranged that the two, Courtney and Mast, should make the arrest and claim the reward. He familiarized himself with Jackson's habits and learned that he always carried his six-shooter, and that while plowing hung it on the hame of his mule, but that when hoeing he sometimes left it at the house. At an appointed time Sheriff Mast and his deputy, W. H. Burroughs, met Courtney at a point near Keatchie, and the three proceeded to Mr. Gamble's farm to make the arrest. Courtney had learned that Longley, alias Jackson, was hoeing cotton with a youngster, Walter Burgess, and that Mr. Gamble was not at the house at the time. The two Texas officers took position on Mr. Gamble's gallery, and Courtney went to the field, and asked that Longley, for it was he, go with Courtney to arrest a bad negro, and stated that he had two other men to go with him, making a posse of four in all. As they approached the house, Longley saw some one on the gallery, and stopping asked Courtney who they were, and Courtney told him they were the boys going with them to arrest the negro. Longley, being satisfied, walked into the trap, and as he opened the gate, the two Texas officers covered him with their guns, and Courtney, who was just behind Longley, put his six-shooter against his back, and the man who had killed a dozen men was a captive.

Longley fearfully abused Courtney for fooling him, and said that if he had his pistol, he could have killed them all. The prisoner was quickly handcuffed and placed in a wagon and was soon across the Texas line, which was only 14 miles away. Thus the story so far as his arrest in DeSoto parish is concerned is ended.

There are several foolish stories circulated about this affair. One was to the effect that Longley was working on the sheriff's plantation, but the facts are that he never worked in this parish for anyone but Mr. Gamble, who was never sheriff of the parish.

Another was that he had made love to the sheriff's daughter, confessed his identity to her, and that she gave him away; when the facts are that Captain W. P. Sample, who was sheriff at that

time, never had any children and probably never saw Longley.

Longley probably exaggerated the facts when he claimed to have killed thirty-two men, but he always claimed that he never kept any account of the Mexicans and negroes that he killed, but he undoubtedly killed more people than any other desperado that ever terrorized the country.

He claims to have killed a negro near Logansport, in this parish, and the story is probably correct as an incident similar to the one he described did occur as follows: A gentleman living near Mansfield left his horse hitched to a rack on our streets, and someone rode it off. He learned that a negro living near Logansport had ridden his horse away and he went down to recover his horse, and returned saying that a Texan had shot and killed the darkey. The story was accepted with a grin, the people thinking that the gentleman had killed the negro himself. However, Longley says he did it, and at this late date the truthfulness of our citizen's story is substantiated.

Did Bill Longley Die by Hanging?

There are many living to this day who believe that Bill Longley never died by hanging. Statements have been made to the writer in the spring months of 1926 with positive assurance that he did not die on October 11, 1878. The reader will recall that the rope slipped around the windlass and Bill Longley's feet touched the ground and he sank nearly to his knees. Recall the fact that Jim Brown had bought the old Longley home and lived on it and that on the gallows Bill Longley kissed him. One rumor is to the effect that powerful friends of Longley's arranged for a steel jacket to fit over his shoulders, around his arms, and up under his neck that would support his weight, and that his body after being laid away was rescued by friends. Against this is the positive testimony of three physicians that there was no spark of life after eleven minutes from the drop and that one of them caught the head in his hands and turned it almost completely around, showing the neck was com-

pletely broken. The deputy sheriff in the adjoining county made the same experiment.

However, the rumor still persists and it is surprising the number that believe it. The writer has been assured by eye-witnesses, by persons well-acquainted with Bill Longley, that he was killed on the upstairs, east front porch of a building on East Avenue in the city of Austin. One living eye-witness states that he was present at the time of the killing in 1893 that he knew Bill Longley well, and that after he had been prepared for burial in 1893 and his disguise was removed, not only he but also his father recognized him.

While in West Texas in the summer of 1926 the Frontier Native ran into some former friends of Bill Longley. They assured the writer that a man had slept with Bill near Jake Scheider's Store on the banks of the Colorado River in Austin, Texas, about 1890, some dozen years after his legal hanging in Giddings, Texas, on October 11, 1878. The name of the bed fellow of Bill Longley was given. It proved to be an old neighborhood friend of the writer in Northwest Texas with whom the writer as a boy fished along the Clear Fork of the Trinity just after the Civil War. This report was investigated and it evaporated in the thin air.

And, so, the story runs and will run as long as tongues can wag.

Having read some six different and true accounts of the killing of the McCanless gang by Wild Bill in Nebraska on a certain date, each account differed in the details and the total number killed, the writer was not surprised in getting so many different stories of Bill Longley's career.

It is to be recalled that the number killed by Wild Bill Hickok ranges from one man to nine. The tourist and the romantic reporter are abroad in the land like the snowball rolling down the mountain side, gathering dead moss and leaves in its onward rush.

In 1895 there appeared in Mason, Texas, a rather odd character at the printing office then conducted by the father of John Marvin Hunter, now the proprietor of "Frontier Times." He left an order with the Hunter's to print some circulars

six by nine, advertising that for the admission fee of ten cents citizens could view the petrified body of Bill Longley. It seems that this travelling show-man had secured the services of an artist who had reproduced the body of Bill Longley with such fidelity that George Bird, then living in Mason, viewed the petrified body and recognized it as Bill Longley. The left arm was broken off above the elbow, but it was lying across the body. There was an impression across the breast where the left arm had been. One report sprang from this incident to the effect that this was made from the actual person of Bill Longley; however, disagreement between the artist and the show-man resulted in the artist's statement to friends that he made the whole thing out of cement and from description. And, so, the story runs. There are women and men in Texas to this good day who believe that Bill Longley was alive after his reported death in Giddings on October 11, 1878. Whether this is true or not will never be settled. Bill Longley certainly was hanged twice, once by the vigilants in 1867 in East Tex-

a or Southwest Arkansas because he was found in bad company, miraculously saved by a poor shot from one of the vigilantes that severed the rope to such an extent that his body broke it. The next time he was hanged was ten years later in Lee County, Texas. The first hanging was near where he was later captured; the second time he was hanged was in Giddings, Texas, on October 11, 1878.

The Longley's, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, have been upright, honorable people, good citizens of Texas. Let the mantle of charity so far as possible rest over the career of Wild Bill Longley, realizing that he has paid his debt to the State. There are many of them who speak of him with gratitude and affection for the kind deeds that he did. Shall the lone and thorny cactus now growing above his grave represent the thorny side of his nature to the peace and dignity of the State and Nation? Also shall the lone violet which at the time of penning these lines is blooming on his grave above his heart represent his kind deeds in concrete form?

The Texas Ranger

A Review by J. Frank Dobie, University of Texas, in The Dallas News

Three years ago I read for the first time "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," by James B. Gillett. I thought it then one of the most engaging and enlightening chronicles that I had ever read. At that time the book was some three years old; two years later, under the direction of a historian of Yale University, the book was re-issued by the dignified Yale University Press. Now a third form of the book, under the title "The Texas Ranger," has been added to the "Pioneer Life Series" of the World Book Company.

I have just read this new edition. The second reading has proved even more delightful than was the first. Surely the book must have something unusual in it to make it so widely sought after by publishers and so engaging to one already familiar with the contents. Well, it does have something unusual. That something is narrative excellence. I will not say that it is as great a book as

"Robinson Crusoe," but I will say that I had as lief read it as "Robinson Crusoe"—and I am very fond of Defoe's narrative. Once you start reading Captain Gillett's story of the dog that guarded the Indian-besieged camp in Crow Flat; of the chase of old Victorio, Apache, into Mexico; of the round-up of outlaws in the Junction country; of the desperate ride after Sam Bass; of the Peg Leg robber gang on the San Saba; of the long ride with General Baylor from San Antonio to El Paso, you can not stop until you have finished the story, and then you want to begin the next.

The book seems to have been written in sunlight, everything is so clear and distinct and healthy; yet there is no mirage. It is filled with little pictures like those of the pack burros, and the Indian scout that rode under an umbrella, yet the narrative does not halt for description. Nor in the whole book

is there a single sentence of forced tenseness, of Alkali Bill striving after "grim" effect.

The man who wrote this book has a generous and noble nature. How eager he is to give credit to other men! Lieutenant Reynolds "was the best ranger in the world—there was never another like him." There is none of the prating that many frontiersmen indulge in about "hardships and sacrifices." To Captain Gillett the ranger says "were the most happy and are the most cherished" of his life. The fine pride of a genuine Texas Ranger shines out on every page, but there is nothing of patriotic cant. The honesty and positive living of the man are immensely refreshing.

I am glad that this record, so clean, so generous, so wholesome, so true, so clear in its representation of one of the most representative men on the old Texas frontier, is now available to the boys of the country in a cheap and attractive edition. In putting out this and other books—books like "Frontier Law," "Breaking Sod on the Prairies," "The Bullwhacker," and "Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail" of the Pioneer Life Series—the World Book Company has discovered a fresh field and is doing boys of all ages—and girls, too—a real favor.

"The Texas Ranger" is delightfully illustrated, and the illustrations are true to life. Although it was designed for younger readers, I don't mind admitting that I am recommending Captain Gillett's book—no matter in which one of the three forms—as parallel reading to my classical-minded freshmen in the University of Texas.

THE TEXAS RANGER. By James B. Gillett, in collaboration with Howard R. Driggs. Yonkers: The World Book Company.

A Story of the Trail.

In 1864 I was herding about 400 young steers in Lafayette County, Missouri, for a farmer and stockman who decided to take them to Nebraska, so in June we left for Nebraska City, crossing the Missouri River at Lexington and driving up on the north side of the river and again crossing the river at Nebraska City. We

soon left for the trip west up the South Platte River, going as far west as the Alkali ranch, 150 miles east of Denver, where two of us were left to take care of the steers.

We had an easy job taking care of the cattle as there was an abundance of grass and water and a dry alkali lake where the cattle made their beds every night and all we had to do was to go out every morning about daylight and count them as they got up to start grazing. One morning I rode out on my mule and found there was about ten missing, so I went back to the ranch, ate my breakfast and I and two other boys started down the river looking for the strays. After going about three miles we saw them and about the same time discovered about thirty Sioux Indians in war paint hiding up the canyon. We at once turned back, I on my mule the other two boys on good horses. I put both spurs to my mule, who was being left by the boys' horses, but until the mule got a good scare from the war whoop, and took a look over his right and left shoulders, the Indians were gaining on me and the boys on horses were rapidly leaving me, but the Indian yell woke my mule up to the necessity of doing his duty and after that all I had to do was stay on my mule.

We were not aware of the Indians going on the warpath as only a month before I had sat around in a circle in a teepee and smoked the pipe of peace with them. We kept out sentinels for nearly a week when an outfit came along, about 100 strong, when we fell in with them and came back within 100 miles of Nebraska City, making a drive of 250 miles in ten days. For four days and nights on the drive all the sleep I got was after the cattle lay down at night to rest, and I frequently got up and took a look around and listened for Indians, and one of our men on herd one night killed an Indian who was trying to slip up on him.—J. A. DRUMMOND, 41 Bonham Street, Paris, Texas. In Dallas News, April 24, 1927.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Colonel Rip Ford and Rangers Battle with Indians

A. J. Sowell, in *San Antonio Light*, May 4, 1913



COL JOHN S. FORD, known among border men as "Old Rip," was a native of South Carolina and came to Texas in 1836. He served for a time in the Texas army and in 1843 commenced the practice of medicine in San Augustine. In 1844 he was elected to Congress and in the Mexican war of 1846 he commanded a company in the regiment of Col. Jack Hays. In 1849 Colonel Ford with Maj. Robert Neighbors, laid out a road from San Antonio to El Paso and Santa Fe. In August of the same year he was placed in command of a ranging company at Austin and sent south, being stationed between Brownsville and San Patricio, near King's ranch on the Santa Gertrudes Creek.

In November John E. Wilson, Dave Steel, Charles Wiedenmiller and John Dickins were on the way back to camp with a wagonload of supplies, when, one evening after striking camp, Wiedenmiller went to water the wagon horses in a little creek not far away and soon the other three rangers heard him calling for help. Wilson and Steel ran to his assistance and found him surrounded by Indians. They boldly charged the Comanches and firing into them, drove them away and the three then ran quickly back to the wagon with the horses. The Indians rallied and, seeing that only two men had put them to flight, made a charge and the rangers went into a thicket. Here the Indians kept them all night, charging around, yelling, shooting arrows and bullets into the brush. Occasionally the rangers would crawl to the edge of the thicket and fire and the Indians would run.

Dickens left and went to the ranger camp as soon as the trouble commenced and informed Captain Ford of the attack and said that he believed the other three men were killed. On getting this information the captain at once set out with fifty men to their relief, but on arriving at the place found the rangers all right and the Indians gone. Sending the men on to camp with the wagon, the others took the trail of the Indians and

soon caught up with them and a running fight of several miles took place. Six Indians were killed without any loss to the rangers. Ford's lieutenants were Andrew Walker and Ed Burleson Jr., son of Gen. Ed Burleson.

Soon after this John Wilson, James Wilson, his brother, and Ed Stephens trailed a band of Indians to the Rio Grande and then swam over to see what discoveries they could make on the other side. About the first thing they discovered was a squad of Mexican soldiers, who arrested them and confined them in an old hut made out of poles set up end wise. Here they remained until night, naked for they had stripped to swim the river. As soon as darkness came John Wilson and Stephens began to plan an escape. The soldiers—all went to sleep except one guard and he walked to and fro in front of the door of the jacal with his musket and it was decided to kill him if they could. Each armed himself with a heavy stick pulled out of the wall of the hut and as the guard passed the door Wilson struck him a blow on the back of the neck with such force that it killed him and he fell to the ground without a groan.

The three rangers now made a run for the river, John Wilson carrying the gun of the dead soldier. This was all done so silently that none of the sleeping soldiers awoke and the white men gained the river without any signs of pursuit. As they entered the water Wilson threw away the gun and they swam safely to the other side. Their camp was only six miles distant, and they soon made their way back. Captain Ford had told them to trail these Indians and see where they went to. This was in 1850.

In the same year Ford's men followed another band of Indians and overtook them where Campbellton is now. They had been two days on the trail and by this time were getting tolerably hungry. There were fourteen rangers and 30 Indians. About daylight the rangers approached the Indian camp. The redmen were around a big fire roasting a colt they had killed and when the rangers

fired and charged them they made no fight and scattered wildly in various directions, leaving several of their number slain. They had 200 head of stolen horses and these the rangers carried to Fort Merrill on the Nueces river, 40 miles distant. After getting provisions they went into camp to rest, putting out guards with the horses. Lieutenant Burleson who was in command, stayed with the horses, the other guards being John Wilson, Jack Taylor and Mat Nowlin. To pass away the time a blanket was spread and a deck of cards produced and the party played by moonlight while the balance of the men lay nearby and slept. Before any one was aware of it two Indians slipped up and secured a horse each and started off, but at this time were discovered by John Wilson and he and others fired at them, killing one and wounded the other. The wounded one escaped into the brush and lay down, shot in the body and in the hand, and his bow had also been broken by the same bullet.

The rangers had a Mexican guide called "Old Roka," who had been a prisoner among the Indians and knew their dialect and he was told to converse with the wounded Indian when they had found him, but the red warrior had but little to say and soon expired.

After the return to camp Captain Ford sent John Wilson and Jack Taylor to see if any Indians could be found in force. After considerable scouting they located about 40 Comanches in ambush on the Nueces river, this being the same band which the rangers had taken the horses from. As soon as this was reported Ford took fifteen of his men and went to fight them. They arrived at the place at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but the Indians were gone. The trail bore south and was followed rapidly until dark and then camp was made. On the following morning the search was resumed and in three miles the rangers came upon the camp of the Indians where they had stayed the previous night in the edge of the timber. The trail still bore south and the rangers, pursuing, soon came in sight of the Comanches, but held themselves from view until the Indians got out into the prairie, as there was too much brush and timber to make a good

fight. They finally, however, entered a more open country and the rangers spurred up their horses and came close upon them near the Agua Dulce (Sweetwater) creek. The Indians were all on foot except a few, their horses having been taken by the rangers as before stated. Two wounded ones were in the rear to watch for the rangers and these were charged, but they made their escape to the main body and all of them came out into open ground and formed for battle. The rangers went in among them at a charge and several were killed with the first volley, but the Indians fought well and rapidly, both with guns and with bows.

In the second round Dave Steel shot a chief in the head and killed him and the balance began to get into confusion and many personal combats took place. Captain Ford pursued one who was on horseback and aimed his pistol at him, but the Comanche lay low to avoid the shot and the girth of his saddle broke and he fell to the ground, but was on his feet in an instant and aimed an arrow, but the captain shot him in the head in the act and he fell, sending the arrow up in the air as he went down.

When the fight was over William Gillespie was found to be killed and Jack Spencer and one other ranger wounded.

William Gillespie was a nephew of Ad Gillespie, the famous ranger under Jack Hays. This was "Yellow Wolf's band, the same chief who fought Captain Hays and his men at the "Pinta Trail" crossing of the Guadalupe in 1844. The old chief was not present on this occasion, but his son was in the fight and was wounded and captured. The band, however, was led by a sub-chief. Eight dead Indians were found on the ground and many were wounded. William Gillespie killed an Indian and a wounded Indian killed him. The Comanche was on the ground and nearly dead but bent the bow with his feet and shot the ranger through the heart with an arrow as he was coming towards him. The rangers buried their gallant comrade on the bank of the Agua Dulce creek.

In about two weeks after the rangers returned to their camp, one morning at daylight John Wilson, who was on guard discovered a white rag held on a stick

by two Indian squaws. Wilson placed his handkerchief on the muzzle of his gun and held it up to view and they came in. They were the mother and aunt of the young "Yellow Wolf," who was a captive in the ranger camp. The old chief, his father, had sent the two squaws in to negotiate an exchange of captives so as to get his son released and said that he would give all the prisoners he had thirteen in number, for his son. Captain Ford agreed to this and they were brought in and the exchange made. Most of their prisoners were Mexicans, there being only three whites and one negro. One of the white men was James Hart, captured near Refugio.

In 1851 Andrew Wheeler, Lieutenant Andrew Walker, John Wilson and two Mexicans were sent out by Captain Ford to kill wild cattle for beef for the company, and on a creek south of the Nueces called La Garta, in a very bushy place, a bunch of hobbled horses was discovered. The horses belonged to a band of Indians. Lieutenant Walker told Wheeler to take the two Mexicans and round up the horses and unhobble them, saying that he and Wilson would watch for the Indians and protect them if any were near and should make a charge on them. The horses were hobbled with strips of buffalo skin. They were all taken, 35 head in number, and no Indians put in an appearance. A trail, however, was discovered leading into a thicket and Walker and Wilson followed it and found the saddles, ropes and lances of the Indians, who had gone off on foot to get more horses.

A runner was now sent back to camp for more men and Captain Ford sent a squad at once. They now lay in ambush to wait the return of the Indians, all of the rangers being under the command of Lieutenant Andrew J. Walker. On the fifth day John Wilson and Andrew Wheeler were on guard watching for the approach of the Indians and discovered one coming down a draw at full speed on a horse. The lieutenant was now notified of the approach of this Indian and he said to let him pass and then cut him off so that he could not return and notify the others of the presence of the rangers, as no doubt the others of the band were close by. This was done

but the Indian had to run the other way. He made his escape, however.

Forty other Indians soon came into view driving 200 head of horses and the rangers broke cover and charged them, greatly to their surprise. They divided into two separate bunches to fight the rangers. Lieutenant Walker and part of the men attacked one party and John Wilson, D. M. Lovel, Robert Rankin, Andrew Wheeler and another man named Good, wheeled to the left and attacked the balance, fifteen in number. These, seeing the small force assailing them, charged fiercely and one of the rangers ran and a doubtful battle took place on this part of the ground. Wilson's horse was soon shot down and he had to abandon him, and Level's horse was killed and fell on him. He called to the ranger who ran, to help him and not let an Indian lance him, but the terror-stricken man ran on. John Wilson, who had just got clear of his fallen horse heard the call and at once charged the Indian and killed him, having a repeating gun and several loads left. He then pulled the horse off Level, who arose and once more took part in the fight, which was being waged fiercely on all sides. Rangers and Indians mixed promiscuously, horses were overturned and above the din of battle could be heard the constant yelling of the Indians. At the same time that his horse was killed Level received an arrow wound in the thigh. Wilson killed one more Indian during the fight. Wheeler killed one and Walker's party killed five. Wheeler and an Indian faced each other at a few yards apart and the ranger shot the Comanche in the mouth, knocking out all of his teeth, the ball coming out at the jaw. The Indian had quit his horse and this shot knocked him down but he turned his head in time to partly escape a second shot from Wheeler, but the ball took his nose off in a side shot. He now raised to a sitting position and sat there until the fight was over. Wheeler was using a six-shooter.

After the Indians had been defeated and all were gone except eight dead ones and the wounded one, Lieutenant Walker told John Wilson to finish the Indian whose teeth had been knocked out. Wilson refused to shoot the

wounded Indian. Wheeler was told to do so and he refused, saying that he had shot the Indian as many times as he wanted to. The lieutenant then handed a pistol to the Mexican guide and ordered him to finish the Indian, as he did not wish to leave him in that wretched condition. The Mexican took the pistol and rode up close to the Indian, who looked up and, seeing the pistol in the Mexican's hand, realized that he had gone on his last raid and fought his last fight. He dropped his head down on his chest and remained in that position until the Mexican sent a ball into the crown of his head.

When the fight commenced this band of Indians had a naked Mexican boy tied on a mule, which was loose with nothing on him but the boy. The mule ran here and there during the fight and the helpless captive yelled lustily for the rangers not to shoot him, that he was not an Indian. The rangers had to rope the mule and then cut the strings loose before he could be taken from the mule's back. The fight was on the Arroyo Gato (Cat creek.)

The horses taken from the Indians in this fight, 197 in number, belonged to a wealthy Mexican in Mexico, and this was the reason why the Comanches were gone so long from their camp; it also explains the presence of the captive Mexican boy—they had been across the Rio Grande. Captain Ford notified the Mexican that the rangers had recaptured his horses and for him to send for them. Three of the rangers had lost horses in the fight, Wilson, Level and Vol Roundtree. The latter fought with Walker's party. Others of the same squad were Andrew Gatliff, Marvin E. McNeill and Albert Gallatin.

Captain Ford told the three rangers who had lost their horses in the fight to select them a horse apiece of the best out of the herd, which they did. The rich old Mexican came in person to receive his horses, and although there were no charges for getting them back and keeping them under herd, he raised a great row about those three that the rangers had taken. This greatly provoked the Captain and he told the Mexican to take the balance of his horses and get back into Mexico as soon as he could

or he would let his men hang him, which they were very anxious to do, anyway. No use to say that he went and did not stand on the order of his going.

At the time of the last mentioned fight Lieutenant Ed Burleson had been sent to San Antonio by Captain Ford with ten men to bring \$15,000 up to Las Vacas commissary money for the use of the rangers for supplies, pay, etc. The trip there was made without incident and they returned to a point 25 miles west of where Lieutenant Walker had his fight, which was in a salt marsh west of the Nueces. Here Burleson and his men fought one of the most desperate battles that are recorded to have occurred on the Southwest frontier of Texas. It was the same Indians that Walker and his men had fought and defeated the day before. The men with Burleson were James Carr, Jack Spencer, Baker Barton, Warren Lyons, William Lackey, Alfred Tom, a German named Miller and another ranger named Givens, the later being known among his comrades as "Washtub."

Warren Lyons had been a captive among the Comanche Indians and almost raised among them and knew their customs and had been in many battles with them against other Indians. When these Indians were first discovered they were in full retreat from Walker's fight, but stopped and began to make demonstrations towards Burleson's men. Lyons who was closely watching them, said to the lieutenant:

"Those Indians have been in a fight, are mad, and going to give us hell."

Lyons then dismounted and pulled off his boots and Burleson thought that he was going to abandon his horse and run off on foot, but he was only fixing himself to fight, as the Indians were now coming at a charge and yelling furiously. They made no halt and engaged the rangers hand to hand and a most sanguinary border battle took place. Wounds were given and received on all parts of the ground, but finally the shattered remnant of the Indian band drew off and quit the field, half of their number being killed and nearly all of the balance wounded. Of the rangers, Baker Barton and William Lackey were killed. Lieutenant Burleson, Alfred Tom, James

Carr, Warren Lyons and Miller were wounded. The first man killed was Baker Barton. James Carr was wounded in two places, one with an arrow which disemboweled him. Alf Tom was shot in the leg with an arrow and Lieutenant Burleson was hit three times in the head and arms. Spencer and Lyons were also wounded, but the latter only slightly. He fought on foot and ducked and dodged in and out among Indians and horses and escaped many arrows and blows that were aimed at him. His wounds were glancing. His hat was shot from his head. William Lackey was shot through the lungs with an arrow; he died later at Laredo. Most of the wounded men were so badly hurt

they had to remain on the ground until a runner could be sent to Captain Ford, who sent ambulances and had the wounded conveyed to Laredo. When the arrow was withdrawn from the leg of Alf Tom the spike remained and was not noticed in the confusion of the fight and two years later the wound was a running sore. His brother, Captain John Tom, at his request, made an incision with a sharp knife, the spike was discovered and extracted and then the wound healed.

Colonel Ford commanded a regiment in the Confederate service during the civil war, was stationed on the Rio Grande and fought the last battle of the great struggle at Brazos Santiago.

A Diary Kept on the Overland Trail in 1854

V. L. James, 305 King William Street, San Antonio, Texas

I am submitting to Frontier Times the following diary of my father's cattle drive to California in 1854. The diary was written by James Bell, an uncle of San Antonio's former mayor, Hon. Sam C. Bell. For some cause the diary stops suddenly. I am also sending Frontier Times the recollections of Hon. Sam C. Bell of his grandfather and the father of the writer of the diary, who succeeded in arriving in California and who died there at the age of 35 years. In one part of the diary he refers to sending a horned frog to "Peg" who was his little sister, Miss Maggie Bell, and who afterwards became the wife of John Newton, a prominent merchant of San Antonio. She lived to a very old age, 86 years, and died in January, 1926. Mrs. Newton was a lady of a great deal of charm and very popular.

The diary was found years after my father's death, among his papers. It is given as follows:

1854.

June 3—Left San Antonio at 9 o'clock p. m., rode ten miles, encamped near some Mexican carts, in company with Mr. John James on our route to California. Lost my mule by carelessness; let every prairie traveler make the safety of his mule of the first importance.

June 4—Caught my mule in the morning after an hours trouble. Arrived at Castroville, at 11 o'clock a. m., found Judge Hewitt, James R. Sweet and two other gents from the States, who had arrived night before; when they were crossing the Medina, Sweet and companion drove into 10 or 15 feet of water—cause too much ice (liquor). I left Castroville at 4 o'clock p. m. and arrived at camp near the Hondo in time for supper.

June 5—Monday. Left camp without seeing anything worth mentioning; arrived at the Hondo, had blacksmithing done; while waiting took a bath in the Hondo, beautiful and clear water; seemed to us thirsty sun-burnt travelers, as cool as ice. During the scorching days to come we will often look back to the Hondo, as our last mecca. Made about 16 miles today and found fine herding ground here. I had my first watch as guard over cattle. Tried to catch some trout in the sluggish stream nearby, but it was no go.

June 6—Tuesday. Heavy fog last night, cloudy this morning; traveled about 9 miles, came up in front and found an hombre (man) skinning 3 rattlesnakes. When I inquired the use that he would put their skins to, he told me by stretching the skin on the cantle

of the saddle no harm would come to my posteriors, i. e., no galls, or sore, also by fastening a piece of the skin between the lining and the hat, that I never would have the headache. The hombre took the fat out of the snakes and divided it with those who had faith in its virtues. It is good for wounds of various kinds. The Mexican gave me a very large snake skin when we arrived in camp which was early, only 9 miles to the next watering hole; having time I stretched it tightly on the cante covering it entirely and used the end for covering the horn. Evening, killed a beef, being in want of fresh meat. It would astonish a regular butcher to see with what dispatch 3 Mexicans can rope, kill and cut into ropes. The beef is first thrown down by means of a rope, then stuck, not struck on the head, the head turned to one side which holds the beef in the proper position, one side is skinned, the skinned side is allowed to turn up, half of the beef is dissected, the entrails then taken out, the ribs then left whole and roasted before the fire, the other half and head is made into ropes and exposed on a line in the sun until jerked. There is an old Comanche Indian in the train; he has all of the peculiarities of his race, restless eye and an eager desire to see blood. When the beef was being made into ropes, he drew a 12-inch butcher knife and pitched in with an energy, that told me very plain, that the sight of blood was rather to his habit than otherwise.

June 7—Wednesday. Passed through without anything worthy of record. The same routine of duty, standing guard while the cattle were not traveling.

June 8—Thursday. Passed as usual.

June 11—Sunday morning. We have been on the road one week. Riding on a mule with his easy seesawing gait makes me very drowsy, so that I can with difficulty keep my eyes open, and am compelled to get a Mexican to ride her and get in the ambulance. The scenery we have been passing through for the last few days has been unsurpassingly beautiful. I do not know to what range of mountains the small ant like hills through which we pass every day belong, they are generally thrust up

out of a large plain, and a miniature simile is the blisters on a piece of pastry too hastily baked. At the foot of one of these hills is the Leon Station, there are about 150 men, parts of companies, and all the necessary houses, stables, etc. The next station we pass is the Las Moras, and is beautifully situated on one of the most beautiful and clear streams of water that I have ever seen. We had a bath in its cool waters. The balance of the streams I have seen in this part of the State, seem to be of a volcanic nature and are warm, but the water when cooled is very good and resembles the Mississippi water.

June 12—Monday. I visited the Las Moras and found two young men of my acquaintance, from San Antonio; the companies have 2 very good gardens there, and the gentlemen, knowing how travelers on the plains suffer for want of vegetables, gave us some cucumbers, beets, parsnips, lettuce, parsley, etc. There were some Lipan Indians in camp begging for carne (meat), and seemed to be very friendly; their business at the station was to have a talk with some of the other tribes, to arrange some little matters of difference. They are miserably poor and are only the shadow of their former greatness, but still endeavor to keep up appearances, by painting their faces various colors. Both sexes dress so much alike, that without one is well acquainted or accustomed to them, it is difficult to distinguish the male from the females. We left camp at the usual time, traveled about 10 miles, arrived at the Pedro Pintos a very pretty little stream. Our cattle were somewhat restless during the night, and came very nearly stampeding twice.

June 13—Tuesday. We came 8 miles today to the Socete (Muddy). We are busy at various kinds of work, some are repairing carts, some cooking meat which has been half dried in the sun, some in groups conversing about the rare topics that interest them most, one man is engaged in fastening a corn mill (to be used for coffee) to a tree, piece of timber, which can be tied with a piece of rawhide to a cart wheel. Some are on guard, the day guard is composed of six men in each guard, who stand two hours each, the night guard of the same

number, who stand 3 hours each. It requires considerable watchfulness, as we are now considered in an Indian country. Encamped at the Socete (Muddy).

June 14—Wednesday. Cloudy, slight drizzling rain, crossed the San Pedro, soil is rather stony. Country one undisturbed hill and vale, for a few miles the ground is more stony than the other, the shrubbery is covered with snails from one half to one fourth inches long. We stopped about 3 o'clock on the San Phillipe, attending herd I can see a low range of mountains by which runs the Rio Grande, distance 5 miles. An order has been issued in camp that a gun shot is an alarm for Indians.

June 15—Thursday. Cloudy. A short distance from camp the mirage presented to our view, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Rio Grande, at this distance (5 miles) it seemed to be a broad noble river. I saw for the first time, in this State, the strawberry plant, it is in full bloom, small and probably would not produce large fruit. Observed pyrites of iron in small quantities, in the road. We are now in the mountain region. We crossed the Rio Diablo (Devil's River) today at 12 o'clock, it is so called from its ripidity, when full the ruggedness of the surrounding scenery, and probably from the advantages afforded to the Indians, and the murders committed thereon. It empties into the Rio Grande, the water is very clear but of no great depth. Where we crossed, on one of the banks, which are of solid stone and from one to 150 feet high perpendicularly, is a cave, high, with two or three paintings, like on a buffalo robe. In the inside probably was a place of revelry. We are encamped two miles further on the Rio Diablo near a watering hole (The sentence in relation to the situation of the cave is an error, it is situated on the watering hole). We have traveled twelve miles today. I learn from the guide that within the next ten days, we will cross the Rio Diablo some 14 times. The soil here is poor and stony, probably would be a good sheep country. We have no news of Indians in the immediate vicinity. Met part of Knox's train going down; two of the men were wounded by hidden shots from

the Indians some twenty days previous. We used for the first time today as part of our fuel, buffalo chips. The boys roasted their sun-cured meat on the chips, with all the sang froid of Digger Indians.

June 16—Weather cloudy in the forenoon. One of the men disobeyed orders in leaving the train to shoot some game; Mr. James ordered his horse on, and the poor fellow had to run a mile to catch up. We passed the Palo Springs, arrived in camp at the California Springs six miles further. These Springs derived their name, having been found and dug by some emigrants who were almost perished for water. We made today about 18 miles.

June 17—Friday. Fine weather for traveling; found wild sage growing from 3 to 4 feet high. Passed 2 heaps of stones 4 men buried under one of them. Crossed Rio Diablo again, dangerous road, fine timber in the bottoms; had a barbecued venison steak for supper. Several Indians alarms. Camped one half mile from Rio Diablo, poor soil, no grass except small mesquite near the river. All had a fine bath which revived the men very much after traveling over a difficult and stony road. Made 23 miles; no water on the road.

June 18—Saturday. Cloudy, men all (1), around the fire looking on, waiting with impatience for breakfast. Several sick men in camp but not dangerously so. There are 3 men in camp that are perfectly worthless, one American, one German and one Mexican. It would be a Godsend if the Indians would kill them. Some of the men have very little thrift, and take no care whatever of their health, have no thought for the next hour, and are content to let others do what they should do themselves. We have one poor fellow (German or Pole) who seems to be deranged on the subject of honor, and imagines every one trying to insult him; he will probably be sent back when we meet the San Antonio mail. We find grapes, plums and walnuts in profusion; the grapes are said to be fine when ripe. Walnuts are about the size of a cherry, when ripe and have a hard smooth shell. The mountains on either side of the canyon are small and seem to be numerous hills

jutted into one, another. We have crossed the Rio Diablo seven times this morning, twice where it was dry, the water sinking and when up, running over the dry beds. The ground is entirely covered with cobble stones and is hard on the cattle's feet. Arrived in camp at 12 o'clock; two of us set to and gathered parsley enough for greens, for the whole party. There is a fine spring in the neighborhood, plenty of fish, but the worst of it is, I never catch anything except fisherman's luck. Traveled ten miles today to camp, all the men except those on duty are in bathing.

June 19—The greens are very fair but not so good as some other kinds that are more frequently used; are gelatinous like okra. Have crossed Rio Diablo 5 or 6 times, dry. Came to a Government fort, do not know the name. We went one mile further, found no water and returned half mile this side the fort to camp. Killed a beef this evening, had fine steak spitted and broiled. The whole party are in doubt as to whether today is Sunday or not. I went to the spring for water, passed the fort and inquired the day of the week; found it to be Monday. The men are busily engaged loafing about camp, night is rapidly approaching, supper is getting ready and the hour is near at hand for retiring to our apartments around the ambulance for every one has to retire early on account of the night duties. Came 13 miles today, cloudy and slight drizzling rain in the forenoon, clear after.

June 20—Cloudy in the forenoon, clear and sunshine in the afternoon. Traveled none today, waiting for cattle to get in good traveling order, expecting to go 40 miles without water. Have had 2 baths today in a water hole near the fort, washed 3 pieces of clothing. This is my first washing since I left home. I find I am a first rate washerwoman. The cattle are grazing on the side of a spur of a mountain, and have quite a picturesque appearance. The soldiers of the post dragged the water hole today and caught some splendid fish. We bought some buffalo for 25 cts. each; they weighed 12 or 15 lbs. I have never seen any fish half so fat. Our mouths are filling with water in anticipation of the enjoyment at supper. I had like to

have said table spread—for I can call it by no other name; it is an old dirty wagon cover, spread on the ground.

June 21—Having been in camp two days resting the cattle for a 40-mile trip without water, we left the camp about 4 o'clock, traveled 12 miles to camp, found no water; day passed off pleasantly, the night would have been equally so, had it not been that most of the men had only 3 hours rest; the noise of advancing guards frequently keeping one awake.

June 22—Left camp about daylight, filled our vessels with water, which held one hundred gallons, passed a cross made of two rough pieces of wood tied across one another, to commemorate the death of some Mexican. We passed through a dog town; not very extensive however, we did not see any of the inhabitants. When we get into the country where they are more abundant, I will endeavor to give a description of them. Found about 10 barrels water scattered about in pockets; this gave the cattle a mouth-washing each. The men are anxiously waiting dinner, for we have had comparatively little for two meals past, it being advisable, as not creating so much thirst as a full meal. At 12 o'clock we divided the train. I was left with the wagon, as an escort with 10 others, arrived at camp at 3 o'clock in the morning, the cattle arrived some 3 hours earlier. I Withstood the fatigue of about 2 hours on mule back much better than I expected. Camped at Howard's Spring. Travelers make this a resting place, consequently there is somebody here all the time or nearly so. Made 30 miles, this is a matter of necessity, as there is not a particle of water on the route of 30 miles.

June 23—In camp all day resting the cattle; during the night suspicioned the presence of Indians, after examining, all became easy again.

June 24—In camp, expect to start at 3 o'clock; the cattle are in good order, the men are in fine humor for going about 15 miles. My health is good, good appetite and could eat a peck of fruit and vegetables; shall procure a quantity for the trip when I get to El Paso del Norte. Left camp at about

3 o'clock made 12 or 15 miles, 9 o'clock without water, been traveling in Rio Diablo Canyon for 10 days; got out this evening, mountain scenery the same entirely surrounded with broken mountains, where if a man should get lost, he should at once come to a conclusion to die with thirst or be killed by the Indians. The sun set this evening just as we got on the plain, it is such as I have never seen before, the whole heavens are one entire picture of their glory, or I might say the entire canopy is one sunset.

June—Left camp early; after about 10 miles we entered the canyon again. Previous to entering the canyon we passed through a large dog town, about 4 miles in circumference; the grass is cropped close, and as we passed through a number of the inhabitants popped their heads just above the edge of the holes, barked a few times and disappeared; several of the inhabitants were killed, when cooked their meat resembles squirrel meat, the claws are sharp and always uncovered for the purpose of digging; the tails like a dog's; hair between a grey and fox squirrel's; the head resembles the Chihuahua dogs, with his ears cropped and are about the size of a grown fox-squirrel. The mountains on either side the canyon are not so regular as those we passed a few days since. Reached Live Oak Creek at 12 o'clock, and are encamped for the night; made 17 miles. By the By this is Sunday; no matter, it is all the same to us, we work as much on the Sabbath, as on week days. Not one-half the men know how long we have been out. There is a fall of 6 feet, in the Live Oak Creek; several of us are going in bathing now; returning I found an oblong pile of stones; at one end found the inscription "Amanda Lewis, 1852." I read it aloud, when one of the young men spoke with astonishment; he was acquainted with the person in Mississippi; she was the mother of a large family. How deolate must have been the husband and children when they performed the last sad rites over their loved mother, when with mournful feelings they turned away, knowing that then they beheld the last of her whom they had ever looked up to with love and veneration. In the

vast expanse of hill and plain where by mere chance I came upon this grave, a small space; a feeling of desolation and insignificance came over me, and I felt content in my ignorance of the wondrous creation of the earth. This spot where this woman is buried probably could not be found in one year's search, for in 1852, this portion of Texas was outside of all civilization. Night is now approaching and the serious business of the trip is about to commence, that of standing guard and a possibility of an attack from the Indians. The weather has been unusually fine today, and nature is smiling in all her beautiful colors.

June 26—The sun is rising clear and grateful, for the morning air is little too cool to be entirely comfortable. Came seven miles to the crossing of the Pecos River; the stream is turbulent and rapid, the color is a rich pink; went in a bathing, found the deposit a fine emory the banks are high and dangerous for cattle, depths from 5 to 10 feet. Went two miles further than the Pecos, and herded the cattle two hours, gathered some wild plums, were very good; made preserves of the green ones. Left about sunset, traveled one mile to grass. Our cook got sick and I helped to get supper, we live very poor, cooking bad and very little to cook. Some men who, when living in town appear to have good deal of nobleness, are entirely different under different circumstances. A land speculator cannot be an honest man from the very nature of his occupation.

June 27—Cloudy, and slight rain during the night. Morning cloudy, cool north wind blowing, prospects of a fine traveling day, will start late on account of having lost some cattle at watering. Traveled about 8 or 10 miles, on the banks of the Pecos encamped early, killed a beef of which a considerable portion disappeared immediately, for the men were tired out on bacon; several large rabbits were killed. Five men, myself among them, were sent to guard the ambulance during the night; were about one mile from the carts and cattle. We will probably make El Paso earlier than 2 months; the cattle are in good order, and a better set of men, as regards the white men; could not have been

gotten together. The Mexicans are at best a shady race, and are to be rated several degrees below the negro of the Southern American States; the negro has some good qualities, his bad ones are bearable, but the Greaser is no acquisition to the world as a useful people. The nice parts of the beef are cooked for supper. Marrow, brains, tongue, liver etc.,

June 28—Sun rose clear and warm we, the men who guarded the ambulance disappeared (about the time the sun appeared) under the waters of the Rio Pecos. The bath was quite refreshing; have not missed more than two days without bathing since I left San Antonio. Yesterday we had no dinner; as a substitute I found the mesquite bean very good. These beans are six inches long, reddish grey color when fit to eat and the taste resembles that of the honey locust; the pod must be chewed and not the bean. Traveled 10 miles to camp, which is in 2 miles of Escondido.

June 29—Sun rising clear and warm, air cool and healthful. There is a great difference between the air in confined towns, and open prairies. The morning air agrees with me very well, or rather sleeping in the night air does. I am not getting any stronger, but will probably be much improved by the time I get through to California. Yesterday my attention was called to a heap of stones, which seemed to have been broken for mecadimizing purposes. I had seen several similar heaps on different days previous; upon inquiry, and examination, found a hollow in the middle of it about 2 ft. square and 2 ft. deep, with marks of fire on the stones. I can come to no other conclusion, but that these places were or now are, used to offer up sacrifices in time of battle or at a death. The history of the Indians who inhabited this country could not but be very entertaining and a geological exploration would not doubt, develop inexhaustable mines of gold, silver, copper and iron. There seems to be a great scarcity of water at different points on the route, this I attribute to a want of search, for there must be in a mountainous country like this, thousands of waters coming from springs, which here only want opening to afford an abundant supply.

We are encamped on the Rio Pecos for the last time, the third I believe; we leave about one o'clock and I am sure no one of the party will regret it in the least, for the water is very filthy and muddy for drinking purposes; although it is only 400 miles from the head, the width is here about 20 yards, and from 10 to 20 ft. in depth, current is very rapid. Traveled until dark and encamped without water. The night passed pleasantly stood guard on the last watch.

June 30—Left camp half an hour after sun rise, made some 12 or 15 miles at 12 o'clock encamped at a water hole, the smell of which gave strong indications of iron. Have just washed my face, the first time in two days, forget when I combed my head last, about once a week is quite a luxury; am looking forward to our camping time this evening, with great impatience for then—just think of it I'll have a plunge into the water, and clean linen. Won't it be glorious? May take cold from opening the pores and cleaning the dirt off my skin, if any one could see the men all together, it would be sworn that there were all millers, so dirty. My hands, face and breast are a beautiful brown, something near a bright Mullato color. The boys at home used to tell me that if my skin were not so fair I would readily be taken for a negro or otherwise a Mulatto. In intend to school myself to bear the yoke of patience and meekness, for when I arrive in California, it will be a Herculean task for me to attempt to fight every one who will call me Boy. Have seen more horned-frogs today than before, had a pretty little one to send to Peg and had no convenience for carrying and lost it. We made 10 miles to the Escondido Springs. I have had the bath and realized all I anticipated in the way of pleasure. I feel very well this evening about as well as could be expected of a man who is on this trip, for it is rough and no mistake.

Today I drank some of the water at the last camping place, and found it to be excellent sulphur water used plentifully, believing it will be beneficial; the cattle also enjoyed it. Last night we had an alarm in camp, about 2 o'clock in the morning. The men were awakened

and told to get their horses, that the Indians were in the vicinity, after scouting for half an hour, the men returned and all became quiet again. I am under the impression that the alarm was false.

July 1—Escondido Springs of (Hidden Springs). The water these springs afford is cool and of an excellent quality. Near the head is a small space of ground, enclosed with large stones. The guide tells me that four men who were going to California fortified themselves here, and made a noble though unsuccessful defence against nearly 100 Indians. Have one deer and some dozen rabbits in the way of fresh meat. I have been today again testing my qualifications as washerwoman, washed 9 pieces and thought it well done only using cold hard water and hard soap. Left camp at 1 o'clock, traveled 15 miles through level prairie country, with an occasional irregular low and short range of mountains. The soil is gravel and lime, very poor.

July 2—Sunday, made about 5 miles to the Comanche Springs had dinner, water slightly brackish, had a bath, the bones of a man were found, the guide was acquainted with the man; on the knee-cap and foot the muscles still remain, although it has been 3 years since he was killed. Some of the clothing is laying about him. The man was a notorious horse thief. The water gives some slight indication of sulphur. Last night a pretty stiff north wind was blowing which made guard duty rather uncomfortable; it continues today, but the clear sky and warm sun makes it fine traveling weather. The road forks about $\frac{1}{4}$ miles ahead, and leads to Placido del Norte. I can see the deep blue like mountains in the direction of Placido and about 20 miles distant. Left camp at noon, made 10 miles to the Leon Springs, there are several small lakes, one has been sounded and no bottom found, the depth, gives water a beautiful blue color, slightly brackish; around the water, the ground is lightly frosted with salt. The grass is here a rich green color, the cattle eat very little, on account of its salty taste. There is a cattle train about 5 miles in advance of us, belonging to Franklin & Dean. The only sign we had of their presence, was the

clouds of dust; when we arrived at the springs one of the owners came into camp on a visit. We are fairly on the Plains again, mountains are only seen on the Mexican side, at a distance of 45 miles. We are now on the 2nd. bench or step of the high mountains, vegetation is not so far advanced as one hundred miles back. Those who have traveled this route before, say that there are no deer, but we find the Antelopes in small droves. There is still a cool southern wind blowing, it is what is called a dry wind, chaps the face and hands.

July 3—Monday, Have a good prospect of a fine day, cool pleasant breeze. We are encamped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from water, some of the men are engaged in collecting wood, at our next camp there is none. Most of the wood in this country, is small mesquite, not over 4 ft. high, the dead parts are used for burning, and burn very well. We will in a few days commence the "100" miles without water, then is the time when the men and cattle will be sorely tried. The crow is scarce here, the raven and Mexican buzzard fill the complement of the feathered tribe, with the exception of a few small birds. We see the turkey occasionally, but at this season, they are unfit to eat. There is a confounded locust near me on a bush, buzzing away so that I can scarcely write. The sound is more metallic-like than the locust in Tennessee, and creates an unpleasant buzzing in the ear like the rushing of blood to the head. Probably you would like to have some idea of my manner of sleeping, personal appearance, etc. I find the blue coat to be perfectly superfluous, and generally carry it tied behind the saddle, pants in my boots, both boots and pants begin to have a shocking bad appearance, and after eating (having left my handkerchief at home) I use my pants for wiping my hands and knife on. In riding, the bosom of my check shirt works open, and along down the center of my breast is a brown stripe like the stripe on a Black Dutchman's back. My nose, ears and neck are undergoing a scaling process, until I look scaly about the face and gills as a buffalo-fish. My riding outfit consists of, on either side of the horn is a rope and canteen, behind the saddle is my tin cup.

an iron spoon, while occasionally there is to be a dead rabbit found, hanging by the neck waiting to be devoured, and when we expect to travel over dinner time, a slab of jerked beef finds itself flapping against the side of the mule. My bed is made, with the cover an India rubber coat next the ground, saddle at the head, horse blanket on the saddle to make it soft, bed blanket over all and myself on top of that; sometimes to luxuriate a little I pull off my boots and hat, when it rains I roll up in a ball like a porcupine, and spread the gum coat over me. I like to sleep in the open air, for when I get up in the morning, my sleep has been refreshing and comfortable. Left camp at 1 o'clock, the mountain scenery continues the same, passed through a portion of the plain which was covered with what I think is pyrites of iron. A few miles further on we came in sight of what seemed to be a miniature forest; when we arrived at it it was a species of cactus growing, which looked like the ears of corn, placed end on end in zigzag directions and from 3 to 5 ft. high, which gave it the appearance of a miniature forest. Made 15 miles, to camp at 9 o'clock; went to bed without supper. I stood guard $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours (from 11:30 to 3 o'clock).

July 4—There is probably not one American in camp who does not remember today with different feelings from those of other days. We have no means of celebrating this day except by recollection of past celebrations that we have witnessed during our youthful days. The mind will naturally go back 78 years and look with pride and veneration upon the deed that created a nation. The portrait of Benjamin Franklin came particularly to my mind and I could almost see his fatherly and philanthropic looking face as he stood in Congress Hall at the signing of the declaration. Left camp at 1 o'clock, traveled $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles to water in a small canyon, which was difficult of access; arrived about 4 o'clock. Late in the evening Smith from El Paso came into camp with six wagons; found Kyle of San Antonio, going down as passenger.

July 5—Left camp at 6 this morning, crossed the dry bed of the Limpia, made 9 miles to water. Franklin & Dean are

encamped here. We will remain 3 days recruiting for a long drive without water. The mountains here are of a solid black iron looking stone, precipices perpendicular, from 150 to 200 ft. high, are frowning down on us. The bed of the Limpia, and in fact for twenty miles back, afford's a great variety of stones, some are very pretty, and generally belong to the species of garnet. I have commenced a collection of different colors, and by the time we arrived at El Paso will have a very pretty little collection. This morning found a beautiful piece of watered cornelian; lost it again, in rooting a rattlesnake out of his hole; he could not get all the way in on account of a great bunch about the middle of the body. I cut the gent open and disclosed a small owl, such as go into the nest of the prairie dogs. We have good prospects of rain this evening, and when it does commence, we expect a young Mississippi, for during a hard rain, these canyons are roaring with water, and it seems impossible that they should ever be dry. Smith reports a fight some 40 miles ahead Mr. Erskine had with the Indians; they stole 3 head of oxen, and he retaliated by killing 6 Indians and taking 10 horses. He was foolish enough to follow them into a canyon, where with additional forces, the Indians compelled him to retreat. If the yellow bellies should attack us, doubtless they would have a warm reception; all the men are well armed, the only thing lacking is more horses. By the by, on the 4th I ate a piece of prairie dog; they are better than the jack rabbit; the name might not suit some, but I don't mind such little things. Killed a beef, cut some streaks from the fore quarter; as beef does not eat well, when fresh, I will save some until tomorrow. Some of the men brought a mescal plant into camp and are making preparations to cook it. I ate too much beef, slept restless, was awakened by the captain of the guard at half past 3, had to stand until 7. The morning watch is very, very, pleasant. I regret exceedingly that there is no thermometer in camp, the air here is unsurpassed. I imagine in any country, cool breeze blowing continually. There are more than 1,000 head of cattle and horses in

this canyon, and I cannot see more than half a dozen. Such is the deceptiveness of these pockets. It appears to be but one-fourth mile to the base of the mountain; let anyone undertake to walk it, as some of our men did this evening, and 2 miles won't reach the base.

July, 6—Thursday. Is a fine day and no mistake; had one of the salted steaks, it is much improved by age and salt. Took the mescal plant out of the pit today; there is nothing unpleasant about the taste of it. I don't like it; an epicure might call it delicious. It is the root of the plant, has husks like like the pine apple, is much larger and is filled with a fibrous & latinous matter, the whole tube will weight from 6 to 9 lbs. The Indians of this portion of Texas derive their name from this plant, it is their principal food. Started to the top of the mountain this evening, did not get up, owing to the great distance, and fatigue; the appearance of the intervening ground from the camp to the top seems tolerably regular, but when we passed over the ground, found large ravines, each one of which was a considerable job to cross; we rolled a few stones into the canyon below, then returned in time for dinner. I suppose we walked 10 miles in going and coming, found a seep, opened it out and had good water. In the evening went into a canyon to bathe; not much water but very cool and pleasant to the skin. Passed the evening in camp performing some personal duties, sewing on buttons, repairing etc. There is a Baptist minister at the other camp; he promises to give us a sermon at the first opportunity.

July 7—We make a start to go through the Wild Rose Pass, the majority of the Mexicans tell me that Puerto del Mustango Rosa, is the Mexican interpretation of Wild Rose Pass. I am satisfied that this is not correct, although the man that told me ought to be the most intelligent man in this party; still he cannot tell the meaning of the simplest word; so far as I have seen of the Mexicans they are miserably ignorant, just one grade above the Indians. This Pass is considered the most dangerous on the route; unfortunately we got behind Franklin & Dean, and were nearly the whole day in making

ten miles; it is a wild country and ten Indians could give a large party great trouble. The wild rose grows here in great profusion, from whence the name; this is not the proper season for roses, as it is as yet too cool in this altitude. Separated at the head of the canyon, found good water and grass. None but a poet could appreciate this evening, the rising moon, the setting sun, the sensations, the clear sky, and smooth verdant prairie gives, all combine to make it the most pleasant camp we have had during the trip. The low mountains which surround us are just far enough to keep the eye from, with the desert, while the rich coloring of the sky, combined with the whole landscape, makes anyone who has "music in his soul" wish to be a painter and any painter would wish for the power to copy it. Around us are thousands of dogs who singly appear, give a few barks and slip into their underground house.

(All of the words that I cannot make out, will have the dash in their stead.—J. M. Bell).

July 8—The sun comes up clear this morning, will be comfortable today, breeze blowing. Three men are gone out ahead to find water so if possible to cut a portion of the 100-mile stretch off. We will encamp here during the day. Ten mules and horses are kept under saddle all the time to be ready for the red skins. Some of the men are engaged in digging out dogs. Mr. James and myself went to a point on a mountain to watch for a signal within 1 hour to sunset; passed over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to gain the point. About the time stated a light smoke ascended from a mountain 20 miles distance; this was the signal for water; we answered by a similar smoke, so the men could tell at what time we would start and arrive. Looking down upon the plain small circular places could be distinctly seen, and very numerous; this was caused by little mounds thrown up by the dogs, for hundreds of acres of these places could be seen; on the places where there is no grass, small pits, large as a dollar, cover the ground almost entirely. My ideas induce me to believe that these are caused by dogs digging out the roots of grass etc.

July 9—Sunday. Again left camp

early, traveled about 4 miles to grass and water; fine day, sunshine and pleasant breeze. Will leave after dinner, 23 miles to camp. The night air is very cool, and extra blanket would not be amiss. We have not yet had the promised sermon, from the Reverend gentleman, spoken of a few pages back. Well, we are not particularly in need of spiritual food, but I could sit down and listen with patience to the greatest ass who had ever been called. Started to go a short distance for water, 3 miles, and found none, encamped all night. I had 4 hours guard in the evening, 3 hours at midnight, did not go to bed any more, but made preparations for starting.

July 10—Left camp, 1 hour before day. The mountains here are composed almost entirely of stone, soil, sandy and unfit for cultivation. Noticed particularly 2 immense stones, probably 150 ft. in circumference and 20 ft. above ground. What noble monuments to place equestrian statues of our great warriors; if only in the proper place. There is quite a natural fireplace near one of the bottoms of these stones, it looks as if some travelers had used it for cooking in. A gentleman in our party, pointed out the potato plant. I had never observed it before; it was in bloom, did not examine the root for want of time. We found muddy pools of water occasionally, through the day, had to lead my mule half a mile through the "Devil's Foot-Path", I called it, to water. Made camp about sun-down; a black tailed deer was brought into camp something new to me; this deer is much larger than the usual deer, darker, end of the tail black, also a spot in the forehead, the ears are much longer; will have some for supper. I must here say that most of this journal was written in a hurry, and bustle of arrival or departure in or from camp, and must necessarily be imperfect. We will probably commence our 80 mile trip tonight; have indifferent water here, we may get through in 3 days.

July 11—Found water earlier than we expected, arrived in camp about 10 o'clock; the water was at the head of the canyon one mile from the mouth; were from 10 o'clock until dark watering the cattle; it was tiresome business

indeed, but sound sleep and good appetite came from it. In the evening had a prospect of a rain, the smell of the air combined with thunder, while we were up in the mountains, made every one hope that the rain was not far distant, but we were doomed to disappointment; these mountain signs all fail so far as rain is concerned.

July 12—Day opens fairly, we commence watering the cattle directly. Left camp about 7 o'clock, traveled till 2 on the 13th. Sixteen men were sent forward, myself among the rest. We took about 550 head of cattle designing to go immediately to the Rio Grande (Big or Large River); water being scarce, trains are obliged to push forward.

July 13—Thursday, 12 o'clock. We had first meal, being without food, except dry beef, some 18 hours; when we examined the provisions, found everything contrary to what was ordered. The cooks previous to leaving the carts behind, did not prepare any coffee, salt pepper, and bread; you may guess the cooks would have been in a bad way had they been with us. I have had very little sleep in the last 4 days, and expect to have about half as much until Saturday morning at 2 o'clock; we will travel steadily until then, at that time we will behold the Rio Grande, the first running streams for some weeks. Mother look at these leaves, how dirty, then you can imagine how dirty my hands are. I expect to get on some clean clothes in a few days, also to have the luxury of washing my face and hands. Water can be appreciated in this country. Leave camp about 3 o'clock, traveled all night, lost some stock, one fount drivers although he was not able to travel; it was truly dangerous to urge him forward; driving cattle when they are almost perishing for water, looks like punishing the animals for amusement, but they are compelled to go forward or die.

July 14—Friday. We have to make 33 miles from Eagle Springs, our last camping place, and by the way which is as filthy water as could be honored by the name of springs; the name induces the traveler to look forward, expecting to find a noble gushing stream of at least respectable water; when he arrives he is doomed to disappointment, for in-

stead of quenching the thirst it increases it. The mail from San Antonio came in about 10 o'clock; saw Capt. Skillman and several other acquaintances, learned that nothing of interest had occurred in San Antonio. I expected to receive some anyway. There is a government station here, probably some 40 or 50 men. We met a party from this place scouting about 40 miles back; Indian rumors are as frequent as ever. I would be better able to believe them, could I see a few Indians occasionally, Mr. James arrived in camp 3 hours ahead of the carts, he seemed very cool when informed of the loss of 75 head of cattle the night before; the guard went to sleep, was the cause, and the cattle broke for he nearest water, instinct learns them where it is, and when very thirsty they can smell water 5 miles. Left camp at 4 o'clock, traveled all night, had a very hard time; being divided all the men had to drive, and driving is something more than merely urging the animals forward. Arrived in camp, or rather near the Rio Grande at day-break; the last part of the train came in 3 hours after, lost some animals during the night, some dying and some straying off for water. The majority of the dead cattle are nearest the river. It is now near 4 o'clock Saturday, and I have had a piece of corn bread as big as my fist with half a cup of cold coffee, and half a gallon of water with 2 drinks of good brandy, this is the extent of my eating in 24 hours; well we shall see poco tiempo.

July 15—Saturday. This would be a very pleasant stay but for the immense quantity of decaying animal matter which covers the ground, the smell of which counteracts the pleasing sensations of the cool breeze from the south. At sun down I am going down to the Rio Grande del Norte to take a bath, not to take off the dirt, but to take the fever out of my system, caused from exhaustion. The river at this season of the year is very full, 50 yards wide, rapid deep and turbulent, the banks indicate continual washing; in the dry season the water scarcely runs; this I will not swear to, the old travelers on this route say so; the other bank is the great (?) State of Mexico. Had a severe headache during the evening; stood my

guard without though and found the exercise beneficial; when went to bed felt very well, and slept soundly till morning. Put a pan full of water to subside and get cool in the night, found it excellent in the morning.

July 16—Sunday. I did not know that this was the Sabbath until my Almanac gave the information. I discharged 3 Mexicans this morning, 2 that slept on guard a few nights since and lost 75 head of cattle, the other came in complained of guard duty, was imprudent and was started without anything to eat; the other two were furnished with enough to last to El Paso, 80 miles distant. Some hunters from the other camp brought in the largest white tailed deer I have ever seen; he was old and so confounded tough that a square inch would have been sufficient for breakfast, dinner and supper. I commenced on a mouthful, found it was no go, but thought that perseverance would master it, as I had been told that perseverance would conquer anything and I am able to say that if no one else has, I have found an exception to the rule. If Goodyear and Day could see a piece of this venison, they would immediately discover a new article to add to their great quantity of manufactures, that is Indian rubber meat for prairie travelers, and recommend it as being more easily masticated as well as more economical. I tried to jerk some of the confounded stuff in the Indian fashion; but the flies were so bad was compelled to give it over; smoke and fire would not keep them off. There is a fine warm southern wind blowing this evening. I have been barefooted for two days trying to make myself as comfortable as possible. I could now enjoy the comfort of a home with great gusto. Have been perusing this diary and am almost compelled to destroy it from the many errors it contains. From El Paso to California I will write a better one or none at all, Will move camp this morning, been here near the water to let the fever out of their, the cattle's system; we now move to grass. Franklin and Dean are here without anything to eat; we divided what little we have with them, the remainder will be used up by tomorrow noon; then if our wagons do not arrive,

we shall be in a bad way. Two of the best venison were brought into camp this evening I have ever eaten of; I laid hold of a tenderloin, spitted it and had the supper of all suppers.

July 17—This morning our carts, some of the men and 50 head of cattle arrived from Eagle Springs they came in very opportunely, for we were entirely out of everything to eat except the venison. The men report the probable loss of several men who went out in search of cattle. This evening a hot south wind commenced blowing, with slight indications of rain, toward night the wind commenced blowing furiously with prospect of hard rain; storm at—

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Here this very interesting diary suddenly ends, leaving us wondering how the writer fared on the remainder of his eventful trip, the half of which had not been covered.)

SKETCH OF SAMUEL BELL.

By Sam C. Bell.

My grandfather, Samuel Bell, was born in 1792, in Pittsburg, Pa., and was of English parentage. He worked at the cutler's trade, and made swords in the War of 1812. He became proficient in making Bowie knives and daggers, and I doubt if there is a man in the world now that could reproduce knives that a few have in San Antonio. He moved to Knoxville, and he and his sons manufactured gold and silverware cutlery. In 1852, after business reverses caused by endorsing for a friend, he moved with his family, consisting of his wife and ten children, to San Antonio, Texas. At that time it must have been quite an ordeal to go through to travel from Knoxville by boat to New Orleans, then by boat across the Gulf of Mexico to Indianola, then by wagons to San Antonio. He and his sons built up a good jewelry and silverware business, and after the Civil War David Bell went to New York and paid every cent due on old accounts, which was almost unprecedented, but showed the principle of the man and his sons. He was an ardent Republican, and had friends such as U. S. Grant, Lee, and many of the old

timers. Sam Houston never came to San Antonio without calling on him. He remained in San Antonio during the war. Two of his sons were on the Confederate side, and one, David Bell, was with the Union in Washington. A vigilance committee arranged to hang him, but in their meeting one Abe Mitchell told them if they harmed a hair of his head it would be over his dead body, so they let him alone. Mitchell was one of the marked men the Federals were after when they came to San Antonio. My grandfather marched at the head of the procession when they came in, and it was through his intercession that Mitchell was not molested. Mitchell is an ancestor of many well known San Antonians, Mauermann's, Kellsos, and others. My grandmother was Scotch, and from what old San Antonians have told me she was a wonderful woman, being the mother of fourteen children, and a sure enough helpmeet. John W. Smith, the first mayor and last messenger from the Alamo, was the great grandfather of my children.

Killed Some of Dalton Gang.

Press dispatches recently announced the death of John J. Kloehr, at his home in Coffeyville, Kansas. John J. Kloehr in 1892 gained fame as a gun fighter when he shot and killed four of the notorious Dalton gang of bank robbers. He was running a livery stable in Coffeyville when the Dalton gang raided the town's two banks, October 5, 1892. Kloehr took ambush behind a board fence in an alley at the end of which the raiders' horses were hitched. He waited until they ran to their horses, then began sniping. The raiders opened up on the board fence and the splinters flew. Loading and reloading, Kloehr kept up his fusillade. Four of the raiders, Bob Dalton, Bill Broadwell, Grat Daton, and Texas Jack went down before his unerring shots. N. H. Rose, whose address is P. O. Box, 463, San Antonio, Texas, has a splendid picture taken of the four dead raiders immediately after they were killed.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Father Was With Jack Hays.

The following letter from Mr. B. H. Erskine, Sr., of Cometa, Crystal City, Texas, will be of interest to our readers, who have been following the Jack Hays series of articles, which recently appeared in Frontier Times:

"I received your magazine for March and April, and am sending my check for \$1.50 for a year's subscription. If you should have a copy of the February number please commence with that, as I wish the first of the Captain and Colonel Jack Hays article. My father, Andrew N. Erskine, served in his Ranger company 1842 to 1844, afterwards was with him for some time, surveying. You know Hays was a noted surveyor as well as a commander of Rangers. Although I never met him, I am intimately acquainted with his history, Texas and California, for my grandfather's letters from California, 1855 to 1859, speaks a good deal of Col. Hays and John Caperton. My grandfather, Michael Erskin, nephew, Caperton's mother, Jane Erskine, was Michael Erskin's sister. Caperton, from 1846 to 1849, was in Texas, much of the time at Capote, the celebrated ranch of Michael Erskine, 14 miles west of Seguin, as he also was with my father, A. N. Erskine. He went to California in 1849, returned to Louisville, Ky., in 1860 and married, living there the balance of his life, where in December, 1884, I took dinner with him and family. I had in my possession a number of letters from him to my father. (I have written the history of Michael and Andrew Erskine; the latter was a son., some of the letters I have written into histories.) I have nine letters, A. N. E. to his wife, Ann, written in November and December, 1859, when father was in the Cortina War. They are very interesting to me and contain much of the unwritten history of the Cortina invasion into Texas, of the Rio Grande Valley and about Brownsville.

"Andrew Nelson Erskine was with Hays when he fought the historic battle of Bandera Pass, with forty Rangers against 100 Comanches. In that fight Capt. Jack Hays lost five men killed, six wounded, one of whom was Andrew Erskine. A. J. Sowell, the historian, wrote extensively of the battle. A. N.

Erskine was with Hays and Col. Caldwell at the battle of Salado, where they with 250 men, on Sept. 18, 1842, fought Woll's army of about 1,000 Mexicans, until Gen. Woll withdrew after a loss of about 100 men, back to San Antonio, on the way committing the Dawson massacre. In the battle of Salado father was wounded in the right forearm; the ball was never extracted. I have heard him complain of it hurting him, before he left home (on the Guadalupe river at Erskine's Ferry, four miles west of Seguin), in April, 1862. He was killed at the celebrated bloody battle of Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862. He was a member of Co. D, from Seguin and the celebrated 4th Texas Reg., Gen. Hood's Brigade or Whiting's as at first. He was in nearly all the seven days fighting around Richmond, Va., at Second Battle of Manassas etc."

We would be pleased to have Mr. Erskine send us a sketch in line with the above, for publication in Frontier Times.

Knew Jim Bridger.

J. A. Drummond, of Paris, Texas, writes: "This is to acknowledge receipt of the April and May numbers of your very interesting magazine. I did not even know there was such a paper in existence. I presume you got my address from some reminiscences of two of my western trips, which were printed in the Dallas News of Sunday, April 17th, and Monday, the 25th. In my article of the 17th I speak of Jim Bridger as our guide. He was with us about two months, being hired by the U. S. Government to go with an escort to the two companies of cavalry which was our escort the last 200 miles of our trip, as we were loaded with supplies for Fort C. F. Smith, Montana, which was situated on the east bank of the Big Horn river. He came back with us as far as Fort Phil Carney, 100 miles, and he and our escort was left there when we changed escorts, taking about 40 cavalry. In making this trip we were loaded with 6,000 pounds to each wagon, which was pulled by six yoke of oxen, (bulls, we called them, and we were bullwhackers)."

Great Indian Raid Near Fort McKavett in 1866

Related by Jasper Newton, of San Angelo, Texas, in 1911



WHEN THE GREAT Indian raid occurred in 1866, I was living in old Fort McKavett. My father-in-law, Mr. Dawson, lived on Charlie Champie's place on the river about a mile below the Post. His daughter had become afflicted and in order to secure medical treatment, he had taken her to a doctor at Georgetown. Her condition was almost hopeless and years elapsed before she recovered.

During Mr. Dawson's absence, I with my family, remained on his place to look after the stock and the premises. For some days before the raid, I had been assisting Mr. Poe, who then lived at 18-mile crossing of the San Saba, in leveling to see if water for irrigation could be taken from the river. Early one morning about an hour before day, Charley Champie dashed into the yard and yelled: "Jasper, get up and get home quick; the valley is literally alive with Indians they have killed McDougall, lanced Clara Schulenberger and drove off all the stock in the country, and I expect their scouts will be back today and murder all the people. There are over two hundred Indians in the bunch!" I hurried off and when I reached Mr. McDougall's place, about 1½ miles below McKavett, I found a few men hunting for McDougall, whose body was not found until the morning following. The day before the raid, McDougall had started with George Roberts to take a bunch of fat cattle to San Antonio. They drove to Hillard's on Cedar Creek and penned. McDougall hobbled out his horse and the next morning the beast was back home. Mc. mounted a pony, came home and got his horse and started back, and that was the last time his family saw him alive.

A few minutes after he left, which was about 9 a. m. Mrs. McDougall sent Clara Schulenberger, a 16-year-old daughter by a former husband, to the garden to gather vegetables for dinner. The girl wore a large sun-bonnet and hearing the sound of horses feet, she looked up and saw a group of horsemen approaching, whom she took to be a cow outfit from

the Conchos. These men dashed upon her and a white man on a powerful horse, ran over her knocking her down. She arose and ran screaming toward the house, which was only a few steps away. Mrs. McDougall ran to her and assisted her into the house. Up to the time she got into the house, the girl did not know she had been wounded, but the brave mother saw the blood pouring from the wound when she helped her into the house, but she had no time for tears and condolence. The Indians, about 200 by this time, were leaping their horses over the fence into the yard and yelling like demons. She closed and barred the doors of the little picket house in which she lived, and seizing an old double barreled shot gun that had been out of fix for years, and which was only a keepsake in the family and had not been even loaded or fired for years, she was prepared to sell out as dearly as possible. It chanced to be house-cleaning day, and that morning Mrs. McDougall had moved nearly everything out of the house into the yard. The Indians fell to dividing up the plunder. They ripped open the feather beds and pillows, poured the feathers to the winds, and appropriated the ticking. They took everything they could carry off and destroyed the rest. Several could speak good English and would call to her to come out or else open the door and admit them. When one of them would approach too near, she would thrust the muzzle of that old worthless gun through a crack and threaten him with instant death, and he invariably made a dive to get out of the range of that frownig old gun. When these men first charged on Clara Schulenberger, quite a large number left the main body and went in pursuit of McDougall. They soon came up with him and killed him. It seems that he surrendered when they overhauled him and that they stripped him of his clothing and with arrows or other sharp instruments, pricked his back full of wounds. When found he was entirely nude, and was lying on the low bank of the river near the water. He had

swam across the stream of the opposite shore and had grasped a bamboo briar. He still held the briar in his hand when found, and had been shot in the back, the ball entering between the shoulder blades and coming out at the throat. The theory held was that after being tortured he plunged into the stream and as he reached the opposite shore the fatal shot struck him. He was not scalped.

After having killed all the chickens on the place and taking all the household plunder they cared to carry away, the Indians left the McDougall place and not until they were out of sight did Mrs. McDougall find time to attend her suffering child. Upon examination, she found that Clara was indeed sorely wounded. The Indian's lance had entered her back near the spine and had severed three ribs. There were no physicians nor surgeons in the country in those days, and the daughter was too grievously wounded to be taken to Austin or Georgetown. She lay four years a sufferer from that wound.

As to the number of these Indians making this raid: Bobbie Robinson took his field glass and went to the top of his house, the highest in McKavett, and from which he had a commanding view of all of the valley below and for miles around. From his lofty perch, and with an excellent field glass, he could see and count each squad as they rounded up bunch after bunch of cattle and passed up the valley. Mr. Robinson counted 250 Indians, and the lowest estimate placed upon the number of cattle they drove out was 10,000. The season was extremely dry, and there was no water to be had only in the river and the valley was full of stock that had drifted in from other ranges to procure water, and all the savages had to do was to round them up and drive them off.

Runners were sent to the lower settlements for help, and two days later a company of 53 men came up from Mason and Camp San Saba. They followed the trail left by the Indians until they reached the dry lakes on the head of Devil's River. There seemed to have been water in these lakes when the Indians were on their way down to the San Saba, but they were now dry. The men had been in doubt as to the number

of Indians in the layout. They thought Mr. Robinson's count was made while laboring under intense excitement, and was therefore, greatly exaggerated. They didn't believe there were over 40 Indians in the raid and they could easily whip the whole outfit if they could once get sight of them. But at the dry lakes they found that the Indians had camped while on their way down the country, and had killed and barbecued eleven horses. They could easily estimate the number killed and cooked since there still remained the heads and feet. Those men didn't go any further, although within a day's ride of the Indians. They reasoned that if it took eleven head of horses to feed that body of Indians, their number must be far in excess of Bobbie Robinson's estimate, and that it would be suicidal folly for 53 men to attack such an army, and so they turned back and went home.

A few days before this raid, a Federal officer, with an escort of two companies of well mounted and equipped cavalry, spent a day and two nights in Fort McKavett. This officer was making a tour along the entire frontier, inspecting, with a view to reoccupying former U. S. military posts, and the locating of new posts. On the day of the raid, we knew that this officer with his two companies of cavalry was camped on Spring Creek, not far from where Fort Concho was later established. The night following the raid and while one herd was held by the Indians at the head spring, and yet another was being held in Middle Draw Valley above McKavett, we decided that if we could only get word to this officer he might be able to head off the savages, recover our stock and avenge the death of our neighbor. But to get word to this officer was the problem. The country was full of Indians; our men were few, and it was a most dangerous undertaking. The matter was discussed freely. Something must be done. The Indians now had the cattle under herd, under control. Nothing to hinder their coming back on the morrow and slaughtering every person in and near McKavett. No one cared to go. Finally, a Mexican by the name of Augustine said he would go if John Ringer would let him ride his fine race

horse. Ringer told him he was more than welcome to the use of the horse and 20 minutes later Augustine was in the saddle and away in the darkness of the night. He rode east a few miles, then turned north, and by a circuitous route reached the soldier's camp on Spring creek next morning at sun rise, and delivered the appeal of the people of McKavett. The officer in command, pompously informed our messenger that he was not out hunting Indians; that his orders were to locate posts, and if those people wanted the Indians whipped, they could go after them and do their own fighting.

This Indian raid was credited to the Comanches, but I don't believe there was a Comanche in the entire gang. They were Kickapoos.

Is the Buffalo Coming Back?

It is a far cry back half a century ago when the Galveston News, oldest of Texas newspapers, printed this little story out of Fort Worth:

"A special dispatch to the Fort Worth Democrat says freighters are wanted to transport buffalo hides to Fort Worth. The hunt is the largest ever known. Countless thousands of buffalo cover the prairies. Ten thousand hides are now on the way to the railroads and thousands await transportation to Fort Worth."

Though the time is not particularly long as men reckon its flight the mind of the average forty-year-old Texan can scarcely conceive of a Texas whose prairie grasses nurtured perhaps as many bison as there are cattle in all the State today. If it had not been for the ruthless, wanton slaughter that decimated their ranks until practically none were left the story of the American bison might have been different. It is conceivable in the light of the patient labors of Colonel Charles Goodnight, that the buffalo might have become domesticated and then some of the energies that have gone into developing of range beef cattle of the Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus and Shorthorn breeds, might have been put to developing a greater and better beef buffalo. Colonel Goodnight has had some success in the development of a cross between his buffalo and cattle

but the experiment has been slow and the results not sufficient to encourage hope that there will be developed a new strain soon.

It is even more likely that there will be an increasing number of herds of native buffalo. The spark of life that was left after the carnage of the seventies, was stubborn and with such men as Colonel Goodnight to protect the species the buffalo has begun to attract more attention. The Goodnight buffalo herd at Goodnight has been and still is perhaps the most celebrated herd in the country. But there are herds of buffalo scattered all over Western America. There are buffalo on the government's reserve in Medicine Park in Oklahoma, and in all of the great parks of the west. Only recently there was staged a buffalo hunt on an island in Salt Lake because the pasture land had become overstocked by the continued multiplying of the herd. A few years ago the Goodnight herd probably was the only one in Texas. Now there is a little herd on the ranch of R. V. Colbert of Stamford and that herd in turn has furnished a nucleus for a herd that has been established by the Schreiners of Kerr county and another herd has been founded in the San Angelo country. For several years it has been a custom on the Goodnight ranch to cull the buffalo herd and offer a few buffalo beeves for the Christmas trade. For Christmas of 1926 twelve buffalo were slaughtered and their meat supplied to fill orders booked at a fancy price. The Goodnight buffalo dress out weighing from 600 to 900 pounds and the largest ever slaughtered there weighed 2,200 pounds live weight, and dressed 1,160 pounds.

After a few buffaloes were domesticated in Texas and other western states a few pairs were parcelled out to persons in various localities and from these small beginnings herds have been multiplying. Now comes a dispatch from Buenos Aires, Argentine, showing another spark of life for the North American buffalo transplanted to the southern continent, descended from a pair imported from the United States in 1930 by the then governor of the province Don Ramon Febré. Perhaps the buffalo is coming back.—The Cattleman.

Assassination of Jesse James, the Outlaw

An Editorial by Major John N. Edwards, Which Appeared in the Sedalia (Mo.) Democrat, the Next Day After the Killing.

"Let not Caesar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow."

No one among all the hired cowards, hard on the hunt for blood-money, dared face this wonderful outlaw, one even against twenty, until he had disarmed himself and turned his back to his assassins, the first and only time in a career which has passed from the realm of an almost fabulous romance into that of history.

We called him outlaw, and he was, but Fate made him so. When the war came he was just turned of fifteen. The border was all aflame with steel, and fire, and ambuscade, and slaughter. He flung himself into a band which had a black flag for a banner and devils for riders. What he did he did, and it was fearful. But it was war. It was Missouri against Kansas. It was Jim Lane and Jennison against Quantrill, Anderson and Todd.

When the war closed Jesse James had no home. Proscribed, hunted, shot, driven away from among his people, a price put upon his head—what else could the man do, with such a nature, except what he did do? He had to live. It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his birthright, and when he was hunted he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive today to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them!

There never was a more cowardly and unnecessary murder committed in all America than this murder of Jesse James. It was done for money. It was done that a few might get all the money. He had been living in St. Joseph for months. The Fords were with him. He was in the toils, for they meant to betray him. He was in the heart of a large city. One word would have summoned five hundred armed men for his capture or extermination. Not

a single member of the attacking part need have been hurt.

If, when his house had been surrounded, he had refused to surrender, he could have been killed on the inside of it and at long range. The chances for him to escape were as one to ten thousand, and not even that; but it was never intended that he should be captured. It was his blood the bloody wretches were after—blood that would bring money in the official market of Missouri.

And this great commonwealth leagued with a lot of self-confessed robbers, highwaymen and prostitutes to have one of its citizens assassinated, before it was positively known he had committed a single crime worthy of death.

Of course, everything that can be said about the dead man to justify the manner of his killing will be said; but who is saying it! Those with the blood of Jesse James on their guilty souls. Those who conspired to murder him. Those who wanted the reward, and would invent any lie or concoct any diabolical story to get it. They have succeeded, but such a cry of horror and indignation at the infernal deed is even now thundering over the land that if a single one of the miserable assassins had either manhood, conscience or courage, he would go as another Judas, and hang himself.

But so sure as God reigns, there never was a dollar of blood-money obtained yet which did not bring with it perdition. Sooner or later there comes a day of vengeance. Some among the murderers are mere beasts of prey. These, of course, can only suffer through cold, or hunger, or thirst; but whatever they dread most, that thing will happen. Others again among the murderers are sanctimonious devils who plead the honor of the state, the value of law, and order, the splendid courage required to shoot an unarmed man in the back of the head; and these will be stripped to their skin of all their pretensions, and made to shiver and freeze, splashed as they are and spotted and piebald with

blood. in the pitiless storm of public contempt and condemnation. This, to the leaders, will be worse than death.

Nor is the end yet. If Jesse James had been hunted down as any other criminal, and killed while trying to escape or in resisting arrest, not a word would have been said to the contrary. He had sinned and he had suffered. In his death the majesty of the law would have been vindicated, but here the law itself becomes a murderer. It leagues with murderers. It hires murderers. It borrows money to pay and reward murderers. It promises immunity and protection to murderers. It is itself a murderer—the most abject, the most infamous, and the most cowardly ever known to history. Therefore this so-called law is an outrage, and these so-called executors of the law are outlaws. Therefore let Jesse James' comrades—and he has a few remaining worth all the Fords and Liddils that could be packed together between St. Louis and St. Joe—do unto them as they did unto him.

Yes, the end is not yet, nor should it be. The man had no trial. What right had any officer of this state to put a price upon his head and hire a band of cut-throats and highwaymen to murder him for money?

Anything can be told of man. The whole land is filled with liars and robbers, and assassins. Murder is easy for a hundred dollars. Nothing is safe that is pure and unsuspecting, or just; but it is not to be supposed that the law will become an ally and a co-worker in this sort of a civilization.

Jesse James has been murdered, first, because an immense price has been set upon his head and there isn't a lowlived scoundrel today in Missouri who wouldn't kill his own father for money; and, second, because he was made the scapegoat for every train robber, footpad and highwayman between Iowa and Texas. Worse men a thousand times than the dead man have been hired to do this thing. The very character of the instruments chosen shows the infamous nature of the work required.

The hand that slew him had to be a traitor's! Into all the warp and woof of the devil's work there were threads woven by the fingers of a harlot. What

a spectacle! Missouri, with splendid companies and regiments of militia; Missouri with a hundred and seventeen sheriffs, as brave and as efficient on the average as any men on earth; Missouri with a watchful and vigilant marshal in every one of her towns and cities; Missouri, with every screw and cog and crank and lever and wheel of her administrative machinery in perfect working order; Missouri, with all her order, progress and development, had yet to surrender all these in the face of a single man—a hunted, lied-upon, proscribed and outlawed man, trapped and located in the midst of thirty-five thousand people—an ally with some five or six cut-throats and prostitutes that the majesty of the law might be vindicated, and the good name of the state saved from all further reproach!

Saved? Why the whole state reeks today with a double orgy—that of lust and that of murder. What the men failed to do, the women accomplished.

Tear the two bears from the flag of Missouri! Put thereon, in place of them, as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist, and splashed to the brows in blood!"

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others, I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

The Savoy Cyclone in 1879

In a splendid story written by W. S. Adair, and published in the Dallas News April 24, 1927, J. M. Naylor of 5612 Reiger Avenue, Dallas, Texas, gives the following graphic account of a cyclone which destroyed the little town of Savoy near Bonham, Texas:

"After a residence of five years in Denison, I moved to Savoy, a station on the Transcontinental line, eleven miles from Bonham, and I was in the mercantile business there when the cyclone struck, in 1879 or 1880. I retired early on the night of the cyclone, which came at about 10 o'clock. Before I dropped off to sleep, I cautioned my wife, who was going about the room with a little glass oil lamp in her hand, looking for something. I told her she was liable to set the house on fire. The next thing I knew I went out of bed as if by a force not my own, and fell sprawling on the floor. What appeared to be a terrific hailstorm was raging. Hailstones weighing ten pounds each were bombarding the house. I opened the door to look abroad, and at once realized that tremendous mischief was afoot. By the incessant flashes of lightning, which made a continuous light, I saw the railroad station vanish, perceived that the business district of the town was bare of houses and realized that what I took to be hailstones striking the house, were the flying shreds and fragments of demolished buildings. The wind was so strong that I could not shut the door, and I called Harry Naylor, my nephew, to assist me. The blow was all over in a minute or two. Then came a veritable deluge of rain, a regular waterspout. We could hear on all sides the cries of men, women and children in distress.

"Going to the rescue, Harry and I found the cyclone had made a path about 250 yards in width through the town, carrying away every business house and every dwelling in its path except mine. We began to pick up the injured and to carry them into my house. Before long people of the town living outside the path of the storm came to our assistance. We worked all night, but were unable to afford much relief. There were two physicians in the town, and one

of them was so old and feeble he was of little use. It was not until next day that relief trains came from Sherman, Denison and Bonham, bringing surgeons and supplies. Men, women and children with fractured limbs and ribs and other injuries went all that time without surgical attention.

"Eleven persons were killed outright by the cyclone, and five others died later of injuries, making a total of sixteen. I do not remember how many were injured. The population of the town was about 300. Of the dead and injured, not one had a stitch of clothing on, and many who escaped injury found themselves naked in the street. The rescuers wrapped the injured in bed sheets or quilts as they picked them up. Strange as it may seem, I have no recollection of the funeral services that must have been held during the two or three days following the calamity. A situation such as we had that night is calculated to open new fountains of emotion in a man. If you ever go through a cyclone the fear of another one goes ghosting through your head every time the wind begins to blow hard.

"After the cyclone I moved to Benetts (now Detroit), was in business there two years, and then was at White-wright five years. From the latter place I moved to Garland, where I was for years the senior member of the hardware firm of J. M. Naylor & Son. I moved to Dallas fifteen years ago.

"Two of my brothers came to Texas many years ahead of me. My brother, Isaac Naylor, was a practicing lawyer in Dallas when the town was incorporated in 1856, and according to the portraits of the Mayors of Dallas at the municipal building, he was the second Mayor of Dallas, though it was always my impression that he was the first. Another brother, Harrison Naylor, came to Texas in 1867, and engaged in the cattle business in South Texas, probably in a region where at that time the counties had not been organized. He drove cattle over the trail to Kansas. He eventually closed out his interests in Texas and returned to the North to live.

"In 1866 the whole of the country

west of the Mississippi was practically just a wilderness as it was when Uncle Sam bought it. Settlers had gone into it, it is true, but had made little progress in development. And when I arrived in Texas in 1873, new towns were

springing up and old ones were taking on new life, but the farming interests amounted to little. Now Texas leads the rest of the States in so many respects, as to make most of them look small in comparison."

A Waterspout in Coleman County in 1874

Written for Frontier Times by Curley Hatcher, Myrtle Point, Oregon

On the 23rd of September, 1874, Company E, of the Frontier Battalion of Texas was encamped on Home Creek, about eight miles south of where the city of Coleman, in Coleman county, now stands. About 1 o'clock in the morning it began to rain. We had had no rain for three months and everything was very dry. Home Creek was almost dry, and near our camp was a dry slough or lake at the foot of the hill, near which stood a large pecan tree. Our camp was on the west bank of the creek and the foot hills were about a quarter of a mile away. The bottom land was covered with mesquite bushes.

A few minutes after it began raining the horse guard came to my tent and called to me to wake up the men, as the creek was rising fast. I dressed and started out to look at the creek and stepped off of a little rise into water up to my knees. I yelled to all of the boys to get up and run for a bluff nearby. Jim Paulk and a man named Cliff were sleeping in my tent and got up when I did. We secured our horses and mounted them without bridles or saddles, and started for the high ground, but when we had gone about half way a wall of water fully six feet high struck us and rolled our horses over before they could get the swing of the current. We were washed against mesquite bushes and carried for some distance. The lightning played in one continual flash and the thunder was awful. The raging waters made great whirl pools that screeched and roared like a locomotive. I saw the pecan tree mentioned above not far away and Paulk and I succeeded in getting to it and I helped him climb up into the branches, turning our horses loose to battle with the raging stream as best they could.

When we were safe in the tree I asked Paulk what had become of Cliff and he said the last time he saw him a wall of water was carrying him down. We stayed in that tree for perhaps an hour and were almost frozen, so we swam out and reached safer ground. The other boys in camp had also taken to trees, but we did not know where they were or how they fared. As we had flint and steel we soon started a fire, and the other boys, in trees, saw the light and began to shoot their guns to let us know where they were. But Cliff was drowned. When daylight came and the water had subsided, we crossed the creek, found our horses and went back to camp. Our sergeant wanted to send a man to Brownwood to report the flood to Captain Maltby. I volunteered to go, but he did not think I could cross Home Creek nor Clear Creek either. I laughed at him, and saddled my horse for the trip. When I swam the creek I waved my hat to them, and by 12 o'clock I was in Brownwood. I have been in many tight places, and have had many narrow escapes; at one time I fought single-handed and alone twenty-two Comanches in open ground where they tried to run their horses over me; but that water-spout on Home Creek seemed to me to be the most desperate situation I was ever in. But I have always believed that you can't kill a man until his time comes, neither can you scare him to death; if you could I would not be able to write this. I am now eighty years old and still able to stand a big scare.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

**Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy
and Pioneer Achievement**

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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It was the editor's happy privilege to attend the meeting of the West Texas Historical Association at Stamford, April 21. There we met Judge R. C. Crane of Sweetwater, Dr. C. C. Rister, Rupert N. Richardson, and John R. Hutto of Abilene, Messrs. R. E. Sherrill and W. E. Sherrill of Haskell, Col. R. L. Penick of Stamford, and a number of other enthusiastic members of the Association who are striving to rescue and preserve the history of our great state. Judge Crane advanced the hope that some day a memorial would be erected to perpetuate the part the frontier posts had in civilizing the West, and suggested steps be taken toward carrying out this hope. He suggested also that material from the ruins of these old posts be gathered and used in the building of the memorial. We believe the idea is a good one, and we urge that it be carried out. Old Fort Concho, Fort Phantom Hill, Fort Chadbourne, Fort Territt, Fort Griffin, Fort McKavett, Fort Mason, Fort Lancaster, Fort Davis, Fort Stockton, Fort Clark, and other old posts of frontier days can supply all of the material necessary, and patriotic citizens, we are sure, will furnish the means of transportation and subscribe funds necessary to construct the memorial.

Mrs. Mattie A. Maddux, of Dallas, Texas, writes: "I believe you are anxious to give accurate accounts of Texas history. In your May issue appears an account of the Perdenales tragedy, written by Mr. Leonard Passmore, in which he mentions a young Mr. Todd who was in search of his sister who had been taken into captivity by the Indians. This young man was named Smith, Jim Smith, and was the son of Mrs. Todd by a former marriage. At that time there was no young man by the name of Todd. Jim Smith was my friend and schoolmate, and it was from our home he left

on his perilous adventure. It makes little difference who it was that searched for Alice Todd, if Jim Smith were living I believe he would not like for this honor to be claimed by one who never existed. Mr. Passmore has been misinformed, for I know about this affair quite well, and heard Jim Smith relate his travels into the reserve."

Mr. F. M. Lockard of Goodland, Kansas, writes: "Through the courtesy of Eugene Cunningham I received the April number of Frontier Times. The first story interested me, 'The Shooting of Maurice Barrymore.' I also notice the author, Mr. Clifton Seymour Stuart, is dead. The Jim Currie of that story lived in Kansas from 1866 to 1870; he was a Forsyth scout in 1868. I want to know more about Currie, as I am preparing a history of the Forsyth Scouts. Can you tell me of any one now living who knew him and his complete history? Enclosed I send check for \$1.50, for which please send me Frontier Times, beginning with the May number."

We frequently receive poetry written especially for Frontier Times. We appreciate the kindness of those who send us any contributions, but we would rather not have poetry. Our space in the little magazine is too limited to publish the verses, and the writers will save themselves stamps and this office much time by not sending poetry for publication to Frontier Times.

Quite recently the editor of Frontier Times had the pleasure of meeting Col. R. C. Lyon, at his home in Buffalo Gap, Texas. Colonel Lyon is now in his 81st year, is still hale and hearty, and looks after his business affairs. He is one of the earliest settlers of Taylor county, and has promised to furnish us a sketch of his experience on the frontier, for publication in a future issue of this magazine.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

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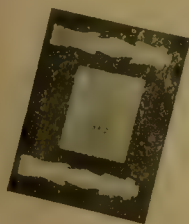
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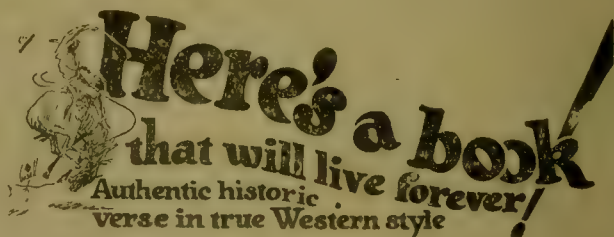
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FRONTIER TIMES



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The Tramp Sheepman of the Pecos

Dallas News, April 18, 1926



IN 1857 there were a few sheep driven into the country west of the Pecos River, but on account of the scarcity of water the practice was given up, and then, too, the country was having quite a lot of trouble with the Indians. The Government that year decided to try transporting their supplies across the desert country with camels, and brought quite a few over to this part of the country from Egypt. They decided on a test trip, and one who was to the border between Texas and Mexico, taking a route through the Glass Mountains, in Brewster County, then along the east side of the Chisos Mountains to the Rio Grande, a trip of more than 100 miles without a drop of water en route, and through one of the most barren parts of the country. This experiment proved a failure on account of the camels not being able to carry a sufficiently heavy load, and the feed they could get along the route proved to be insufficient for their needs. The rough country they had to travel soon wore their feet to the quick. The second trial trip was

from Independence Creek to Leoncita, a distance of ninety miles. This also proved a failure and the whole project was given up. For a while some of the animals were kept at Fort Stockton on account of the cat claw brush near town, which seemed to be about the only feed they cared for in this country.

In 1882 the first sheep camp that remained for any length of time was established in Pecos County.

Three men came into the country about the same time and established sheep camps; Packston, a Scotchman; Downey, from Michigan, and Parmeter, from California. These men remained and built up quite a business. The only

trouble they had as water trouble. Along the Pecos River valley were great holes, blown out, as was supposed, and when the river was on a rise (and that was quite often) the water would fill these holes absorbing the alkali from the ground. When a herd of sheep made one of these water holes it meant just as many dead sheep as could get to the water. A man by the name of Bosket crossed the

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country from Colorado City and at that time it was a very dry country. When he came to the Pecos country his herd, being dry, took to the alkali water holes. He lost some 400 or 500 before he could get them started away.

In the spring of 1891 there came to the Fort Stockton country a man we will call Willis. That is not his real name.

This man Willis was what was known as a tramp sheepman; that is, he never owned any land, would drift into a good range and stay there as long as the cowman would permit him, then drifted out to find better range. Just north of Fort Stockton was a fair sheep country, a hilly range where the waters from Comanche Creek or springs spread out over the valley, causing the weeds and early grass to come out in the spring, and to this part of the country Willis brought his herd of sheep.

A cowboy riding that way came into Fort Stockton one day and reported that he believed there was a million woolies in the hills and in the flats north of town, so some half dozen old cowmen rode out to investigate, and found that there was quite a herd of them there. After talking to Willis they decided that Willis and his sheep had no right to the grass, and the only thing for him to do was get moving. Willis told them he came to stay. To make it more impressive he pulled a gun and ordered them off.

Notices were placed along the water holes to get out, but this did not seem to scare Willis, for he still ran his sheep on the open land adjoining his.

Then one day another cow hand, while washing the alkali dust from his dusty throat with some of the stuff that was issued over the bar at the Stag Saloon in Fort Stockton, offered to bet he could go out and run Willis and his woolies out of the country, and for \$10 he would do it.

Taking on a few more drinks, he set out. Taking the camp from the opposite side of town, the "bad man" found two Mexican herders attending the sheep. One he beat up with his quirt, but the second skipped out to find his boss.

After the cowboy had whipped the

Mexican he decided he needed more excitement, so he ran a bunch of the woolies into the bog holes along the foot of the hills, caused from the water from Comanche Spring, spreading out over the flats, and was tiding them down and playing havoc in general. When the other Mexican and Willis arrived on the scene, straightway Willis started in to help the would-be bad man have a good time. Slipping a Winchester from his saddle, he began to pump lead in his direction, and after a few shots the cowboy's horse was shot from under him. This left him at a disadvantage, and after Willis had disarmed him, he had the Mexican tie the cowboy hog fashion. Then he started in to give the cowboy the beating of his life with the ends of a double rope. He then untied him and told him to go, sending a few shots after him.

This little episode caused the killing of several men on both sides and also caused Willis to leave the country. After he had been put out of the sheep business, Willis met a man from the Fort Stockton country while in Arizona, went on a spree and started in to shoot things up, but in the mix-up some one mortally wounded Willis. Before he died he implicated several of the stockmen around Fort Stockton as being in on the deal and that the sheep he had there were mostly all stolen from farther east. After this the sheep business died out in the Pecos country until along in 1900.

Then sheepmen again began to drift into the country and by this time the cowman had become a little more reconciled to the sheep. Later some of the cowmen finding that the cow business was going on the losing side, and that sheep would live and thrive on what a cow would starve to death on, sold off part of their cattle and launched into the sheep business. The Harrall Bros. came into the Fort Stockton country with some sheep. Others followed until there were approximately 200,000 head in the Pecos country by 1902. Since that time quite a few men have been in the business there, but most of them stayed in for a few years, then drifted or sold out. The Harralls stayed with the sheep, however, and today

they own and run between 15,000 to 20,000 head. One of the Harrall boys told the writer that he had never made a losing in sheep since he had come into the country in 1900; that some times he bought and paid more than they were worth, but he just held on and they "grew out of it." Today the greater part of Pecos County is under wolf-proof fence, the rancher lives in town, has a foreman on the ranch to look after things in general, and only three times a year does the owner pay much attention to the outfit. That is lambing time, shearing time and when he is cutting out his shippers. The rest of the year the foreman looks after the herds.

Recalls Indian Encounters

Charles J. Spruill, resident of the city of Lampasas, Texas, is perhaps one of the oldest citizens of that district. He went there with his father, Jack Spruill, when a small boy, and has lived there ever since, except on such occasions when he would "go up the trail" on long cattle drives to Abilene, Kan., and other railroad shipping points in that day. It was in the year of 1858 that his father settled in the Nix community, twelve miles west of Lampasas.

At that time Indians were very troublesome to the settlers. They stole horses from the Spruill family very often, but never offered to fight, though four or five years later some fighting Indians appeared, one night attacking the father and son while they were camped in a grove of trees in the McCrea settlement ten miles from home. But there were no serious consequences from this attack as the red men left when daylight came.

Things were different a year or two later, however, when excitement took on a more serious aspect. Young Charles in company with an old neighbor, Alex Brown, had gone out on the range to look for some cattle. A band of twenty or thirty Indians came dashing toward them and they made a desperate race for life. The Indians gained on them. The lad was riding a little in the rear and when he looked back he saw the savages come up over the summit of a hill only a few rods away and dismount. The old gentleman cried at

him to spur his horse and about this time the lad looked around again and saw an arrow gliding directly toward his body. He dodged and the arrow missed its mark and landed on the pony's shoulder.

Business picked up right then, as the horse seemed to realize danger and darted off down a branch hidden by a growth of trees. The men did not see the Indians again. Mr. Spruill says that all of his life he has had visions of this incident in his dreams.

In a crudely built blacksmith shop that had been abandoned was where Mr. Spruill received his first education. There were no rural schools in Lampasas County until about 1875, the pioneer says.

Until he was almost middle age, Mr. Spruill remained a cowboy. He married Miss Ida Hall and settled down. He acquired a small fortune in the handling of stock and farming on his rich farm lands along the Colorado River.

In the last few years Mr. Spruill has not been active in farming and last year he left his ranch and went to Lampasas, where he could live close to his only child, Mrs. Dudley Moore. Mr. Spruill is still in the best of health and does an ordinary day's work. He has a twelve-acre apple orchard to look after all alone, a nice flock of chickens, some stock and a garden, all of which he attends to entirely by himself.

"Jubilee Ghosts."

Frontier Times is in receipt of a very interesting booklet of verses, entitled "Jubilee Ghosts," sent us by Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, of Fort Worth. It deals with Fort Worth past and present, and is written in pleasing style. We appreciate the author's kind remembrance.

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

The Chili Queens of San Antonio

Contributed to Frontier Times by Frank H. Bushick, Commissioner of Taxation, San Antonio, Texas

Away back yonder thirty-five years ago Military Plaza was the center of the night life of old San Antonio.

It was an open air bazaar for huskers, night-hawks, fakirs and peddlers at whose stands might be purchased everything from a pair of window glass spectacles to a patent preparation for removing butter from boarding-house butter.

The blaring notes of a neighboring variety show band gave forth a certain suggestion of risqué gayeties.

It was the great white way of San Antonio of that day—or rather of those nights. That was before Mayor Bryan Callaghan built the city hall in the middle of the plaza in 1887 and banished the Bedouins of the night to other quarters and made it a staid locality of business and politics.

The chili stands and the center of the big Hidalgo vote moved to Market Plaza.

It was on Military plaza that the original Wizard oil singers held forth and made a great hit as popular entertainers being considered the best opry outfit that had struck the town up to that date, not excepting the dancing bear, Punch and Judy and a one-ring Mexican circus.

Another great attraction which held forth for months on the plaza was the medicine show of Dr. J. I. Lighthall, known as "The Diamond King." Lighthall was a handsome and flashily dressed man who addressed the assembled populace nightly from his gilded chariot resembling a circus wagon, in which he removed teeth with lightning dexterity, free of charge, while his agents passed among the crowd and sold his unfailing remedies for man and beast.

But the conspicuous feature which made Military Plaza a show place in those days were the chili stands. At these primitive open air restaurants chili con carne and other pungent Mexican dishes were served to customers seated on little benches around wobbly tables covered with greasy oilcloth. The

gay illumination was furnished by dim lanterns and the fitful gleams of smoldering mesquite wood fires.

There is a tradition that the Plaza de Las Armas, or Military Plaza, got its name about two centuries ago from the fact that a Spanish army camped there to hold the town against some French filibusters who had designs on it. The soldiers probably wanted to be near the cantinas and barrel houses that used to be so thick in that vicinity.

The chili stand and chili queens are peculiarities, or unique institutions, of the Alamo City. They started away back there when the aforesaid Spanish army camped on the plaza. They were started to feed the soldiers. They were the first outdoor coffee stands, the symptom perhaps of the later breaking out of the cafeteria, where you serve yourself and spill your coffee down your shirtfront in order to economize and save a nickel tip to a waiter.

The fame of the Alamo City chili stands spread all over the country. In many Northern cities can be found little Mexican restaurants serving nondescript concoctions in imitation of the Mexican dishes which have made the chili stands and Mexican restaurants of San Antonio famous. At the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 the eve was greeted with a sign in front of a booth on the grounds, "The San Antonio Chili Stand."

Travelers and tourists who come to San Antonio usually get around to the Mexican restaurants and chili stands before they take the time to visit our world famous patriotic shrine which so many of our visitors insist on calling the "A-lay-mo."

Every class of people in every station of life patronized them in the old days. Some were attracted by the novelty of it, some by the cheapness. A big plate of chili and beans, with a tortilla on the side, cost a dime, ten cents. A Mexican bootblack and a silk-hatted tourist would line up along-side and eat side by side, unconscious or oblivious of the other. It was the democracy of Bo-

hemia, the good old days when we believed in the declaration of independence that all men are free and equal, at least at the chili stands.

But the chili 'con carne industry might never have become world renowned and celebrated in song and story but for its necessary concomitant, the "chili queens." They were the raven-haired, flashing-eyed señoritas of more or less pulchritude who served the customers and presided with easy grace. Some of them were bewitching creatures, or seemed to be so in those days of our youth.

They would put themselves out to be agreeable to well-behaved customers and tourists, but they could hold their own in sharp badinage with the kidders, and if necessary they could do a little effective "cussin" to hold things down and stop any rough stuff that might be started by a rowdy rounder. The chili queens became famous.

The chili stands were out every night, in all kinds of weather. They were movable feats. Like the Bedouins of the desert, they came forth every evening about six o'clock and spread their tables and wares and started up their fires on the little space allotted them. In a little while they were ready for business.

An old duenna, apparently a hundred years old, usually stirred the fire and cooked the viands. She usually kept a watchful eye on the queen, especially when some of the young Americano blades were about with their prankish ways and flip talk.

The chili queen would take the order with a lurking coquettish smile, which she couldn't help, even if it wasn't conducive to the salvation of her soul, and then she'd sing out to the old crone: "Un medio tamales y chili gravey, un plata frijloes, un enchilada y tassa cafe."

The chili queen understood the art of coquetting with a dude and getting his custom, even to touching him for his pack of cigarettes, but when it came to serious matters of the heart she passed him up. When she married she generally fell for some big hatted cavallero of the cow range, or some monte dealer or gay dandy from across the San

Pedro, dressed like a grand opera tenor.

"Martha, you're sure looking pretty tonight," ventured a young sprout who had dropped by to eat a bait of chili on his way from a Belknap Rifle dance.

"So sorry, keed," snapped back the chili queen, not half displeased, as her sparkling eyes beamed and she displayed her white teeth to advantage, "but a ain't got a nickle to geev you. Does your mother know you're out?"

Most of the queens were of Spanish descent or Mexican, but Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness asserted itself even in this limited field of conquest. The acknowledged queen of all the queens was an American girl, Sadie. On account of her beauty and vivacity and aptitude of repartee, she became so popular that she opened a fonda of her own under a roof, but was not suffered to brave the world alone for long. A young ranchman came along and married her and she is now probably existing somewhere on a lonely ranch toward where the sun sets and the coyotes howl.

Martha, black-eyed, tall and slender, with a toss of the head and a smile that made you think of Carmen, was a good second to Sadie. Martha was induced to join out with a wild west show as a cow girl and ten thousand dollar Mexican beauty, but finally quit the show business and settled down in El Paso. Others also known to popularity and local fame were Josefina, little Jovita, Dosa and Lily.

But alas and alack! Romance and glamor cannot last always any more than youth and good looks.

Most of the old chili queens retired from their tables and were lost to the public eye when Callahan moved the stands from Military Plaza and sent them across the creek. When they married there was neither law nor custom to make their husbands kings, so they laid aside their crowns and ever afterward lived the prosy, simple, every-day life of ordinary mortals, even as you and I.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Did Sam Bass Kill Grimes?

Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, in Wichita Falls Record-News, May 21, 1927



ROUND ROCK is in the county of Williamson. Sam Bass passed on in the city of Round Rock. There have been a thousand stories penned concerning the passing of Bass and many of the "eye-witnesses" agreed that Bass killed the constable of the town and then rode away to the thicket where he was found dying the day after the battle of firearms. One eye-witness gave the name of the constable as Moore. Frank Jackson was the companion of Sam Bass in the flight from the town. Bass was fatally wounded and could not continue the flight. Frank Jackson eluded his pursuers and buried himself in the wilds of the then Indian Territory.

Time sped on fleeting wings and Harry N. Graves became the prosecuting attorney of Williamson county. In the musty old archives of the office of prosecuting attorney he unearthed the following unique indictment returned by a grand jury against Frank Jackson, fugitive from justice, for the murder of A. W. Grimes, the constable who was slain by the outlaws. This must be conclusive evidence that Jackson and not Bass killed the peace officer. In a note to the writer Mr. Graves gives the following foreword to the indictment:

"Justice, though blind, never sleeps nor forgets. In testimony whereof I herewith inclose you exact copy of an indictment against the friend and companion of the notorious Sam Bass, Frank Jackson, which indictment from its antiquity alone should be taken to speak the truth. If words are but made in order to conceal ideas then this instrument is a success. But brushing aside its verbiage in modern jurisprudence it says that Frank Jackson did kill and murder A. W. Grimes on the 19th day of July, 1878, against the peace and dignity of the state. You will note that no mention is made of Sam Bass, his case, through nature assisted by man, having been transferred to a higher tribunal from whose edicts no appeals

lies. This indictment, with its redundant terms and slow moving ideas, was penned laborously, so tradition saith, in the writing of Col. W. K. Makemson, who, together with the witnesses, has crumbled back into the cosmic dust from which he sprang. The indictment witnesseth the fact that the good men do dies with them; the evil lives long after them. It is interesting to me to note that at the time of the return of this indictment I was but a callow youth of one short summer and through the span of my long, long life, justice has patiently waited—i- waiting still for a settlement of this old score and will continue to wait until the supreme arbiter metes out justice to whom justice is due.

H. N. GRAVES."

Col. W. K. Makemson was one of the leading members of the Texas bar. He was a life long Republican and never deserted the reservation in the darkest hour of the history of the Republican party in Texas. He was the party nominee for governor in one campaign and the leader of a forlorn hope in many campaigns. This is a copy of the indictment written in the hand of Makemson and returned by a grand jury in Williamson county after the killing of the constable, the death of Sam Bass and the flight of Frank Jackson:

In the name and by the authority of the state of Texas—The grand jurors of Williamson county in said state at the September term, A. D., 1878 of the district court of said county on their oaths in said court present that Frank Jackson with a sound memory and discretion and with force and arms in Williamson county, and state of Texas, on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1878, in and upon one A. W. Grimes, a reasonable creature in being, unlawfully felonously wilfully and of his malice aforethought and with express malice did make an assault; and that the said Frank Jackson a certain pistol then and there charged with gun powder and leaden balls then and there

unlawfully feloniously wilfully and of his malice aforethought and with express malice did discharge and shoot to against and upon the said A. W. Grimes and that the said Frank Jackson with the leaden ball's aforesaid out of the pistol aforesaid and then and there by the force of the gun-powder aforesaid, by the said Frank Jackson discharged and shot off as aforesaid then and there unlawfully feloniously wilfully and of his malice aforethought and with express malice did strike penetrate and wound the said A. W. Grimes in and upon the body and breast of the said A. W. Grimes, giving to the said A. W. Grimes then and there with the leaden ball's so as aforesaid discharged and shot out of the pistol aforesaid by the said Frank Jackson in and upon the body and breast of the said A. W. Grimes mortal wounds of which said mortal wounds the said A. W. Grimes then and there instantly died—and so the grand jurors aforesaid upon their oaths aforesaid do say that the said Frank Jackson the said A. W. Grimes in the manner and by the means aforesaid unlawfully feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought and with express malice did kill and murder against the peace and dignity of the state. True bill. Witnesses: Morris Moore of Travis county, and Simon Juda.

S. S. MUNGER.

Foreman of the Grand Jury

Speaking of literary curiosities or rather legal monstrosities, take it or name it as you will, the Makemson creation is handed on to the antiquarians. It should be preserved in the literature of Texas. There is a sequel to all this. As prosecuting attorney of Williamson county, Harry N. Graves was given a tip that Frank Jackson was in the land of the living, in the nearby state of Oklahoma. He fled to the Indian territory it will be recalled and in the flight of time the Indian territory and Oklahoma territory became a sovereign state. In the late 70's after the murder of A. W. Grimes, the governor of Texas had offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the fugitive from justice.

Oklahoma officers refused to return Jackson to Texas unless the reward was

paid in advance. Oscar B. Colquitt was governor. Grimes was slain in the year 1878. Colquitt is said to have ignored the request of Graves that the offer of the reward of \$500 should be renewed and then paid for the return of Jackson to Texas. There the story ended. It is said the daughter of A. W. Grimes became the wife of a newspaper writer who edited and published a newspaper in Milam county for many years.

Who killed Sam Bass? The answer is "Who killed Cock Robin?" There is one thing certain, the man who drew the indictment and the grand jurors who returned it in the year 1878 had the evidence before them that Frank Jackson was the slayer of A. W. Grimes and that Sam Bass did not burn gun-powder at the Round Rock carnival in the long ago.

"The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang."

Several months ago Frontier Times printed serially the "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," written by a citizen of Denton county, and published in 1878, just a little while after Bass and his gang were dispersed. We have a number of copies of the book we reprinted still on hand which we are selling at \$1.00 per copy, postpaid.

"The Creative Arts in Texas."

This handy volume by Goldie Capers Smith, should be in every library. It is a hand-book of biography, and will be found useful to libraries, schools, women's clubs, and the individual reader, because it contains much valuable data in regard to Texas poets, playwrights, novelists, short story and feature writers, writers of essays and belles lettres, historians, collectors and compilers, musical composers, sculptors, and artists. This handy volume can be obtained from Lamar & Whitmore, Dallas, Texas.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

The Painted Rocks of the Concho

The Painted Rocks of West Texas are a mystery unsurpassed by any other similar landmark. On the walls of a high rocky cliff, about a quarter of a mile from the Concho river, overlooking this river and the picturesque little town of Paint Rock, the county seat of Concho county, are the peculiarly crude handwritings.

Legends in regard to these inscriptions are many and conflicting. As to their date or meaning, nothing is known definitely. Cattle herders of earlier days found the writings in existence before the country was settled, and it is the general belief that the picture writings were done by Indians and that they tell of the struggles between the Indians and white men when the white men were crowding the Indians and buffalo off the Texas prairies. One tradition is to the effect that near this mountain-like cliff Indian youths were sent to spend several days of fasting to prove their eligibility for adult tribal membership, and that the writings record the incidents of bravery or suffering that they experienced.

The paintings were made with some indelible mineral that has stood the changes of temperature, rain, wind and hail for over a century, and no one knows how much longer. According to the opinion of a member of the Sioux tribe of Montana, the paint was made of animal fat mixed with clay, thereby rendering it more permanent than the commercial petroleum paints of today. This same Indian maintains that these paintings near Paint Rock were done at least four hundred years ago.

On account of the almost perpendicular slant of the cliff, rugged and overgrown with brambles that are the frequent haunts of rattlesnakes, one finds it difficult to reach all of the paintings, or to locate them all when he has reached the top of the mountain. They extend for over a hundred yards at the top of the cliff and consist of crude pictures of the bison, horse, turkey, sun, moon, stars and men, in addition to markings that have no meaning to the casual visitor. One old Indian inter-

preter claims that certain of the irregular drawings are plots of the country left by one group of Indians for another group, to signify location of watering places and game, with straight marks for the number of miles traveled and the number of men in the group. The sun, moon, stars and corn figures are items of worship, he said, while the pictures of two hands—one white, the other bloody—represent the pure and evil spirits, and a skeleton-like figure on the head represented the devil on war-path and served as a warning that the evil spirit was angry with the Indians at the time it was painted. Two circles, one small the other large, joined together by a straight mark, the large one with a red spot in the center, the other solid red, stood for two men of close companionship, one large in stature, the other small. The larger man was wounded, as indicated by the bloody splotch, and the smaller man was killed, as shown by the solid red circle. Other drawings on the cliff are shields of different tribes that within themselves would make an interesting page in history.

Archaeologists may some day find these writings of great value in tracing the history of the red man on the American continent. That they meant something epochal and important to the Indians of the Southwest is beyond question.

No effort yet has been made to preserve this mountain-side curio, and some of the markings have been partially marred by thoughtless persons.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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A Note on Texas

Charles J. Finger, *Southwest Review*, Dallas, Texas, Spring, 1927
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THIS is a note about Texas—Texas prior to the Galveston flood; Texas when business was conducted in great measure before the bar, with one foot on the brass rail and the bar-keeper present by way of witness or arbitrator or court of appeal, diagrams and helpful calculations being drawn on the counter with spilled beer, and a well cooked free-lunch provided to sustain men in their commercial activities. It is of a Texas when the name of Leonard Doughty, who lived in Goldthwaite, was being hailed, by those fitted to express an opinion, as that of a poetic genius, because of his newly published songs which Nevin had set to music; when the son of the author of David Harum cut a dash in San Angelo, driving a brilliantly painted Stanhope and a black horse with hoofs polished by the shoe-shiner; and when out of a single Sunday school class in Knickerbocker came a covey of outlaws such as Black Jack, Tom Ketchum, Laura Bullion—a school teacher who turned burglar, an enterprising gentleman who for the first time in history held up a train single-handed. It is of the Texas when Claude and Roy Hudspeth ran a four-page sheet down in Ozona, Crockett County; and when Haberkorn, now a sedate Kansas violinist, got off a freight train and made his way to Sonora, where he played Mozart, and Viotti, and Beethoven to an audience of cowboys who encored him nine times for his rendition of a Mozart minuet; and of a Texas which rang with the daring of the Iconoclast Brann who made the simplest statement look astonishing by the use of sesquipedalianisms, and had a Shaw-Chesterton trick of turning a platitude into a plaything. This is of Texas when men talked about sixteen-to-one without the slightest knowledge of what they meant; when Paderewski was taken to Dallas by the enterprising Mr. Watkin during a reunion, and played bravely and brilliantly, in spite of the fact that many of the old fellows the worse for liquor and enthusiasm were whooping

and rebel-yelling all through the program; and when there were buggies, and freight wagons, and surreys, and stylish saddle horses, and—an innovation—bicycles.

It is to be a note about Texas before moving-pictures and phonographs; when in the west, the Santa Fe ended at San Angelo and before there was any Orient; and when the dramatic event of the year in counties Tom Green and Irion and Crockett and Presidio and El Paso and Schleicher and Runnels was the coming of Mollie Baillie's show. For Mollie's exhibition was of the heavy conventional kind, and the company supporting her had no artistic prejudices: mingling with the audiences, turning their hands to matters connected with transportation, using the circus horses for draft animals, putting up and taking down the tent, rushing from the ticket-stand to ring with trained expertness, outshining their competitors (the medicine man and the traveling mesmerist and the peripatetic merry-go-round, for these made their circuits, too), outshining in effect and originality by advertising the singing of The Newest Song from New York. And Mollie herself was the singer, irresistible in her tragic power when she sang,

"George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
And taken sick and died,"

because there were appropriate motions of dramatic significance and virtuosity of execution, and a trombone obligato with the player far off in a vacant lot—so that it was all very soothing to the ear, although baffling and exasperating to those who wanted to know what it was all about. And never did it fail to come to pass but that Mollie—carried away with enthusiasm and quite regardless of the applause—accepting the very slightest noise as homage to the delicacy

of her performance, with elaborate bows and curtseys, swept into a thirty-stanza ballad about Jeff Davis, commencing—

“Jeff Davis built a wagon and on it
put his name,
And Beauregard was driver, too, Se-
cession was the same.
The horses they got hungry, as horses
always do;
They had to keep the collars tight to
stop them getting through—”

which was interrupted every third or fourth stanza by volumes of noise—ironic, patriotic, originating from dramatic perspicacity, humor, chivalry, or from sheer light-heartedness.

It is to be a note about Texas when David Guion, a musician I uphold as the most original and sparkingly clever of those native composers who reveal America, was a little lad with bright and shining eyes, in the town of Ballinger, and sometimes gave performances to which we listened with ever fresh pleasure, doing what he had set out to do with grace, dignity and repose. And his sister was herself a pianist, a dainty slip of a girl with a taste for dramatics, getting up Floradora entertainments

It is to be a note about Texas that talked about Clay McGonagil, who broke the roping record and was lionized by Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras; and about Boogher Red who cared nothing for the color line, and so became impresario for Dick the Demon Negro Who Threw a Steer with His Teeth—by riding alongside the animal, taking it by the horns as it ran, getting on its back, and leaning over until, with his legs about the steer's neck, he was far enough forward to catch the animal's upper lip with his teeth—and we, who sat in the reserved seats in the fair grounds, broke into frantic applause at the Unique Moral Entertainment—as Boogher Red advertised it on bilious green handbills. And it is to tell about Texas when on the Concho River sheepmen remembered a strange fellow who herded sheep, with a book close at hand, one named Morley Roberts, of whom the most optimistic never expected much, let alone the writing of such books as “The Western Avernus” and “Time and Thomas Waring.” It is the Texas of

the time when men trusted one another, and when the affair of Nick Hughes and Loop Reed caused no comment. Reed was a drifter with some 4,000 sheep, and Hughes was a fellow of no occupation who happened to wander into the Devil's River country looking for a job; so Reed, having finished shearing and having sold his wool, employed Hughes to take charge of his Mexican herder and his chuck wagon—instructing him to drift west to Pecos City, where in the space of six weeks, between Pecos and Carlsbad, he proposed to meet him—for Reed had planned a light-hearted time in Chicago, spending his wool money. So Hughes drifted, made the Pecos and went up and down as long as he dared, expecting Reed, until at last it became a nice point whether it was safe for him to drift thereabouts any longer because of the objections made by the cattlemen. Whereupon he drifted up the Penasco, then south over the Guadalupe country, leaving messages everywhere, then down to the Rio Grande country, then down Maxon Springs, north to Fort Stockton and east to Menardville, lambing and shearing in season, selling his wool and banking the money, until three seasons passed with no sign of Reed and with the landless shepherd still tied to his flocks. So, when he met one named Stanton, owner of a merry-go-round—one of the old-fashioned sort, the motive power of which was furnished by energetic boys who were willing to make ten complete circuits pushing the contrivance for five cents—and when Stanton, hearing the sad tale of Hughes' having the responsibility of property for which he didn't care at all, set before Hughes the advantages of the ownership of the merry-go-round, and further told him that there was an unexploited field for such a machine in South America, then and there a vision appeared to Hughes; so that he made a rough and ready exchange, accepting the merry-go-round, lock, stock and barrel, and delivering flocks and herds to Stanton. And to cut a long story short, both men entered Old Mexico, crossing the border at Fort Hancock, and what further is to be told of their adventures has not yet been recorded in history.

So something of all this reveals the

time of this note on Texas which is to be set down presently. It is about the time when down in the Rio Grande Valley men talked about Jim B. Gillett, who kidnaped Baca out of Mexico, and El Paso people had not forgot Neal Nuland's saloon where Stoudenmire killed Johnson, who had threatened to kill Stoudenmire; when men still remembered Victorio, who ran amuck and was shot by Mexicans in the Ysleta country; when down at Round Rock you could still read the lettering over the grave of Sam Bass, which read:

Samuel Bass

Born July 21st, 1851.

Died July 21st, 1878.

A brave man reposes in death here. Why was he not true?

It was Texas when no one dreamed of oil until that first Beaumont business, when with others, the good-hearted Judge John I. Guion tried his luck at Spindletop and turned over some \$800 on his first deal, then thinking that sufficient, turned his face homeward, but passing through Dallas, remembered his gifted young son David, when he saw a handsome piano in a store window; so bought the piano then and there, had it expressed to Ballinger, wired ahead for men to carry it; and like the high-hearted fellow he was, entered into his own home with his profits safely invested for the benefit of all who chose to enjoy them, for the Judge's home was a place of open-handed hospitality.

As for Fredericksburg, it was then a long street, white and clean and sharp-edged against a clear sky; and there was no Port Arthur; and Beaumont was a ramshackle village. And Galveston was as picturesque as the streets in the neighborhood of St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans are today, with Spanish scissoring-and-knife grinders with their little push-carts and their velvet jackets and their quaint tunes played on a piece of serrated steel; and sheep-skin coated peasants from Russia; and dark-eyed, patient looking Armenians; and dock-hands who were negroes, bright in colors and singing as they worked. For it was in Galveston that I first landed from South America, and I recall distinctly being greeted on a street running parallel with the Mallory docks by

a man who seemed interested in my welfare, for he catechized me as to my business, my place of abode, my destination. And when I told him something—more for the sake of friendliness than for information—saying that I knew something of seamanship, he was all for shipping me out on a barque bound for Belize. But when I spoke of leading a land life, he led me away, down a business street (which I could not recognize the other day)—a place of many awnings which expressed their owners' taste in color, shape and design—and so took me to a saloon, where he introduced me to a jolly-looking bartender who, without a word of invitation, set two huge glasses of beer before us. And these being emptied, we went upstairs to a gambling hall—a long room crowded with men of many nationalities—where were in progress many games of poker, keno, roulette, dice, rouge-et-noir, and a large toy race course on a green baize table with metal horses which flew around at the release of a spring. And everywhere else, in chili-joints, and bar-rooms, and tobacco stores, and news-stands, and places of common resort where men drop in and out, there were other machines into which you dropped money from a dime to one dollar; wagering against wheels as it were, and sometimes—with fortune smiling—received returns up to the sum of ten silver dollars which clattered pleasantly into a little cup, at which moments the dial of the mechanical gambler took on a beneficent look, jolly and good-humored! and liberal. And some of these machines had music inside of them, so that you won or lost to the tune of "Lou, Lou, I Love You" or the more doleful air of "You Never Know What's Coming, 'Till You Get in the Neck."

So that locates the time of this note about Texas, and sets a sort of vast background for what I intended to say. But the background has overshadowed the figure in the foreground as any man with a healthy sense of proportion may see. And when I sat down to write, all these things came in perfectly natural sequence. But I was in Texas in those days, and remembering them, I find myself glad and grateful to have been there.

The Train Robber's Vengeance Miscarried

John W. Shevlin in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, March 20, 1927

THE temperature was 10 degrees below zero that night, and through the car windows we caught glimpses of snow being whirled this way and that by the wind, as our train labored on its way eastward. The storm outside made the smoking compartment seem doubly snug. And there, in the haze of tobacco smoke and with fellow passengers coming and going, I had a curious adventure.

At Laramie, Wyoming, a new traveler came aboard our car. He was a cattle man—a big fellow, with iron-gray hair and a face indicating more than average intelligence. Soon he had settled himself in the smoking compartment, where, in good frontier language, he announced his pleasure that he was leaving that snow-swept region for a stay of several months at Miami, Florida.

Presently we were chatting, as people do to while away the time on a long journey. He owned a ranch in Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming, he said, and had lived all his life in that State. From my remarks he saw that I knew something about the country and about the cattle business.

I did not mention to him the fact that after serving as a detective sergeant in St. Louis, I had moved to the Black Hills of South Dakota, where I practiced law and published a newspaper for several years. The cattleman and I followed the old code of the West in not asking each other any personal questions. But I inquired about some of the notorious characters of an earlier day, since news of them is sure to circulate among the ranchers.

"Whatever became of Ben Kilpatrick, the train robber?" I said.

"He was ketch'd in St. Louis along with Laura Bullion, who had been Bill Carrver's wife," replied the man from Wyoming. "In their trunk at the hotel the officers rounded up a lot of the paper money which had been stolen in the robbery of a Great Northern express train the year before. The officers handcuffed Ben and treated him pretty rough. He got 15 years in the Federal

Penitentiary at Atlanta. The woman didn't get so long a sentence."

About these matters I knew more than my new acquaintance suspected. But there was no use talking too much. "What was the woman convicted for?" I asked.

"For signing some of the stolen money."

"The bank notes hadn't been signed?"

"No, it was new money, bright as a gold dollar, being shipped by the Treasury Department to the First National Bank of Helena, Montana. It was in sheets. The robbers cut up the sheets and forged the names of bank officials. Then they began passing the notes—spending the money."

For a few moments the cattle man smoked reflectively. Then he said:

"A funny thing happened, too. One of the detectives at St. Louis did something to Ben, when they arrested him, and Ben swore that he'd 'get' him later. And Ben's gang did figger to 'get' the officer. After Laura Bullion was let out of prison she found out that the St. Louis detective had moved to the Rosebud country, in South Dakota. Some of Ben's gang went there, on her information.

"As I heard the story, the plan was to kill the officer in revenge for what he did to Ben Kilpatrick. The fellow they sent out to do the job picked the wrong man and killed some fellow who had had nothing to do with it.

Well, my new friend's reminiscences began to be interesting. For I had been one of the detectives who arrested Ben Kilpatrick. I had kicked his shins when he refused to answer questions, and after the trial he had uttered threats, as convicted men often do. But it's all bluster, as a rule. Had Ben's gang, while he was in prison, or after his death, really tried to kill me? I wanted to make sure, and the cattle man had not mentioned any name or date in connection with the murder. I asked:

"How did the killer make such a mistake?"

"Why," said my new friend, "as the story goes out in our country, the man that the gang was after, and the other man who was killed, each drove a car. The cars were a good deal alike and both cars had cream-colored stream lines. The man who did the killing must have followed the wrong car, and fired into it from behind."

So, it was true. There could be no doubt about it now. In that cozy smoking compartment, with the storm shut out and comfort and good-fellowship within, I had just learned of a plot against my life, 13 years before, and how the plot miscarried and why a certain mysterious murder had occurred. I'm sure I did not betray my amazement to the cattle man, who gossiped on, all unconscious of the shock which he had given me.

To make the acquaintance of the characters in this drama, and understand the parts they play, we must go back about 25 years, to the days when the infamous Hole-in-the-Wall gang, as they were known throughout the West and Middle West, were carrying on their criminal operations with spectacular success. The gang included such men as Ben Kilpatrick, Bill Carver, Harvey Logan, Butch Cassidy, Harry Longbrough and others of like kidney, who for years terrorized the inhabitants of the Black Hills country and other sections of Wyoming, Montana and South Dakota by rustling cattle, robbing banks and occasionally holding up a train.

These outlaws were also known as "the Wild Bunch from Tom Green County, Texas." Their stronghold in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, was a rendezvous particularly suited to their purpose—a valley surrounded by perpendicular walls, into which there was but one narrow entrance. On several occasions, one man stood off a Sheriff's posse there.

In Dakota, the gang made headquarters at the Lame Johnny ranch, near Buffalo Gap, in Fall River County, where stolen cattle and horses were prepared for market and were shipped by way of Valentine, Nebraska, to Omaha

and Sioux City. Lame Johnny, who owned this ranch until he was hanged by vigilantes, was considered a leader among the outlaws and furnished them a safe refuge and fresh mounts when hard pressed.

On the night of June 2, 1900, an express train of the Great Northern was held up by six masked robbers near Wagner, Montana. From the express car they took \$110,000 in unsigned currency which was on its way to Helena, and thousands more in other money and valuables taken from the safe. There was no clew to the identity of the bandits, but every bank in the country soon had a description of the money, which was in \$10 and \$20 bills.

For more than a year, the robbers apparently made no effort to dispose of their loot. The United States Secret Service bided its time, however, and in June of 1901 a few of the bills made their appearance in a St. Louis bank. The alarm was sent out by John E. Murphy, chief of the service in St. Louis, with instructions to comb the city for the parties, of whom there was but a meager description.

At a jewelry store near Sixth and Pine streets, where the man had given several of the stolen bills in exchange for diamonds, we picked up his trail—Detectives Alphonse Guion, James Burke, John J. McGrath, William P. Grady, George Williams and myself, at time a Detective Sergeant in charge of the case. Leaving the jewelry store, we canvassed the safoons in the restricted district, where we thought he was most likely to be. That locality was then the popular center for criminal refugees.

In a saloon at Twenty-first and Chestnut streets we asked the proprietor if any of the stolen currency had appeared there, and he had just negatively answered when the saloon's Negro porter, named Ellis, came in, threw a \$20 bill on the mahogany bar and called, "A dollar out of twenty and a bottle of Bud."

The bill lay within a foot of my hand and I picked it up and scrutinized it carefully. It was one of the stolen bank notes. Then we examined the contents of the cash register and found several more of them. We ordered the

porter to lead the way to the man from whom he had gotten the notes.

Ellis took us to 2016 Chestnut street. In accordance with a plan which we devised on the way, Guion feigned drunkenness and followed the porter with his bottle of beer into the back parlor, with Williams and myself holding one of Guion's arms as if to steady him on his wobbling legs.

Sitting in the corner of the room, in a deep upholstered chair, was a remarkably handsome, well-dressed man of striking physical proportions, surrounded by several women.

Guion, in his role of a very drunken visitor, invited everyone to have a drink with him, including the lone man in the corner. Meanwhile, of course, Guion was keeping up a rapid-fire gabble of little meaning, just the disjointed monologue which might be expected from a tipsy man.

Guion's patter and his aimless movements gave Williams and me the necessary chance to work our way nearer to the stranger's chair. Suddenly Guion sobered and side-stepped, and Williams and I sprang at the man, pinning his arms to his sides. He was taken completely by surprise, dumbfounded, and before he had time to realize what was happening, Williams had pulled a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson from the man's left hip pocket and I had pulled a .45 Colt's from the right pocket. Both pockets of his coat were heavily weighted with cartridges for the two guns.

We did not know it until a few days later, but our prisoner was Ben Kilpatrick, one of the most dangerous members of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang, who, despite his gory record, was now undergoing the humiliation of his first arrest. The prisoner turned obstinate, remaining silent when asked for his name and with a sneer refusing to rise to his feet. Evidently, even under those circumstances, he was planning to make a break. And it was then that I brought upon myself a bandit's thirst for vengeance which stayed with him until his death.

I kicked him in the shins.

With a howl of anger and a shower of epithets he came to his feet and was quickly manacled and completely sub-

dued amid a chorus of female cries and hysterical shouts. On his person we found several hundred dollars in the stolen, unsigned currency and as much more in good bank notes which he had obtained that afternoon as change when purchasing jewelry and beer.

Our search also revealed a hotel's room key, with the identifying tag removed, and after Kilpatrick had been lodged in a cell at the old Four Courts building, Burke and I began a tedious search for the hotel where Kilpatrick had been staying. Finally, at the Laclede Hotel, the clerk partly identified the key, but said it would be almost impossible to ascertain to which room it belonged until a check could be made the following morning. All night long Burke and I watched the elevator.

It was about 6 o'clock in the morning that a woman, dressed as a "cowgirl," and carrying a small black satchel, emerged from the elevator, paid her bill and ordered her trunks sent to Union Station and a cab for herself. We quickly made inquiries of the clerk, who said she and her husband had been stopping at the hotel for several days, but that the husband had not come in during the night.

The woman was stepping into her cab when I gently requested her to return to the hotel. She complied readily enough. Her satchel was found to be filled with currency. Meanwhile, Burke had halted the loading of the trunks. One of them proved to be nearly filled with unsigned banknotes.

Questioning the woman at the Four Courts, we learned that she was Laura Bullion, alias Laura Carver, the widow of Bill Carver, who had been killed a short time before at Sonora, Texas. After a few days in jail, the woman talked freely but she knew very little of the gang's operations. She said that after Carver's death the members of the "Wild Bunch" drew straws to see who would care for his widow, and that Kilpatrick won.

Kilpatrick, during all the time he was held in jail before his trial, uttered not one syllable of information, even when "sweated" by Chief Desmond. He was a sphinx and his silence continued until he received his sentence of 15 years in

the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta. Then it was that he opened up and vowed vengeance upon the head of the writer in the presence of court attaches and officers. I was informed of these threats but paid little or no attention to them. Kilpatrick served part of his sentence, was a model prisoner and, with time off for good behavior, was released in 1912.

The threats he had uttered were not idle ones, as it developed later, and his means of accomplishment were far-reaching. The misdirected revenge occurred the year after Kilpatrick lost his life while holding up a Southern Pacific train near Sanderson, Texas, a month after his release. David A. Trousdale, the Wells Fargo express messenger, ended Kilpatrick's career with one terrific blow on the head with an ice mallet.

About the time of Kilpatrick's arrest in St. Louis, Harvey Logan, another member of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang was arrested at Knoxville, Tenn., for the murder of two gamblers and two police officers there and was sentenced to serve 99 years on each of three counts, or a total of 297 years. He escaped from jail. Logan has been at large ever since. He is known to have returned for a while to his old haunts in Wyoming and South Dakota, and to have been there at the time of the Gibbel murder. I have learned recently that Logan and Butch Cassidy now are operating in South America, in a remote section of the Argentine, at a place said to be similar to their old Jackson's Hole rendezvous.

After a period of service as Chief of Detectives in Hot Springs, Ark., followed by several years of practising law in St. Louis, I took up my residence in South Dakota, at Winner, county seat of Tripp County. And very shortly thereafter, had I but stopped to analyze a number of incidents, I could have seen the working out of Kilpatrick's revenge.

When the portion of the Sioux Indian land known as the Rosebud Reservation was opened to settlement in 1911, homeseekers began to assemble from all parts of the United States. New towns were established as if by magic. Thousands took up homesteads. Business

flourished, in spite of crude facilities. So quickly did a feeling of camaraderie sprang up among the newcomers that, within three months of the arrival of the first homeseeker, an "old settlers' picnic" was held on the unbroken prairie.

Naturally, there was considerable activity in the sale and transfer of homestead rights, which necessitated the use of many livery automobiles, both publicly and privately owned. And when Henry Gibbel came from a little town in Iowa, with his German wife, his auto and little else, he soon was engaged in taking prospective land buyers from the end of the railroad to distant parts of the interior. Unassuming and inoffensive, it is probable that this hard-working man never had an enemy in his life. Every phase of his career, from childhood on, was gone into thoroughly by paid investigators after the tragedy, without their finding the slightest trace of any person who might wish him harm.

Henry Gibbel's auto was distinguished from all other cars in the vicinity, with one exception, by a cream-colored stream line near the top of each door. The exception was my car. Although the two cars were not of the same make the stripes made them look very much alike, to the casual observer. Moreover, automobiles were comparatively new in those days and nearly everybody wore the regulation cap which was thought to be a necessary adjunct to the successful operation of a car.

Late in September, 1913, Gibbel took a party of prospective land buyers to Colome, a small town about nine miles distant from the county seat, where he received his pay and started back. That was the last time he was seen alive. Two weeks later the body of Henry Gibbel was found near his car which had been backed into a deep draw on the prairie.

The body had been removed from the car and laid on the ground alongside. Blood stains on the seat and footboard indicated that he had been murdered in the car. It was evident that robbery had not been the motive, for his watch and money were in his pockets, untouched. The coroner found that his death had been caused by a .45-caliber

bullet which entered the back of his head.

Everybody was shocked by the murder of the harmless and inoffensive Gibbel. It seemed such an atrocious crime, lacking any sort of motive. The Sheriff did his utmost, even Pinkerton detectives were put to work and the county spent more than \$10,000 in an effort to unravel the mystery, but in vain. No arrests took its place among the unsolved murder mysteries of the country.

And a dozen years later, while chatting idly with a chance acquaintance in the smoking compartment, I learned of my own narrow escape from the bullet which was intended for me but which ended the life of Gibbel. The storm was roaring outside as we sat there in the swaying train and smoked and talked at our ease. The big cattle man, it was obvious, had not been one of the gang but he had known some of them and some of their friends. He knew the inside story, but not how much it was staggering me.

Harvey Logan had been visiting old acquaintances in that part of the country at the time of the Gibbel murder, said the cattle man in answer to my careless-seeming questions, but departed immediately after the killing, and it was not until Logan was on his way to South America that he learned that the wrong man had been killed.

"Murder will out," says the old proverb. And so did this plot to commit a murder, which had its inception on Chestnut street, St. Louis, so many years ago.

More About the James Boys

Editor Frontier Times:

Your issue for May, 1927, contained an article by Rev. J. A. Hyder on the early life of the James boys.

I have been able to secure a lot of information relating to Jesse and Frank James from Mr. J. T. Brown who, while ten years younger than Jesse James, was very intimate with the great bandit, who frequently visited the Brown home and on many occasions slept with Brown.

After the murder of Jesse James Mr. Brown's father was called to take

charge of the remains, the identity of which was not in question.

Mr. Hyder's statement that Frank James was able "to ride in a lope down a lane about a mile long putting a bullet in the top of every stake the entire length" may well be passed with the comment that the stakes must have been well separated or the bandit was exceptionally armed. Mr. Brown assures me that Jesse was a much better revolver shot than Frank, and able to hit about one fence post out of three, loping or running his horse past them.

Mr. Brown correctly describes Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys, as a very short and fleshy lady and fixes her height at not more than five feet. Mrs. Samuels was first married to James, by whom she had three sons, Frank being the oldest and Jesse the youngest, the middle boy dying in early youth. After the death of the elder James, she married Mr. Samuels, by whom she had one son, killed by the Pinkerton operatives at the time her home was shelled and her arm blown off, at which time neither of the bandits were at home, a fact that could have been easily verified by the officers before the assault was made. She had no third husband.

Jesse was killed on April 1st, 1882, instead of 1875 as Mr. Hyder remembers. Sidenphoden was coroner in St. Joseph at the time and Mrs. James would not allow him to conduct the funeral but Mr. Brown, Sr., employ another undertaker. Both the coroner and the sheriff of Buchanan county knew Jesse well, so there was no call for Mr. Hyder's identification of the body of the murdered bandit. This sheriff, like others in the state, frequently met Jesse on the street and always addressed him as "Mr Howard," although perfectly aware of his identity.

Jesse was born in 1845 and Mr. Hyder knew him when he was 14 years of age and when he had trained his horses to show disgust at the mention of General Grant's name. Jesse was 14 in 1859 and Grant was practically an unknown quantity, not in the army at that time.

MORVE L. WEAVER
Visalia, California.

Early Coryell County History

A Paper Read by J. H. Crisman at a Reunion of the Old Settlers of Bell County, at Belton, Texas, September 4th, 1903.

THE FIRST settlement of Coryell County, Texas, was at Fort Gates, near the Leon River, six miles below the town of Gatesville. In the year 1849 the United States Government established a fort in honor of General Gates, a Federal officer. The garrison consisted of three companies of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Horace Haldeman, and these troops were sent there from Austin and in their march to Fort Gates passed through Bell County, and laid out what was subsequently known as "old military road," entering the county near Prairie Dell, thence to Salado Springs, thence to Lampasas River, crossing at Bob Childers (now known as Shanklin's Mill), thence to Nolan Springs, where Belton is now situated, thence to the Leon near the present bridge and thence to Fort Gates. Afterward another road was opened west of Belton which made a shorter route between Austin and over which military supplies were transported. As soon as this fort was established nearly all the families in the upper country, comprising all the settlements above the three forks of Little River, upon invitation of the military authorities and for protection against the Indians, moved to Fort Gates and were provided with temporary but comfortable homes which were erected by the United States soldiers. Very soon good log barracks were built for the families residing there, and hence Fort Gates was the nucleus of the settlement of Coryell County, and most of the immigration came there for protection, until it grew to be a considerable settlement. In the early part of the year 1854, by order of the General Government, the soldiers evacuated Fort Gates, established garrisons at Fort Chadbourne (now in Coke County) and Fort Phantom Hill (now in Taylor County.) A number of families remained at Fort Gates and continued to occupy the houses and barracks left by the soldiers, which were very comfortable, and as they belonged to the government and no

one exercised any ownership or control over them they were occupied by emigrants from different states. Among them the writer hereof arrived there on the 4th day of April, 1854, with his family. At that time the only business house in Waco was a grocery in a log house on the Brazos River. We were in the midst of an Indian country, and though there was a cordon of military posts some two hundred miles to the West, yet, as is well known, the Indians would slip around these military garrisons and raid the lower country during the light of the moon, stealing horses and killing and scalping the settlers.

On the 6th day of April, 1854, two days after my arrival at Fort Gates, we saw a man come down the valley on horseback riding very fast, and he reported that a woman and two children who lived near had either been captured or murdered by Indians during the absence of their husband, and that the Indians were making preparations to attack us that night. Our defensive force consisted of some twenty men, poorly armed with old fashioned long muzzle-loading flint and percussion lock rifles. There were no pistols in use at that time. It was late in the afternoon. We organized for defense and at once sent a detail of six of our best young men, mounted on our best horses, with orders to proceed immediately to the house where the lady and the two children had been captured or murdered, to take the trail of the Indians and watch their movements until dark and learn, if possible, their intentions and to report at once. Our next move was to locate our women and children as near together as possible in the most convenient and safe place for defense. The houses were so far apart that we abandoned a portion of them and placed the women and children in as small a circle as possible so we could give them more secure protection in case of attack. The men and boys inspected their guns and prepared ammunition, and the ladies assisted in molding bullets, and at night each

man took his position at a proper distance from the house occupied by the women and children, there to remain during the night to watch and wait. Ten o'clock found us without any news from the young man who went to look for the Indians, and considerable anxiety was manifested by their friends as to their safety. Word from the outside picket line to the women and children in the house was occasionally passed to assure them that all was quiet and that no enemy had been discovered.

As the night wore on the guards were cautioned not to relax but to redouble their vigilance, and our object was to meet the Indians on the outskirts of the settlement and to inform them by a few well directed shots that we were prepared to meet them and defend ourselves. All had become quiet in the house. The little children were sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence, unconscious of any danger, while the mothers with heavy hearts anxiously and patiently watched their loved ones, expecting every moment to hear the firing of guns, the clash of arms and the hideous yells of the blood-thirsty savages. You can better imagine than I can depict the awful feelings of the poor women that night, but nothing transpired to break the terrible silence. No Indians were seen or heard during the night, and our leaders concluded that the Indians must have become aware of the careful preparations we had made for their reception. We felt that the danger for the present was past, but though somewhat relieved, we had no assurance of peace in the future. Our scouts sent out the evening before had not returned nor had we heard a word from them, or from the lady and two children, supposed to have been captured or murdered the day before. We could not spare another detail as our defensive force would have been too much weakened, and, while some were anxious to go, the majority said no, that there were too few of us and we should remain together for the better protection of ourselves and families.

About ten o'clock our boys returned tired and worn out, as they had not slept or eaten, but they were not able to give us any further information about the

Indians or the lady and the two children. Our informant of the day before had seen several Indians enter the house and then come out with household plunder, clothing, etc., which they destroyed or scattered over the yard and pointed toward Fort Gates, indicating that they intended to make an attack upon us there. This informant secreted himself so as not to be seen by the Indians. He did not see the lady or the children, but supposed they were in the house when the Indians entered. Our scouts had proceeded to the house and found the situation as described by our first informant, but were unable to find the lady or the children, and it was naturally supposed they had been captured or carried away by the Indians, and our scouts had taken up the trail of the Indians and followed it until dark which brought them to a cedar brake they were unable to penetrate.

During the day several persons from curiosity went to the house to see what the Indians had done and made a close search in and about the house to see if something could not be found to give a clue to the fate of the missing ones. The house was situated near the edge of the cedar brake, and in search some distance from the house, the lady and children were found hidden in a thicket of cedar brush. It seems that the lady had discovered the Indians before they got to her house, and she took her little children and slipped out of the house and secreted herself and children in the cedar brake before the Indians discovered her, and she was not seen by our informant who saw the Indians enter the house the day before. She had remained there quietly secreted in that lonely wilderness, cut off from communication with her husband and friends during that long dreary night, patiently laboring with her loved ones to keep them comfortable, with nothing but the bare ground for bed and the starry heavens for a covering, until the morning light appeared. She was afraid to leave her hiding place or to make any noise whatever lest the Indians might still be near and find her, and so she remained there till late in the afternoon, and when she heard her rescuers talking she was so excited that she would not

raise her head for fear they were Indians. She was so horror stricken from the effects of her narrow escape from the savages that she did not even recognize the voices of any of those persons, and they finally discovered her, else she might have remained there and met death by starvation. I am not able to remember her name, which is doubtless due to my recent arrival and the great excitement under which I was laboring at the time.

Up to this time we were a part of Bell County, but the legislature about that time cut off into a new county and named it Coryell, in honor of James Coryell, a Texas pioneer who was killed by the Indians at the falls of the Brazos, an account of which is given by Mr. Newton C. Duncan in his paper read here to-day. An election for county officers was ordered by the County Judge of Bell County and was held at Fort Gates on the 5th of May, 1854. As I remember, about 43 votes were cast. O. T. Tyler was elected Chief Justice; T. B. Pollard, District Clerk; John C. Russell, County Clerk; Jesse Harrol, Sheriff; R. G. Grant, County Treasurer; and old man Carson, Justice of the Peace. Harvy Hicks, A. Flanery, J. L. Montgomery and Thomas Trinaier were elected County Commissioners.

In July, 1854, the county seat was located at Gatesville, and the town was laid off in lots by Rev. J. H. Collard, the writer being one of the chain carriers. The county site was donated by R. G. Grant, who had purchased several thousand acres of land adjacent and had erected a saw mill and a grist mill and a distillery, operating the same by water power with a brush dam built across the Leon River about a mile from the town site. Mr. Grant who owned the town lots had a public sale of lots in the month of July, 1854, which was attended by a large crowd, many of them from Waco, Belton and Marlin, and Mr. Grant with his usual open heart entertained the crowd and stimulated the bidding by placing a barrel of pure corn whiskey of his own make, a barrel of sugar and a barrel of water, with the heads all knocked out, tin cups and suitable benches for seats, in the centre of the public square, and invited everybody to

help themselves to whiskey, sugar and water, straight, or mixed—to suit their own tastes; every fellow doing his own mixing. The barrel sat there all day, free to all, and everybody drank as much as he wanted, but there was not a single drunk man on the ground.

The first mail route was established in the summer of 1855, and was from Belton to Gatesville, and the writer hereof carried the first mail over said route on a gray Spanish pony. The only farm in the county at that time was one opened by O. T. Tyler about the year 1850, before there were any settlements in the county. It was opened in order to furnish corn to the soldiers at Fort Gates, and its products were hauled to Fort Phantom Hill and Fort Chadbourne on the removal of the troops to those points. This farm was situated on the Leon River, about ten miles below Gatesville, about one mile above the place now known as Leon Junction, on the Cotton Belt Railroad. The farm was on the west side of the river on land owned by William H. King, of Houston, and leased by Tyler who put the same in cultivation. O. T. Tyler, H. McKay and Col. William C. Dalrymple formed a partnership and took a contract to furnish corn, hay, etc., to the troops while at Fort Gates and afterwards to furnish them at Phantom Hill and Chadbourne. The "old Phantom Hill Road" as it was called by the early settlers, was the first mark of civilization in the territory out of which the counties of Coryell, Hamilton and Comanche were afterwards carved, but the old road has long since been abandoned and occupies a place in many farms and pastures, but the old trail is easily recognized and looks familiar to the old settlers. It reminds them of the dangers passed through in the years long ago while traveling that road when the blood-thirsty Indian was roving over our country without let or hindrance, seeking vengeance on all who were so unfortunate as to meet up with him. This road was laid out and made by Tyler, McKay and Dalrymple in hauling corn and supplies to Forts Phantom Hill and Chadbourne by the soldiers moving from Fort Gates to those outposts.

In 1854 I was with a party consisting

of old man Baty, Lem Murrell, W. W. Hammack and J. H. Collard and intercepted; the Phantom Hill road on the head waters of Plum Creek and went up the divide between the Cow House and Leon Rivers crossing the south fork of the Leon where the County Seat of Comanche County was afterwards temporarily located (old Cora) and crossed Indian Creek about one mile west of the present town of Comanche. Along that road we saw a sight that we never witnessed before or since and which challenges the belief of anyone except he be an old Texan. When the soldiers moved along that trail the spring before, Tyler, McKay and Dalrymple sent along wagons loaded with corn and the corn scattered and dropped in the wagon tracks and being a wet spring and summer the corn came up and grew and matured. It was scattered along the trail and every now and then a stalk of corn with a good ear on it was to be seen anywhere from ten to a hundred yards apart. We could trace the trail as far in advance as we could see by the row of corn. It was strange to see corn growing in the open prairie, fifty miles from any inhabitant, where the farmer's plow had never penetrated the soil, but such was the fact and not a blade of it had ever been disturbed, for there was no stock in the country to molest it. In fact, the horses and cattle, that were raised in the country at that time and for many years afterward, would not eat corn, but preferred the grass, and when farmers commenced to keep up their work horses and feed them, the first question on buying or trading for a horse would be "Will he eat corn?" It was some trouble to learn a Texas grass raised horse to eat corn, and some would never eat very much. Wagon load after wagon load of corn could have been gathered from this long row, as it extended from the Tyler farm on the Leon River to Fort Phantom Hill, a distance of over two hundred miles. This road was used by Tyler, McKay and Dalrymple in hauling corn to Fort Phantom Hill and Fort Chadbourne, and they not only hauled the supply on Tyler's farm on Leon river, but they bought corn along down the Leon and Little rivers as far as Cameron, and the

road used by them in hauling the corn from that part of the country was known for many years as the "old corn road" and passed up the divide east of Little River and the Leon and connected with the old Phantom Hill road at Tyler's farm in Coryell County.

In a frontier country people are a law unto themselves to a great extent, and the code of honesty is more strict than most people now-a-days imagine. For many years after the organization of Coryell County there was only one reported case of theft and I will relate the circumstances. A party of some eight or ten cow men were hunting stock on Bee House Creek.

A stranger fell in with them, whose name they did not learn, but the cowboys called him "Draggle tail." He stayed with them in camp that night and next morning a gun was missing, and somehow they all knew that "Draggle tail" was the guilty man, and when they accused him he was forced to acknowledge his crime and stated that he had hid it during the night with the intention of stealing it. The gun was found where he located it, and then it was "all off" with Mr. Draggle Tail. They thought he ought to be punished, but did not want to injure him seriously. They also thought he ought to be encouraged to leave the country, as such men were not needed and not allowed to live in Coryell County at that time. After consultation the boys concluded to give him a taste of the cow whip, which in those days consisted of a stock about eighteen inches long, with the heavy plaited whip and lash about fifteen feet long attached, and an experienced hand could split the hide of a cow at every lick. Mr. Draggle Tail, who rode a good pony, was allowed to select a man out of the crowd to do the whipping and and was to have fifteen feet allowance for a start and a chance to go free if he could outrun the cowboy, otherwise he was to take the lash for half a mile every time the cowboy could reach him with the whip. He selected a man by the name of Thomas Deaton to do the whipping, but Mr. Draggle Tail was very unfortunate in his choice, for Deaton was the most expert man in the crowd with a whip and had a fast horse.

Deaton gave him twenty feet the start and told him to "go." Off they went and about the third jump Deaton's whip split the clothing on his back, a few more licks reached the hide, and when Deaton left him the blood was streaming from his back. Mr. Draggle Tail was never seen nor heard of in that country any more. Tom Deaton once lived in Bell County and was well known to many of the old settlers.

The first District Court in Coryell County was opened on the 1st day of March, 1856. Officers present; R. E. B. Baylor, of Independence, District Judge; Nichols W. Battle, of Waco, Distract Attorney; Leroy H. Allen, Sheriff; T. B. Pollard, District Clerk; Samuel Friend, Foreman of the Grand Jury. Attorneys present, J. L. L. McCall, from Waco, one or two attorneys from Marlin, whose names I do not remember, F. W. Fauntleroy and John C. Russell, resident attorneys.

There were no civil cases on the docket and only one criminal case of importance was tried. The court house was situated on the South East corner of the public square and was 20x30 feet, one story high, was built of plank, in 1854, by Jack Turney and was purchased by the County.

I will now mention some Indian attacks upon the settlers during the early days of the county and contiguous territory. Charles Elam, a man about 36 years of age, lived on Henson Creek ten miles south west of Gatesville. He was walking on the mountain a mile or two south of his home hunting horses, and not apprehending any danger whatever. The Indians approached him and shot him with arrows, killing him instantly. This was the first Indian murder in the county. He was killed in the morning and his body was found a few hours afterwards and the neighbors assembled and buried him. A short time afterwards the Indians stole about thirty head of horses, belonging to Col. H. W. Cook who lived a few miles above Gatesville on the Mayberry place. Cook saw them drive the horses off. A party consisting of Cook, Col. J. M. Norris, W. W. Hammack, the writer, and several others pursued the Indians but they escaped on account of being able to travel at night,

which we could not do, as there were no roads, and we were comparative strangers in the country. William Lewis who came with me to Fort Gates and had moved out near the present town of Brownwood was murdered by the Indians about this time, and being an old friend of mine, we having lived neighbors in Arkansas, I went in person to see about his family, but found that all of them except one son had gone to Lampasas for safety. Mr. Lewis was a lover of fine horses and just after dinner he and his little boy, Willie, went out a short distance from the house to drive the horses up to salt them. While they were herding them the Indians killed Mr. Lewis by shooting him with arrows. Little Willie saw the Indians before his father did and ran for the house and escaped while they murdered his father. The Indians then herded up the horses and drove them a short distance to Mullens' ranch, where there were two men herding 150 head of horses that belonged to Mullins. The Indians drove off the whole herd, together with Lewis' herd, in broad daylight in the presence of the herders. When I returned home I found excitement at fever heat. The news from Neal's Creek in Bosque County was horrible and heart-rending. The blood-thirsty savages had fully shown their hand and left no doubt as to what their intentions were.

They captured Mrs. Wood and Miss Lemley at their homes and after carrying them some distance murdered them. They also captured the two young misses Lemleys who were some distance from the house washing the family clothes, and the Indians kept them two days and nights, taking off all their clothes, as is their custom and turned them loose near the town of Stephenville, about thirty miles from where they were captured. Two young men by the name of Monroe and one named Knight were murdered in the same neighborhood within a week or two of each other. Also two Baptist ministers. A Mr. White and another gentlemen with him met the Indians on the mountain ten miles above Gatesville and ran for their lives and saved their scalps by getting into the brush and secreting themselves from the Indians. White was severely wounded

and the other man was fatally wounded and died. A man named Johnson who was murdered at Johnson's Peak and his little son was captured, a detailed account of which, written by Capt. R. B. Barry, will be found in Willbarger's History of Indian Depredations (pp. 439-441).

The above tragedies, and perhaps, others, occurred during the year 1857, prior to which time there had been comparative immunity from Indians raids. Thereafter the Indians, especially in summer, made almost monthly forays into the country, stealing horses, murdering and capturing the citizens along the frontier.

About 1858 old man Perryman, who lived on Cow House Creek, met several Indians on his way from his home to Gatesville. The Indians charged upon him. He put spur and whip to his horse and it was a race for life. He made for the nearest thicket six hundred yards distant. The Indians were close to him before he saw them and were very soon close enough to commence firing at him with their arrows. He was urging his horse to its utmost speed, when just before reaching the thicket there was a boggy branch. His horse plunged into the branch and stuck in the mire and not being able to extricate himself, the old man went into the mud and water with Indian arrows flying thick and fast about him, but luckily none of them hit him. He crawled out of the branch and by an extraordinary effort reached the thicket in safety and secreted himself, leaving the horse, bridle and saddle. The Indians did not pursue him any further than the branch and contented themselves by capturing his horse and outfit. The old gentleman saw no more of them and proceeded with all possible haste to the more dense portion of the thicket, located himself and prepared for defense the best he could, for he had no weapon except an old single barreled pistol, and he believed the Indians knew his defenseless condition and would surround and murder him. Believing his end was near he took his memorandum book and pencil and wrote his last will and testament and deposited it in the leaves, hoping that it might some day be found. Here he remained from early morning until

late in the evening, when he cautiously left the thicket and made his way home, distance several miles, on foot. I have heard Mr. Perryman relate this circumstance and he said that he loved that thicket because it had saved his life.

In the same neighborhood lived Gus Fore, a man who loved fine stock. He had a bunch of horses, including two fine race horses. He always kept one of them staked near by. The others were running on the ranch. One day he started on his fine horse to drive up his horses and took a little negro boy with him who was riding a pony. They came upon the horses unexpectedly, but they were in the possession of a bunch of Indians and Fore did not see the Indians until he was right on them and one of the Indians was riding his other fine race horse. They charged upon Fore and the negro boy at full speed. Fore and the boy beat a hasty retreat toward home, but the Indian on the race horse cut Fore off and forced him to take an opposite direction. He knew the speed of both horses and appreciated his danger. The horse he was riding had the best bottom, but the one the Indian rode was the fastest horse for a short distance, and Fore's safety consisted in keeping out of the reach of arrows till his horse could gain on the other horse. So he took a straight course. The Indian pressed him hard for a mile or two, but after that Fore left his pursurer far behind and the Indian gave up the chase and returned to his comrades. Fore often remarked that he had never feared being captured by Indians because his horses could outrun any horse the Indians had, but he had not bargained for a chase against his own horse. When the Indians first made the charge the negro boy slid from his pony and lay flat down in the high grass and the Indians passed on pursuing Mr. Fore, and paid no attention to the negro and after they left he made his way back home and reported.

The Indians generally made their arrangements to be ready to start with their drove of stolen horses within a day or two of the full moon and we always knew when to look for them. They seldom molested any of the citizens until they were ready to leave with their horses

then they killed every person they saw if they could outrun or catch them. A week or two before making their drives they would divide up into small squads, six or eight together, each one taking a route to spy out the country and find where the horses were located. They traveled in the open country during the night and located themselves on the mountains and high peaks in the day time from whence they could overlook the country and see where the horses were feeding. They had signals by which each squad could tell where the others were, provided it was a clear still evening. They always gave their signals just at sunset. It is done by taking a cow hide and closing it together in the shape of a funnel, making one end as large as the hide would permit, and the other about eight inches in diameter, then piling up a lot of loose, dry grass, setting it on fire and then putting the hide over it with the big end down. The burning grass forced the smoke through the small end of the hide with such force that it would shoot up in the air for a long distance and could be seen for many miles. Each squad gives the same signal and by that means each knows where the other is and, when their appointed time comes, and each one has meantime stolen a good horse to ride they all start out at the same time, gather up the horses they have located and all meet with their herds of stolen horses at a place previously agreed upon. We could always tell from the smoke signals when Indians were in the country. I have often stood on the public square in Gatesville and seen three or four signal smokes in different directions within a few minutes of each other. This was a sure indication that the Indians were preparing to make a drive on or about the full moon, and it was sufficient warning to those who were acquainted with the Indian tactics to keep a sharp look out about that time and not to expose themselves by careless traveling over the country—as many did, and thereby lost their lives.

What I have said in regard to Indian depredations in Coryell and adjoining counties applies equally to all the Western frontier of the United States from

the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the earliest merchants in Gatesville were R. G. Grant, T. H. Robertson, and Friley and Chrisman (a firm composed of Jas. R. Saunders and this writer). In 1859 the leading merchants were John Carnes and Shipp Carnes and Saunders and Wilkerson (a firm composed of Jas. R. Saunders and W. W. Wilkerson) and Girard and Norris (a firm composed of Thomas Girard and Col. J. M. Norris.)

Among the early settlers of the county I remember a good many names, but not all. Of those who lived at Fort Gates before the County site was located I remember Hugh Sheridan, old man Carson, Burrell Hood and family, Thomas Caulfield, L. M. Robertson, J. L. Montgomery, Sol Friley, T. B. Pollard and family Leroy H. Allen and wife, O. T. Tyler, Robert Childers and others. At and before the organization of the county there were living elsewhere in the county, R. G. Grant, B. W. Hammack, D. A. Hammack, George Adams, W. W. Hammack, J. A. Haynes, Wiley Wilkey, Anderson Arrowwood, B. W. Hunnicut, Sam Padget, George Coop, Asa Langford, the Pideoke boys, Moreheld, Alford, Able Tipton and Elam who was murdered by the Indians, Lemuel Murrell, Hugh Bailey, Sam Friend, George W. Haley, the Mussets, Larges, Lathams, Chandlers, Perryman, Thompsons, Darnels, Everetts, John Potter, D. Gray, Rev. J. H. Collard and many others.

Life of Ben Thompson.

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Miss Ann Whitney, the Frontier Heroine

THE SCHOOL children of Hamilton county have marked the last resting place of Ann Whitney, frontier school teacher, who was murdered by the Comanche Indians, with a monument commemorating her heroism in giving her life to save the children of the Warlene Valley school. Each year the children of Hamilton county pay tribute to this frontier teacher by caring for the grave and placing flowers around the monument erected to her memory.

At 1 p. m. Thursday, July 11, 1867, Ann Whitney rang her bell to call the children from their play into the little log school house on the brink of the Leon river, overlooking the beautiful Warlene valley. An hour later the daughter of Alex Powers, while standing at the door of the schoolroom, saw a number of men whom she took to be Indians, coming down the valley. Miss Whitney insisted that the men must be cowmen from a nearby ranch who were expected by the school that day, and insisted that all children take their sets.

The Powers girl was not satisfied, and between the logs of the school building continued to peep through the cracks until she was quite sure the men were Indians. Then she sprang from her seat, took her little brother by the hand and crawled through the back window to escape. By this time the Indians had reached a tree some 300 yards in front of the school house where Miss Whitney's saddle horse was tied, and had stopped as though they merely wanted to steal the horse.

Miss Whitney closed the door and bade the children escape through the window and into the brush in the river bed below. All of the children succeeded in getting through the window and into the brush or under the house except Lewis Manning and his little sister, who was sick, and John Kuykendall and his sister. In a few minutes the Indians had surrounded the log house and one of their number, a red-headed man, spoke up in English, "Damn you, we have you now!"

Although she read her fate in the

bloodthirsty eyes and hideous, painted faces of these savages, Ann Whitney did not lose her presence of mind. While the murderous gang had their arrows aimed at this heroic woman awaiting orders to shoot, she was pleading with them to kill her, but to let the children alone. The first volley of arrows fired through the cracks of the logs of the house filled her body with wounds, but she kept walking from one side of the house to the other pleading with the Indians to save her school children. Failing in their attempts to bring their victim to an end by shooting through the cracks of the building, all of the Indians gathered around the door of the house to force an entry into the building; and while they were thus engaged Ann Whitney mustered the last ounce of her fast failing strength in helping the two girls out the back window and getting the boys under the house through a loose plank in the floor. When the Indians battered the door down and entered the building, Ann Whitney's body obstructed the doorway, but her spirit had gone on to the home of heroes and heroines.

One of the Indians stepped on the loose plank in the floor, raised the plank and dragged out John Kuykendall and Lewis Manning. The red-headed leader asked the boys if they wanted to go with them, whereupon John Kuykendall, through fright, said he did, but Lewis Manning told him "No!" The leader, angered by Lewis Manning's reply, cursed him and stripped him of his clothes, including a new pair of red-top boots that Lewis had been displaying so vainly since his return from town the previous Saturday. As the clothes were all removed, Lewis dashed out the door to safety in the river bed, with an Indian pursuing for a short distance.

Aside from the scare, which his pals claim turned his hair white (a thing Lewis will not admit), Lewis Manning was none the worse for the experience, and remains alive today at his home in Fort Worth.

A few minutes later Miss Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law rode into the valley. They saw two men riding to

meet them as they neared the school, and perceived that the men were Indians. Miss Howard, riding a wild horse, had some difficulty getting her mount turned from his course and was almost caught before she succeeded under whip and lash in getting the horse in a run toward the Bagget home a mile away.

Approaching the fence to the Bagget ranch with the Indians in hot pursuit, Miss Howard saw that her only hope of escape was in forcing her horse to jump the fence, which he did in one clear leap. Her sister-in-law, however, did not succeed so well, but, being thrown across the fence as the horse suddenly stopped, made her way to the house in safety.

Miss Howard immediately began making plans to notify the settlers across the river of the presence of the Indians at the school. To reach the settlements it was necessary for her to gain access to a crossing near the school building, from which the Indians might easily cut her off. But no time was to be lost in taking into consideration any personal danger; with grim determination she reined her half-wild mount in the direction of the crossing on the river; the Indians saw her and with blood-curdling yells dashed forward, bent on staying her course. By ten rods this young heroine of 17 years succeeded in gaining the crossing and was soon in the settlements.

The Comanches immediately made their way out of the valley, taking John Kuykendall with them. On their way out they met a Mr. Stangline and family, killed Stangline and shot his wife, but she recovered.

Amanda Howard soon notified all of the families in the settlements, and by nightfall a posse was formed to follow the Indians, but abandoned the chase after a pursuit of 100 miles.

Two years after the above incident the mother of Tom C. Pierson, present tax assessor of Hamilton county, and of J. G. W. Pierson, who led the posse in pursuit of the Indians, saw advertised for sale a boy who had been bought from Indians in Kansas. From the description given, Mrs. Pierson felt sure the boy was John Kuykendall and so notified the Kuykendall family. Isaac Kuykendall, brother of John, made his way to

Kansas, found his brother, paid the purchase price and returned home.

John had forgotten his name, and had almost forgotten the English language, but he recognized his brother and the family on his return home. He told of the hardships he endured when the Indians carried him away, how they kept his feet tied under a horse for several days, how he suffered from hunger, and how he was brought food by the red-headed man just before he was completely exhausted. The posse in pursuit of the Indians was seen by John at one time, whereupon the Indians scattered, leaving him with one Indian, who led his horse for several days.

The following letter, which is self-explanatory, was received from J. E. McDowell, of McLouth, Kansas, and if there be an old timer now living in this country who has any information that would be helpful to Jim, we hope he will send it to him and maybe when the real story is written, we may be favored with a copy for the benefit of our readers. Mr. McDowell says: "I am sending you a story about the notorious Bender family of Kansas, printed in Kansas City, Mo. Star. On page 10, marked sentence, you will note that the story says that John Bender, notorious murderer, died in Amarillo, Texas, in 1925. The story of the Benders has been told many times, and in many tongues; hundreds of yarns (purest fiction) have appeared in print. Now for the last several years I have been gathering information, and intend to write a truthful, reliable, historical account, to be printed in a forthcoming volume of the Kansas State Historical Society. There is no money in it for me—simply a desire to put the true story of the Benders on record, to hand down to posterity the facts—instead of lies. In all probability the statement that John Bender died in Amarillo, Texas, in 1925, is only a piece of fiction. However, I wish you would call to the attention of the readers of the Panhandle Weekly this statement. Perhaps if John Bender, much-wanted murderer, really did in Amarillo a couple of years ago, some of these readers may know something about it."—Southwest Plainsman, Amarillo, Texas.

Two Early Day Letters

Portland (Mo.) Eastern Argus, January 2, 1911

The writer of the following letters was a native of Limerick, Maine, and was educated at Limerick Academy. He was but a young man at the time of his career in Texas, the date of his birth being Aug. 5, 1808, which made him 27 when the first letter was written. He was well equipped to participate in the martial enterprise of the citizens of Texas for the establishment of a Republic, as when he left his native State in quest of fortune he held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the State militia, of which his father was Major General. The first of young McDonald's two letters follows:

Prison House, Columbia, Tex., July 19 1836.—My Dear Brother: No doubt my long silence caused anxious feelings with you and the balance of my friends at home. My situation has been such it was utterly impossible for me to give you any information concerning myself. After arriving in this country I joined myself with the army of Texas and was soon ordered on the frontier of the country. In this situation I was so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner by the Mexican Army with seventy-five others of my unfortunate countrymen. — Our captors marched us to Goliad, where we found a large number of other prisoners that had been taken a few days previous to our surrender. We had not been in this situation many days before orders arrived for all prisoners at Goliad to be shot, but through the humanity of the officer commanding this garrison we (I mean the battalion under the command of W. P. Miller) were spared by his disobeying the above order, while 415 of my fellow-countrymen were executed at sunrise on Sunday, March 27. This was an awful day to me; never shall I forget it or the night previous. I thought of home, how my friends would receive the news of a brother being executed in a strange land as a pirate; but through the goodness of God I was spared, but was still kept a prisoner of war until the 19th of May, when with twenty-five others we made our escape by seizing the guard placed over

us and disarming them. The balance of the prisoners could have escaped also if they had made the attempt, but, poor fellows, they let the opportunity pass without effecting their object. Where they now are I am unable to say, probably made slaves of here this in Mexico. After getting clear of danger of the Mexicans we made all possible speed to the Texan Army, which we labored under a good deal of discouraging circumstances; we were ignorant of the situation of our own army; we also had to pass through a country full of Indians that were enemies to us; we were without arms, without provision, and were obliged to subsist on grass and nuts that we found in the woods. We, however, reached the army on the 25th of May, seven days after our escape from the enemies' prison. Thus you will perceive that a soldier's life is not so pleasant at such times.

After joining the army again I was elected a Captain of a volunteer company composed principally of those who made their escape with me. I was then in a few days ordered to this place to take charge of Gen. Santa Anna, who is our prisoner. Since having this important personage entrusted to my keeping I have not had time to write you or even think of home; such is the excitement against Gen. Santa Anna the inhabitants of the country are determined that he shall never leave Texas alive; therefore it requires every attention for his safe keeping. Since I have had charge of him there have been two attempts to kill, but without success.

I have just received orders to take to the army Gen. Santa Anna, for a purpose I do not know, but am fearful that it is for no good. My health is good. Your affectionate brother.

ABNER S. McDONALD.

The young man served with distinction throughout the entire war, and after the restoration of peace and the realization of Texas' ambition to be free and untrammelled, he figured prominently in the Republic's affairs, being a member of the Legislature; one of its

jurists and Chief Executive of his own local community. For his services in the war he was granted a tract of land, and with this as his capital he started in to accumulate a competency. But his first important venture proved a failure—as he relates in this subsequent letter home, which, you will note, was written a year and some months later than the first:

New Columbia, March 11, 1838.—Bro. John: Yours and Sister Miriam's letters were duly received and with pleasure I hear of the good health of friends at home. I have just returned from a long and tedious tour to San Antonio de Bexar with good health, but rather low spirits. I have not had the success which I anticipated, owing to the false reports that the Mexicans were about to make another invasion upon Texas. The same report has gone its rounds through the papers of the United States, which you probably have seen. To give you a full account of my journey to San Antonio would be more than would justify the contents of one letter. I will therefore give you the most prominent incidents that occurred. I left this place in November last with \$4500 worth of goods, of different kinds for the Mexican trade. I had not proceeded but six days before I met the above report of the Mexican invasion. I immediately changed my course for the timberland where I secreted my goods in the woods and left them in charge of a part of my men whom I had employed to assist me on my intended journey. I then mounted my horse in company with two other men for the purpose of ascertaining the correctness of said report. After scouring the country for nearly two weeks, we could not gain any information that could be relied upon. I determined to return back to the place and wait for the event. When I returned to where my goods were secreted, what was my surprise to find that my men that I left to take care of my property had not only deserted them, but had broken open my trunks and boxes and stolen some of the most valuable articles I had. It now being winter, the cold northern winds had driven my oxen into the bottom and my goods were exposed to all the wet weather, which damaged them greatly.

What to do I did not know—my goods exposed and spoiling, my oxen lost in the bottom, and myself nearly worried out from fatigue, etc., and about sixty miles from the American settlement. I however came into the settlement and employed some teams to take what property I had left back to this place.

My loss will be considerable. I can not tell the amount until I find sale for balance of my goods, which, nearly all of them, are damaged more or less. The foundation of the report is this: About 400 of the Mexican cavalry had come over the Rio Grande for the purpose of driving off the property of Mexican citizens in Texas. Thus we see the uncertainty of things in this world: six months ago my prospects were good, but now the scale has turned. I am now determined as soon as I get through with my present difficulties to quit this roving and speculating business. It is true if I could have been fortunate enough to have got to San Antonio with the amount of goods that I had at the time, I could have returned home to my friends and lived the balance of my days with ease.

I attended a Sabbath school meet a few weeks since at the Capitol in Houston. The meeting was well attended and was addressed by Gen. Thomas J. Rusk, late commander of Texan Army, and also by Dr. Rouse, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Both of these gentlemen are leading characters in Texas and take a very active part in organizing said school. There are also three houses of worship now erecting within the Republic. This speaks volumes in favor of Texas. I believe the day will soon arrive when we shall not only have Sabbath schools and houses of worship, but a population that fears the Lord.

Your aff't Bro.,

ABNER S. McDONALD.

The young man continued his connection with the military department of the Republic of Texas, and at the time of his death in 1842 was in command of a force on the frontier with the rank of Colonel. His death was accidental, a spent ball which a soldier had discharged at a steer inflicting a mortal wound in the person of the unhappy fellow's commander.

Mrs. Holmsley Went Up the Chisholm Trail

D. K. Doyle, in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, March 17, 1927

Going up the Chisholm Trail with the cowboys and herds of cattle in the seventies.

Traversing the extensive, unpeopled stretches of country between the cattle ranges of Texas and the shipping points in Kansas when San Angelo was merely Concho Post and other flourishing towns of West Texas were as yet without beginning.

Meeting Indians and shooting buffalo on the way.

Traveling for miles where there were no signs of habitation and sometimes blazing new trails.

Interesting experiences to be recalled by any man.

But it isn't a man; it's a woman.

Mrs. Minta Holmsley of Comanche is among those pioneers who recall with fond reminiscences that they "went up the trail." So far as she knows there are only two women who can claim this distinction. The other is Mrs. Amanda Burks of Cotulla, vice president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association, and generally known as the "Queen of the trail."

Mrs. Holmsley's husband, Captain James M. Holmsley, who died in 1882, was a very prominent cattleman and merchant in West Texas in the early days and the firm of Kingsberry & Holmsley made immense shipments of cattle.

On two of the trips Mrs. Holmsley accompanied her husband when the cattle were being driven to Kansas. One of them was over the old Chisholm Trail, but the other was over a new route and a large part of the time was spent in a buggy with her husband, ahead of the outfit, selecting the route over which they were to come.

On the drive which she speaks of, the cattle were divided in to four herds with 2,200 head in each herd. There were five cooks along, and several bosses, a bookkeeper and the cowboys bringing the total number in the party to about 100. It was an interesting phase of pioneer life, never again to be duplicated.

While it was a pioneer life it was not

so "primitive" in the sense that the term is so generally used, for on the trip over the Chisholm Trail, excepting such time as she chose to ride a cow pony, Mrs. Holmsley traveled in a \$1,700 carriage that her husband had bought for her.

"And what was the big result of these trips?" Aunt Minta asks. "Why to get my name in a medical journal in Kansas City," she answers her own question, since she knows you would never guess it.

"One of the cooks went into the woods," she explains, "and got poisoned with poison oak. He was in a bad condition, with his whole body swollen from the poisoning. I went into the medicine box that was carried along with the outfit and got out the medicines that we had. I reasoned that cream of tartar was cooling, that sulphur would purify the blood and that salts would carry off the poison from the system. So I worked well together a mixture of cream of tartar, sulphur and salts and began to administer it. He showed improvement after the first dose and was soon well."

Going to Kansas City at the end of this trip, Mrs. Holmsley visited in the home of a doctor and his wife and there related her experience with her patient. That night the doctor attended a meeting of the medical society and the next she knew of it was to read in the medical journal, much to her surprise, an account of her prescription and how it was originated.

She later used the same prescription with fine results when she found a poison oak victim when visiting in Fort Worth, she states with some pride.

On the latter of their trips, which was in 1877, when Capt. and Mrs. Holmsley were in advance of the outfit in their buggy one day, they saw, as they thought, Indians approaching them. Captain Holmsley raised his hat above his head in a signal which his men understood to mean "come and come quick." The cowboys left their herds and came on the run, arriving in a few

minutes, but not before the couple had been faced by two men, one of whom they recognized, in an Indian disguise, as John Wesley Hardin, who had been widely known as a desperado and who was then under indictment in Comanche County for murder.

Hardin and his companion fled before the cowboys arrived, Mrs. Holmsley states, and Capt. Holmsley detailed a couple of men to follow them and report on their movements. They were traced to a railroad station and this eventually led to Hardin's capture in the same year in Florida.

But if these were only disguised as Indians, real Indians were to be met with just a little bit later, though still not such as to molest the party. Just about this time, says Mrs. Holmsley, they met with a band of several hundred unarmed Sioux Indians, some of those who at an earlier period fought with Sitting Bull when Custer was killed and who were then being taken to a reservation in the Indian Territory.

Robert T. Hill, now one of the prominent American geologists went with the Kingsberry & Holmsley outfit on this trip. Hill was then starting away to school. He had been working in a printing office in Comanche and was known as "the rock boy," since he spent his spare time in the hills examining the geological specimens of the country, and brought back many rocks to the printing office with him. "He had a pile of rocks as big as that bed and as high as the table," said Mrs. Holmsley, recalling these reminiscences a few days ago. Hill wanted to go away to school and Capt. Holmsley encouraged him in the project, arranging for him to make the trip into Kansas with the cattle outfit as the beginning of his journey to school.

One day some grazing buffalo were sighted at a distance and Capt. Holmsley and some of the others decided to go buffalo shooting. Mrs. Holmsley spoke of going, too, and Hill told her to get on his pony and throw a blanket over the saddle and Mrs. Holmsley mounted. "We rode sideways then because we didn't have any better sense," is an explanation interpolated by Aunt Minta at this point.

They rode toward the buffalo, undiscovered by them until they approached near enough to make a run upon them. Mrs. Holmsley was riding just behind the men, and just as spurs were put to the horses for the dash toward the buffalo her pony ran into a deep buffalo trail, or rut, throwing the pony down and hurling the rider violently to the ground. She got up, remounted her pony and returned to camp, saying nothing there of what had happened. Her husband and the other men, intent upon their attack on the buffalo, had not seen the accident, nor noted her absence until she was well on her way back to camp. When they came back they asked her what was the matter and she told them she had a headache. "And that was the truth," she says, "for I certainly did have a headache when I got up from that fall." But she took care during the next few days that no one should see how her arm was bruised black and blue, and she never did tell her husband nor Hill nor any one of the rest of them of the tumble that she and the pony had.

If action, near tragedy, suspense and a happy ending are the elements that make up a successful story, here they are found to be ready for some writer in the last incident to be related concerning Mrs. Holmsley and the trips up the pioneer trails.

Arriving at Ellis, Kan., the steers for the markets had been placed in the cornfields of the country and kept there until the winter. Mrs. Holmsley was at Ellis and Messrs. Holmsley and Kingsberry had gone to Kansas City, St. Louis or other points on business.

There was a ball one night at the hotel where Mrs. Holmsley was staying, and there was a deep snow outside. "I was on the ballroom floor," she relates, "with all my finest finery on, when a telegram for Kingsberry & Holmsley was brought to me. It was from a commission firm in Chicago, asking that the best steers be shipped at once, intimating that top prices could be gotten for them then, but that the market might be down soon. I didn't know where to find either Messrs. Kingsberry or Holmsley, but I thought it was time for action."

So, leaving the ballroom, out into the

snow she went to find the railroad agent and arrange for cars. Then to a livery stable to get a buggy and make a twenty two mile drive to the cornstalk fields where the cattle were, to arouse the foreman and get him into action for the shipment. Returning to town, having made an all night job of her task, she looked after the sanding of the cars. Before a great while the several cars of cattle were on their way to Chicago.

Two or three days later Messrs. Holmsley and Kingsberry returned and simultaneously with their arrival came the news of the great break in the cattle market. "You have ruined us! You have ruined us!" they exclaimed when informed what the young Mrs. Holmsley had done.

They were the picture of gloom. "They were the bluest looking men I ever saw,"

says Mrs. Holmsley, "and I stood there with them in the hotel feeling bluer than they looked for I certainly didn't want to ruin them."

While they were standing there a messenger boy came in with a telegram for Mrs. Holmsley. The telegram was from the commission firm, congratulating her on having made one of the biggest and best sales that had been made in Chicago. The sale was consummated two days before the market broke. If the "Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling" artist had been at work then he would have had the best subject that has ever been his lot to work into a picture.

Mrs. Holmsley still lives in Comanche in the home that was built by her husband over fifty years ago, some six or seven years before his death.

Spur Revives Memories of Brushy Creek Battle

Kate Holland Makemson, in Austin American-Statesman, November 27, 1926

THERE has been a marked revival of interest in the history of this section, and especially of Williamson county, which was the scene of many incidents of historic importance connected with the early days of Texas.

An old rust-eaten spur of Spanish design found in a field a few miles south of Taylor has recalled the battle of Brushy creek, which took place at that point in 1839 between a little band of valorous pioneers and a horde of Comanche Indians variously estimated at from 200 to 300, who had previously made an attack on settlers in the Colorado valley, killing men and women and carrying children away into captivity.

Under the leadership of Captain Jacob Burleson, the Indians were followed by a posse to a point near Brushy creek, south of the present location of Taylor, where an engagement took place.

It was in a field on this site that the old spur was unearthed, and it is thought probable that it was worn by one of the Comanches, who, no doubt, had come into possession of it after murdering the owner, or possibly after giving a promise that he would assist in exterminat-

ing the white settlers in Texas. The relic has been examined by a number of old citizens, some of whom remembered when spurs of that type were used in this country, especially by Mexicans.

The spur is of wrought iron, hand made, and of immense size as compared with those of later date, the shank being four and a half inches long, and the rowel measuring four inches in diameter. The heelpiece, however, is quite small and entirely too narrow for the average American foot. This spur is for the right foot, as the outside of the heel bears evidence of having been highly ornamented with bells, bangles and other filigree work. It was surely an instrument of torture, and it is a matter of satisfaction that even its successors of more modern design for cruelty to animals have practically gone out of use.

Brushy battlefield, where the old spur was found, was recently marked with a granite slab erected by school children of Williamson county under the leadership of Miss Martha Emmons, teacher of history in the Taylor public school.

Captain Jacob Burleson was killed in the first engagement of this fight, as were Edward Blakey, John Walters and

the Rev. James Gilliland, the citizens of the settlements on the Colorado river between Bastrop and Austin, then mostly in Bastrop, now in Travis county.

It was in 1839 that the Comanches made a raid on these pioneer homes, killing Mrs. Coleman and her son, Albert, and capturing a little son of 5 years. They plundered the home of Dr. J. W. Robertson, nearby, the family being absent, and carried into captivity several of his negro slaves.

Information of the massacre spread throughout the settlements, and Captain Jesse Billingsley, a San Jacinto hero, and Captain Jacob Burleson collected about 50 men and started in pursuit of the savages, whom they overtook the next day two and three miles north of Brushy creek. The white men far outnumbered by the Indians, were repulsed in the fight that followed and were forced to retire, leaving their brave leader, Captain Jacob Burleson, dead and his body at the mercy of the savages.

This disaster, according to Wilbarger in his "Indian Depredations," was attributable to "the flinching of a few men which threw the whole command into confusion, resulting in our inglorious run from the field."

On reaching Brushy creek, south of where the conflict occurred, the little band of white men rallied and held a conference, planning to return to the attack. At this juncture General Ed Burleson arrived with reinforcements, increasing the Texans to 84 men. The Comanches had taken position in a ravine with high banks in front, and it was impossible for the settlers to drive them out, even with the supplementary forces brought by General Ed Burleson. The fighting continued until stopped by darkness, the settlers having lost four of their much-needed men.

During the night the Comanches withdrew, having sustained heavy losses, judging from the blood-curdling wails over their dead. Wilbarger says "the Comanches put up the most distressing cries and bitter lamentations ever uttered by mortal lips or heard by mortal ears, leaving us in possession of the field." The settlers were unsuccessful in rescuing the prisoners taken by the Comanches.

Wilbarger says that Jacob Burleson was killed in this battle, but makes no mention of Jonathan Burleson being in the fight. Noah Smithwick, who was personally acquainted with practically every man in this section at that time, also states in his book, "Evolution of a State," that Jacob Burleson was killed in the first skirmish of this battle. John Henry Brown, in his "History of Texas," says that the three Burleson brothers were in the Brushy fight, and that it was Jonathan Burleson who was killed in the first engagement before General Ed Burleson and his company joined the force.

General Ed Burleson, who was given full command of the company because of his superior ability and experience, was the great-grandfather of Hon. Albert S. Burleson, many years in Congress from this district and a member of the cabinet of President Woodrow Wilson, and Captain Jacob Burleson and Jonathan Burleson were his great uncles. General Ed Burleson was at that time a member of the Third congress of the Republic of Texas. He had just returned from its session at Houston when, hearing of the Indian raid and massacre of the settlers, he raised a company of men and started in pursuit of the Comanches.

Captain Jesse Billingsley, who took part in the fight, commanded Company C in General Burleson's First Texas Volunteers in the battle of San Jacinto. Edward Blakey, one of the four men killed, was a brother of Lemue. Blakey who was killed at San Jacinto. The Rev. James Gilliland, also one of the four, was a Methodist preacher of considerable note in this section at that time, and like other ministers of the gospel in pioneer times, could fight with other weapons than the Scriptures and on other fields than the pulpit, for the protection of his neighbors and their homes. The Rev. James Gilliland, great-nephew and namesake of the Indian fighter, and himself a Methodist preacher, has been an honored citizen of Georgetown for a number of years.

At the time the battle of Brushy was fought Williamson county was not organized, this territory being a part of Milam county. The location where the battle was fought has been in cultivation

many years, and there was nothing to tell the story of the tragedy enacted there until the granite slab was placed to mark the place. All who took part in the conflict are long since dead, but the finding of the old spur revived memories of those who were the main actors in the tragedy and also in various other Indian fights that occurred in this sec-

tion about 80 years ago.

Wilbarger mentions one other, John Walters, who was killed in the Brushy fight and adds: "I have been thus particular in mentioning the names of those who fell in the day's conflict, that their names may be enrolled high up in the temple of Texas liberty, and find a niche in the hearts of an appreciative people."

Harrowing Experience of Mrs. Kirby

Houston Chronicle, January 27, 1924

Indians in 1871 killed the husband and two children of Mrs. E. K. Kirby, 76-year-old resident, living with her daughter 20 miles north of Uvalde. Although Mrs. Kirby remembers vividly the details of the Indian raid, it is only upon rare occasions that she can be induced to talk about the killing of her three loved ones, the wounding of her 18-month-old babe, Joel; the kidnaping of her little girl, and the fearful pain in her shoulder as she jumped from a 20-foot bluff to escape the Indians who had shot her in the shoulder and were intent upon scalping her. Mrs. Kirby was then Mrs. Terry.

The horror of the toll of life taken by the Indians has remained with the pioneer woman. She married again several years after the raid, and she has tried to make the best of life. Every calamity seems small when compared to the disaster which cost her so much, she declares.

"Just because the crops fail, or the cattle die, is no reason for any one to be discontented. People of today should be happy and content because they can live in peace and security, and because they are not forever cursed with the dread of an Indian raid," said Mrs. Kirby.

"We were living in a tent located on a small hill about a half mile from Center Point, and had been there about a month before the Indian raid," said Mrs. Kirby. "My husband, Mr. Terry, was cutting timber to build us a home. One afternoon in January, while he was shaving shingles about 200 yards from our tent, he called me to bring him some tobacco. I started with it, but when I

was half way to him, Indians rushed out of the brush and shot him.

"I turned and ran toward my children, who were in the tent. However, the Indians reached the children before I did. They pierced Carrol, my 3-year-old boy, with a lance, and crushed the life from my 6-weeks-old baby with a rock. I became crazed with fright and jumped from the bluff back of the tent, thinking that I would die with my family and cheat the Indians. One of the Indians' bullets struck me in the shoulder. Later I counted nine bullet holes in my dress."

The jump from the bluff, by some miracle, failed to seriously injure the fear-crazed woman. She made her way to the home of a neighbor, and gave the alarm. A party of men set out immediately for the scene of the murders. The Indians were gone, and had taken with them the little girl, Martha. Joel, 18-months-old child, was found alive in the tent. He was rushed to his mother and her care had much to do with the saving of his life. Joel is now living on a ranch 10 miles north of Leakey, in Real County.

A company of heavily-armed men set out, hoping to recover the stolen girl and exact vengeance for their bloody crimes. The pursuers learned that the Indians had also captured Jack Hardy, a negro boy of the Center Point community. Riley Van Pelt, who lives in the neighborhood of Rio Frio, while then only a small boy, remembers the incident and relates the story of the pursuit. The little girl was brought to his house, where she remained until the men could rest sufficiently to take her home.

"Hardy, the negro boy, who was also captured by these Indians, used to live at Center Point, and he has told me about the raid. He said that he saw Mrs. Kirby jump from the bluff and he thought that she could not possibly live. When the Indians neared the Rio Frio settlement, and John Patterson, were in with two Indian guards to herd the stolen horses on a hill, while the others went down into the valley after more horses. Hardy succeeded in slipping away from his guards while they were interested in watching their companions below.

"While crawling through the brush, Hardy said that he heard the crackling of a twig, and, prepared to see one of his captors, he looked up into the satisfied countenance of an old milk cow," continued Van Pelt. "He succeeded in reaching some men below in the field, who organized a searching party and overtook the redskins."

Bill Pruitt, who lived near the Leakey Settlement, and John Patterson, were in the party of white settlers who overtook the Indians, and both glimpsed the girl at the same time. Both started after the Indian behind whom the captive was riding, and pressed him so closely that he knocked the little girl off as he abandoned his horse and plunged into the brush. After securing the girl, the men followed the redskins some distance, but found only a trail of blood, and a bloody blanket, filled with bullet holes.

The girl was kept at the Van Pelt place for several days, and, since the general belief among the settlers was that the mother had been killed, she was taken by one of the men, whose intention it was to adopt her.

"The raid occurred in January," said Mrs. Kirby, "and I did not get my daughter back until some time in April. People living near Rio Frio thought the negro boy knew what he was talking about when he told them I was dead, so they would not give my little girl to me at first. She was with the Indians eight days, and people who helped to capture her kept her for the rest of the time until she was returned to me."

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Early Settler in Haskell County.

Mr. W. E. Sherrill, of Haskell, Texas, writes Frontier Times an interesting letter in which he says:

"The bundle of back numbers of Frontier Times arrived in due time, and I have read them with much pleasure; I only regret that the series is incomplete. Many of the incidents recorded in them as having occurred within the last 50 years, seem almost as vivid as though I had only heard or read of them yesterday; the capture of John Wesley Hardin and the killing of Sam Bass, Billie the Kid and Ben Thompson, as well as outlaws of less notoriety, taking place as they did when I was only a lad impressed themselves on my memory indelibly. The killing of Sam Bass took place only about 75 miles from where I was living, and I heard the news on a Sunday morning, I suppose it was the following Sunday after it occurred; Hardin's "stamping ground" was only a short distance away, and the news of his capture seemed incredible. Shortly before either of these occurrences, Capt Lee Hall visited my father, and I am sure my mouth and eyes were wide open as I listened to some of his experiences on the Ranger force. Moving to Taylor a few years later, I was near enough to Ben Thompson's home town of Austin to hear of his outlawry almost immediately after any new offense was committed. I came to this (Haskell) county 37 years ago, five years after its organization, at which time it was almost entirely open range. Only a few years had elapsed since the buffalo hunters had made the big killing around here, and bones were still being hauled off by the freighters; many of the old horns were scattered around, being particularly plentiful some six or eight miles north of town, where J. Wright Mooar later told me they had made their camp during the winter of 1875-76. Most of the horns were too badly weatherbeaten to dress nicely, but I managed to save 12 or 15 which I now prize very much."

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, Send to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

McCulloch County of Fifty-two Years Ago

D. H. Henderson in Brady (Texas) Standard, January 29, 1927



McCULLOCH county, or at least this part of the county, as it was fifty-two years ago (or lasting just a few months of being fifty-two years) since I first saw it.

That seems like a long time—and it really is a long time.

In 1874 my father and family came to McCulloch county from Louisiana in ox-drawn wagons, in company with his three son-in-laws, T. S. Wood and family, C. C. Turner and family, and G. W. Roberts and family. We stopped on the San Saba river for a month or so. The river was full of fish—big cat fish. It was no trouble at all to catch all one could carry in an hour or so—big cat fish, two or three feet long. They were so thick you could see hundreds of them at one sight in small holes. At night the wild turkeys would come in on the river to roost by the hundreds. The trees would be black with them.

I have seen as many as thirty deer in one drove; the whole country was full of wild cattle and wolves; the mesquite grass was solid over the ground half knee-high where it grew; other kinds of grass—lots of it—was as high as a man's head. There were lots of antelope; they ranged mostly in the open part of the country; they did not like the brushy parts of the country.

There were only a few settlers here, and no farming—only a few small patches in cultivation, with fences made of brush mostly. The whole country was wide open and free-for-all. Land had no value; there was lots of public land and a man could preempt 160 acres.

The settlers who were here in '74, when we came, were as follows: M. Spiller and family, Jack Davis and family, Cal Davis and family. These lived on and near the river. Dan Wills lived some three or four miles from the Davis and Spiller settlement. Some six or eight miles farther up Lost Creek and where Fredonia now is, lived James Williams and family, and his son, Tobe Williams and family. Some six or seven

miles from the Williams settlement and about this distance from the Davis settlement was the Latham settlement, just over in San Saba county. This settlement consisted of four families—Jack Latham and family, John Latham and family, Lawrence Hayes and family and the widow Couch. Jack Latham and Lawrence Hayes were sons-in-law of Mrs. Couch. Her husband had been killed by the Indians a year or so before our arrival.

The Davis families have been gone a long time; Dan Wills has been gone a long time; of the Spiller family there remains still in this county, T. J., J. L., Wade, George, Will and Jim. Of the Williams family, only Charley and Sime and Mrs. D. D. Willis remain of a family of seven. Of the Lawrence Hayes family, Mrs. Hayes and three sons, Ab, John and Dick, and two daughters, Mrs. John Capps and Miss Dollie. Of the Latham family of the old stock, only Tom and Riley are left.

Up the river, near where Voca is, was the Miller settlement. These were F. M. Miller, Harvie Miller and Bill Miller. Bill Miller was the one who had the Indian fight near the mouth of Brady Creek, and who was so badly butchered by the Indians and so narrowly escaped his life.

A short time before the Miller-Indian fight at the mouth of Brady Creek, the Miller boys were working in the field (then the largest field probably in McCulloch county—it consisted of about forty acres), when a dozen or twenty Indians came upon them and started the battle from the brush near by. The Miller boys had left their guns at the house, except for their side arms, and while running towards the house and fighting the Indians with their pistols they were met on the open field of battle by Mrs. Bill Miller with the men's guns. In this fight one Indian was killed. The Indians carried their dead comrade away. Several years later an Indian grave was found a mile or so down the river.

Mrs. Bill Miller told the writer, many

years after the incident happened, of meeting the Miller boys with the guns in the midst of the raging battle, and said she stood in the hot blood of the dead savage.

One would receive a medal now for such deeds of bravery.

Of the Miller families still here are Mrs. G. A. Spiller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Miller, and Mrs. W. C. Deans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Miller.

Only one Indian raid occurred in this immediate section after '74; that was in the Spring of '75 when two men were killed and their horses taken off.

Austin was the nearest railroad point. From there all goods and heavy freight was hauled by wagon. A few years later Round Rock was the trading point. The writer accompanied Dick Kiser's big ox teams that brought the lumber from Round Rock to build the Melvin ranch house.

All conveyance was by horse or ox-drawn wagons. Schools there were none to speak of. There was an old vacated log house and the settlers would employ some kind of a teacher for about three months in the year.

Yes, and there is Anthony Conner—I had almost forgotten him. He lived almost in the center of these other settlements. Conner left here, I think it was in '75. His family consisted of himself wife, three sons and two daughters. They were the most excitable people I ever saw. They were so afraid of Indians. When they left here they went to, or near, Silver City, New Mexico, and I heard afterwards that the old man and two of his sons were killed by Indians.

The old settlers were the friendliest people and the biggest-hearted people I think there were in the world. At least they showed themselves to be that to us newcomers. When one of them butchered a beef or porker, instead of sending us a few messes, it was a whole quarter—and they would take no pay.

I remembered the good old camp-meetings. The people would come from quite a distance and camp on the ground and someone who had plenty of cattle would go out, kill a beef and bring it on the camp ground and hang it up and holler out "Beef! Everybody help

yourselves." When that was gone, someone else would bring in another one. It seemed they enjoyed life to the fullest extent.

Well Known Trail Driver Dead.

John Albert Miller, aged 75, died at his home near Bandera, Texas, May 22, after a brief illness. Mr. Miller was a well known trail driver, and was an enthusiastic member of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and was a tireless



J. A. Miller

worker for the monument to be erected as a memorial to the early day cowboys. He was a true type of the old West Texas cowman, big-hearted, generous, and loyal to his friends, and in his passing Texas loses one of her best citizens.

Mr. Miller was born in San Antonio, Texas, September 10, 1851, and grew to manhood there. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Miller, located in that city some time during the year 1848. On February 26, 1878, Mr. Miller was happily married to Miss Jennie C. Davenport, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Davenport, pioneer settlers of the Cibola region, 16 miles northeast of San Antonio.

With his family Mr. Miller moved to Bandera in 1883 to occupy the John James ranch of 2,500 acres, which he had purchased, and engaged in the cattle business.

He is survived by his wife, Mr. Jennie Miller, one daughter, Miss Minnie Miller of Bandera; one brother, George C. Miller of Brewster county, and one sister, Mrs. Julia Meyer of Belton, Texas.

Pension the Indian Fighters

There are many old Indian fighters living in Texas and elsewhere who should receive pensions under the provisions of the new pension law, approved March 3rd, 1927. For the information of these old rangers and frontiersmen we publish below the full text of the bill as passed by Congress. Many of these old Indian fighters have written to Frontier Times for information in regard to this bill. In order for them to secure what is due them we would suggest that they write their Congressman or United States Senator for pension application blanks, and information as how to proceed in getting a pension.

(H. R. 12532)

An Act Granting pensions to certain soldiers who served in the Indian wars from 1817 to 1898, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who served thirty days or more in any military organization, whether such person was regularly mustered into the service of the United States or not, but whose service was under the authority or by the approval of the United States or any State or Territory in any Indian war or campaign, or in connection with, or in the zone of any active hostilities in any of the States or Territories of the United States from January 1, 1817, to December 31, 1898, inclusive, and who is now or who may hereafter be suffering from any mental or physical disability or disabilities of a permanent character, not the result of his own vicious habits, which so incapacitate him for the performance of manual labor as to render him unable to earn a support, shall, upon making due proof of the fact, according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll of the United States and be entitled to receive pension not exceeding \$50 per month and not less than \$20 per month, proportionate to the degree of inability to earn a support; and in determining such inability each and every infirmity shall be duly

considered and the aggregate of the disabilities shown shall be rated, and such pension shall commence from the date of filing of the application in the Bureau of Pensions, after the passage of this Act, upon proof that the disability or disabilities then existed, and shall continue during the existence thereof: Provided, That any such person who has reached the age of sixty-two years shall, upon making proof of such fact, be placed upon the pension roll and entitled to receive a pension of \$20 per month; in case such person has reached the age of sixty-eight years, \$30 per month; in case such person has reached the age of seventy-two years, \$40 per month; and in case such person has reached the age of seventy-five years, \$50 per month.

Sec. 2. If any person who rendered service as described in section 1 of this Act or who died in service irrespective of length of service, has since died, or shall hereafter die, leaving a widow, or minor children under the age of sixteen years, such widow shall, upon due proof of her husband's death, without proving his death to be the result of his military service, be placed on the pension roll from the date of filing the application therefor under this Act, at the rate of \$30 per month during her widowhood, and shall also be paid \$6 per month for each child of such person under sixteen years of age, and in case there be no widow, or one not entitled to pension, and in the event of the death, remarriage, or forfeiture of title of the widow the child or children under sixteen years of age of the soldier shall be paid such pension until the age of sixteen years, said pension, if there be no widow entitled, to commence from the date of filing application therefor after the passage of this Act, and in the event of the death, remarriage, or forfeiture of title by the widow the pension to continue to the minor children from the date of such death, remarriage, or forfeiture of title: Provided, That in case a minor child is insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension shall continue during the life of said child, or during the period of such disability, and such pension shall commence from the

date of filing application therefor after the passage of this Act: Provided further, That said widow shall have married said soldier prior to March 4, 1917, and this section shall apply to a former widow of any soldier who rendered service as hereinbefore described, such widow having remarried either once or more after the death of the soldier, if it be shown that such subsequent or successive marriage has or have been dissolved, either by the death of the husband or husbands or by divorce without fault on the part of the wife. Such pension shall commence from date of filing application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions after the passage of this Act, and any such former widow shall be entitled to and be paid a pension at the rate of \$30 a month, and any former widow mentioned in this section shall also be paid \$6 a month for each child of the soldier under sixteen years of age: Provided further, That in case of any widow whose name has been dropped from the pension roll because of her remarriage, if the pension has been granted to an insane, idiotic, or otherwise helpless child, or to a child or children under the age of sixteen years, she shall not be entitled to a renewal of pension under any Act until the pension to such child or children terminates, unless such child or children be a member or members of her family and cared for by her and upon renewal of pension to such widow payment of pension to such child or children shall cease.

Sec. 3. The period of service performed by beneficiaries under this Act shall be determined, first, by reports from the records of the War Department, where there are such records: second, by reports from the records of the General Accounting Office showing payment by the United States, where there is no record of regular enlistment, or muster into the United States military service; and third, when there is no record of service or payment for same in the War Department or the General Accounting Office by satisfactory evidence from muster rolls on file in the several State or Territorial archives; fourth, where no record of service has been made in the War Department or General Accounting Office and there is no muster roll or pay

roll on file in the several States or Territorial archives showing service of the applicant, or where the same has been destroyed by fire or otherwise lost, or where there are muster rolls or pay rolls on file in the several State or Territorial archives but the applicant's name does not appear thereon, the applicant may make proof of service by furnishing evidence satisfactory to the Commissioner of Pensions: Provided, That the want of a certificate of discharge shall not deprive any applicant of the benefits of this Act.

Sec. 4. From and after the fourth day of the next month after the approval of this Act the rate of pension to surviving soldiers of the various Indian wars and campaigns who are now on the pension roll or who may hereafter be placed thereon under the Acts of July 27, 1892, June 27 1902, and May 30, 1908, as amended by the Act of February 19, 1913, or under the Act of March 4, 1917, shall be \$30 per month if sixty-eight years of age, \$40 per month if seventy-two years of age, and \$50 per month if seventy-five years of age, and that the rate of pension to the widows who are now on the pension roll or who may hereafter be placed thereon under the said Acts shall be \$30 per month: Provided, however, That nothing in this Act shall be so construed as to reduce any pension under any law, public or private and that hereafter pensions granted under the Acts referred to in this section shall commence from the date of filing of application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions.

Sec. 5. No claim agent, attorney, or other person shall contract for demand, receive, or retain a fee for service in preparing, presenting, or prosecuting claims for the increase of pension provided for in this Act; and no more than the sum of \$10 shall be allowed for such service in other claims thereunder, which sum shall be payable only on the order of the Commissioner of Pensions; and any person who shall, directly or indirectly, otherwise contract for, demand, receive, or retain a fee for service in preparing, presenting, or prosecuting any claim under this Act, or shall wrongfully withhold from the pensioner

or claimant the whole or any part of the pension allowed or due to such pensioner or claimant under this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall for each

and every offence be fined not exceeding \$500 or be imprisoned not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Approved, March 3, 1927.

Early Day Stage Robbery in Llano County

Written for *Frontier Times* by Mrs. A. W. Kooch, Austin, Texas



INTO the setting sun of the Old West there sinks from view many of the stirring events of frontier days. And in this age when we think of the outlaw episodes of the frontier there flashes upon the screen of our minds the picturesque old stage coaches, with panting, sweating ponies, and the calm, masked robber, with his boots and chaps and red bandanna, and the flashy six-shooter pointed warningly at the nervous victim. Perhaps instinctively we think of the days of the Deadwood Stage with such characters as "Calamity Jane" and "Wild Bill" Hickok guarding the famous Pony Express.

Texas, of course, had its stage coaches and, therefore, its share of the stage-coach hold-ups. The hold-up I now have in mind occurred in Llano county, near the town of Llano in the year of 1883. The passengers were Misses Jennie Todd, (now Mrs. Morgan Hamilton, of Chickasha, Okla.) Miss Cora Bridges, (now Mrs. J. W. White of Mason, Texas), and G. W. Todd. They were returning from Austin after having spent several days in the city. They were only a short distance outside the town of Llano, and it was about two o'clock, p. m. The stage-driver was in good spirits, and the horses were fresh and going at their usual speed. As was the usual case on occasions of stage robberies, it happened at a time when it was least expected, it being outside the city of Llano..

The two masked robbers jumped from the bushes, one of them grabbing the lead horse by the bridle. The other threw his gun on the driver and commanded him to halt. The passengers being inside thought nothing of the sudden stop, thinking the driver was picking up another passenger, and began to make room for him. Then the robber

jerked the stage door open and ordered them to "get out". They promptly gratified his desire. Misses Jennie Todd and Cora Bridges began to cry. One of the robbers held his pistol in Mr. Todd's face while the other searched him. (Mr. Todd has often remarked that that pistol barrel looked like the barrel of a cannon pointed at him.) The girls, of course, continued their crying, and Mr. Todd said to them, "Girls, be quiet; these 'gentlemen' won't hurt you" (Mr. Todd said he was very particular to say "gentlemen"). A moment later he repeated to the girls what he had said, and one of the robbers, apparently resenting such a mild insinuation, pointed the cocked gun a little closer, and said: "You shut up, old man, or we will bore a hole through you!" Mr. Todd kept quiet. The robbers did not disturb the girls, and their hold up only netted them a watch and chain and \$3.85 in change from Mr. Todd.

They continued their journey to the next stage stand when the driver, instead of going on to Mason as was his custom, returned to Llano on the returning stage. With his assistance the robbers were captured the following day. Each of them was sentenced for 25 years in the Federal prison. It was found that these same men were wanted in Virginia for a similar offence.

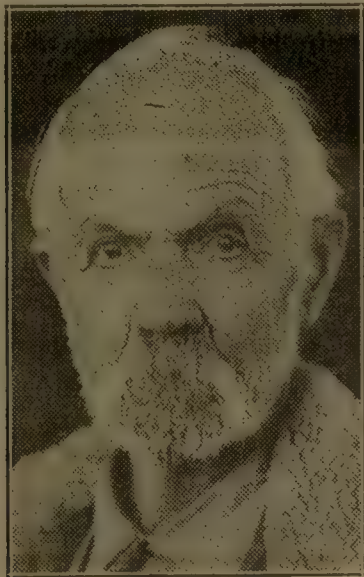
Fully 20 years later an inconspicuous notice appeared in a leading paper of that section by one of the prisoners, appealing to any surviving occupants of the robbed stage to please recommend his release from the Federal prison where he had been all the years for stopping the United States mail and obtaining the small sum of \$3.85. He also stated his health was entirely gone. J. W. White of Mason happened to read this appeal. Mr. Todd had passed away. So it was through the appeals

of J. W. White that the release of the imprisoned man was obtained.

So, this is merely another unrecorded event of the old and colorful West. It furnishes us with another vision of the rickety old stage coaches being robbed by masked men on horse-back, an event that many experienced but few live to tell about.

A Pioneer Passes.

William Densley (Seco) Smith, died at his home near Medina, Texas, May 24, 1927; in the 91st year of his age. He was born in Franklin county, Missis-



"Seco" Smith

sippi, October 21, 1836 and with his parents went to California during the gold rush. He came to Texas in 1856, settling near San Antonio, later moving to the Seco river in Bandera county. In 1857 he was married to Miss Amanda Coker of San Antonio, three children being born to this union. His wife died in 1863, and in 1867 he was married to Miss Julia A. Long, who lived on the Hondo river. Seven children were born to this union. His second wife died in 1883, and in 1898 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Alkin of Bandera county. Five children were born to them. He is survived by his wife and fourteen children, many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

"Seco" Smith, as he was familiarly known, was truly a pioneer of Southwest Texas. He engaged in many Indian fights, and made many scouts with Big Foot Wallace, and other noted frontiersmen. He loved Texas and her traditions and often talked about the good old days when people were neighborly and kind to everybody. He was of that distinctive type which builded well our present glorious civilization, and with his passing the hearts of those who knew him are saddened by the realization that the world will never see such men of his type again.

Lehmann, the Indian.

Some three years ago we announced in Frontier Times that the life and experiences of Herman Lehmann, who was a captive among the Apache and Comanche Indians, would be published. The book has now been turned over to the printer and will come from the press in July or early in August. It is to be published by an Austin printing house. J. Marvin Hunter is the author of the book, writing the life story of Lehmann just as he recited it. Publication date and price of book will be announced in the August number of Frontier Times. Lehmann was captured by the Apaches when he was about ten years old; after living with that tribe for about five years he became involved in a tribal feud and killed a big medicine man, and was forced to flee for his life. He went into the hills and lived as a hermit for nearly a year, later going to the Comanches, who adopted him and he remained with them until the band of Comanches with which he was identified was rounded up and placed on the reservation at Fort Sill; he refused to surrender, and was kept concealed by Quanah Parker, later consenting to be taken back to his people, where he became civilized again and made a good citizen. He became thoroughly Indianized, was the most savage member of the tribe, and when restored to his people it was with difficulty that he was prevented from going back to the Indians. Through the efforts of Congressman Slayden of Texas he was given a headright by Congress and he is still a member of the Comanche tribe, with full tribal rights.

An Indian's Speech

Justice C. H. Crownhart, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, in Wisconsin Magazine

The Indian's philosophy of his religion, compared with the white man's religion, is well stated in a speech of Indian Red Jacket to the Missionary Cram which follows:

"Friend and Brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken His garment from before the sun and has caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; and our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit and Him only.

"Brother, this council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we come together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy: for we now consider that we stand upright before you and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother, first we will look back a little and tell you what your fathers have told us and what we have heard.

"Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising sun to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians.

"But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their number had greatly increased. They wanted more land: they

wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indian, and many of our people were destroyed.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter.

"Brother, you say that there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree as you can all read the book?

"Brother, we can not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in their way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but He has made a great difference between His white and His red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you He has given the arts. To these He has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for His children,

"Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in their place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again all that you have said."

Those Good Old Days

W. O. Williams, Honey Island, Texas, in *Silsbee Bee*, May 27, 1927

The early days were good old days because the people made them so, for in those days there were a sturdy bunch of pioneer workmen who never looked back, but incessantly toiled for those he loved, never thinking of self, except that he could only have strength to labor whereby some soul would be made happy.

In those days the southern man was almost penniless, caused by the civil war, and it took just such men to build up our county where they later expected a just reward for their labor. There were no loafers—every man, woman and child who was able to work had their duty to perform, and with a will power that nothing could stop, except the hand of God. Those men and boys would work the farms or labor in the forest from daylight till dark, and if they happened to get behind with their work on the farm the good women would shoulder a hoe and with the humming of some sweet song would hike to the field where they would chop cotton or thin corn helping to lighten the task of their brother.

At harvesting time there were nearly always something that could be marketed and the boys would take their product to Beaumont where they disposed of it for a few dollars, buying such things as were actually needed for the home, never forgetting to bring back a present for each one of the family, such as a red calico dress for his sister, a nice piece of cloth for making his mother a bonnet, some ammunition for his brother, a plug of store bought tobacco and a jug of rum for father to take a nip through the winter, or doctor the boys on in case they got snake bit; besides this he always brought back a few pounds of red striped candy for the kids and everybody enjoyed such luxuries as they could afford.

What dad said was law, and must be obeyed, and when he called on one of the boys to crawl out at 4 o'clock to build fires he rolled right out, generally dragging the rest of them out with him, which generally wound up with a little

fight until the old man went in with a raw hide whip and separated them. Then they would all get busy feeding the horses and milking the long horn cows, some giving as much as a pint of milk each day, while you could hear the dishes rattling and the girls singing in preparing breakfast.

The folks always greeted you with a smile and a friendly howdy. It mattered not if you were a stranger, you got the same courteous treatment that was extended your neighbor and if a stranger happened to be passing through the country he was always asked to stop for dinner or to spend the night and no one ever thought of making any charge for meals or lodging.

None of the younger boys used tobacco, no one smoked cigarettes, none of the boys used profane language, especially in hearing of their parents, but in a few years later some of them learned to cuss pretty good, and seemed to think it made them tough fellows, but everybody knew cussers were just pretending to be bad and the first one that got a chance took him down a few notches.

In those days we had no holidays except Sunday and Christmas, and all were happy when the Christmas holidays drew near, for there was always one whole week of fun and frolic. The county seat (old Hardin) was generally selected as the meeting place for the young people to meet where there was continual dancing for one solid week, but at different residences each day. Dancing continued day and night. While some was cooking the meals or taking a little sleeping or resting spell there were always enough left to keep the ball going merrily on until time to retire to their respective homes, where the old gents would furnish them with an abundance of nourishing food such as dried beef, pork ribs, hog head cheese, stewed venison, roast turkey, bears liver fried with onions, pies, cakes, honey, milk and butter, cabbage, collards, pot licker, hockcakes, biscuits, doughnuts and other foods that soon put them in such

good condition that they just wanted to get out and work and all would then hit the ball till all clearing and fencing was done preparing for the spring planting.

The men hunted a great deal for nearly every family depended on the wild

game for their meat and grease, except a few that still had a few hogs that the bears had not eaten.

There were always from fifteen to forty-five bear killed in the big thicket each winter, lots weighing more than five hundred pounds.

The Last Indian Fight in Southwest Texas

Written for Timothy I. Cude of San Antonio, by W. F. Cude, Pearsall, Texas

THE LAST Indian fight in Southwest Texas occurred in the last days of December, 1872, about thirty miles west of Oakville, on Turkey Creek.

Andy M. Tullis and I decided to go out on Spring Creek hunting. We camped there a day and night, but having no luck, we moved back four or five miles towards Oakville and camped overnight. The next afternoon we started home. Andy told me to take the wagon and go to the Hackberry Water Hole and wait for him. He said he would take a round over the range and see what he could find. After driving four or five miles, one of my horses acted as though he was going to balk. I gave the lines slack and he turned off to the right and crossed a branch. I then heard a noise and, looking back, I saw a lot of men driving a bunch of horses. I thought it was Sebastian Bell's outfit so I drove on to the top of a hill and looked back and saw Andy coming hurriedly towards me with his pistol in his hand. He told me there were Indians over there. I told him that what he saw was Bell's outfit, but he said, "No, they are Indians. They have been running me and shooting at me." I then realized that my life had been saved by my team leaving the road at the time it did. I proposed to Andy that we go and take the horses away from the Indians. But he said no, that he would go and see if our families were all right, and if he found they were, that he would go on to Oakville and give the alarm. I followed with the wagon and took our families on to Oakville, and when I arrived I found quite a number of men ready for the chase.

The following named persons went

on the chase: John D. Edwards, Rance and Andy Tullis, Caleph Coker, Cullen Andrews, Bob and Lem Nations, Pleas Waller, Tobe Odom, John Wilson, Sebastian Bell, Jim Moore, Hedge Williams, Joe Osgood, and myself.

Rance Tullis was made captain: His orders were, "Mount and forward." Within twelve or fifteen miles we struck the trail. The captain put Caleph Coker on one side of the trail and Pleas Waller on the other side and told them to move rapidly forward. When we passed through John Campbell's Ranch we learned that the Indians had captured Campbell's sheep herder, stripped him of his clothing, dragged him by the neck and stabbed him under either arm, trying to make him tell where his camp was. Several years afterwards I met this Mexican. He was glad to see me, and showed me his scars. Mr. Campbell had the Mexican sent to Oakville for treatment by Dr. Reagan. We traveled until nightfall and camped. The night was cold and wet. Early the next morning we started on again, our captain ordering the scouts to move rapidly forward. After traveling five or six miles the scouts reported smoke in the distance, which proved to be the camp fires of the Indians. Captain Tullis then quit the trail and turned to the right, and following a brushy hollow succeeded in getting within seventy-five or eighty yards of the Indian camp. He then gave orders to charge, and the fight was on. One Indian was seen trying to mount his horse, others trying to string their bows, some went down a hollow, one stood and fought it out. This was a squaw, and she shot Sebastian Bell's teeth out. (Here you see the female of the species more deadly

than the male. When the Himalian peasant meets the male bear in his pride he shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside, but the female bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail; for the female of the species is more deadly than the male.) J. D. Edwards shot and killed the squaw. The Indians were all dressed alike. Three of them started down the creek. Woody Tullis was on one side and I was on the other side; he called to me to help head them off. I shot at the one in the lead and hit his shield. I fired again and hit him in the cheek; he fell and Andy Tullis finished him. The other boys had killed all the others by this time. We then drew our knives and peeled their heads, five in number. Thus ended the last Indian fight in Southwest Texas.

To the victors belong the spoils, so we proceeded to divide the booty; some took scalps, some the blankets, others bows and arrows, others their shields. The next day Steve Walker and his wife visited the battle ground and Mrs. Walker found on the bosom of the dead squaw the scalp of a white child, having white, curly hair. She took it home with her.

Andy Tullis, when he found those Indians, cut off two of them and ran them over glades and hills, but he was in the lead. He would have shot them but could not hold his horse.

Great-Granddad

"Great-granddad, when the land was young,

Barred his door with a wagon tongue,
For the times were rough and the heathen mocked.

He said his prayers with his shotgun cocked,

Oh! He was a citizen tough and grim,
Danger was duck soup to him.

Great-grandson, he falls asleep,
And fears no harm in the darkness deep;
For great-granddad, he fought and won,
And tamed the land for his great-grandson.

Great-granddad was a busy man,
He cooked his grub in a frying pan,

Picked his teeth with his hunting knife,
And wore the same suit all his life.
He ate corn pone and bacon fat,
And great-grandson would starve on that.

Great-granddad was gaunt with toil,
Grimed and seamed with sun and soil.
Great-grandson is fat and clean,
And rides to his work in a limousine.

Twenty-one children came to bless
Great-granddad's home in the wilderness
Sneer at that statement if you can,
But great-granddad was a busy man.

Twenty-one children and they grew
Stout and tall on the bacon, too;
They slept on the floor with the dogs
and cats,
And shopped in the woods for their
coonskin hats.

Twenty-one boys and not one bad,
They never got fresh with great-granddad,
For he tanned their hides with a hickory
gad.

He raised them rough, but he raised
them well.

When their feet took hold on the ways
of hell
He filled them full of the fear of God,
He flailed their pants with his old ram-
rod.

And they grew strong of heart and hand
The firm foundations of our land.
Twenty-one boys, and great-grandson,
He has a terrible time with one.

(Author not known.)

Send fifty cents for a photograph, of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Sam Houston, Ben Milam, Bat Masterson, and others, I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

Many subscriptions to Frontier Times expire with this issue. Watch for the renewal blank which you will find in your copy of the magazine, and promptly send in your renewal subscription.

Brief History of Texas

From the Texas Almanac



CREW of shipwrecked Spaniards were the first white men to set foot upon Texas soil. The mishap occurred in 1528, probably in Galveston or St. Joseph Island, but the exact spot is not known. Most of the crew soon died, but there was one Cabeza de Baca who survived and made his way back to Mexico City, traversing a portion of Southern Central Texas on his way. Some years afterward Coronado led an expedition from Mexico City northward into New Mexico and Arizona in search of wealth and made an excursion into Texas, covering portions of the Plains and Midwest Texas.

Early conquistadores, going north from Mexico City into New Mexico, in search of the "Seven Cities of Gold," often went by the route of El Paso del Norte, from which the present El Paso is named. Ysleta, which is a few miles southeast of El Paso, was settled in 1682 and is the oldest town within the State.

La Salle, at the head of a French expedition, seeking the mouth of the Mississippi River, was driven from his course and landed at Lavaca Bay in February, 1685, founding there Fort St. Louis. He was killed by one of his men and his little colony disappeared, but news of the French attempt spread to the Spanish authorities in Mexico and quickened their efforts to settle Texas.

After several preliminary expeditions into Texas, a fort and mission were established by the Spaniards under Capt. De Leon in 1690 on the Neches River about twenty-five miles northeast of the present site of Crockett, but it was soon abandoned.

However, the French had settled in Louisiana and their trading activities with Indians in East Texas soon spurred the Spaniards into action again. In 1716 the Spanish began the construction of a line of missions connecting Mexico with East Texas, building the first on the present site of Nacogdoches and completing four others in that vicinity, one of which was at the present location of San Augustine.

San Antonio was founded in 1718 by

the beginning of the construction of the Mission Alamo and during the next half century there was active mission building throughout South Texas, marking the founding of Gonzales, Goliad and several other cities of that section of the State.

Based upon La Salle's expedition France had claimed Texas, but in 1762 the territory was ceded to Spain. There was some settlement of Texas by Spaniards during the latter part of the eighteenth century, but it was not until after the purchase of the great Territory of Louisiana by the United States in 1803 that immigration from the United States began to trickle into Texas. It was not long after the United States and Texas border lines met that the infiltration of Americans began, and there was an era of flustering under the famous Phillip Nolan and others when attempts were made to set up an independent Republic in East Texas, but they were not successful.

The achievement of Mexican independence from Spain, 1821-24, encouraged Americans who had their eyes on Texas. Moses Austin of Missouri had journeyed to Mexico and obtained a permit to settle a colony in Texas. Though he died shortly after his return to Missouri, his son, Stephen F. Austin, carried out his plans, settling several hundred families in 1821 on the banks of the Brazos at old Washington in the present county of Washington. There followed a period of rapid colonization by Americans under the "empresario system," by which individuals were granted large tracts of land for colonization purposes.

At first the Mexican Government encouraged this settlement, but friction soon arose between Anglo-Saxon and Latin, and Mexico reversed her policy of attracting Americans to the fertile soils of Texas.

First difficulties arose between members of the Edwards Colony around Nacogdoches and Spanish settlers who had been in that part of the State since early Spanish colonization attempts. In this affair the members of Austin's Colony

apparently sympathized with the Mexican Government but they became embittered when Stephen F. Austin was thrown into prison while on a mission to Mexico to obtain a separation of Texas from Coahuila for administrative purposes. In the meantime armed conflict between colonists and Spanish troops had taken place at Velasco, Anahuac and Gonzales over customs regulations and attempts of the Mexicans to disarm the American settlers.

Late in 1835 a convention was held at San Felipe, a Provisional Government organized and Sam Houston selected commander of the armed forces. A Mexican Army, under Gen. Cos, marched into Texas with the purpose of disarming Texans. His forces were driven out of San Antonio by Americans under Gen. Edward Burleson and Ben Milam, but a large army under Santa Anna marched into Texas early in 1836 and laid siege to the city.

While Santa Anna's forces were besieging the Alamo at San Antonio, a second convention was called at Washington on the Brazos and, on March 2, 1836, an independent Republic was declared and David Purnet was named President. Four days later, on March 6, the Alamo fell with the loss of every defender, depriving the new-born Republic of such able leaders as Travis, Bowie and Crockett. On March 27, following Fannin's surrender at the Battle of Coleto, his entire force was marched out of Goliad under guard and shot down.

The army of Santa Anna advanced rapidly eastward across Texas, driving the colonists before it. Gen Sam Houston, in command of the Texas forces, decided to make his stand at the junction of the San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou near Harrisburg. Here, on April 21, 1836, he attacked and completely routed the superior force of Santa Anna, who was captured with several hundred other Mexicans.

By the treaty of Velasco, following the Battle of San Jacinto, Santa Anna agreed to return to Mexico and use his influence to obtain Mexican recognition of Texas independence. During the period 1836-46 Texas was an independent Republic under the successive ad-

ministration of Presidents David G. Burnet, Sam Houston, Mirabeau B. Lamar, Sam Houston (second term) and Anson Jones.

But the little Republic was beset with difficulties. Mexico had not relinquished its claim and constantly offered a menace, even sending over one or two military expeditions; difficulties were experienced with the various Indian tribes, and the public debt mounted. The value of the Texas paper dollar fell to about 2c. Hence the offer of the United States to annex Texas was readily accepted at a convention which met in Austin July 4, 1845. On Feb. 16, 1846, President Jones retired in favor of Gov. J. Pinckney Henderson.

By the treaty Texas retained its public lands and its area included the present eastern half of New Mexico (that portion east of the Rio Grande), that part of Oklahoma of today lying north of the Texas Panhandle. Southeastern Kansas, a large portion of Central Colorado and a section of Wyoming. After the close of the Mexican War resulting from the annexation of Texas, the territory was sold to the United States by Texas for \$10,000,000.

Texas from the first had been a slave State. Its climate and agricultural industries, like those of the old Southern States, were readily adaptable to slavery and, indeed, most Texans were natives of the slave states east of the Mississippi. Hence the growing bitterness between North and South was of much concern to Texas. Despite the protests of Sam Houston, who was then Governor, a convention met at Austin Jan. 28, 1861, and after four days of deliberation drew up and adopted articles of secession. Houston, who had led the Texas Army against Mexico and had served two terms as President of the Republic, was deposed as Governor and Edward Clark, Lieutenant Governor, was installed in his place as Governor under the Confederacy.

Texas saw little of bloodshed during the war, though there were several attempts to invade the State through Galveston, Sabine Pass and Brownsville. After the surrender of Geo. Lee, Gen. Gordon Granger entered in Texas (June 18, 1865) and shortly afterward A. J.

Hamilton was appointed as the first reconstruction Governor of Texas. A convention met in Austin February, 1866, and adopted articles following the suggestions of President Andrew Johnson and J. W. Throckmorton was elected Governor.

At first it seemed as though reconstruction would be accomplished with ease, but the United States Congress did not agree with President's Johnson's plans and in 1867, put the South under military rule. Gen. Phillip Sheridan was placed in command of the Texas-Louisiana Division and he removed Throckmorton from office, naming Ex-Gov. Pease in his place. The second constitutional convention was held in Austin in June, 1868, and after many months of wrangling a constitution was adopted in the following February. In February, 1870, the Legislature ratified the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution, and on March 30 of that year Texas was readmitted to the Union.

Gov. E. J. Davis, a Republican elected on the adoption of the Constitution of 1869 to a term of four years, proved unpopular with the people of the State and he was decisively defeated by Richard Coke in the campaign of 1873. Davis refused to yield the office and for a brief space two administrations occupied the Capitol Building. President Grant, however, refused to listen to Davis' appeal for assistance and he was forced to retire.

The election of Coke to office had been preceded by the election of Democratic members to Congress, so the people once again found themselves in possession of the State. The Constitution of 1869 contained many obnoxious provisions, however, and the constitutional convention of 1875 adopted new articles which were ratified by the people the following year, giving the State its present Constitution.

After 1876 the State recovered rapidly from the evil effects of war and reconstruction; the history of the State since that period has been a story of industrial and commercial expansion. Governor Roberts, who was elected Governor in 1879, soon put the State on a sound financial basis with his "pa-

as-you-go" policy. The old Capitol burned in 1881 and the present structure, which was built at a cost of 3,000,000 acres of land, was dedicated in 1888. Other notable occurrences have been the establishment of the University of Texas in 1883, establishment of the Railroad Commission under Gov. Hogg's memorable administration in 1891, the loss of Greer County to Oklahoma in 1896, the Galveston storm of 1900, the passage of the Teller election law in 1905 and the strenuous days of the world conflict which are still fresh in the memory of every man and woman.

The foregoing is a brief political history of Texas. Equally significant has been its phenomenal industrial and commercial development. Range cattle raising and simple cotton and corn farming have been succeeded by scientific crop production. The earth's great resources of petroleum, sulphur, coal and lignite and other minerals have been discovered and brought forth to enrich the people of Texas. The railroads have spread their network of steel lanes of traffic across the broad surface of the State and tall chimneys of factories have arisen. Such events comprise the real history of Texas.

Pioneer Mother

Mrs. Amelia Ann Holbrook, aged 84 years, died at her home near Fentress, Texas, recently.

During Mrs. Holbrook's declining years it was her delight to entertain and enlighten the younger generation from her storehouse of memories. Her reminiscences extended beyond her own four-score and four years into the days of her ancestors, who lived in Texas in earliest days.

Her mother, who before her marriage was Letitia Rector, moved to Texas with her parents in 1831 and settled near the little town of Columbia on the Brazos River.

Her picture of the long caravan of women and children traveling in ox-wagons through mud and slush just ahead of Houston's army as it advanced toward the Louisiana border, with Santa Anna close in the rear, is one of mingled hope and pathos. As the army moved on the settlements were

vacated, the men joining Houston's forces and the women and children going ahead of the soldiers.

Mrs. Holbrook's grandfather, Morgan Rector, with an ox-wagon and a two-wheel cart, took his children and grandchildren—13 in number and became a part of the long procession. When they reached the Sabine River it was too swollen to cross. Here they stopped to await their doom. During the suspense that followed many resolved that should there be no escape from the enemy they would choose death in the turbulent stream. They were soon cheered by news of the victory at San Jacinto, after which they returned to their homes.

Mrs. Holbrook's mother was married four years later to T. D. James, a Ranger under Captain Henry McCulloch, serving in the same company as Big-foot Wallace. Among the thrilling experiences while in the service was one which followed an Indian raid, when so many horses were stolen that the settlers were left without teams to make their crops. The Rangers came upon the Indians near where the city of Waco now stands, killed all the Red-men but one and recovered all the horses.

Lured by stories of the great stock country, in 1846, when Mrs. Holbrook was four years old, the family moved "Out West" and settled on the banks of the Geronimo Creek near Seguin, which at that time consisted of 12 houses. Several families built their cabins near each other for mutual protection from the Lipan Indians who constantly menaced them. Their only windows were shutters, which were kept closed at night. One day they were visited by an Indian spy. His picturesque figure, dressed in buckskin and with hair almost to the knees, made a deep impression on the children. On the morning following this visit, as one of the young men went through a dense fog to untie the horses that were tied near the house, to prevent their being stolen, he was killed by an arrow, taken a short distance from the house and scalped.

Mrs. Holbrook's father fought in the Civil War also, serving in the company

of Captain (later Governor) Ireland. During this period there was formed a deep friendship between the two families which was never broken. During the war, while Mrs. Holbrook was still a young lady, she spent many weeks in the home of Mrs. Ireland during her husband's absence.

Mrs. Holbrook's father was an architect and laid the foundation for the first court house in Seguin, erected the first Methodist Church there, put up one of the first business houses and built the first gin in Guadalupe County.

The family numbered among their relatives many persons prominent in the early history of the State. Among these was William E. Jones, first editor of the San Antonio Express.

Two years after the Civil War Mrs. Holbrook was married to E. H. Holbrook, one of the pioneer preachers of Texas. Thirty years of her married life were spent in Karnes County. It was here that her only daughter, Anna, and her husband passed away only one year apart. Two years ago a grandson, Wessin Holbrook Jr., whom she had reared from infancy, died of influenza while attending the San Marcos Academy. Until a short time before her death she had been very active.

She is survived by two sons, Burt and Wessin Holbrook, a granddaughter, Mrs. J. Maurice Golson of Tampico, Mexico; a great-grandson, a sister, Mrs. Martha Ritman, of Fentress and a brother, Ike James of Corpus Christi.

Sends Us a Good List.

Captain G. W. Smith, of Sonora, Texas, has sent us a good list of new subscribers to Frontier Times during the past two months, most of them residing at Sonora and Eldorado, Texas. Captain Smith was a peace officer in Denton county for twelve years, and helped to chase the Sam Bass gang in that county. He carries the scar of a wound received in a fight with Bass and his men. He is planning to write up his experience and publish a book some time this fall.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

**Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy
and Pioneer Achievement**

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

The annual reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association will be held at Menard, Texas, July 27, 28, and 29, according to information Frontier Times has received from Major W. M. Green, of Colorado City. It is expected that the attendance this year will be large. Menard is making preparations to fittingly entertain the old rangers. A beautiful natural park on the banks of the San Saba river has been set aside for the reunion grounds, where the rangers will go into camp and remain during the three days convention. The program had not been fully arranged when this number of Frontier Times went to press, but we understand it will be quite elaborate and some form of entertainment will be provided for the rangers for every hour of their stay at Menard. It is expected that Captain D. W. Roberts of Austin will be in attendance; also it is hoped that Captain June Peak of Dallas will be there. These two gentlemen are the oldest living ex-rangers in the state. Frontier Times is arranging to get out a sixty-four page edition (August number) for distribution at this reunion. It will be illustrated with views of Menard, and portraits of old time Texas rangers.

On Page 36 of this issue will be found the new pension law as approved March 3rd, 1927. There are hundreds of old Indian fighters in Texas who are entitled to receive a pension of \$30, \$40 or \$50 per month, and they should have it.

Mr. Dave Finkelstein, Hallettsville, Texas, writes: "Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for another year's subscription to Frontier Times. I look forward to the arrival of the magazine and when it comes my wife tells me there is no getting out until I finish reading it. At all times I boost your magazine, for I think it is a wonderful book."

The August number of Frontier Times, to come from the press about July 15th, will be the best issue of the little magazine which has ever been printed. It will contain sixty-four pages, and will be profusely illustrated, showing scenes around Menard in the early days, portraits of former Texas Rangers and frontiersmen. One rare picture will show the town of Menard during the flood of 1899, and another view will show the town as it appeared in 1898. A more dignified cover design has been drawn by our staff artist, Warren Hunter, and a splendid likeness of that venerable old Texas Ranger, Captain Dan W. Roberts of Austin, will appear on the cover of the August number. Beginning with Number One Volume Five, (October, 1927) a better grade of paper is to be used, and the pages are to be numbered in consecutive order through the whole volume, the pages running from No. 1 to No. 568, or thereabouts. While no radical changes will be made in the typographical appearance of Frontier Times, we hope to make several improvements during the next year that will be pleasing to all of our readers.

Every old Texas Ranger and frontiersman, who wants the record kept straight, should write the story of his experience on the frontier and send it to Frontier Times for publication. You don't have to be a good scribe to write for this magazine. Just write in your own way, and we will put it in proper shape for publication. By doing this you can leave to posterity a true record of the part you had in the making of Texas history.

In this number appears a good Sam Bass story by Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, which clears up some doubt as to who killed Deputy Sheriff Grimes at Round Rock. Frontier Times still has on hand a few copies of the book, "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," reprinted from the original, which was published in 1878, just a few weeks after Bass and his gang were exterminated. The price is \$1.00 per copy, postpaid.

Frontier Times \$1.50 per year

Frontier Times

Frontier
History,
Border
Tragedy
and Pioneer
Achievement



It is Published in
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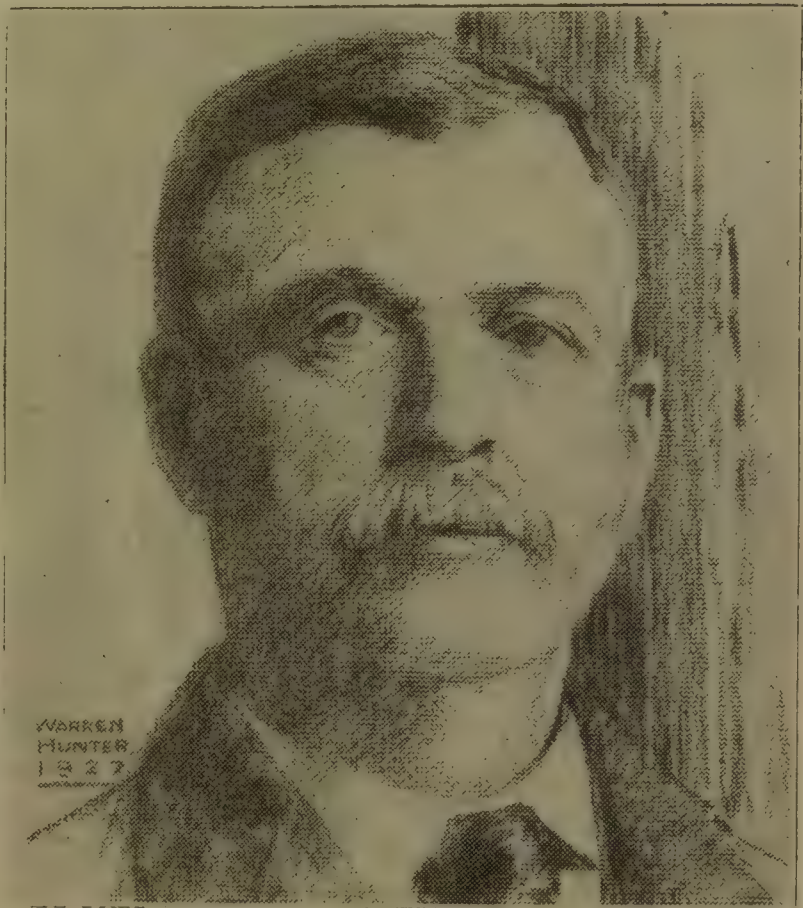
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Cloth. xiv-|-218 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.20

Frontier Times

Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



Captain June Peak

DEVOTED TO
FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY
PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT



Just a Little Country Printing Office Is the Home of Frontier Times—

The above picture shows the building which shelters the printing plant of Frontier Times. Just a little building in a little country town located in the hills of Bandera county, Texas. Though its quarters are of the humblest kind, and its printing equipment too limited, this little magazine is becoming known throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is the only magazine of its kind in the world, and it seems to have struck a responsive chord and at the right time, for it is gaining in popularity every day.

Frontier Times is not a highbrow magazine—yet it is read by admirals, generals, bankers, college professors, doctors, lawyers, business and professional men, and men from every walk and station in life, and all unhesitatingly recommend it to their friends as being authentic in matters of Texas history and pioneer achievement. Frontier Times does not go in for expensive coated paper, for elaborate, costly engravings. It would not seem like Frontier Times to our readers if we gave it a modern dress. But, beginning with

our October number, some improved features will be noticed, and yet it will retain its original appearance. Its pages are not filled with advertisements to glare at you when you are most interested in the stories you find in Frontier Times; and advertisements will never appear sandwiched among these stories. We hope to carry a line of advertising in future issues, but such advertisements will be placed on cover pages.

Frontier Times wants 10,000 new subscribers. The subscription price is within reach of all—only \$1.50 per year. We ask our friends to tell their friends about Frontier Times, and ask them to subscribe, and thus help along the work we are trying to do. When we secure the 10,000 subscribers asked for, this little magazine will be quartered in a modern home and its equipment will be of the best. Last month we added 150 new readers to our list. Help us double the number during the next month, and at that rate we will soon add the 10,000, and everyone of them will be satisfied.

Frontier Times Is Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas

FRONTIER TIMES



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Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs and Mr. Pierce

VETERAN B. F. GHOLSON, who now resides at Byant, Texas, has kindly furnished the following account of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs and a Mr. Pierce by Indians in Bell county in the Spring of 1859.

A new settlement was being formed in the northwest part of Bell county near Sugar Loaf Mountain by homesteaders and newcomers who were not familiar with Indian warfare. During the light moon of April, 1859, the Indians raided this settlement and killed a man by the name of Pierce and a Mr. Riggs and his wife and captured a boy and Riggs' two little girls, but these escaped. I lived about six miles from where these murders occurred.

My brother, S. S. Gholson, had gone to mill at Sulphur Springs (now Lampasas) with an ox wagon and, on learning that Indians were in the country, I hastened to meet him. I encountered him on his return about thirty miles out and we reached home in safety, after which we hurried forward to

join in the pursuit of the Indians.

Mr. Pierce, Mr. Riggs, Mr. Elms and a few others lived in that particular settlement, near Sugar Loaf Mountain. Mr. Pierce and Mr. Riggs were engaged in hauling cedar from a nearby cedar brake. Mr. Riggs lived nearest the cedar brake and it was his custom to wait the coming of Mr. Pierce each morning, then they would proceed together to the brake with their wagons. On this sad April morning, Mr. Pierce accompanied by a small boy by the name of Dave Elms, came along and Mr. Riggs not being quite ready to start, Mr. Pierce drove on towards the cedar brake which he had scarcely reached when the In-

dians sprang from their ambush, surrounded his wagon and killed him. While they were killing Pierce, the boy attempted to escape by running but the Indians pursued and captured him. When the Indians ran on to Pierce, Mr. Riggs had stayed with his wagon but on witnessing the attack he abandoned his team, ran back to his home and taking his wife and three children, started to

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his brother's place which was in sight of his own home. All this was in full view of the Indians, and when they had murdered Pierce and had captured the boy, they turned their attention to the fleeing family. Leaving one of their bucks to guard the boy, Dave, they overtook the Riggs family, killed and scalped Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, and carried off the two little girls, leaving the baby boy unhurt. After having committed this atrocious deed, the Indians returned to Mr. Riggs' home and appropriated such articles as suited their fancy and that they could carry off.

When the savages caught the boy, Dave Hms, they stripped him bare and because he resisted, they whipped him unmercifully. The Indian left to guard him became deeply interested in the tragedy just then being enacted and when his whole attention was fixed on the slaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, the boy disappeared and got away. After his escape, the first man he met was Mr. Ambrose Lee, whose home was in the settlement. Mr. Lee seized his gun and went to where Dave told him Mr. and Mrs. Riggs had been killed and where he found their mutilated bodies and the little babe crawling around on the ground in the blood of its father and mother. Mr. Lee was the first to reach the scene of the tragedy. A. M. Woods was the second. After having plundered the Riggs home, the Indians went south about ten miles, taking all the stock that came in reach; then turning west, they came in sight of a man on horseback. Four of their number gave pursuit, overtook, killed and scalped him, taking his horse and all his effects. The Indians driving the herd of stolen horses along near the body of this unfortunate man while he was yet alive and the little captive girls, who had witnessed the chase and the killing, heard his groans as they passed the dying victim of savage ferocity. This man's name was Peevy, but I have forgotten his initials.

The Indians had out spies on each side of their course and after traveling some distance their spy on the north side reported a body of horsemen approaching. They immediately changed

their course and took down a rough hollow or canyon in order to keep out of sight of the men discovered by their spy. Each one of the Riggs girls was mounted behind an Indian. The savages were going in a run and the smallest girl fell off the horse she was riding. The elder girl saw her fall and, seeing that the Indian behind whom she had been riding made no halt or any effort to recover the child, jumped off. The Indian she was riding with made a grab for her and caught her by the clothing and held to her for some distance, her head and arms almost dragging the ground. Finally she seized a bush and held to it with such strength and persistency that her skirt was torn off and left in the hands of the savage, while she was left bruised and bleeding on the ground. The Indians had no time to look after their late captives.

This brave little girl made her way back to where her little sister had fallen. It was now late in the evening and the air was chilly. The little child had sustained severe bruises in her fall on the rocks but, with her sister's aid, was able to travel. They began the painful and weary journey back in the direction they had come. After nightfall they came to an old vacant cabin long since abandoned by some pioneer. In this house they passed the night. The little sister complained of cold and hunger. There was no food to be had but the elder sister, herself but a child, showed the qualities of the Texan heroine. She removed every remaining thread of her own clothing and with these remnants she wrapped the shivering form of her little sister, forgetful of her own comfort, thinking only of that of the little sister! Does history record a deed more sublime?

Next morning these two little girls followed a path which led them to another abandoned house where they found that the occupants had left only a short time before—frightened away probably by the Indians—leaving all their household effects. With lacerated and swollen feet, weary exhausted, the little waifs could go no further. Some time during the day a man came to the house. I do not remember his name,

but he was a stranger and had not heard of the Indians being in the country. He mounted the two girls on his horse, walked and led the animal and took them to Captain Dameron's, where they found quite a number "forted up." There were also a few men present for protection, the others had gone forward in pursuit of the Indians. Here at Captain Dameron's these two little girls were tenderly cared for until they were

delivered to their relatives.

Dave Elms has been known, ever since that fatal April day, as "Indian Dave Elms." I think he now lives near Rock Springs in Edwards county.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The two Riggs girls, in after years, resided in Bandera county. One of them married a man named Benton, and now lives in Arizona.)

Conditions at Eagle Pass in 1892

Thirty-five years ago Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, was a wide-open town, boasted of many saloons and gambling houses, and reflected the conditions as they existed in all border towns at that time. Captain W. A. Fitch, who was correspondent for the Galveston News, sent the following item to the News and it was published in that paper October 11, 1892:

A SUNDAY SENSATION ON THE RIO GRANDE.

An Eagle Pass Parson Exhorts While the Boys Shake Dice With the Bartender for the Drinks.

Eagle Pass, Tex., Oct. 11.—Eagle Pass was treated to a genuine sensation last night. Rev. W. G. Rutledge, the local Methodist preacher, who is closing up his year's work at this place, announced a few days ago that he would hold evening services at the Lone Star saloon Sunday night. Lindsey's saloon is a feature of the city, with its elegant fixtures, brilliant electric lights and all the attractions which constitute a frontier barroom. At the opening of the services quite a crowd had assembled, and soon all the chairs were taken and standing room only was to be had. Captain Lindsey, the proprietor, looked dignified and sedate, and was an attentive listener to the words of the preacher. Handsome Dan Bogard, the bartender, when not engaged in dishing out drinks to the thirsty comer or filling the growler as it made its appearance, was all attention. A banter to shake dice for the drinks he cheerfully

accepted, and as cheerfully paid when his opponent shook fours against his full hand. With these trifling exceptions the audience listened to the sermon until its close. There could be no complaint on account of a lack of courtesy or a lack of attention. The boys demonstrated that they could be gentlemen, even though the most of them had forgotten for years to say their prayers.

The sermon was in the nature of an exhortation and seemed to impress its hearers with its intent.

A Houston drummer walked in during the midst of the sermon to change his breath. He was met with the words "I beseech you now in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." The drummer opened his eyes, pinched himself to see if he was awake, took in the surroundings and sized up the situation, gave a reproachful look at the bartender and made a graceful retreat.

At the close of the discourse a collection was taken up for the benefit of the home mission, and the boys chipped in freely and the crowd was dismissed.

After a temporary run on the bar the free enters settled down at their usual places around the different tables, and soon three kings were running up against four tens to their sorrow, and five of one color were pronounced no good when pitted against a full hand.

One party who twists the brakes in Mexico was heard to remark that if this was the Texas style he didn't want any of it in his, while another borderer, in a burst of confidence, confessed to his partner that he did not believe he had any more religion than a cow.

Captain June Peak, Texas Ranger

The men who won distinction in the Texas Ranger service were the forerunners of the present era of peace, development and prosperity that the state is now enjoying. Among the many Rangers who won distinction for their bravery and notable exploits in the performance of their duty were D. W. Roberts, June Peak, J. W. Sanson, C. L. Neville, Frank Jones, George W. Baylor, J. A. Brooks, G. W. Arrington, John R. Hughes, W. J. McDonald, Pat Dolan, Lee Hall, James Tay, G. W. Campbell, Neal Coldwell, John B. Armstrong, N. O. Reynolds, James B. Gillett, L. P. Sieker, Ed Sieker, W. W. Lewis, B. F. Gholson, J. W. Ross, and many others. Most of these men are dead. Some were killed in the service, others succumbed to natural causes. A few of them are still alive and active. Among the notable survivors is Captain June Peak, who lives in Dallas, Texas, and whose portrait adorns the cover of this issue of Frontier Times. Captain Peak saw hard service on the Texas border for many years, fighting Indians and outlaws. He and his company of Rangers ran to earth the noted outlaw, Sam Bass, who was killed at Round Rock in 1878. He was in numerous battles with the Indians, especially at Round Mountain, and Bird's Creek, was wounded three times and several times had his horse shot from under him. Speaking of some of Capt. Peak's experiences, the San Antonio Express of May, 1879, says:

"Captain June Peak, the distinguished commander of Ranger Company B, is at the Menger Hotel. Captain Peak was once marshal of Dallas, and has held several responsible positions; he was appointed to the command of the company of rangers raised in the summer of 1878, especially to capture the Bass gang, which was operating at that time on the Texas Pacific railroad. Captain Peak captured several of those noted robbers, demoralized the band and finally drove Bass, with his two remaining pals, into the snare arranged by Major Jones at Round Rock—a snare that proved fatal to Bass. Since Captain Peak took command of the Ranger

company he has kept his portion of the state in excellent order; he has hunted down robbers and murderers, driven horse and cattle thieves out of the country, utterly destroyed the business of the 'road agents' and restored confidence in the minds of honest men. He has been worth millions of money to the state."

Captain Peak's father, Jefferson Peak, was the son of Jesse Peak, who was a Revolutionary soldier in 1776. He was born in Scott county, Kentucky, April 1, 1801, and was of Scotch descent. In 1826 he married Martha M. Reasor of Warsaw, Kentucky, who was of Irish parentage. In 1846 he was a Captain of Cavalry in Humphrey Marshall's Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, Taylor's Army, in the war with Mexico, and fought in the battles of Palo Alto, Monterrey and Buenvista. In 1855 he moved his family from Warsaw, Kentucky, to Dallas, Texas, by way of New Orleans and Shreveport, La., where he located and continued to live until his death in 1855. His wife died in 1890, and both now sleep in the Old Masonic Cemetery in Dallas.

June Peak was born at Warsaw, Kentucky, April 5, 1845, and moved with the family to Dallas, Texas, in 1855, reaching there on June 10th of that year. Here they were soon comfortably located in a good two-room log house, with a fine well of water, etc. Shortly after their arrival in Dallas, the elder Peak bought 220 acres of fine land two miles east of the Dallas county court house, paying \$110 cash on this land, and at once began building the first brick house in Dallas county for his home, and in which he died.

The early part of April, 1878, June Peak was commissioned by the Governor as a second lieutenant in the Texas Frontier Battalion for the purpose of destroying the Sam Bass gang of train robbers, and was promoted to Captain in May following. By July of that year he had succeeded in disposing of the entire band, excepting Bass, Barnes and Jackson, driving these out of North Texas into the trap arranged by Major John B. Jones at Round Rock.

He was immediately ordered to the frontier where he found the Indians very active, especially in 1879. A detachment of seven Rangers from his company, on the 29th of June and 2nd day of July of that year, had the last two engagements with Comanche and Kiowa Indians on the Texas frontier, at the head of the North Concho river and on the Plains 80 miles west, where Ranger Anglin was killed and two pack mules lost on June 29th recovered.

In 1878, Company B, Texas Rangers, was made up of the following: June Peak, captain; *Thomas Floyd, sergeant; and the following privates: James Bruton, *Dick Armstrong, Ebb Dee, *Sid McHenry, C. R. Bodwell, *Alexander Buchanan, W. Y. Buchanan, *Tobe Daniels, *Mat Peak, *Will Scott, Charley Tucker, Lou Wright, Arthur, Boren, *N. L. (Buffalo) Jenkins, *Curron Longmyer, *Hiram Berry, *Pearce Stevens, Harry C. Carmack, *Bob Williams.

In 1879 Company B. was composed of the following: June Peak, captain; *Ed VanRiper, sergeant; *Dick Ware, sergeant; *Ed Hagerman, sergeant. Privates: *Gip Gibson, *Tom Chalmers, *T. N. Duckworth, *George Wright, Harvey Harrel, N. Y. Jones, *William Butterworth, *Oscar Oberwetter, *Hugh Taylor, *W. B. Anglin, P. H. Chilton, *Joe Woods, Ebb Dee, W. Y. Buchanan, *Mat Peak, *Will Scott, *N. L. Jenkins, James Bruton, Alex Buchanan.

This list as it appeared January 1, 1924. Those marked * are dead, killed in action or died of sickness.

When Captain Peak resigned from the service in 1880, much regret was felt, not only by the members of Company B, but by the people throughout West Texas and the state generally. The following resolutions were passed by the Colorado and Concho Stock Association at a regular meeting:

"WHEREAS, this Association has been informed that Captain June Peak, of the Texas Rangers, has tendered his resignation, and intends to return to city life, upon the prayer of his father, we, in convention assembled, have this day resolved:

"That in proficiency of service, in ef-

fectiveness of performance, in constant attention to duty, in vigilance of inspection, in courteous demeanor, in gentlemanly bearing, in noble generosity, in strictness of justice, tempered with true charity and correct judgment, and in real and true efficiency of discipline, Captain June Peak has shown himself to have no superior;

"That while we respect and honor the noble and filial affection that induces him to listen to and obey his father's call, yet we deeply regret his departure from this community, and the loss of his services as Captain of the Rangers;

"That our best wishes shall attend him in his new sphere of life, and he can have no greater reward than that his father shall value his services, and know and respect him as his services have been and are valued, and he is honored and respected by the various members of this association;

"That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the secretary to Captain June Peak, and that they be spread upon the minutes, and published with the proceedings of this meeting.

(Signed) HENRY H. LUCKETT,

Sect. Colorado and Concho Stock Association of Texas.

San Angelo, Texas, March 10, 1880."

And Company B in recognition of his valued services passed the following resolutions:

"Headquarters Company B,
Frontier Battalion.
Camp Hackberry Springs,
Mitchell County, Texas.

"At a meeting of the members of said Company, held at the above named place on the 10th day of April, 1880, it was unanimously resolved:

"1st. That it is with deep and heartfelt regret that the Company learns that their Captain June Peak has tendered his resignation of the Captaincy of this Company.

"2nd. That in parting with Captain June Peak we desire to say, that during the two years that he has been the Commander of our Company he has performed every duty to the State with promptness and fidelity, that he has shared

with us every hardship and danger, fearlessly and unhesitatingly. In the camp and on the field he has always been prompted by a stern sense of duty, ever ready, ever willing; that he was ever courteous, polite and gentlemanly; ever eager and bold, keen and quiet, urgent and energetic; never daunted, never uncertain, fearless in all things.

"3rd. That the various members of this Company will ever hold his name in dear remembrance, and that our best wishes shall be ever with him, and our hearts will ever flush with delight

whenever his name shall be mentioned, and a sensation of pride will fill our souls, as we find our late Captain filling one trust higher than the other each in the ranks of fame and honor, to which we feel he is destined to rise.

"4th. That a copy of these resolutions shall be forwarded to Captain June Peak, and another be placed on file in the Adjutant General's Office at Austin, Texas, and that they be published in the Galveston Daily News.

(Signed) ED HAGEMAN.

1st Sergt. Co. B. Front Battl."

Old Fort Lancaster Settling Into Dust

On the east bank of the Pecos river in the extreme western part of Crockett county, Texas, are the ruins of a frontier post once known as Fort Lancaster. Weird, dreary, desolate is this deserted frontier fortification. Tall chimneys keep watch over the crumbling brush-covered walls.

War Department records reveal the following data in regard to this historic post:

"Fort Lancaster, Texas, situated on the east side of Live Oak Creek, one-half mile above its junction with the Pecos River, was established August 20, 1855, and was abandoned March 19, 1861. The post commanders were Captain Stephen D. Carpenter, First Infantry, from August 20, 1855, to February 2, 1856; Captain Robert S. Granger, First Infantry, to April 1, 1858; Captain Carpenter again to April, 1859 and Captain Granger again to March 19, 1861. Companies H and K, First Infantry, were stationed there from August 20, 1855, to April 12, 1859, when Company H left. Company K remained until March 19, 1861. The average strength of the post from date of establishment to April, 1859, was 135 men, and after that date 68 men. Fort Lancaster was established for the purpose of protection against Indians."

Leaving the open divide about six miles east of the fort, the old Government road winds its way down the rugged canyons. The hills, sparsely covered with shinny and scrub cedar, are

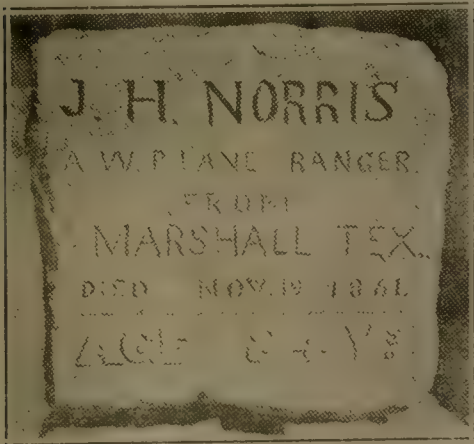
topped with great, bare boulders. The mountains grow steeper and steeper until those overlooking the fort are almost perpendicular. It was down one of these inclines that the old stage coach was driven, once upon a time, when cut off from the main road by the Indians.

Comparison of the ruins of Fort Lancaster with Fort Davis and Fort Stockton, which are near and in a better state of preservation, indicates that they were all built on the same general lines. Officers and soldiers' quarters surround the central parade ground, and all are inclosed by an outer fortification. Not a single building in Fort Lancaster is intact. Tall chimneys, sometimes entirely alone and sometimes linked with the ruined walls, are all that is left. The structures were made of the native stone.

Northwest of Fort Lancaster one mile are the ruins of another series of buildings. Some people think this is one of the old Spanish missions. Nothing whatever can be learned concerning it. It is so completely demolished that surmises are all that can be made from a close study. These ruins are on the bank just above Live Oak Creek. A Government road survey of 1849 and a geological survey of 1855 fail to give any account of the ruins. They are hard to find, however, and could have been overlooked. They seem to be too far from the fort to have any connection with it.

About half way between the mission

and the fort is a burial ground. Twelve or fourteen graves are distinguishable. One is marked with a small cross and the name, W. C. Davis. Two smaller graves are on each side of this. Old-timers say they are the remains of a priest and two nuns. No other graves here are marked. It is understood that all soldiers buried at the fort have long since been removed by the Government.



Northeast of the fort, just outside the inclosure, are other graves, one of which is distinctly marked, "J. H. Norris, A. W. P. Lane, Ranger, of Marshall, Texas. Died Nov. 11, 1861, Age 24 years."

Not all were soldiers and rangers in this little band who gave their lives in this westward march of civilization. One gravestone bears the inscription "Little Margaret. Died Oct. 13, 1858. Children are a heritage of the Lord."

Reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers.

It was the editor's happy privilege to attend the reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers, held at Menard, Texas, July 27, 28 and 29, and there we met many of the Old Guard who helped to drive the Indians and outlaws from the frontier and made Texas a safe place in which to live. Major Commanding, W. M. Green of Colorado City, presided at the meetings. All of the old officers of the association were re-elected to serve during the coming year, and the next reunion will be held at Colorado City. Follow-

ing is a list of the Ex-Rangers and their wives who attended the reunion:

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Greer, Spur, M. C. Henson and wife, Brownwood; T. A. Morrison, Colorado, Texas; J. L. Bomar, Talpa; S. R. Boggue, Stephenville; Jno. R. Hughes, El Paso; T. J. Majors, Brownwood; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Goar, Johnson City; P. C. Kaiser, Blanco; W. F. Perrin, Sayer, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Forehand, Santa Anna; C. W. Allen, Elk City, Okla.; F. W. Hambledon, Plainview; Jno. W. Gregg, Spicewood; D. W. Wansley, Handley; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gholson, Evant, P. H. Rice, Rather; Mrs. Mary Fulkerson, Menard; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. High, Cisco; W. W. Lewis, Menard; W. B. McLean, Winters; P. T. Arnold, May; J. M. Reed, Batesville; T. Sieker, Dallas; J. B. Gillett, Marfa; J. D. Jackson, Alpine; Buck Roberts, Gold; J. W. Lockhart, Menard; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Cheatham, Whon; Capt. and Mrs. Dan Roberts, Austin; R. L. King, Ranger; G. W. Ellington, Lubbock; Jno. A. Shannon, Pottsboro, Miss; W. B. Trawick, Sator; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Decker, Menard; J. M. Lockhart, Menard; T. W. Clark, Abilene; M. C. Lambeth, Abilene; Commander W. M. Green, Colorado, Texas; Miss Ruby Green, daughter of W. M. Green, Colorado, Texas, who is secretary of the organization; J. O. Allen, Cookeville; W. H. Arnold, San Angelo; Noah Armstrong, Henderson, James Beaird, Knox City; S. R. Boggus, Stephenville; Henry H. Baker, San Antonio; L. H. Cook, Bangs; A. S. Collins, Barnhart; S. P. Elkins, Tishomingo, Oklahoma; J. H. Elkin, Coleman; C. M. Grady, Brownwood; Mrs. E. R. Griffith, Moro; W. M. Greer, Meridian; John Hoffer, San Angelo; Sam Johnson, Johnson City; J. L. Latham, Carlsbad, N. M. W. C. Lambeth, Abilene, J. H. Rieger, Lubbock; W. H. Roberts, Llano, R. D. Routh, Brownwood; A. P. White, Hamilton; Olive O. Wood, Dallas; W. B. Milan and wife, Spicewood; P. C. Baird, Mason.

Reunion Photographs

Group photos, taken at the Reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association at Menard, July 27 and 28, can be obtained from N. H. Rose, the photographer, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.



Street in Del Rio Forty-three Years Ago.

John Young Is Still Young

Captain John Young, of Alpine, in sending in his renewal subscription to Frontier Times, as I do not wish to miss an issue; there is no publication that interests me as much. While I am still young (no joke) I am being classed with Old Timers as my father bought the claim of a man by name of Tankersly at Richland Springs, San Saba County, in 1858, when I was two years old. He with my grandfather, John Duncan, built a fort around the springs and we lived in this fort for some time as a protection against the Indians. Both my father and grandfather were horsemen. No man ever loved a good horse better than father, but the Indians stole our horses faster than we could raise them and kept father about so much that he finally moved back to Gonzales county, where he could at least have a horse to ride. There never was a place in Texas that the Indians fought as hard to retain as they did for the San Saba river, on account of the mesquite grass and the mesquite beans which fattened a horse like corn.

"I notice that George Saunders, in San Antonio Express of July 24th, also tries to class me with Old Timers, when

he gives the date of our enlistment at Refugio with Captain Scott's Minute Men in 1873. This company was formed as an urgent necessity to cope with the worst bunch of criminals in America, as Mexico was then ridding itself of its criminals by chasing them across the Rio Grande River into Texas. These Minutemen were men of action led by that grizzled veteran, Captain Henry Scott. We rode our own horses and paid our own expenses; however, this expense did not amount to much as every home was open to us for anything we needed, without price. There was nothing for us to do except to put those criminals back across the Rio Grande river where they belonged, but too many of them would take their chances on being killed rather than return to Mexico where they knew they would be lined up against a wall and shot before sunrise the next morning. Where the evidence warranted we gave them their choice, to swim or fight."

Life of Ben Thompson.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" which has appeared serially in this magazine, has been issued in pamphlet form, 104 pages and is now ready for distribution. Price \$1.50. Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Old Time Puncher Reviews Cowboy Days

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, June 27, 1927



W. BIGBY, now of Runnels County, came to Texas too late to figure much in trail driving, but hit it just right for the first shipping out of cattle from Texas to the Indian Territory, when free grass was fast becoming a thing of the past. Then came perilous and exciting days for large cattle owners, when the famous big drouth of the early '90s literally cleaned up financially numbers of men who counted their herds for years before by the thousands. But read what Mr. Bigby has to say about that and other incidents of cowboy life.

"I was born in South Carolina and my earliest recollection is of my desire

"It was oot until wire fences were fast converting free grass into a thing of the past that I actually began to realize some of my boyhood dreams. I landed in Fort Worth in 1886 and found what I had thought, and in the opinion of most people what was not a city, but a good-sized town. As I think of it now, about every third building was a saloon with the open door. Sometimes the bar was screened from the street, but quite as often it was plainly visible. Gambling was wide open, and when a crowd of cowboys struck town with several months' wages in their pockets it didn't take long for them to find them empty, excepting possibly for a flask or

red-eye they had slipped in for future re-disappointment when there was not a killing every day, according to the accounts I had read, but there was one ever so often and one could not complain of monotony."

"After three years spent in and around Fort Worth working with cattle, I decided it was too tame and that I would drift farther West. It was at (S) headquarters in



The Old Chuck Wagon

to go to Texas and be a cowboy as soon as I got big enough. As I grew older I pictured the life of a cowpuncher as one of thrills from daylight until dark, and a multiple of them from dark back to daytime again. My idea of the cowboy himself was always that of a two-gun man, most of the time doing things pictured by the movies of these days, but which in reality seldom occur. I suppose the foundation for my Western heroes came from reading everything about West Texas and the cattle industry, which at that time consisted, mainly, of thousands of head of long-horns run on open range, that I could get my hands on.

Runnels County that I finally threw the reins down over the head of my mount at what was to be my stopping place for two years. I did regular cowboy work with that outfit, lording, branding, roping, etc. There were (S) cattle all over that country, for there was still free grass to run thousands of head. Round-ups were my chief delight, for they were particularly exciting and to me always interesting. I got a great kick out of cutting our cattle from the main herd, and I can still see myself pulling leather when my cutting horse took in after an animal darting here and there with as much assurance that he was right, as if he could read the brand. I

have never seen any horses that equaled in intelligence a good cutting pony, and none that was shown more affection and consideration by its rider. Cattle were all of the then well known Texas long-horn class, now seldom seen. They sold, generally at 3c, and at 6c topped the market. We boys drew from \$20 to \$30 a month wages and furnished our bedding and saddles. Sometimes mounts too; but this was not often the case. Work was not picked; we did what we were told and no questions asked as to why or how."

After my two years were up on the S Ranch I changed my grazing to the run of the Deuce of Hearts, owned and operated by Abe Millar, a man of whom I can't say too much in praise. He never made any display nor talked overly much, but he was as good, straight and kind-hearted as he was unassuming. It was along about that time that we began shipping so many cattle to the Indian Nation, for things were beginning to look sort of serious on our range. Grass, what there was left outside, was short and cattle were getting long and lean. For five years the 'Hearts' shipped from four to ten thousand head every year. These would pasture well, and if it were needed they would be fed there; then shipped out to either the Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago market.

"Talk about harrowing times, there never was, and I hope never will be again, such discouraging years as the time of the famous drouth of the early '90s. Cattle died by the thousands. There was not a sprig of grass nor a drop of water, even in the big pastures so recently fenced to take care of it, except an occasional spot, like the hair on a mangy dog's back. We boys were sort of glad at that, for it would have looked hard to us to see our cows dying for what the other fellow had and would not divide. That was writ into the cowboy's and cowman's code, you know. 'What's mine is yours if you need it.' And that selfish look of fencing thousands of cattle off from grass and water did not make any friends for the ones who did it. We might have been more generous toward 'em if the sufferers from it had not been dumb

brutes that could do nothing but bawl to show their misery. But we didn't have a mite of sympathy for the wire-fencers when their grass balls began to roll up and blow away same as ours. Many's the time we have indulged in a quiet little chuckle of satisfaction over it, and while it may not have been a very Christian-like act, it certainly was a powerful human one.

"But I started in to tell you about the 'Hearts' losing 700 cows at one whistle, and it was a fact. We had taken 9,100 head over into Menard County, looking for better range, which I'll say right here we didn't find. And exactly 700 cows, good, able, healthy animals they were, just lay down and said goodbye to the balance of the herd, for want of something to eat and drink. I hope I am never called on to see such a sight again. Nothing in the world was ailing them but just simply starvation, and there we were, not able to do a thing to save 'em. Sure was pitiful. Made a fellow feel like they were almost human, the way they would bawl and look for grass, like they were trying to ask us to get it for 'em, which, of course, we were trying to do just as hard as we knew how. But they couldn't understand that. You know a cowboy lives pretty close to nature, and his horse and herd are a mighty big part of him. I remember while bringing that herd back, what was left of it, along in April, that we had a stampede almost every night. I guess it was because the cattle were suffering so and probably were unusually nervous on that account. Anyhow, the least thing would start 'em. A horse shaking his saddle, the sudden jumping of a rabbit, a skunk running through the herd, simple things that ordinarily, when they were full of grass and water, would never have been noticed would make 'em get up and drift. Sometimes bunches of them would just simply quit the country and find 'em we couldn't. Millar finally sold a lot of that particular herd to a Louisiana man and after he had taken them all down he wrote back for the brand. Said he just couldn't keep 'em at home at all. Grass down there might, and probably was, much better,

but those cattle were Texas animals and they didn't like the climate."

"I don't remember ever being scared worse in my whole life than on a trip to the Nation. I was ordered to meet an outfit near the ranch, which was close to Hominy Post, three outfits being scheduled to leave there at one time. I was riding along the Arkansas River with my pack horse, my mind about a hundred miles away, wondering when and where I'd meet up with the wagon and outfit and how far up the river we'd have to work. Going 'long the lowlands, not knowing there was a human being in many a mile of me, I was startled to hear, away up above me a 'Hello, John.' I looked up once, no more, for there stood an Indian, about six feet tall, I guess, but to me he looked about twelve feet. Then I struck the spurs to my horse and left that section of the Arkansas all to him. I guess he was harmless, for the Indians hadn't been otherwise for some time, but he didn't help my eyes a bit.

"It was twelve years since I began work with the Dece of Hearts outfit, and a finer set of boys couldn't have been scared up anywhere. In fact, while I was among the number for a while at least, accepting myself, perhaps, there never was and never will be a better and more loyal bunch of men found anywhere than the old-time open range cow punchers. Of course, that included the boss and owner of the herd. Among those whom I recall as my running mates those days are Roy Overton, George Grundy, whose right name was Kempson; George Gordon, 'Old Toomis,' Hart Morrow, Frank Stewart, Will Vaughn and Clint Hudspeth. Sure'y wish I could run up on that bunch once more, sitting 'round the fire at the chuck wagon. The best days we ever had were spent around the cow camp and the best sleeping I ever did was on good sod grass. But I left it with 'em the last trip I made up to the Nation for the 'Hearts,' and turned my work over to Will Vaughn; then came back to Runnels and married and have been working for myself, on a little ranch I bought at that time ever since. I still have a little bunch of cattle as many as my land will run, but

am doing what most old-time cow-boys are today stock farming. Mighty poor substitute for working range cattle, too but its a big chance and a far call in many ways from the old life. For instance in sitting at the radio and listening in to grand opera in New York, instead of warbling cowboy ditties to the cattle on night guard. Yes, modern discoveries have worked miracles for us all right, and I guess we never would have had 'em on the open range. But I sometimes wonder if they make us any happier than we were in the old days, when we chanted 'I landed on the border when I should 'a' been in bed' to the cattle, with the stars a-twinkling and the breeze a-blowing like a million dollars. Yes, I wonder."

Monument to Amasa Clark

Through the efforts of the army, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Pioneer Freighters Association, a monument of bronze and granite will soon be erected at Fort Sam Houston to Amasa Clark, soldier and pioneer freighter, who died at Bandera, Texas, a few months ago at the age of 101.

Although the fund for the monument is not complete, sufficient money has been subscribed to assure the monument and further subscriptions will be received by Col. J. C. McArthur, chief of staff of the Second Division, or by Dr. Frederick Terrell of San Antonio.

Dr. Terrell has given \$100 to the fund and Clark's old regiment, the Third Infantry, at Fort Snelling, Minn., the regiment with which he served in Mexico under Scott and Taylor, had contributed nearly an equal amount.

In addition to McArthur and Terrell the monument committee is composed of Col. W. E. Welsh, Third Infantry; Judge James O. Luby, president of the Pioneer Freighters Association; I. M. Lowenstein, W. W. Lavin, J. H. Harrison, J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera and Judge William Atkinson of Gonzales.

To William B. Krempkau, life secretary of the Pioneer Freighters Association, goes much of the credit for raising the monument fund which will immortalize not only Clark but that entire corps of pioneers whose courage and patience carved an empire out of a wilderness.

Indian Attack in Bass' Canyon in 1880



ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES of the frontier, which is still fresh in the minds of many people yet living in West Texas, was recalled a few weeks ago when Mr. J. J. Little, of Pearsall, Texas, paid a visit to the editor of Frontier Times, and gave us an account of the 'murder of his sister, Mrs. Maggie Graham, by Indians in Bass Canyon May 13th, 1880. At the time the murder occurred Mr. Little was on the trail to Kansas with a herd of cattle belonging to B. L. Crouch and did not learn of the death of his sister until thirty days after it happened. When in Fort Griffin, Billie Henson, a friend, read an account of the attack in Bass Canyon in a newspaper, the San Antonio Express, he hastened out to the herd to carry the news to the brother. Mr. Little says that on the night before he received this sad news he dreamed a strange dream, wherein one of his sisters met him at the gate as he was returning home and told him that Maggie was dead. Next day after this dream his friend brought the sad details of the murder.

Mr. Little is a well known ranchman of the Pearsall region, and served as sheriff of Frio county for about eighteen years. He brought us a number of clippings from newspapers of that period giving details of the tragedy and comments thereon, which are published in connection with this article.

Bass' Canyon is a gap in the mountains on the old overland stage road, twelve or fourteen miles west of Van Horn. Mrs. Maggie Graham, a bride of only a few months, with her husband, was accompanying a party of immigrants to New Mexico. The immigrant train was waylaid by a band of Apache Indians, a remnant of old Chief Victorio's band, and when the firing began Mrs. Graham jumped up on a wagon tongue and reached for a winchester, but was shot and instantly killed, as was also a man named Grant from Fort Concho. Mr. Graham was desperately wounded, being shot in the thigh. Some members of the party, it is said deserted the immigrant train and went on alone.

After the fight the band of Indians turned south, and went into Old Mexico. Sometime later the same band attacked a body of negro troopers, eight in number, at Ojo Caliente, and killed all of them except one, who made his escape on foot. Some months afterward Captain Baylor's rangers came upon this band of Apache Indians, killed several of them and recovered a lot of women's and children's clothing, some of which was believed to be Mrs. Graham's.

The following account of the Bass Canyon attack appeared in the San Antonio Daily Express of May 16, 1880:

"Fort Davis, May 16—A train of four wagons were en route to New Mexico, bearing Harvey Graham and wife and Samuel Graham of Frio City, Pat Murphy and wife and three children from Uvalde, a Mr. Grant from Fort Concho, four men from Fort Worth whose names are unknown, and a man by the name of Glassner and companion. While the party were passing through Bass Canyon, eighty miles west of Fort Davis, they were attacked by a large body of Indians. The attack was made about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst. (1880.)

"Mr. Grant was killed by the first volley, and Harry Graham seriously but not dangerously wounded. The ball passed through his right thigh.

"Mrs. Maggie Graham, who is the daughter of Bryce Little, a prominent sheepman of Frio county, while in the act of drawing a winchester from the scabbard for her wounded husband to defend himself with, was shot through the head and instantly killed.

"Harry Graham took to the brush, wounded, and managed to secrete himself and thus saved his life. Samuel Graham, his brother, and the Fort Worth men took to the hills, and kept the Indians at bay until dark, when the party made their way to Vanhorn station. Murphy's wagon was close by Graham's and by bravery and good fighting he saved his family, though slightly wounded himself in several places. Glassner and his companion, although well armed, showed the white feather early in

the fight, leaving the remainder to fight it out.

"With the exception of Glassner and companion, the entire party lost everything. That which was not carried away was destroyed.

"The object of the Indians was plunder, probably horses, arms and food, as the survivors think. Had the Indians wished they could have murdered the entire party. For once, the Indians did not strip their victims.

"Harry Graham is now in the Fort Davis Hospital under treatment. Mrs. Graham's body was brought into Van-Horn and buried. Grant's body was buried where he fell."

The following article appeared in the Castroville Quill, May 30, 1880:

"Friotown, May 26, 1880.

"Editor Quill:—The fearfully tragic and untimely death of Mrs. Graham at the hands of Indians in Bass canyon, on the 13th inst., in her twenty-third year, has shed a terrible gloom over this community. Maggie Graham, nee Little, was the eldest daughter of Bryce Little, the well-known sheep raiser of this town. She had passed the greater part of her useful life in our midst, and endeared herself to everyone by her many good qualities of head and heart—qualities at once gentle and lovable, sterling and enduring. Her demise will create a void even among mere acquaintances. To her friends, her loss is irreparable. Her brothers and sisters are deprived of one whom they idolized; her grief-stricken parents, of a daughter beyond all praise; and her unfortunate husband of a wife of whom it may be said, in the impressive language of scripture, that her price was far above rubies. Little more than eight short months have elapsed since she became the wife of Harry Graham; and it is scarcely over a month since the young couple left this county in order to establish a home for themselves in Arizona or New Mexico. Their wedded life's journey was commenced under the fairest auspices. Mutual trust and affection were there to guide the helm, and healthy youth and vigor stood at the prow, while the sails

were filled with the breezes of hope. Indeed their bark seemed specially destined for a prosperous voyage. But God had ordered it otherwise; and we can only bow our heads in submission to the inscrutable workings of His providence, trusting that the Great Physician will in due time pour out His healing balm on the bleeding hearts of the sorrowing relatives for whom all of us feel so profound a sympathy. Let us not intrude farther on the sacred privacy of their grief. Solomon hath said, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.'
A. SCOT."

On its issue of May 27, 1880, the San Antonio Daily Express published the following tribute to Mrs. Maggie Graham:

"Friotown, Texas, May 23, 1880

"Editors San Antonio Express:—A fearful shock was inflicted on this community by receipt of your issue of Tuesday, containing the terrible tidings of the death of Mrs. Maggie Graham and the wounding of her husband by the hands of Indians in Bass Canyon, on the 13th inst. Being only twenty-two years of age, the unfortunate lady was in the very flower of her youth. She was the eldest child of Mr. Bryce Little, the well known sheep raiser of this place. The bulk of her useful life had been spent in Frio, and she had endeared herself to an entire community by her many lovable qualities of head and heart—qualities at once gentle, sterling and enduring. She had only been a bride for a few short months. On the 16th of last September she became the wife of H. B. Graham, a resident of this town for many years, and originally from Patterson, New Jersey. Scarcely more than five weeks before the tragedy occurred, the young couple started out on their way to Arizona in order to establish a new home for themselves. Their wedded life was commenced under the fairest auspices. Their bark left the port freighted with the seeds of success. Courage, energy and perseverance were of the crew. Bright youth and resolution stood at the prow. Mutual trust and affection were there to guide

the helm, and the sails were filled with the trade-winds of hope. And yet the bark went down in direst shipwreck, and the parents of the deceased are left to mourn in anguish for the best of daughters. Her husband, for a wife whose price was far above rubies. Her brothers and sisters, for a sister in a thousand. And many others, for a friend whose loss is irreparable. Truly God moves in a mysterious way. And now, the numerous friends of the lady desire to tender their profoundest sympathy to the bereaved and grief-stricken relatives, and trust that the Great Father of all, who, in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to permit the infliction of the blow, will in due time appear with healing in His wings, pour the balm of His consolation on their bleeding hearts, and fill them with hopes of a blessed reunion in the glorious light of eternity, where partings are unknown. I. W."

The following editorial under the heading of "A Sad Fate," appeared in the Castroville Quill, in May, 1880:

"Death always leaves a void never to be filled—when one passes away amid the sorrows and troubles of this life, and does so surrounded by friends and relatives, and in obedience to the call of the Creator, whose wisdom none dare question, we feel the loss, though sadly, yet it is a loss for which there is no remedy; but it is one that we cannot replace any more than we can prevent it. This loss is more severe when the victim of death is universally beloved, the friend of all and the enemy of none. It is severest when the ties of friendship are not confined to one place or locality and Mrs. Maggie Graham, daughter of Bryce Graham, Friertown, over whose death we now mourn, had friends everywhere, whose friendship could and will outlast the call of time. When such a person, possessed of as much perfection as any of us now attain, is called away, our just grief should be unbounded; but when that grief is not to remain quiet—when in it of necessity has to be mixed a condemnation of a government that fails to protect life or property, then it becomes impure. And

that government should be arraigned before a court of the civilized world that prefers the dollar of the Quaker policy more than the rights and the lives of the exposed frontier people. The protection due us by the United States government, and that would be ours if the government were to abolish the Indian bureau and turn the savages (the murderers of Texas women, the ravagers, the robbers, the tutored assassins of the Indian fiends) over to our military, and make that military strong enough, is much needed. Who can bring back the noble woman whose courage—stronger than that of many men of the party, even in danger and during battle, sought to render assistance to her beloved and wounded husband? United States, why was the soul of one so young and fair launched into eternity? Are the Indians all to blame? If not, who is accessory to the murder of Maggie Graham?"

And in the same issue of the Castroville Quill appeared the following editorial:

"Could not Gen. Ord spare a few companies from Fort Clark to go up into the country where the Indians have been showing themselves so frequently of late? We may be ignorant of such affairs and we doubt not we will be ridiculed by the 'authorities,' but somehow, it does seem to us that it is hardly necessary to keep on hand a full dress parade crowd at Fort Clark all the time. Something after the fashion of an old time patrol would show up mighty well. Wonder if Gen. Ord does not think a couple of companies would have been doing good service up the country when Maggie Graham was murdered about the time they were turning out by the hundreds to do him honor on the occasion of his recent visit out west? We honor Gen. Ord; he is a good man, and we like all his talk about amicable feeling he is perpetuating between this country and Mexico, but it would seem we've got something to attend to on this side."

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times.

More About Sam Bass

An Associated Press dispatch sent from Austin declared "only last week a district judge of Williamson county refused to quash the 40-year old indictment hanging over the comrade of Sam Bass who escaped in the battle between the Bass gang, officers and citizens of Round Rock, in 1878, when Bass was killed." Some years ago the officials of Williamson county were approached concerning the probability of securing the surrender provided he was assured of discharge, it being stated that the fugitive had been located in another state. The officers refused to agree to any such procedure, for the reason that the indictment returned September 20, 1878, charges the man with the murder Constable A. W. Grimes, an officer, while in the discharge of his duty and only a trial by jury will justify them in his discharge. In conversation with Louis Lowe, sheriff of Williamson county and Lee O. Allen, former Sheriff, a representative of the Sun was told that both officers had been approached with the proposition to secure their endorsement of such a procedure if the man would appear. Both refused, their reasons being exactly the same: "We did not propose to be a party to the discharge of a man charged with the murder of a peace officer or any other citizen, thus placing a premium on lawlessness." It is stated the man is getting old has lived an exemplary life and now that the end is approaching desires to go down to the grave absolved of a crime. Indications are that the only way the courts and officers of Williamson county will ever remove the stigma is in a court of justice.

It is unfortunate that any one will not be permitted to pass into the great beyond with their chief desire appeased, but there is another side to the question—the side of Officer Grimes, shot down by some member of the Bass gang in cold blood in the discharge of his official duty. His wife who was left a widow and the tiny children left fatherless. The editor of the Sun has for years felt that the sacrifice of Officer Grimes on that fatal day in Round Rock was altogether unnecessary and could have been avoided. We do not vouch

for the truth of the statement, but it is said the rangers had been advised some time before of the impending robbery and had laid their plans based on this information for the capture of Bass, yet Mr. Grimes, the man charged with the duty of enforcing the law in Round Rock, had never been warned of the coming of the band. When they did arrive, some citizen merely noticed that one of the men was armed, he approached Officer Grimes and informed him of it and he replied, "I will see them." He proceeded to the store in which the trio had stopped and said "Gentlemen I will have to ask that you remove your pistols while on the streets," and without warning he was greeted with the deadly fire of the men and fell victim to their aim only after giving good account of himself in the unexpected battle. Had Officer Grimes been advised of the probable coming of the Bass gang, he would have been more cautious and approached them in a manner their desperate character demanded, disarmed them, prevented the robbery of the bank and the story of the street battle of Round Rock would probably never have been written.—Williamson County Sun. July 24 1927.

Here's a Good Offer.

Send us \$5.00 and we will send you postpaid, the following: One copy of "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and his gang," one copy of "Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger," one copy "Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," one copy "Life of John Wesley Hardin," and Frontier Times for one year. All for \$5.00. This offer will be made for only a short time, as we have only a limited number of the above named books. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

"Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger."

This splendid story of the premier Texas Ranger captain, was published serially in Frontier Times several months ago. We have a limited number of the books now ready for distribution which we are offering at \$1.00 per copy, postpaid. Send your order at once to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Knew Jim Bridger.

Captain A. B. Ostrander, 227½ Belmont Avenue, Seattle, Washington, writes Frontier Times: "In a letter received from Mr. Eugene Cunningham he mentions the Frontier Times, and in another mail he sends me a copy of your April issue. Dog-gone it, I want some more of 'em and enclose check for \$1.50 to carry through a year. Would subscribe for a longer period, but as I am 82 years old I ain't sure where I will be when this runs out. Even this one copy kept me up for over an hour beyond my usual hours for retirement. I opened it up and got so stuck on the first article that I never could let go until I had devoured every word of it, including the last one. "oblivion" on the ending cover page. I happened to live in Texas during the 70's and was Stationmaster for the I. & G. N. R. R. at Tyler, Texas, at the time Jim Currie done the shooting at Marshall, and read all about it at the time. This partially accounts for my interest in that story, but as I read on many familiar names and circumstances were recalled until I came to the article by Bailey about Jim Bridger. I knew Bailey many years ago in Kansas and Colorado, and his estimate of Bridger is correct. For three months in 1867 I spent from two to four hours every day with old Jim at Ft. Kearny, up on the old Bozeman Trail. I was only 20 years old and Jim was suffering from rheumatism, and twice at his request I wrote letters to his daughter then in school at St. Louis (for him.) I knew him well, and was wild when "The Covered Wagon," (both book and film) came out. Jim never had two squaws at the same time. He was married to a squaw on three different occasions, but only after death of one. His last was, I think, a Shoshone, and she died at birth of Virginia. Jim raised that kid on buffalo milk until weaned, and when she was two years old he sent her to a mission school in St. Louis where she was raised. Father DeSmit married him the last time, and to picture that grand old man in the manner done by "The Covered Wagon" is a damnable outrage. Oh, well, send along the magazine, and I'll read every word in 'em."

Who Knows of This Raid?

Mr. Z.T. Vernor, Vance, Texas, writes: "In your August number you give an account of an Indian raid, in which Mrs. McLauren and a boy were killed. This raid occurred in April, 1881, ten miles south of Leakey. There was a raid made by Indians about the middle of December, 1881, or 1882, the exact date I am not sure. I was living in Gonzales county at that time, and made a trip as far as Junction with a man who lived in Mason county. I was hunting a job on a cow ranch, and had just about given up finding anything. We camped one night on a mountain between Junction and Mountain Home, but did not make a fire. When we reached Junction we found some twenty or thirty men congregated there, and three of them came to meet us and asked where we came from, and when we told them they wanted to know if we had seen any Indians. We had seen one man, riding bare-headed up the side of the mountain, and told them about where we had seen him. They left us in a run and went back to the crowd, and all started out, some going back to where we had seen the bare-headed fellow, and some striking for a gap through which the Indians might pass out. This gave me a scare and I was ready to go back to old Gonzales county, but those good people would not hear of me going alone, so they sent two men with me part of the way. I do not remember what depredations the Indians had committed the night before. Killed a family and burned a house, I think, somewhere south of Junction. The one we saw was going north, and I was told there were about twenty-five in the bunch. I would like for some one who knows of this raid to give an account of it in Frontier Times. It may have been the last raid made by redskins in this country. We had no communication then like now. The people in Gonzales had not heard of an Indian raid for so long that we thought they were clear gone, never to return. I made a visit to the mountain region later, and was so well pleased that, in 1910, I bought a home and moved my family here, and still like the country better than anywhere I have ever been."

Pioneer Life in Southwest Texas

Uvalde Leader-News, July 1, 1927

THE following account of the early Indian fights around Uvalde will recall to the minds of our older readers those stirring times when there was real danger from the redskins. There are still a few of those left who took part in driving them away, among them John C. Ware, who still lives in the old family home which is situated on the west side of the highway that leads from Sabinal to Utopia. On the bank of the Sabinal river two miles below Utopia are two two-story houses of white sandstone. They are probably the oldest houses in Uvalde county. One belongs to the Fenley family, the other is still occupied by the subject of this sketch, John Ware, who has lived in that same house for over fifty years. He was born in 1839 in East Texas and came to the Sabinal canyon with his father, who died a year later, leaving him to care for six sisters, all younger than himself. With the courage that has carried him through the rough places in life, he set about laying out his farm, the planting of an orchard, the building of a mill at the old site of Wareville.

In 1861 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Fenley, the ceremony taking place in a fort in the Sabinal canyon. After her death several years later he married Miss Mattie Bates, who is still living.

He is the father of sixteen children. When Mr. Ware was a boy of 14 years he followed his first Indian trail, but it was several years later that he killed his first and only man, an Indian chief, in a battle between the settlers and a band of Indians on the Leona river. While he was serving in Co. B, 33rd Texas Reg. in the Confederate army he was sent home by special commission to act as tax assessor of his county and help protect the settlement from the Indian raids. He appointed Newman Patterson his deputy and organized the settlers, and took charge of the warfare against the Indians who made raids, taking horses and killing the white settlers who resisted them. The winning

of this country from the uncivilized west was due to the bravery of such men as Geo. Thompson, Kelley brothers of the Frio canyon, Robinson, Pulliam, Fenley, Davenport, Bowles, Black, Dillard, Kincheloes, Milers, Taylor, Patterson, and many others, some of them giving their lives to the cause.

"There must be pioneers" but too much honor can not be given those brave men and women who came in ox wagons from the eastern parts of Texas to build homes and churches and school houses where only the redmen had lived. And to our friend John Ware, who still not only lives but enjoys a life of usefulness, in planting his crops and gathering them, surrounded by his children, and in the companionship of his good wife, we wish for him many years yet to be added to his more than fourscore and that each will be happier than the previous one, and that his life will go on through time just as the quiet little river running under the giant cypress trees near his home goes quietly to join the sea.

This story relates one of Mr. Ware's most thrilling and exciting experiences with the redmen who inhabited this section of the state at that time:

On the morning of October 28, 1859, a ranchman in Uvalde County named John Davenport, came to the ranch of Duke Bowles, driving a yoke of oxen. The latter met him with the remark, "There are Indians in the country, did you know that?" Bowles replied, "I thought so."

Bowles' ranch was on the main road to Mexico and at this time there was a Mexican train stopped near the ranch, having camped there the previous night. Some of the Mexicans had just informed Bowles that Indians had been around their camp all night trying to get their mules and horses, succeeding in getting a horse and a mule which had strayed off with drag ropes on.

Davenport soon took the road home with his oxen, his ranch being several miles east and on the same road. In a short time twelve men came from the

Frio on trail of the Indians, and in making preparations to go with them, Bowles discovered that the Indians had also taken two of his horses. He, however, had another saddle horse, so he went with the trailers but left a guard at his house.

About 11 o'clock a. m. the scout rode up to the top of the hill between the Blanco creek and Sabinal river and looked over towards the Patterson settlement. Bowles was in the lead on the trail and saw a man galloping his horse in their direction. When the man came up to them he announced that the Indians had made a raid in the Patterson settlement and it was supposed had killed John Bowles, but the body could not be found. This was a severe blow to Dope Bowles, for John Bowles was his father whom he thought to be at his new ranch on the Leona, many miles to the southwest.

While the party was still assembled on the hill another man was seen on the San Antonio road nearby. He was signalled by the waving of hats, and when he came up, said that the Indians had killed John Davenport on the road between the Sabinal river and Ranchero creek. He had been last seen coming down the hill on the west side to the crossing, still driving the oxen. Both these ranchmen lived on Ranchero creek, several miles east of the Sabinal. When Davenport arrived at a point where the town of Sabinal is now located, the Indians made their attack upon him. The man also said that the Indians who killed Davenport had gone northwest.

After gaining this information, Bowles sent the message back to tell the friends of the family to search for the body of his father, and he would follow the Indians. He led the scouting party to John Kennedy's ranch on the Sabinal. At the little store he laid in a supply of provisions which were packed on a mule, and then sent a runner to Lieut. W. B. Hazen, who was in command of a small troop of United States cavalry at Fort Inge on the Leona river, twenty odd miles west. The message to the lieutenant was to the effect that he come with all the men he could spare from the post and meet the party of

ranchmen at the mouth of the Frio canyon.

Bowles and his party, among whom were Clabe Davenport and John Kennedy, took the trail of the Indians from the spot where Davenport was killed and followed it to the foot of the mountains on Blanco creek. Here the Indians had made a halt, and here also Bowles made the discovery that beyond a doubt his father was killed, by the finding of his shoes covered with blood. Bloody rags with which the Indians had dressed their wounds were also found.

When night came, the settlers laid down on the prairie and spent the night without water. On the following day the trail was again taken up and followed to the Frio road out through the pass. On the way they came across some men who had seen the Indians in the distance. Lieutenant Hazen and his men had now joined the ranchmen and also some settlers from the small village of Uvalde at the head of the Leona river.

Hazen had thirteen men with him and the combined force now numbered forty-two. Among the settlers were John L. Daugherty, James McCormick, Ben Pulliam, William Thomas, Frank Isabell, Nobe Griner, Arnold, Arnette, Everette and "Bushy Head" Williams. Daugherty was in command of the men from Uvalde, but Lieutenant Hazen was in command of the whole. He told Daugherty to take the lead on the trail. Williams was selected as trailer and all moved forward at a good speed. Bowles asked permission to assist in trailing and it being granted, these two took the lead.

The trail led across the canyons and sides of the mountains until the settlements were passed. Then it kept to the beds of the creeks. The party camped that night close to the trail. At dark the trailers climbed a cedar, hoping to see the Indians' camp fires but could see nothing and returned. At daybreak the trail was again taken up and when the company arrived at a point half a mile beyond where Bowles and Williams had climbed the tree, the Indians were discovered in camp nearly a mile away in a glade near a small ce-

dar brake. They were saddling their horses.

Lieutenant Hazen came forward and at once ordered a charge, himself leading the way. Soldiers, settlers and pack mules all went together with a terrible clatter over brush and rocks and soon everything was badly scattered. The Indians were taken by surprise and ran, but tried to carry their horses along with them. Being pressed for time, all were not able to mount separate steeds and some sprang up behind others. One Indian was noticed trying to rope some of the horses.

During this time the charge was sweeping towards them. The settlers were yelling and the foremost were soon closed in on the hindmost Indians. There were two men especially that wanted revenge, Clabe Davenport, brother of John, who was killed, and Duke Bowles. The latter rode close to one Indian and dismounted so as to get a good shot, but before he could do so the Indian tumbled from his horse, hit by a volley from the left.

At this time Arnette, who rode a race horse named "Fuzzy Buck" came up to Bowles and proposed to exchange horses, as he had promised in case of a fight. Bowles' horse was slow.

Bowles now mounted 'Fuzzy Buck' and again set out after the Indians who were now two hundred yards or more ahead and running their horses at full speed. Lieutenant Hazen was ahead now on a fast horse. He was armed with a navy pistol and soon overtook the Indian chief, who, seeing the scattered condition of the white men, turned back to fight Hazen. The chief also had a pistol. The two met instantly and both fired together. The ball from the Indians pistol struck the lieutenant in the right hand, knocked the pistol from his grasp, then penetrated his breast and lodged against his backbone. His horse reared and fell backwards, then sprang to his feet and ran off, leaving his rider on the ground.

The white men were badly scattered, and only those who rode the fastest horses could get into the fight. Clabe Davenport was seen to run close on to the Indians several times and fired at them rapidly with a revolver after dis-

charging his rifle. The Indians were outnumbered, having left part of their band back in the settlement, but they were game and knew how to scatter their enemies and fight them in detail.

Bowles was coming up behind Lieutenant Hazen when he shot from his horse, and as the Indian turned his horse again to run, Bowles saw where the lieutenant's ball had hit the chief. But it was low down, and the Indian went on, waving his pistol and yelling. One Indian who rode a horse without a bridle or saddle ran to the left and was pursued by John Kennedy and William Thomas. Kennedy fired and hit the Indian in the back of the head, felling him. In the meantime Bowles dismounted by Lieutenant Hazen and turned him over, and feeling the bullet in his back, said: "There is one dead man." Then remounting, he went back to the pursuit and coming again to the front saw four Indians just ahead.

Everette was ahead of Bowles and attacked the chief who had just shot Hazen. Both had pistols, and when the Indian turned to face Everette, the muzzles of their pistols almost touched. Both fired at once. Everette fell from his horse with the hammer of his pistol shot off and himself wounded in the hand and mouth, all done with the same bullet. Two of his teeth were knocked out. The ball lodged in his left temple. The Indian wheeled his horse, waved his pistol and went on yelling. Bowles halted at the body of his second fellow man, and seeing blood running from his mouth, exclaimed: "Another dead man!" and then went on with the charge.

There were now ahead of Bowles, Ben Pulliam, William Thomas and Arnold. Two more Indians had been struck by bullets and laid low. Just ahead of the front men were two Indians on the same horse going at break-neck speed. In crossing a deep ravine the one behind slipped to the ground, and stepping to one side, shot an arrow into the back of Ben Pulliam as he crossed the ravine. Pulliam fell from his horse. The Indian was killed by Arnold, who was close behind. He died with another arrow in his hand with which he intended to shoot Arnold.

This was the finest looking Indian in the lot. He was young, not very dark and had fine, soft, black hair, and his person was profusely ornamented with beads, rings, etc. He had John Davenport's pistol belt, and fastened to it was the scalp of John Bowles.

When Pulliam fell and Arnold shot the Indian, Thomas dashed up the bank in pursuit of the mounted Indian, overtook him, and both commenced firing their pistols. Thomas fired once and the Indian twice in quick succession, the bullets glancing Thomas' thigh, and went into the horn of his saddle not more than two inches apart. Thomas went out of sight in another gulley and the Indian went on, yelling and waving his pistol. "Another dead man," said Bowles, who saw it all as he came charging up.

The Indian who shot Hazen and Everette covered the retreat of the balance and did most of the bloody work that day with John Davenport's pistol, when he had emptied it he threw it away and used his bow. The pistol was picked up by one of the men in the rear. This Indian had been fired at many times, was now stripped completely naked, was bloody from head to foot, as was also his horse; but he still continued to fight and yelling defiance to his pursuers. When anyone came close to him he would wheel his horse and make many motions with a pistol before firing. Having demonstrated that he was a dead shot he kept the men dodging. He had three pistols and emptied all of them during the long chase.

The white men in the pursuit could only come up with the Indians two or three together and the fighting which was done was about evenly matched. The horses of the settlers were nearly all run down and there were the Indians still in sight. Bowles now got a shot-gun from Arnette, and leaving all behind, chased the Indians alone, thinking he could run up close and kill two of them. He had emptied and reloaded his pistol several times, firing many shots at the chief. When he came up close to the nearest Indian he attempted to fire, but his gun snapped.

There were no caps on it. He had

to stop to adjust some, permitting the Indians to gain ground. "Fuzzy" however, soon overtook them again, and the Indians in sheer desperation plunged down a steep bluff. Bowles came up and looked over and saw that it was about fourteen feet down, but not exactly perpendicular. He waited until some more of the men came up. They said it was too steep to go down on horses, so they fired their guns at the Indians across the valley, but they were out of range.

Bowles said where the Indians could go down white men could too. He plunged down, landing safely. He was followed by Frank Isabell, Nobe Griner and Williams. These four went on in pursuit of the Indians. In a distance of three miles Bowles once more overtook them and commenced a battle, firing both barrels of the shotgun, but failed to bring either of them down, although Indians and horses were struck. The reason the Indians did not charge back on Bowles was that they saw he rode a fast horse and that they would not catch him. They stayed together and watched him, yelling and shooting arrows. The other men could not catch up.

Bowles would stop and wait for the others, get loaded pistols, and then race the Indians again. In this way he fought them many miles. Williams had a long-winded horse, and finally caught up with Bowles, and they charged together. Bowles fired the last load from his shotgun and had only one load in his pistol. The bloody chief now seeing that the two white men were coming to them, turned back to fight them alone. He charged Williams first, who was coming at him with a pistol. Williams dismounted. The Indian also dismounted and faced him with bow and arrows.

The fight commenced at about half a dozen yards, Williams firing only one shot and receiving an arrow in the breast, giving him what he thought a mortal wound. He turned towards Bowles, saying: "Fight him the best you can, Doke, he has killed me;" and as he passed on the Indian shot two more arrows into him and then charged Bowles. Bowles leveled his pistol at

the chief and fired his last shot. The Indian never flinched and continued to advance and "Fuzzy Buck" had to put in some quick jumps to save his rider from being struck full of arrows also.

The Indian himself was pitiable to look at—covered with wounds, bloody from head to foot and his shield gone. But he was still game, and turning back, mounted Williams' horse and rode away yelling. Bowles watched him go off and saw nine bloody spots on his body from which the blood was running. The Indian seemed as tenacious of life as a California grizzly bear. His horse and saddle looked as if they had been dipped in blood. Fourteen navy pistol balls and buckshot had hit the horse, but none had reached a vital spot or broken a limb. On this bloody horse, which the Indian left standing was the saddle, bridle and rope of John Bowles, Duke's father, but the horse was still ahead, ridden by another Indian. Williams lost one of his pistols, a coat and a canteen, which were on his horse when the Indian rode him away.

Bowles watched the three Indians until they got to the top of the hill, when two of them dismounted and laid down. Years after, an old Indian on a reservation said that only one Indian of this band got back to his tribe and he had a broken arm and two died after the white men quit them, and one of them was the bloody chief.

After Williams was so badly wounded he made his way back to Nobe Griner and Frank Isabel, while Bowles was having his last battle with the redoubtable chief. Never was there such a running fight on the frontier as this. It was twenty miles back to where the fight commenced. The men were scattered all the way there and there were dead Indians and wounded white men. Some of the soldiers stopped with Lieutenant Hazen. The heavy cavalry horses of those who came on soon failed and none but the toughest of the cowponies of the Texas prairies endured to the end.

There was no water and the wounded men nearly perished. All of the wounded were badly hurt, but none of them died. There was no medical attention

to be had, and the men did the best they could for one another. The ball was cut out of the temple of Everette with a pocket knife. As Lieutenant Hazen was the most dangerously wounded, James McCormick volunteered to go to Fort Clark, a distance of eighty miles after surgical aid. He made the trip and brought back the surgeon and a hack from the fort, but had a race with the Indians before he got there.

In the meantime, a camp was established. The soldiers were left with Hazen, and the rest of the men drifted back home, taking along the wounded who were able to travel. Commander Hazen was first carried to Fort Clark and in about three weeks was moved back to Fort Inge.

Ben Pulliam was wounded with an arrow. When it was withdrawn the spike remained in the wound, fast in the bone. McCormick pulled it out with a bullet mould. On the way home Pulliam complained of something about his wound that was almost killing him. A halt was made for an examination and the discovery was made that the iron spike had split and part of it was curled around the backbone, somewhat like a fishhook. Another pair of bullet moulds were used and the iron was extracted with great pain to the wounded man, but with relief soon afterwards. During the chase Duke Bowles saw an Indian throw something under a cedar tree which he thought might be his father's scalp. He did not know at the time that the Indian killed at the ravine had it. He noticed the place and found the object on his return. It proved to be an old-fashioned reticule with a draw string to close it. It contained paint, poison and the scalps of three young children. A wounded horse was found, left by the Indians, which was recognized as belonging to a man named Wheat, who had been killed on Black creek in Medina county. This long chase and fight took place in the head draws of the North Llano about 100 miles from Uvalde. The body of John Bowles was found six miles south of where the Indians killed John Davenport.

This fight caused the rapid promotion of Lieutenant Hazen. He wore the stripes of a general in the Union army during the Civil War, and after its close was connected with the signal service. He was in fact the originator

of the weather bureau. He died in the early nineties. In the fall of 1899 the widow of General Hazen married Admiral George Dewey, after his famous victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

The Battle at Ball's Ranch in 1868

Written in 1910 by John Warren Hunter



ALL'S RANCH was on the road leading from Decatur, Wise county, to Jacksboro. Fort Richardson was located at the latter place and was garrisoned by several companies of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry under Col. Paddy Starr. Ball's Ranch was several miles north or northwest of Decatur and some thirty-five or forty miles from Fort Richardson. It was a small ranch and until some years after the war, was the only habitation immediately on the Jacksboro road for a stretch of many miles. The following account of the raid on this ranch, is furnished by one of the participants in that struggle.

In the fall of 1868, I went from Jacksboro to Jefferson, Texas, and bought a bunch of horses for the cavalry service. The government was paying good prices for cavalry stock and I expected to reap a handsome profit by selling to the purchasing agent at Fort Richardson. Near Jefferson, I picked up a young man by name of Holford and hired him to assist me in driving my stock to market. He was a raw, inexperienced young fellow, about my age, 22, and had never been on the frontier. However, there was something about him that persuaded me to believe that he could be relied on in a tight place, and we soon came to terms. I told him of the dangers we might encounter, gave him fair warning, and agreed to pay him \$100 for his services when I had disposed of my horses.

We started with our little caballada and soon discovered the need of a pack mule. At Sulphur Springs, where lived Holford's father we stopped a couple of days and from some horse traders

from San Antonio, I bought a mule to serve as pack animal. He was a small, wiry, lithesome beast of the tow-headed variety and from all appearances, taking into account his temperment, obstinacy, eccentricities and endurance and all-round cussedness in general, he could, in all reason, have laid claim to a lineal relationship to that species of his race introduced into New Spain by the Conquistadores some three and a half centuries ago. Briefly, he was what was known to all Texans as a "Spanish mule."

During our journey for the first three or four days this mule made a splendid record. He showed himself gentle, docile, and obedient. He never tried to stray from the herd, kept in the middle of the road, and at times followed along close in the rear. We became greatly attached to our mule and we named him "Benemerito." Keep an eye on Benemerito; he is to figure conspicuously in the tragedy yet to follow.

We traveled leisurely in order that my stock should reach Jacksboro in good shape; grass was green and abundant along the entire route, and being well supplied with camp equipment, borne on the rotund back of Benemerito the patient and amiable Benemerito, we made the journey pleasantly until we reached Decatur, then a mere village far out on the frontier. Here we were informed that while there were no Indians reported as being in the country, yet it behooved us to keep a sharp lookout, as they had been troublesome all fall and as there were few settlers along our route to Jacksboro, (Fort Richardson) we could not exercise too much care and that we

should be ready to fight any moment. Each of us carried a cap-and-ball Remington six-shooter and we were considered crack shots among the boys at home. As we had no other arms, it was suggested by those at Decatur, that we take along a couple of Spencer rifles, with a good supply of cartridges, and to this we readily agreed, since it did not cost us anything. For the protection of travelers and those living on ranches along the exposed sections of the border, the Government kept a supply of guns with ammunition at convenient points. On demand, these were furnished, as a loan, and had to be returned or accounted for.

Being thus heavily armed and well mounted, we set forward on our journey without the least fear of Indians, and with an indifference to danger that proved our undoing, as the sequel will show.

We left Decatur late in the afternoon and camped a few miles out, each taking his turn during the night as guardman. Bright and early next morning we were in the saddle, cheerful, and buoyant, since two more days drive would take us to the end of our journey. It was here that Benemerito began to reveal his true character, in other words his innate cussedness. He showed a spirit of rare insubordination that morning while being packed, that was simply astonishing. Along the road, during all that forenoon he was mean and desperately contrary. He would leave the road to follow every hog-trail; and every gully and ravine that intersected the main road, was his chosen path. At a muddy pond where we allowed the horses to enter in quest of water, he laid himself down and wallowed in the mud and slime, saturating our small stock of clothes, blankets and ruining our little stock of grub.

During the morning drive, some five miles out from Decatur, we overtook a train of seven wagons from Grayson county. These were loaded with flour which was being taken to Jacksboro market. We also met a small wagon train returning from Fort Richardson, and the men with this outfit informed us that the way was clear, and that it

had been several weeks since Indians had been in the country.

We were in the Cross Timbers and all that forenoon our road lay through open post oak woods. At noon we halted in this open woods where the grass was good and rested about two hours, allowing the stock to graze and trying to dry our blankets and our remnant of wearing apparel. We made a scant meal from our mud-soaked grub, after which Holford took a nap, while I kept watch.

It was, as I remember about 3:30 p. m., when we began to saddle up to resume our journey. My horses were scattered around over a space of probably three or four acres in extent, lazily browsing on the nutritious grasses. I caught and saddled one of the best horses in the bunch and ordered Holford to do likewise, but to my surprise, he announced his determination to ride that mule the rest of the day as a punishment for his devilment in the forenoon. I protested against such a foolhardy course and tried to convince him of the folly of riding a tow-headed mule in a region where at any moment we were liable to attack by Indians. I reminded him of his promise to stay by me through thick and thin and also of my agreement to stay close to him in a pinch, but in that agreement, it was not presupposed that he would risk himself and my chances by riding a little old Spanish mule when there were plenty of fleet horses to be had. He swore he was going to ride him out of that mule, Indians or no Indians. "I am going to stay by you this evening as long as you stay with me and the mule," was his argument, and I had to acquiesce. He was about as stubborn as the mule and refused to listen to reason. He secured the pack on one of the horses, and began to saddle Benemerito. Meantime, I had saddled and mounted my horse and rode up alongside of Holford, facing south, the direction from whence we had come that forenoon. I should have stated in its proper connection, that at this particular point, the road ran north and south, and we had open woods in every direction except on our southeast where the timber was quite dense, extending to a point about 150 yards from

our position. I had been over the road before and knew that Ball's Ranch was in that vicinity but just how far, I did not know. In 'ruth, I did not think much about it.

Benemerito cut all kinds of mu'e capers while being saddled, and Holford, being naturally slow in his movements, was a long time in getting him rigged up. While sitting on my horse, watching Holford and occasionally swearing at his slothfulness, I chanced to look down the road over which we had come and in the distance through the open woods, I caught the glimpse of a h'ue coat. I mentioned this to Holford and advanced the idea that probably it was a scout from Decatur, returning to Richardson. "Can't be", said my man, "They told us yesterday that there were no scouts in this part of the country", and he proceeded with great deliberation to remove his flank girth in order to take it up or shorten it so as to fit his mu'e. I could not suppress a vehement outburst of profanity, but it had no more effect on Holford than it had on the mule. At last, when the mule was saddled and I thought we were to begin the round-up of my horses, Holford had to make a cigarette before mounting. More chagrin, more cussing.

Having lighted his cigarette (with flint and steel) and while in the act of getting into his saddle on the now almost revolving mule, a large party of Indians charged upon us from the thick timber south east of us, and which I have mentioned. There were perhaps as many as twenty in the bunch, although, at the time, it seemed to me that the woods were full of them. They came on with loud yells and screeches, and in order to give my man time to mount, I opened fire, then as he sprung into the saddle I wheeled my horse and said to him, "Come on!" My horse had not made over three leaps when I heard Holford cry out, "For God's sake don't leave me!" Glancing back, I saw a sight I shall always remember. It was most ludicrous, although in the very jaws of death. Benemerito had taken the "studs," and was going round and round, while his rider was belaying him, right and left, with his

pistol. I turned and dashed alongside of him and shouted: "Jump on my horse behind me!" When I said this, the Indians were within forty steps of us, still advancing and yelling and firing, some using pistols, but most of them seemed to be armed with bows and lances. There was a big Indian in the lead who wore a white woman's sun bonnet, such as were the fashion in that day. This old savage had a new Remington pistol which he fired almost point blank at me. I cut down on him with my first shot after having reached Holford's side, and knocked him off his horse. It so happened that when I fired, Benemerito's head had swung round and came almost directly under my pistol when I fired. I don't know whether it was the sound or the concussion, that caused him to want to get away from there, at all events, he lit out. His head happened to be pulled round into the right direction, and—well, he flew, and I began to think Holford was going to run off and leave me. As he started, Benemerito caught a dogwood switch (arrow) just above the root of the tail, and this may have helped to put ginger in his feet. Holford caught two switches in his back about the same time, while an arrow pinned my pants, just above my knee and barely grazing my thigh, to my saddle.

The ground before us sloped off in a north west course and our only hope was to reach the friendly shelter of a thicket or the banks of a creek we might chance to find at the foot of the slope, which we reached after racing three or four hundred yards with the Indians a close second. We came to a small dry creek in which stood an oak tree that supported a large grapevine. A few steps from this tree the bank on the east side of this little creek was about four or five feet high, perpendicular, and this gave us good protection, for the time being. We hastily dismounted, tied our stock to the grapevine, took to the bank and opened on our pursuers. There were only seven in the bunch, the rest, evidently had stopped to round up my horses. These seven halted when they saw us run down into this creek bed and seemed to be waiting for the coming of their

comrades. They remained mounted, kept their shields well to the front, and remained at a safe distance beyond the range of our Spencers.

At the first onset, a shot had knocked Holford's pistol from his hand, and had taken off one of his fingers. As we felt safe for the time being, I set about the dressing of my man's wounds, as he was in great pain. I applied a handful of dirt, the only remedy at hand, to his wounded hand, bound it with a strip of my handkerchief, being careful, as he urged to leave him a trigger finger, unbound. I then pulled the arrows from his back, and he was ready for action.

Meantime we had sized up the surroundings. There was no west bank to the creek at the point of our location. The ground sloped up from the bed of the creek into an open prairie and in that direction we had no protection whatever, except that of the old oak tree. We were in a close place. We reasoned that as soon as the main body of Indians had rounded up our horses, they would surround us and seeing our exposed condition on the west, they would attack us from that direction and we would be at their mercy. We agreed to sell out dearly as possible and when I suggested that as a last resort we kill our horses and make a breast work of them, with the utmost coolness Holford remarked: "Kill your horse first I am going to ride that d—d mule out of here."

During all this while, we were crouched under the sheltering bank. I taking the precaution to rise up and send a shot merely to let the enemy know that we were strictly on the defensive. As they saw but one head appear above the bank, they evidently drew the conclusion that one of us had been killed. At any rate, they set up a fierce yell and made a charge. Holford, who had been lying on the ground, having become very sick from the pain caused by his wounds, sprang to my side, and we opened fire. At this the Indians wheeled their horses and fell back. Holford's first shot struck one of the foremost of the bunch and as they went off, he was being held on his horse by a comrade, nor did these two stop with the others when they got be-

yond the range of our guns, but kept going in the direction of the main body. This left only five in our front and these dismounted, gathered in a group and seemed to be trying to bind up a wound of one of their number. While watching this movement, we were startled by sounds coming from it seemed about a quarter of a mile northeast of us, that told that Pandemonium had broken loose. Yells, screams and the discharge of fire-arms rent the air with a din sufficient to appal those not accustomed to Indian warfare. The five in our front sprang to their horses and throwing their shields over their backs sped away in the direction of the conflict. My first conclusion was that after having rounded up my horses, the Indians had started along the main road, and had run into a troop of the Sixth cavalry on their way to Decatur, and the prospect of recovering my caballada added force to our spurs.

We lost no time in mounting and being off, right on the heels of those five savages. Holford forgot all about his wounds, and Benemerito showed no lack of speed. The chase was through open post oak woods and when having covered probably half a mile we came suddenly in the road and on a ridge overlooking and in full view of Mose Ball's ranch, where the battle was being waged.

Really, Ball's was not a ranch, in the present acceptance of the term. It was a typical frontier settlement or home. The residence was a cabin, or, rather two small cabins built of hewn logs with an entry or open passage between, and like all frontier houses, these contained loop-holes at convenient intervals in the walls. The yard, something like half an acre was enclosed with a palisade of split logs set deep in the ground and extending about four feet six inches above ground and along the top of this fence or palisade, a binder was securely nailed down. In the absence of artillery, this palisade was sufficient to enable two or three men to hold their own against a large body of Indians.

Two gates opened into this palisaded yard; one a large gateway in front and next to the road which ran north and

south past the house; the other was a smaller gate in the east palisade and from which led a path to the well, which was in the field east of the house some 150 or 200 yards from the gate. The house was on a ridge and at the northwest corner of the field which contained only five or six acres, as I remember. This field lay in a cove formed by a high timbered ridge that curved round from the northeast to the southwest of the ranch, this ridge being several feet higher than that on which stood the house, and was beyond rifle range.

As stated, in pursuit of the five Indians that had held us at bay, we came suddenly into the road on the ridge at the southwest corner of the field. The west string of the fence which was "staked and ridered," ran parallel with the road to the house about four hundred yards distant, and two-thirds of the way down hill. When we came to the road we pulled up. I shall never forget the scene that came into view, and it took us only about a second to size up the situation. The field and yard were in full view. The former swarmed with Indians, yelling, shooting and seemed to be advancing towards the house. Puffs of smoke came from the yard fence—the din was too great to hear the report of the ranchmen's guns, but we knew that three were fearless men there defending their home and little ones. The five we had pursued leaped their horses over the fence on the ridge, which had been torn down by those already in the field, and joined their comrades in the onslaught on the ranch house, while we dashed down the road towards the house. The Indians, seeing our movement, tried to head us off but the staked and ridered fence saved us. They could not make their horses leap this obstacle, and before they could remove the rails we dashed past amid a shower of arrows and bullets and reached the house. As we approached the gate, a ponderous affair, Mrs. Ball threw it open, giving us speedy admission. As we dismounted in the yard, and while the brave woman was closing and barring the heavy gate, and without displaying the least excitement, she said: "Turn them nags

loose boys, and keep your heads. Don't you be a bit scared. That's old Red Feather and his thieving gang of cut-throats, and don't you waste any cartridges, but shoot to hit and hit to kill."

We had only time for a glance at the yard. In front of the cabin lay a woman, dead as we supposed, and a little child sat by her, caressing her face and crying piteously. Guns rested against the fence at intervals, with cartridges placed in gourds and pans conveniently near. These had been placed in position by Mrs. Ball. All this was noted as we ran to where two old men were firing rapidly from the east palisade which seemed to be the main point of attack. These old frontiersmen were Mr. Mose Ball and his neighbor, Mr. Shira, and when we reached them they both shouted almost in the same breath, "Shoot all around the boy! Don't hit the boy!" Two young girls who stood near, and at times showed their knowledge of guns set up the same cry. All of which was meaningless to us; we knew nothing of any boy, and had no time to listen to explanations. The Indians were making a desperate charge, but were driven back with heavy loss. A large number not engaged in this charge remained at and around the well from whence they sent showers of balls and arrows that fell all around us. Mrs. Ball, during all this time and until the Indians drew off, busied herself encouraging the men, occasionally dashing a gourd of water into the face of the woman who lay, apparently dead, in the yard, picking up arrows and breaking them, and when a rifle became hot from firing, she was on hand with a fresh gun, loaded and ready for destruction, and all the while keeping up that same admonition: "Don't hit Willie; shoot all around the boy!"

I suppose ten minutes had elapsed—perhaps longer, men don't often count the moments when in a fight with Indians where they are outnumbered fifty to one—when I saw a boy dart from under a wagon that stood in the corn rows near the well and around which the Indians were thickest. He ran but a few steps when a large portly Indian, wearing a scarlet red cap, or war bonnet, made of feathers, and who

was on foot, lunged forward, struck the lad with his bow just below the knees, causing him to stumble, and as he rose, the big Indian seized him by the arm. All this took place in full view of the house and of all in the yard. Mrs. Ball and her daughters became frantic, and cried out: "Oh, he's got Willie, he's got Willie! Men for God's sake, why don't you shoot that Indian? Shoot old Red Feather! Don't you see he's got Willie?"

The boy was struggling to get loose, and while so doing Red Feather's shield slewed around to one side and at that instant four guns blazed from the palisade that protected Mr. Ball's yard, and old Red Feather's yell that had so often sent a thrill of terror to the souls of defenseless women and children on the frontier, became forever silent. At the crack of these guns, he threw up his hands and fell his full length backward, pierced by three balls, either one of which would have been sufficient to send his blood-reeking soul to the lowest depths of hell.

When the chief—for such he was—fell, the boy finding himself unfettered, made another break for the house. A smooth path led up a gradual rise to the gate. One of his sisters, who had witnessed the fall of the chief mounted the palisade and with one hand holding to the high gatepost while the other she waved her bonnet, shouted lustily; "Run, Willie, run!" But Willie needed no exhortation, no extra incentive. I have seen some of the champion runners in my time, but I have never seen a pair of human legs get over the ground with the marvelous speed that 11-year-old boy made. His mother stood with her hand on that gate-bar, and as he came up, the gate flew open, Willie passed through, and fell within a few feet of where his sister, the woman we supposed was dead, had lain in a faint. The woman had recovered, but of her, I will speak later.

"He is all right," I heard the mother say, and then she broke forth in a strain of praise and thanksgiving to God for the delivery of her child from the hands of the savages that under more quiet circumstances, would have melted one to tears, but with us, there was no time for sentimentalities.

When Red Feather fell, and the boy lit out, half a dozen Indians, all afoot, made a dash after him, and got as far as the path leading to the house, when two of them bit the ground. The others turned and ran back to the bunch around the wagon, where they all remounted and made a charge towards the gate. This was, however, only a feint, to enable them to recover the bodies of the two that had fallen in the path. These they got, but the venture cost them two more of their braves and one horse, which was killed as the rider stooped down to grasp his dead comrade.

This closed the fight. The Indians began to withdraw from the field. They lanced the horses that were too badly wounded for further service, and left their carcasses in the field and around the well. The yoke of oxen at the wagon met a like fate. As they slowly retired we saw a number of their braves borne off lying limp across horses which were led by their comrades. A large number rode double, the man on the crupper supporting the man in the saddle, supposed to have been wounded. Thus, the entire body disappeared beyond the ridge southeast of the ranch; the battle was over, we claimed the victory, and now we had time to count the cost.

The little field near the house had been cultivated in corn, and on the afternoon in question, John Bailey, son-in-law to Mr. Ball, and who lived with the old gentleman, hitched a yoke of steers to a wagon and accompanied by Willie Ball went to the field to begin gathering the corn crop. They began their task near the well and had barely started in to work before the attack was made. Mr. Shira, a neighbor, who lived a few miles away, came over to Mr. Ball's on a friendly visit, and arrived about the time Mr. Bailey started to the field. While these two old frontiersmen were seated in the yard, discussing the merits of the guns the government was furnishing people who lived on the border, Mrs. Bailey, more alert probably than other members of the family, first discovered the Indians, as they were leaping their horses over the fence, and gave the alarm. Mr.

Ball told me that when this alarm was given, and he looked in the direction indicated, he saw the Indians pouring in to the field from three sides, their horses leaping the fences like so many frightened deer. Evidently they had been watching the ranch and as the sequel will prove, the capture of the boy was their main object. Mr. Bailey was armed with two six-shooters, and when the Indians closed around him he fought with the courage of a hero until he fell pierced with arrows and lances. The attack was so sudden, and the onset was so furious that he had no time to to seek shelter other than that afforded by the small wagon, and finding himself thus in the open, he told Willie to get under the wagon, and then with rare nerve and courage, with a pistol in each hand, he turned upon his relentless foes, firing right and left, shot for shot, and after emptying all the chambers of his pistols with fatal effect, he fell, covered with wounds. The cowardly savages scalped him twice and mutilated his body in the most shocking manner. Mrs. Bailey, and those at the house with her, witnessed this tragedy in the field, and when this tender wife saw her husband sink down and heard the exultant yells of the savage fiends, her heart sank within her and she fell in a swoon, and so remained until the battle was far spent.

When the Messrs Ball and Shira saw the Indians charging on Bailey they promptly opened fire but with little or no effect as the distance was too great and it was just about this time that Holford and I reached the house.

A few minutes after the Indians disappeared over the ridge, they set a most wierd and doleful howl, mourning over their dead. There is no tongue, no words, no language to describe this after feature of the battle. For several minutes we stood listening to this dismal wail and finally Mr. Shira turned to the little group and as near as I remember addressed us in a strain like this:

"Now, you young fellers, you may git yerselves in yer best fightin' trim. Them red devils are madder'n blue blazes; ole Red Leather got his light snuffed out an' lo tellin' how many

more of the thievin' layout has bin made good Injuns in this little difficulty, an' now their dander is up an' they've got the smell of blood. Thar's enuff of 'em to wipe out this ranch, an' they know it, an' so you may begin to pick yer flints an git ready to cut the patchin'. Thar's goin' to be some of the tallest fightin' right round here you ever read about, an' its goin' to come off mighty soon. Them Injuns ar mad, an' don't you forget it."

Mr. Ball did not agree with Mr. Shira in his forecast. He reasoned that the Indians were too badly whipped to think of renewing the attack, but notwithstanding, every precaution was taken for a stout resistance in case the old pioneer's prediction reached fulfillment.

Suddenly the mourning ceased, and a few moments later, they appeared in formation—a long line drawn up on the ridge and facing the house. The horsemen were about four steps apart, as near as we could guess, and the line extended nearly the entire length of the ridge. Evidently, it was a ruse to frighten us, but it failed.

From about the center of this line, one of their number rode out, bearing a dirty rag that had once been white, holding it aloft on a switch. He advanced down the road towards the house to a point where he deemed himself fairly beyond the reach of our guns. Here he halted, stood up in his saddle and made us a speech. In appearance, he must have been a chief, and Shira declared him to be no other than Satank. At any rate, he was rigged out in a great profusion of Indian toggery, his face was besmeared with paint and he carried a very fine shield, which he was careful to hold steadily in his front while making his harangue. He was mounted on a stockily-built black horse with long mane and tail. Not a one of us understood a word of the Indian dialect, so he interspersed his talk with a good deal of Spanish and some English. I had a good knowledge of the Spanish language and when he employed a word or phrase of that tongue, I interpreted it to the two old men. All this, coupled with his signs and gestures conveyed to us that he

wanted us to know that he had two hundred warriors then and by sundown he would have five hundred more. We had hurt some of his people and they were mad, and were going to burn that ranch. They had two white women and several white children taken that morning, he said, and if we fired another gun, these captives would be brought out in full view of us and cut to pieces, and then our turn would come next. They did not ask us to surrender. No, no. If we would take the women and children and leave the ranch, we would not be molested. But do as we chose, they were going to burn that ranch.

This was about the substance of his spiel, and while waxing warm in his discourse, Mr. Shira asked Mr. Ball to bring him his long-range buffalo gun. "Git me that gun Ball," said the old hero, "I'd give fifty mother cows to git to onjint his hell-fired neck, the thievin' ole liar." He was told that the buffalo gun had been disposed of in a trade, and that he would have to rely on his Spencer. Having carefully selected one of these rifles, he said: "I'll take a whack at the d—d ole louse eater with this ole pokostalk, an' ef I don't bust his ole hulk, mebber so I'll stop his lyin' palaver an' scare him off." Dropping to his knees so as not to be seen by our eloquent entertainer, and extending the muzzle of his Spencer through an opening between two logs of the palisade, the old man took deliberate aim at the Indian's head, which, on account of the shield, was about the only vital point of the orator's person exposed. The old man pulled trigger, and at the flash of the gun, we heard the ball strike the shield with a sound like that of a marble thrown with force against a clap-board door. The Indian's feet flew apart and he sank astride his horse which seemed to understand the movement and turned suddenly and dashed off at furious speed up the hill and rejoined those in waiting on the ridge.

On the point of the ridge near the road, and beyond our rifle reach a pair of oxen, hobbled, were grazing. The Indians rode down to these fine brutes and lanced them to death, after which

the entire band passed over the ridge and we saw them no more. They had been gone for some time when the train of Grayson county wagons, which we had passed that morning, came in sight. Had they arrived half an hour sooner I am sure the occupants would have all been killed. We hailed their coming with delight and a sense of relief, as we expected a renewal of the attack.

While the big Indian was making his speech to us our little band was augmented by the arrival of recruits from an unexpected quarter. A man whose name I have forgotten, and who lived a couple of miles away, heard the sounds of battle, and gathering his little family about him, hastened to the scene of conflict. His family consisted of himself, wife, and three little girls, the eldest being about twelve years old and the youngest a mere babe. When this group entered the enclosure, I could but take note of their equipment. The brave mother carried her babe in her arms and two six-shooters in a belt about her waist. The eldest girl carried a hunting rifle, and over her shoulder was slung the old style shot-pouch. The second girl, whom I judged to be about eight years old, carried a morral containing Spencer cartridges, while the father, in addition to his Spencer rifle, carried two heavy Colt's pistols at his belt. This man had distinguished himself on former occasions, as being a fearless Indian fighter, and only four months before this affair at Ball's, his heroic wife had repulsed an attack made on her home by Red Feather, while her husband was away on a cattle roundup. The Grayson county men drove their wagons into the enclosure and remained over the next day. One of this company, Mr. James Chastain, for many years lived at Menard, Texas. After the arrival of these men, we went to the field and brought away the body of Mr. Bailey. We found him lying near the wagon, mutilated almost beyond recognition, and there were many mute evidences of the terrible struggle that ended with his life. In places, the grass and weeds were almost dripping with blood, some of the ears of corn in the wagon were bespattered, and the number of dark stains in the corn rows

showed the result of Bailey's desperate fighting. A new Remington pistol was picked up from where it had fallen in the weeds near the well. The weeds were stained with blood and underneath was a pool of blood yet warm. The spot was identified as that where Red Feather fell, and the pistol had evidently belonged to him, as was partially established by evidence that developed later.

The body of the murdered man was tenderly borne to the house and prepared for burial. There was not a board or plank about the place from which to make a coffin. On Sandy, some twelve or fifteen miles distant, the government operated a sawmill which furnished lumber for the building of the quarters at Fort Richardson. It was now evident that some one must volunteer to go to this sawmill for the coffin. It was a hazardous undertaking, one that required coolness and courage. Mr. Chastain, one of the Grayson county teamsters, and another man offered their services and set forth at once. From the government sawmills they sent a courier to the commandant at Fort Richardson, thirty-five miles distant, notifying him of the raid and pleading for help to follow the Indians.

The coffin was made of green, undressed lumber that night, and delivered at the ranch next morning before nine o'clock, by which time the grave had been prepared, and the remains of John Bailey, one among the bravest of brave Texan pioneers were laid to rest.

During the night runners had been sent out to remote settlements, calling for help, and next morning the armed settlers began to come in. We expected little or no help from the troops at Fort Richardson. We knew their gait. The messenger sent from the mills had doubtless reached the fort by sunrise that morning. It would take the troops half a day to get ready to start. It would take a whole day for them to reach the ranch, and by that time the whiskey would be exhausted, and the Indians would be on the reservation cutting high capers in a war scalp dance. It was a common saying among frontiersmen in those days that the United States cavalymen were the

finest Indian trailers and fighters in the world, so long as the whiskey held out.

After the burial of Mr. Bailey, the Grayson county men started on to Fort Richardson, while several of us started out on the broad trail left by the Indians. We soon came to the place where they had held their herd of stolen horses while the attack was being made on the ranch. A few miles further we came to an open place in the head of a draw where the Indians had halted and had built a fire, killed several horses and had barbecued some of the meat. This draw was clear of timber and after examining the surroundings, we became suspicious. About 150 yards away the timber set in, and we wondered why they should carry wood that distance to make a fire when they could with so much less trouble have built their fire in the timber where wood was plentiful. We began to investigate. The ashes and smouldering embers were carefully raked away, and fresh soil and broken turf was found underneath. The removal of this revealed a blanket and under this blanket was the body of a large Indian, which was unceremoniously dragged forth and the scarlet feathered cap, and other accouterments showed conclusively that we had resurrected old Red Feather.

As before stated, the place where the Indians had built their fire was in a draw. Doubtless, the reader has often observed that in these prairie draws, the water during heavy rains, will occasionally break the turf and scoop out a small pit sometimes only a few feet in length; further down the draw, and with gathered volume and momentum, other pits will be formed, deeper and wider, until at length an unbroken gully or channel is formed. In one of these pits or wash-outs, the body of Red Feather was planted by his followers. The pit was about five feet in length and three feet in length and three feet in depth. The chief was over six feet in stature and in order to make his cadaver fit into the cramped quarters of the improvised grave, his lower legs had been doubled back under his thighs. The notorious old thief and murderer was well equipped for his journey to the place where all good Indians of his

stripe go. A U. S. army blanket, Nava-jo blanket, saddle, bridle, lariat, fine beaded belt, bow, quiver and arrows, shield, and an empty pistol (Remington) scabbard; these were a part of his outfit. Twenty-eight arrows remained in his quiver. The hair from a horse's tail had been plaited in his own hair and when standing, it reached to the ground. In his beaded belt were a number of small receptacles in which were various small articles, among other things, his tweezers for plucking his beard, little pouches of war paints, etc. Under his head was a cavalryman's coat and in the pockets was found a lot of papers, among which was a deed to landed property in Kansas. These papers were turned over to the authorities at Fort Richardson.

All of the goods, chattels and heretiments of the big chieftain were appropriated, taken to the ranch and laid at the feet of the bereft widow, who apportioned them out among those of us who participated in the fight. The shield and the chief's scalp were afterwards sent to a party at Austin, who placed it with other Indian trophies in the old capitol building which was burned in 1861.

The troop of the Sixth Cavalry reached the ranch late that night, and the trail was followed to Red River where the command turned round and came back. The whiskey had played out.

More or less of the Indians in this raid wore more or less of blue (army) clothing and this accounts for the glimpse I had of a blue coat shortly before they ran into us at our noonday camp. Many of them had guns and Remington pistols, but with these they did little execution, as they did not seem to be accustomed to their use. It was said that a short time previously, Red Feather and Big Tree attacked and destroyed a government train, bound for some of the western army posts and had appropriated a large quantity of arms and government supplies.

Three years and three months to a day, before this battle, (Mrs. Ball is my authority,) Mr. Ball sent his little eight-year-old son Willie, to a neighbor's house, that of a Mr. Press Walker, about a mile distant, to borrow an

auger. Jimmie Ball, a cousin to Willie and about the same age, accompanied him, and while the two were on the way, a party of Indians overtook them and carried them off. Becoming alarmed over their protracted stay, Mr. Ball went to Walker's and was told that the children had been there and only tarried a few moments before setting out on their return homeward. Mr. Ball started back, closely following the trail left by the little boys. When beyond view of the neighbor's house he found where the little bare feet had left the trail and a few steps further he found the borrowed auger and the trail of a party of Indians. The alarm was spread, pursuit was given, but the Indians outrode the pursuers and made their escape. A year later Jimmie Ball was restored through government agency; then two years after this Willie Ball was purchased by a government agent at Council Grove, Kansas, restored to his parents, and just three months to a day after his arrival at home this attack on the Ball ranch occurred.

According to Willie Ball's story and corroborated by the Fitzgerald boy who was a captive at the same time and released a year later, it was Red Feather's band that captured Willie and he was adopted by the old chief, who, in the course of time, formed a very strong attachment for the lad. This attachment was reciprocated on the part of the boy, who said Red Feather was good to him, always affectionate, and when he was shown the scalp and shield of his former foster-parent, he went away and cried as if he had lost his best friend.

While Red Feather was absent on a raid, Willie and two other captives were taken to Council Grove and sold to the agency, and when the chief returned and learned of the transaction, he went into a towering rage, swearing vengeance on those who had deprived him of his boy, and declared that he would never rest until he had recovered his adopted son. The raid of November, 1868, followed, and this accounts for the desperate efforts to take the boy at the well, and their refusal to kill him when he broke away after the fall of Red Feather. The boy stated that when he

ran from under the wagon and was seized by the arm by the chief, the latter calling him by his Indian name, said to him; "Don't be afraid, I've got you now, and they shall not hurt you." When asked why he ran from Red Feather, he said that he had often been told that if he ever got back home and was recaptured he would be killed.

When found, the body of this inhuman monster showed three wounds, either of which would have proved fatal. Four guns blazed on him at the same instant, but not one of the four of us could say: "I killed old Red Feather." Neither of us knew who shot wild, no comment was offered, and nobody cared. It was sufficient to know that Red Feather was dead, that he had been gathered to his fathers, somewhere, and this brought a sense of relief and a general rejoicing in every frontier cabin along the vast extent of the Texas border and along which this depraved savage with his co-workers in blood carnage, Satank, Satanta, Big Tree and Big Bow had left a trail of blood.

I cannot close this narrative of frontier life without again referring to Benemerito, the mule, his capers during the fight, and something of his subsequent accomplishments. As stated elsewhere, when we entered the yard at Mr. Ball's we dismounted and turned our stock loose in the yard. Of course there was no time to unsaddle. The mule gave every evidence of extreme fright and agitation, and the yells of the Indians and the roar of guns kept him in a high state of excitement, and besides an arrow still rankled in the rear portion of his anatomy. He couldn't remain stationary anywhere in the yard, the fence was too high for him to break out, and each discharge of our guns seemed to accelerate his speed around the house. During the height of the conflict, he upset a bee-stand in the rear of the premises, and his antics and aerial flights were simply awful. He reared and bucked over the entire yard, ran through the entry between the two cabins and during his gyrations in the front yard, he ran over and kicked the prostrate woman, whom we took to be dead. She jumped up and ran into the house. Holford was near me at

the east palisade, and dryly remarked: "He raises the dead". After the battle Mrs. Ball said he was as bad to have around as the Indians. From that time on, when Benemerito heard the report of a gun, he was off as it were on the wings of the wind. He seemed to never forget.

The second day after the fight I approached Mr. Holford for a final settlement I had promised him \$100 to help me with my stock until they were disposed of. The disposition was sudden and unexpected and without remuneration, but that was not his fault. He had complied with the terms of his contract at the cost of a finger and two switches in his back. I explained my situation, told him I was flat broke and had not a dollar left but that I did not want him to go away worse than I found him. Would he take the mule, and call it even? That was the best and only offer I could make. Of the 23 horses and that mule, my entire stock, the Indians had left me one good horse and Benemerito. They had gotten my pack that contained all my duds except the scant few which I had on, and they came near getting them. With commendable generosity, the brave boy accepted my offer. He reasoned that his loss was not so great as mine, that he started out with nothing, and although he had parted with a finger, lost his pistol, and had won a very sore back, yet he had a mule now to carry him back home while I was out twenty-two head of horses, each worth at least one hundred dollars. The mule, he said, had saved his life by tail running, and he would trust him to carry him safely off the frontier, of which he had had a plenty. To a group of men who were watching the capers of the animal he said: "There is not an Injun on the frontier that can catch me on that mule, providing I can get him headed in the right direction. I am flat busted now, but I am going to make my stake on that mule, if I can keep him headed right."

When Holford's wounds had healed sufficiently to allow him to travel we separated, he returning to Sulphur Springs, while I proceeded to Fort Richardson. Before leaving, Mrs. Bailey gave him Red Feather's Remington pis-

tol in lieu of that which he had lost when we were attacked at our noon camping place, and joining a passing wagon train going down the country he left us, a badly used up but a wiser young man.

When measured by the number of Indians engaged, the number of people killed and the number of stock stolen this raid was without question one of the most destructive ever experienced by Wise county. A Mr. White was the first to discover the Indians on Catlet creek, where they gave him a run for his life. Before the race began he had a good view of them and estimated their number at two hundred. He saw a number leave the main bunch and proceed to the near-by home of a Mr. Vick, where they shot and killed Mrs. Vick while she was stooping over a wash-tub. From that point the main body pursued their course in the direction of Ball's ranch, having in their possession, according to the estimates of Mr. White and others, not less than 1,000 horses. The bunch that first made the run on Mr. Holford and myself at our camp, was evidently a small scouting or marauding party separated from the main body which passed along about half a mile east of our noonday camp. It was believed that it was this same party that had killed Mrs. Vick. As I have stated, the leader of this party wore a woman's sun bonnet, or what some called, a split bonnet, when I shot him. The bonnet was picked up, blood-stained, the morning after the fight, and the women at the ranch believed that it was Mrs. Vick's. If it was hers, her murder was avenged just that far, as the amount of blood left on that little spot of ground showed conclusively that the wearer of that bonnet had no circulation when borne away, and his grieving comrades had no further use for that piece of feminine apparel. They left it.

Five years after the occurrences herein narrated I met my friend Holford. He gave me a long and graphic account of the disasters and misfortune brought on him by his wife, Benemerito, I will allow him to tell the story as he told it to me:

"From the frontier to my home in

Sulphur Springs, and on the trip I found that mule to be a faithful, obedient animal at all times, unless someone gave a yell or fired a gun; then on the instant, Benemerito was off and gone, and he was hard to catch. During the winter I worked around and saved up twenty-five dollars, and concluded to go into business on my own hook. My father owned an old run-down carry-all, which I managed to patch up and make servicable for real duty. I next rigged a set of single harness from the remains of an old lot of plow gear. I fitted these to my mule, hitched on to my carry-all and lit out with my small capital for Nash's foundry, not far from Jefferson, Texas, which was about 75 miles from home. In connection with this foundry was operated a crockery factory where they turned out all kinds of jugs, churns, bowls and everything in the crockery line, and these wares were in great demand among the people living in the prairie country northwest of Jefferson. I loaded my carry-all with crockery—churns, bowls, basins, and a few jugs. I did not begin to offer my wares for sale until I got well up in the prairie country. Near the Lindley settlement, (Fairland, Hopkins county) I stopped at a gate on the roadside and sold a lot of my goods to a lady. The road here ran east and west, I being headed west. On the left, facing west, was the farm fence extending down a slope about three hundred yards; on the right and only a short distance from the road ran a gulley, an impassable barrier, some twelve or fifteen feet in depth. East of the house, at the corner of the farm, and about 200 yards away, came in the Sulphur Springs road, which intersected that on which I was traveling. I had just closed a deal with the lady of the house, and leaving Benemerito free—he had been so faithful on the trip that I did not think to tie him. I set out to carry the lady's purchases in the house. Just as I put the things down on a table in the kitchen, I heard yells and shooting turn loose, and I got to the door just in time to see that mule, wagon, goods and all, go over the bank, but of sight in that deep abyss. I ran to the brink, looked over, and there lay my

carryall, or the remains of what had once been a vehicle of that class. I looked for my mule. The walls of the gully were perpendicular all the way down to where the road crossed; at that point I saw him emerge at a speed that reminded me of the day when he caught that dogwood switch in his back at Ball's ranch. He still had on the bridle, collar, hames, and one trace was up in the air. He came to the road and lit out for the North Sulphur timber belt, about a half mile distant. He went into this timber like a hurricane, and I have never seen that mule since.

"My carryall was a ruin, an unsightly wreck, and my crockery was a heap of broken pieces. There was not an unbroken vessel in the lot. I was fifteen miles from home. I had sold crockery to the amount of two dollars and six bits, and with this in my pocket, I turned and lit out for home—afoot.

"The cause of the smash-up? Well, it chanced to be on a Saturday, and a

lot of the country bloods had been to town and had tanked up, and on their return, when they got near the house where I was trading, they raised a whoop and turned loose their guns. Benemerito thought the Indians were after him again, and he burnt the wind. I made no effort to recover that mule. I had enough of him. Hog-hunters in Sulphur bottom jungles say they sometimes get a bare glimpse of a strange mule, tearing through the brush and came like a wild boar. He is known to them as the wild Balaam of the Sulphurs, and they have tried to run him down with dogs, and have employed various devices to effect his capture, but he always makes a clean getaway. I have offered to trade my claim to that mule to some man who wants to make a trip out on the frontier where I learn the Indians are still raising hell and hair. Mounted on Benemerito he would be absolutely safe from Indians, if he managed to get him headed in the right direction."

Let's Build a Monument to the Texas Ranger



MOVEMENT was started at the reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers at Menard in July, to erect a memorial to the Texas Ranger. The matter was discussed at some length, when one of the Old Guard arose and said: "I am opposed to the Texas Rangers raising a fund to erect a monument of this kind; I am opposed to the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association raising a fund to lobby for an appropriation by the legislature to build a monument to the Texas Ranger. If posterity does not appreciate what the Texas Ranger did for Texas to the extent of building a memorial to our achievement, then we should let the matter die, as it should". And that old Texas Ranger viewed the matter." in the proper light. Texas, and not the Texas Rangers, should build that monument, and Texas will do it. Steps looking to that end are already under way. Judge C. C. Thompson, of Colorado City, Texas, spoke before the meeting in behalf of a monument to the Texas Rangers, Judge

Thompson is quite a young man, but he is imbued with the spirit of patriotic gratitude, and will be foremost in the movement now under way. His speech was a tribute to the Texas Ranger, and we publish it in full, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am sure that I have a special privilege today. To attend a meeting like this makes me proud that I am a Texan. To have the privilege of addressing you now is indeed a signal honor. On assuming the glorious responsibility of an occasion like this, I am deeply impressed with the gratitude for the trust confided and feel most vividly that to lead a people in a great cause is a most exalted and enduring honor.

We have met on this historic ground to pay tribute to those of you who are yet among us and to the countless hosts that have crossed over the River.

The Texas Ranger, to me, is the soldier with whom none can be compared.

He is a patriot, a soldier and a worthy citizen, one who abhorred the name of traitor and who endemns the vile of practice of cowards. He will rally to the call around the unfurled banner of freedom. He has repaired with zeal to the theater of his Nation's glory and there, upon the brink of danger, snatched fame for himself and safety for his country. Let us for a moment think of his works in the days that have gone. I can picture with the historian, the infant State of Texas as she strived for a place among the Stars and Stripes. The small settlements on the eastern part of the State were in constant danger of hostile Indians and the wilds of a frontier country. A mother with her child is captured; the mother is scalped and left to die, the child is carried away by a savage band into a life of savagery. Again the settlement would be attacked and destroyed and stalwart men and women fought and died for the protection of their home and loved ones. In the stillness of the night time the Indian warrior would sneak into the home of the frontiersman, who was striving to build a Nation, and murder him and his family and devastate the property that he had gathered around him. The great lawless body of men who had been driven from their home land for violations of laws of their country, would swoop down upon a little community and steal their horses and cattle, and were ever pushing forward the Indian lands to treachery and devastation.

Then came the Texas Ranger. He was fearless, honest and true. His was the duty of a guardian and a father to the infant state and to the children she called her own. He rode forth into the wooded places and across her streams, he climbed the highest mountains and stretched forth his protecting arm over her plains. He had but one thought, owed but one duty, and that duty was the protection of lives and property of his fellow men. From the Red River on the East to the Rio Grande on the West and from Texline to the Gulf, he responded to the bugle call of danger when the sound of the bugle fell upon his ears. He kept watch by the light of the moon and the campfire dim. He

slept on the frozen ground where the wintery winds blew and the snow drove fiercely, that he might stand between danger and his home lands. He ate the meat of the wild mustang and drank the water from salty streams. He drove the hostile Indians and the thieving hordes, who had gathered from the four corners of the earth, from her fertile plains on the West to her woodlands and flowing streams on the east. The Texas Ranger was a pioneer in building this great State of ours. He constructed the forts on the frontier around which noble men and women settled to build a home and a community. He was among the first to turn the grassy plains and wooded valleys into waving fields of grain and snow white fields of cotton. He built around him a home from whence came some of the State's most worthy men and women. He was among the first to turn from the long horned steer of drift fence fame, to the blooded herds of today. He has helped to push forward the progress of the commonwealth. In our legislative halls we have found him and his sons fighting for liberty and the pursuit of happiness, being guaranteed to all mankind. He has added to history unnumbered pages of bravery and fortitude. He broke the power of gang and outlaw hordes and made it possible that good men and women could live in peace. The safety of his State came first to him, not only the outward appearance of danger but that danger from one, who by treachery and chicanery would undermine the system of government. He has been, and is now, a soldier who guards the State against those who would tear down or who would destroy the fibre of government. The Ranger was a hero who made his bosom the bulwark of a people's liberty and has found a rich reward for toil and valor in the pride of a conscious virtue and the smiles of a grateful people. Those who died in the contest have gained glory in the flight of the ages.

Texas is a land that has known sorrow. She was settled by liberty-loving people who were forced to battle for existence. Many of her worthy sons died in the Alamo and at San Jacinto, and her daughters perished from the

privations of a war-torn Nation. She gave her sons to form a part of the long line of gray in the great Civil War. Many of them were buried on the banks of the streams of the Southland. Many of them were in the last great line at Appomattox. She gave her sons in defense of the American flag at San Juan, and again on the sunny fields of France. The Texas soldier did his part that Democracy might be given to the world forever more.

The Texas Ranger is a soldier of which Texas alone can boast. For the work they have done we have paid them a nominal sum in money but we can never pay them for the heritage we hold. We can at least, place a monument to the memory of those noble men near the State House of this great commonwealth, and let it be at the entrance of the grounds. It should stand as a guiding light to the youth of this land, that they might know that the brave men who made up this frontier army were of sterling worth and are entitled to the respect and admiration of the world. It is unnecessary to guard the frontier with musket and powder horn but we must hold sacred the heritage that is ours. We must guard the evil forces within. I think, upon this monument of stone should be inscribed in glowing letters "TO THE TEXAS RANGERS, THE DEFENDERS OF HOME AND COUNTRY."

What would a monument to these Ranger's mean? It would mean the immortal principles of patriotism, the love of country and the sacrifices for the country we love. Not only would it mean love of country, but love of Liberty. This alone could have inspired these brave soldiers to leave and to offer to die for the protection of their home lands.

Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have inspired those of your ranks who died in battle. It is a noble patriotism that impells us to erect a monument to their honor and memory and a similar love of country will inspire posterity to do homage to their valor and bravery. The monument will convey a value to the present and all future generations. It will sustain the fact that the cause for which they

fought was a righteous one, and that the cause which triumphed shall throng their valor and be perpetuated for all time.

Your Austin committee, Mr. Chairman, has reported to you that a monument should be built to the memory of the Texas Ranger and they have suggested four methods of raising revenue with which to build a monument, namely, private donations, by the school children of the State, Legislature appropriations, and the sale of emblems.

To me; Sir, there is one way to build the monument and that is Legislature appropriations. The State of Texas owes her existence in a great measure to the Texas Ranger of frontier times. He is the one soldier that blazed the trail for others to follow. Civilization and industry followed in his foot-path. Without him we would today be far behind the progress of which we boast. I do not believe in unnecessary expenditure of public money, but I believe the debt is a just one and should be paid.

When the State erects a monument to the memory of the Texas Ranger, we are further cementing the foundation of our Government. We are doing that which will make stronger our devotion to free institutions and insure their permanency for the remotest posterity. We not only render immortal fame to the Texas Ranger, but we are going further still; we are making immortal the principles for which they contended.

The title to Texas has been perfected and all clouds have been removed, but it was not so perfected in the sanctuary of the court room, but has been fought and paid for with human life. The rivers have run red with the blood of her heroes and the pen of liberty was dipped into that blood and the arm of truth and loyalty to a great commonwealth, has written upon the pale blue sky, "Texas is yours."

Such occasions as we have witnessed here should push us forward in the things that would make our state a better place in which to live. We should in this time of peace catch the spirit of the Texas Ranger and the defenders of the Alamo and San Jacinto.

The glorified spirit of those both living and dead hover around us and push

us on with patriotic devotion. They are calling upon us to sustain their dependence which they have consecrated by their heroic deeds. Shall we then turn away from the voices of the past? Is it possible that we will stand idly by? No, I am sure that we are going to hold sacred the trust that is ours, we will sustain and enlarge and pass on to posterity the most glorious commonwealth under the canopy of God's Heaven.

And with Kipling let us say:

"God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Host, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart.
Lord God of Host be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lor God of Host, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

John Booker Bowles, a Frontier Character

Written for *Frontier Times* by Hy J. Bowles, San Antonio, Texas



IN 1860 there lived in Uvalde, Texas, one John Booker Bowles. He was a small man, about thirty years of age, a confirmed asthmatic, and he did not know the definition of fear. At that time he had a brother living in Belton, who had had trouble with certain parties there, and expected more trouble, so he wrote an urgent letter to "Book" requesting him to come to Belton at once. He mounted a little half-broke mule and started for Belton at once. When he reached the crossing on the Sabinal river he found some twenty Mexicans bathing in the only water hole, and he had great difficulty in getting his mule down to the water's edge to drink. The Mexicans saw the mule was wild, and in a spirit of devilment they would splash the water with their hands, and make a great noise, and laugh heartily at Booker's attempts to urge his mule to the water. Being in a large crowd, naturally the Mexicans were impudent and saucy, and kept up their sport until the mule became thoroughly frightened and ran up the bank. Knowing the Mexicans were purposely scaring his mule, Booker called to them in Spanish to desist

as he wanted his mule to drink, but they repeated the act every time he rode toward the water, and the third time it happened Booker drew his six-shooter and opened fire on the Mexicans, shooting six times. They hastily scattered, some of them diving under the water, and all disappeared. When Booker saw blood on the water he seemed satisfied, and after watering his mule, he rode on toward Belton, loading his pistol as he went, for he expected further trouble with the Mexicans. However, he was not molested. These Mexicans were with a large wagon train, hauling freight through the country, and probably thought it best not to report the episode to the authorities, and that was the last of it. Booker afterwards learned that he had hit two of the Mexicans, inflicting flesh wounds.

Book Bowles was killed by Mexicans at Presidio del Norte in 1863.

Frontier Times stops promptly on expiration of subscription. Kindly fill out order blank you will find in your copy and return some with a dollar and a half to keep the little magazine coming to you.

Trusted Negro Robs His Master



IT IS NOT generally known that General Albert Sidney Johnston often visited Fort McKavett in the 50's, but it is a fact nevertheless. In October, 1849, Johnston was appointed paymaster in the army with the rank of major and assigned to the Frontier department of Texas. He entered upon his duties the following year with headquarters at Austin, his itinerary at that time embracing Fort Crogan, Ft. Gates, Fort Ham and Fort Belknap. A year later, Fort Mason was established, then followed the building of Fort McKavett in 1852, and these were added to the circuit of Paymaster Johnston. Under legal requirement, the troops at these posts were to be paid every four months and in order to meet this demand, General Johnston had to travel a distance of nearly a thousand miles on each round, or about three thousand miles a year. The region through which he traveled was without settlements save around the army posts and was infested with marauding bands of Indians who constantly harassed the traveler and small bodies of troops and immigrants who dared to venture into those remote regions. The general was accompanied by his clerk, his negro driver, John, and negro cook, Randolph, all of whom rode in a government ambulance drawn by four mules, and in this conveyance was carried a small iron box, or safe, which contained the money with which to pay the troops. He was also accompanied by a forage wagon and a cavalry escort of from four to fifteen men in charge of an officer.

Early in 1853, General Johnston discovered a shortage in his accounts. He found on a careful count of the government funds placed in his care a deficit of several hundred dollars. He continued his round, however, until he reached Fort McKavett, where he found another shortage of seven hundred dollars, making a total of seventeen hundred dollars that he was unable to account for; these losses covering a period of about two years. Strictly methodical and honest in all his transactions, the general could arrive at but one conclusion—robbery. But how could a thief

extract coin from his strong box when it was rarely out of his sight or that of his trusted clerk, who showed as much solicitude for the apprehension of the thief as the general could have shown. The money had been counted at Fort Chadbourne, the last pay station before reaching McKavett, and at which place, owing to illness, his clerk had been left. This clerk had been succeeded by the general's fifteen-year-old son, whose honesty and watchfulness was beyond all question. When the general discovered the shortage at McKavett and his seeming inability to locate the thief, he was in great distress. He had been making good the losses from his private purse, and this continual drain threatened to ruin not only his reputation, but his financial standing as well. He had refrained from saying anything about his losses, knowing that any complaint he might make to the government authorities would only serve to undermine the confidence of his superiors and excite grave suspicion against himself.

With the troops stationed at McKavett at that time was an old sergeant by the name of Bramlett, who had served under Johnston in the Texan army while Texas was yet a Republic, and had also been a Lieutenant under Johnston in the Mexican war. Bramlett was a locksmith by trade before going into the army, and in the war with Mexico he had gained considerable notoriety as a scout. He had contracted a strong friendship for General Johnston, and the third day after the general's arrival at Fort McKavett, he called to pay his respects to his old commander. The general received him most cordially, and after a brief conversation, took him into his confidence and told him of his mysterious losses and asked his assistance in ferreting out the mystery. It seems that Bramlett had established the reputation of being a shrewd detective while in the Texan army, all of which Johnston had full knowledge, and for this reason he was taken into the general's confidence and his aid solicited. Bramlett promised all the assistance he was capable of rendering and the first thing in order was to ex-

mine the little iron safe. "Since counting the money at Fort Chadbourne," explained General Johnston, "this strong box has not been out of our sight, except for a few hours here yesterday when it was under guard. The money, as you see, is kept in different bags; ten dollar pieces in these, five dollar pieces in those, and some time since, I took the precaution to mark a number of pieces of each denomination."

After a close inspection of the strong box, the sergeant said:

"False key, General, false key. It is well you marked some of those coins, that is about the only clue you have, and it's a good one."

Bramlett's next enquiry was about the general's servants, his driver, and his cook. John, the driver, was a coal black negro; he had been born and raised a slave in the Johnson family, and for years had been the general's waiting boy, and had been greatly favored by his humane master. But John was above suspicion, argued the General, John was strictly honest and reliable, he had raised him and had more than a thot and proofs of his honesty.

"We'll, General," said Bramlett, "I believe I can unravel this mystery. I first want to talk with your cook, Randolph; make an excuse to send him down to my quarters on some errand to-night."

The negro came, and after having a few drinks that Bramlett had on hand for the occasion, Ran became very communicative. "By the way," said the sergeant, "has John a wife?"

"Yas sah; he's done bin married two yeahs, and he's got de hansomest cuffed woman in Austin. Yas he is, she's nearly white, she is, an' sah, she sho cuts a swell 'mong all dem city niggahs."

"Does John dress her well?"

"Hoo, man, you ort to see de finery dat niggah piles on dat woman!"

"He gets no wages, so where does he get the money to pay for so much finery?"

"Why, man, dat niggah's alus got money; gambles wid de soldiers."

"Win anything from the boys at Chadbourne?"

"Dunno, sah, I didn't see him gamblin none over dar."

"Do you play cards?"

"Ya-as, sah, sometimes I plays seben-up jes fo' fun, but I neveh gambles, case I neveh has any money."

Early the next morning the Sergeant called at the General's quarters, and taking him into a private room, said: "General, John, your driver is the scoundrel that has been robbing you. Evidently, he has a false key, and the money he has been stealing has been spent on his mulatto wife in Austin. Search him and you will find that key and your money."

The General could not believe his trusted waiting-boy could be guilty of such a grievous offense, but reluctantly consented to have him searched. He was called in, and when accused by Sergeant Bramlett, he stoutly proclaimed his innocence. The Sergeant caused him to disrobe. Beneath his clothing about the waist, was a belt, and in this belt was found the seven hundred dollars. The negro confessed to having a false key, given him by a gambler in Austin.

The officers at McKavett insisted on having the negro whipped severely, declaring that he had accomplices and that he should be forced to reveal their identity, but the General would not allow his servant punished, contending that whipping would not atone for the lost money and would only serve to brutalize the culprit, and furthermore, it would be a mere act of revenge.

On his return to Austin, General Johnston took the negro to Galveston and sold him for one thousand dollars, which went in part to make up what he had stolen from the Government.

The last time that General Johnston came to Fort McKavett in the capacity of paymaster, was in April, 1855. He had just finished paying off the soldiers and while in his quarters, posting up his books, and otherwise preparing for an early start the next morning, a courier rode up and landed him a package. It contained his commission as Colonel of the Second United States Cavalry, a position he had long coveted.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Amos Alexander and His Son Killed by Indians

Written for *Frontier Times* by E. H. Alexander, Llano, Texas



AMONG the early settlers who came to Texas to better their fortunes was Amos Alexander, who arrived in the spring of 1833. He came from Pennsylvania and brought with him his son, Lyman W. Alexander, about sixteen years old. After looking over the country he selected land in the valley of the Colorado river, a few miles above the town of Columbus, in Colorado county. Here he hired some men to build his house and put in a field, and leaving his son to superintend the work, he returned to the north to settle up his affairs and bring his family to Texas. After reaching home he concluded to move to Bastrop, Texas, and open a store and hotel. In 1834 he took his family to New York, bought a supply of goods, and boarded a ship for Galveston. His family on this trip consisted of his wife, Amos R., a fifteen-year-old boy, and a ten-year-old daughter. The ship landed at Galveston in a storm which came near wrecking it, and the captain had part of the cargo thrown overboard, some of which belonged to the family. They went on to Bastrop and opened their store and hotel.

In the spring of 1835 Mr. Alexander had goods shipped to the coast, and took his own ox-wagon, driven by his son, Amos, and went after them. He hired another man, who took a young brother with him, to help haul the goods. All went well until they reached a point about thirty-five miles from Bastrop. They were traveling the Wilbarger Trace near where the Gotcher Trace came into it. As they drove up on the bank of a creek (since called Alexander Creek) a party of Indians fired on them from the bed of the creek from both sides and killed Mr. Alexander and shot his son through the body. The son was on horseback, and he turned and went full speed back on the road until he met the other wagon, about three-quarters of a mile distant. The boy with the other wagon jumped behind him on the horse and they started for Moore's Fort, where LaGrange now

stands. After going about a mile, Amos begged his companions to lay him down and let him die. They took him out and placed him under a tree, folded his hands on his breast and covered him with leaves and moss, and reported the matter to Col. J. H. Moore at the fort. Colonel Moore took his company and went out and buried the dead, and followed the Indians to the mountains. The place where this killing took place is about two miles south of the present town of Ledbetter, and the spot is now marked by a granite boulder.

Lyman W. Alexander, in 1835, was in the battle of Mission Conception and the Grass Fight near San Antonio. He joined Capt. Jesse Billings' company, and was with Houston's army near Gonzales when they received the news of the fall of the Alamo. When Houston began his retreat east the people abandoned their homes and began what was called the "runaway scrape." Lyman Alexander's mother and sister, having no protector, he left the army to look after them, and when he arrived at Bastrop he found that place deserted. His mother had employed an old man who had no family, to get up her oxen and drive for her. She loaded into the wagon her most needful household articles, but some of her neighbors who had no conveyance came and begged her to take some of their belongings which they claimed they needed, so she returned most of her things to her house and loaded on the belongings of her neighbors and started on her journey. Lyman Alexander took the road east and found his mother in St. Augustine. His mother never returned to Bastrop, as her home and all she left there was burned by the Mexicans. She went on to her farm near Columbus. The son, finding his mother and sister safe, returned to Houston's army, reaching it four days after the battle of San Jacinto had been fought. He joined Capt. C. C. Herbert's company in 1846, was in Col. Jack Hays' regiment, went with it to Mexico, and was in the battle of Monterrey. When the time

of his enlistment expired he returned to his home in Columbus. Lyman Alexander served as deputy marshal under Ben McAlloch when he was United

States Marshal. He also served as county surveyor of Fayette county, and afterwards followed the land business. He died in Cooke county in 1875.

Chasing the Murderers of Isaac Kountz

John A. Miller, in Junction Eagle, August 28, 1924

I have been requested by a few of the Old Timers to give some of my experiences with reference to the Indian raids that were made into Kimble County in the early days.

The first one I shall mention is the raid made in December, 1876, and during which Isaac Kountz and a son of Dr. Spears were both killed.

I came to Kimble County and settled at the mouth of Johnson Fork on December 24, 1874. My first work was to build a small log cabin for my wife and three children. It only had one room and a dirt floor. The roof was made out of clap-boards which I split myself from pecan, elm and white oak trees. I lived in this with my family for some two years and later on built a better log house out of split logs which was a considerable improvement over the first one.

The Indians did not bother us very much the first two years. Early in the year 1875, my brothers, George and Frank Miller, saw a bunch of eight Indians just across the creek from where I lived. As the boys were coming to the house they met two more. These Indians did not molest us in any way, but a few hours after they left, some five or six cow boys from South Llano came along following their trail. The Indians had stolen their saddle horses and the cow boys followed them in order to recapture the horses. They did not go much past my house

however, until they decided the Indians had too much the lead and they turned back.

On December 24, 1876, which was just two years exactly after I settled at the mouth of Johnson Fork, we were notified that the Indians had made another raid and killed Isaac Kountz and the Spears boy. Isaac Kountz was the son of Dr. Kountz, who lived at that time on South Llano about two miles above where the court house in Junction now stands. Four out of our settlement left to follow the Indians; they were Jerry Roberts, Dan Baker, Bill Estes and myself. We started as soon as the news came to us, and got as far as where Junction now stands, when we met Dr. Kountz and old man Patterson and Patterson's nephew. There was no town where Junction now stands, but we met these three men in the mesquite flat and that made seven in our party. We turned over on North Llano to the Spears house and saw the Spears boy after he had been laid out. We decid-



On the Streets of Junction, Texas, a Few Years Ago.

ed then to notify the rangers who were camped up on Bear Creek. We went as far as Billie Wait's house and there met Billie Gilleland and a man named Lemons who said they had already notified the rangers. They told us that the Indians had turned back east and were going down the river, and as my family was down at the mouth of Johnson Fork, I became very much alarmed that the Indians might double back there and attack our folks at that place. Gilleland and Lemons also said that the rangers had packed up and started, with six men and the Lieutenant, and told them they had plenty of force without them. They then decided to go with us and old Billie Waits also went along. That made ten men in our party.

We turned back down Bear Creek in order to get to the river valley. The snow was deep on the ground and the day was cold and disagreeable, with the snow still falling. We thought we could trail the Indians in the snow, however, and we pushed on. We rode all night before we struck the trail. About daylight the next morning we struck the trail right where the London and Mason road now crosses Gentry Creek. It was almost as plain as the big road for they had a big bunch of horses which they had stolen from the settlers up and down the rivers. We thought the snow was deep enough that they would be unable to travel very fast and that we could catch them. Before we left Gentry Creek, however, Dan Baker and Bill Estes decided to turn back and protect our little settlement at the mouth of Johnson Fork. Baker had a store at that time at the mouth of Johnson Fork and Estes hauled his goods for him from San Antonio. This was the only store in the country at that time.

When Baker and Estes turned back, this left only eight men in our party and we set out in hot pursuit of the Indians. At about 9 o'clock we came to where they had butchered a roan horse. This was down below the mouth of Red Creek. We roasted part of the roan horse and had breakfast. We knew we were not very far behind the Indians and we did not tarry very long. Then we pushed on expecting to overtake them right away, but we rode all day

without seeing anything of them. By this time we were down in Mason County and night came on. It was bitter cold and we had been riding all day and all the night before, so we decided to camp for the night. We all turned out to hunt wood, and after a while old man Patterson and Dr. Kountz came in with a big log on their shoulders; the other boys asked where they got the log, and they said off a little sycamore cabin down in the flat. We had thought when we left that old man Patterson and Dr. Kountz would not be able to go far, as they were both well up in years. So was Billie Waits. But it turned out that they were fully as able bodied as we younger boys, and they stood the hardships just as well as any young man in the bunch. It wasn't very long before we had a good many logs off of the little sycamore cabin, and had a good fire burning. We placed a big log on each side of the fire and used these for seats. The snow was an inch deep and it was very cold and disagreeable. We left our horses saddled all night because we didn't know whether the Indians were close enough to us to see our camp fire and might attack us.

Next morning by daylight we were off again and had only ridden about two or three miles when we caught up with the six rangers and the Lieutenant. That made a pretty good bunch of us together and we felt very brave at that time. The rangers were all packed up ready to go when we reached their camp. We went pretty fast and about three miles further on we came to the Indian's camp where they had spent the night before. The sign was plain where they had the horses corralled and there appeared to have been about forty head of the horses. Nine Indians had slept around their fire with a bunch of grass under each one's head for a pillow, and a bunch under the hips for a bed. We knew we were close to them, for they had not been gone but a little from their camp. We thought we could catch them, as they had horses to drive and we did not. We pushed on rapidly and in about three or four miles came to where they had killed a big fat cow. They cut out the best part of the cow to eat and left the rest.

We were satisfied they would roast this meat before they had gone far, and we pushed up a bit and sure enough, in about three or four miles further we saw a smoke. We knew that was the Indians, and it excited our boys very much, but Lieutenant Moore held us all together and would not let us advance too rapidly. When we reached the top of the ridge where we had seen the smoke coming from, we found about fifty pounds of fresh roasted meat. We knew then that the Indians had seen us coming and had left in a hurry.

Until this time the Indians had been going in an easterly direction, keeping to the north of the Llano river, but they turned after seeing us and went due south. Our boys were very much excited, but Lieutenant Moore held us back and kept us all together. We were trotting on at a good gate but the boys wanted to go much faster. Lieutenant Moore, however, said it was foolish to rush into an ambushade. The boys said we had twenty miles of open country to catch them in and if we didn't catch them in the twenty miles we would not catch them at all. Moore said we could catch them anyway, if we would all stay together, and it seemed like we could do so; they had forty head of horses to drive and we had none, but we didn't go fast enough. After we had gone ten miles we began to find horses that had given out and had been left behind by the Indians. About 17 horses were captured by us and we found about that many dead horses. Lieutenant Moore detailed two men to bring these horses back home, and the rest of our bunch went on. Gilleland and Lemons brought the horses back.

It was very exciting at this time as we were so close to the Indians, and we felt sure we would catch them any minute. By this time, however, we were reaching the breaks of the Guadalupe, and the Indians were gaining on us after we reached such rough country. The trail at this time showed that there were about three or four Indians on horses and the rest were on foot. We finally stopped and didn't know what to do. We were all sick at heart because we had let the Indians get away, and were all nearly starved and frozen to death.

Our horses were very tired and we turned down in the settlement. Old man Patterson saw a house and some people moving about and said, "Let's go get something to eat." We had no further thought about Indians at this time, but when we got to the house the man had his horses tied at the doors and he said, "didn't you see the Indians?" We had seen some folks stirring around the house at the time old man Patterson first sighted it, but we didn't think they were Indians. The man at the house said they had tried to rope his horses and had run them into his yard. He had gotten his gun and was preparing to fight them off the best he could when the Indians broke and run. He was satisfied they had seen us coming and said he believed if they hadn't seen us coming they would have gotten his horses, and possibly killed him and his family. Old man Patterson told him that we had been following these Indians two days and two nights and had eaten nothing and that we were all getting dreadfully hungry. The man told us to wait until his wife could cook some bread and said they had plenty of dried beef. We went back in about an hour and she had a whole sack of corn dodgers and one dried beef for us. We camped that night separate from the rangers and all kept watch for some sign of the Indians. We knew they were stealing horses all along the Guadalupe above Kerrville, and we could hear the dogs barking all night long, but we could not locate any of the Indians.

Next morning in going down the valley we saw men in every direction armed and on the lookout. They said the Indians had stolen all their horses the night before and by and by we struck their trail again, but they were now mounted on fresh horses, while ours were tired and jaded, so we decided to turn back home. The rangers went on about four or five miles further and then they turned back and went on down to Kerrville. Our Kimble County boys were very much disappointed over the chase. We had gone so far and rode so hard and were so close to the Indians that it seemed a pity that we failed to get them.

A Story of Buried Treasure at Austin

Rising Star Record, May 12, 1927

Austin, capital of colony, republic and state for a century, focal point in the tradition-building success and reverses of treasure-bearing armies, has visions again of vast stores of hidden Spanish and Confederate gold, as an imagination-stirring rumor of an \$80,000 discovery of gold coins within the city is excitedly told and leads eager reporters to a baffling wall of secrecy and mystery. A tradition of many years has pointed to the exact spot as a treasuretrove.

In a creek bed a few blocks from the business district, a crew of men, at the end of an eight-months' search, in which rock was blasted away to make a forty-foot tunnel, following the uncertain lines of ancient maps, finally found the "pot of gold" on April 13, and took out the fortune of \$80,000, according to the rumor which has spread.

An examination of the tunnel disclosed a square shaped chamber between solid rocks where apparently a box had rested. Several thousand dollars was spent in the excavation work, it became known.

A Confederate soldier named Bankston, who lived in Austin during the Civil War and came back to the Confederate home many years ago, told Austin people of the burial on this creek of a large sum of gold, the wealth of several Austin soldiers during the latter part of the Civil War when Federal troops were expected to come up from Sabine Pass and overrun the Texas capitol.

An investigation, after the tunnel was completed and the alleged treasure removed, showed the landmarks which are believed to have guided those who followed down the tradition and traced the treasure to its long hiding place. Two distinctive trees, one a huge liveoak, the other a five-pronged cedar, overhang the banks of the creek on opposite sides. One of the five branches of the cedar was long ago cut off a foot from the ground. A sighting line directly from the oak tree over this stump lies precisely above the cache.

The sum of \$80,000 buried gold was fixed by Bankston when he led searching parties along the creek.

When the union forces were moving toward Sabine Pass, where they met defeat at the hands of the redoubtable Dick Dowling, Austin was terrified, knowing the invaders, if landed would come to the state capitol. Then it was that the wealthy Austin Confederates pooled all their wealth and buried it in the rocks, according to the story Bankston recounted, and which has been retold since the reported discovery, by a member of a party who followed Bankston over the identical ground years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, who live a few blocks from the point where the mysterious workmen have blasted and worked for several months told of the secrecy which they maintained. First it was work for the foundation of a new bridge; later when they were half a block from the lip of the creek, it was making foundations for a "fine house." During the final weeks of the search, a guard was maintained about the tunnel, and a mounted man kept back the curious.

On April 13, the work continued much beyond the usual five o'clock quitting hour, it was learned. Apparently that same night a box was lifted from the square-cut chamber between the rocks, for the next day the workmen were gone and the blasting has ceased, and curious throngs soon found the dark tunnel and with lights discovered traces of the large wooden box that had lain beneath the dirt for more than 60 years.

The box, when originally buried, was not placed beneath the limestone of the creek banks, it appeared from physical evidence of the excavation. During the early years of Austin, stone had been taken from the creek banks for building purposes, and the tunnel led from the edge of a sunken spot between two ledges of stone, filled in apparently during the years, by the crumbling of the rocks and the washing down of silt from the hill above.

Besides this reported discovery, Aus-

tin has been rich in tantalizing legend of buried treasure. There are at least two actual discoveries of buried treasure in Austin or near there on record.

A sum of more than \$50,000 was plowed up by a Mexican along the Austin-Loekhart highway many years ago. It was learned. This became a matter of official knowledge when the Caldwell county authorities examined the spot and the county highway property, traced down the Mexican who had left with his wealth, and took half of it by proper legal proceedings as the possession of the county.

Within the last three or four years a party of treasure-hunters, after a mysterious search, departed hastily, leaving behind, to be presented to the University of Texas, a Spanish-worked bronze figure which had been removed from the earth. After they had gone, one of their workmen let it become known that a quantity of coins had been found.

Dr. J. C. Clark of Austin who owns land several blocks away from that where the purported cache was found, said that during the past several years

he has permitted several searching parties to go on his land.

The Federal government apparently is not interested in a "find" of wealth of this kind, it was indicated by U. S. Revenue Collector J. W. Bass. Mr. Bass said an income tax is payable only on wealth earned or the result of business efforts, as distinguished from a discovery.

Possibility of claims by families of Austin men of the '60's believed to have buried their wealth, was intimated.

Several persons have contributed to Austin's unusual number of treasure stories. A hoax by O. Henry many years ago, sent hundreds of Austin business men and others into Shoal creek, a mile from the spot of the latest interest, to dig for treasure. O. Henry recounted the alleged narrative taken from state records of a buried treasure, and had pen-written maps to substantiate the purported story. Austin people now are wondering if there wasn't really a basis of truth in the O. Henry hoax after all, only his getting the two West Austin creeks—both within the city limits—confused.



This old relic is located in the little town of Langtry, Texas, which was the abode of Judge Roy Bean, "the Law West of the Pecos." It was a saloon and a court room, Judge Bean being the only peace officer west of the Pecos river for many years. This photo was made about 1890, and shows Judge Bean holding court, trying a horse thief. Left of the picture is the stolen horse. On horses, guarded by officers, are two other culprits awaiting trial.

Perils of Frontier El Paso Were Tame

El Paso Times, August 7, 1927

Snatched in the mouth of a coyote from the road she traveled to El Paso 82 years ago, Mrs. Mary Philips sighs for the safe and gentle solitude of the frontier.

Chances against preying beast and red man compared with the hazard of crossing an auto infested street are just about three to one in favor of the plainsman's gamble, according to her calculations.

Of a truth, the grinding of the coyote's teeth as they clicked over her flannel baby's dress is not now dinning in her ears nor is the crack of her father's rifle as he fired upon the animal.

Memory of her infant terror is quite erased, true, and the shrieking motor sirens are sounding every place and the skidding of wheels at the nearest corner biasing judgment against the present evil.

Yet the citizen of 72 years in El Paso remembers of the primitive days enough to know that she would vastly rather be a young girl of the last century than this—even if old age is the price.

Though an outpost and a lone stronghold in a deadly wilderness, there was a gentry in El Paso and its children were taught manners if they lacked coaching in books.

"We weren't wild and horned, not a bit of it," reiterates the defender of vanished state. "Ladies were ladies and gentlemen gentlemen, without any danger of mistaking a girl of good family for a chorus girl or of a rough man's going in good company.

"Quarrels happened sometimes and killings but they were few and because the law was weak and men had to be strong fighting for their rights.

"At parties for ladies and gentlemen there was what a difference from our rough manners, a man snatching his partner for the dance!

"They bowed to their ladies when I was a girl. Men begged the honor of escorting his partner from her place by the chaperon to the floor and after he had waltzed the quadrille with her, he bowed thanks for the favor.

"Crude, primitive parties that we had? As if the art of entertaining hadn't been lost and folks now didn't have their parties with a phonograph and can opener or cork screw instead of the grand style.

"I was only 13 when the quadrille for the cabinet of Benito Juarez was held here. And that was an affair of bowing and elegance, which I remember as my father said I would.

"Dresses were of silk made to stand by themselves being a world different from the sleazy petticoat frocks that people wear for best in these days. Materials that the frontier belles would have scorned to use for linings now fashion a best party dress.

"Because the frontier women were groomed and not just partly covered in a few rags of cloth doesn't signify they were prudish or unfashionable. As I remember the dance, the necks were lower cut and more daring than anything modern in wearing apparel, but the women had dignity and their hair was brushed smooth on their necks instead of frizzed or shingled.

"Ice had been carried overland all the way from New Mexico for the occasion and there were orchestras that never ceased playing until dawn, one taking up the swing of the dance when the other wearied.

"The son of Benito Juarez was ugly and it worried me that the son of a president did not look like the prince of a fairy book. But what did it matter since he was the son of the president?

"My mother was sick during the festivities so my father took me with him, saying I might never have another opportunity to attend such a ball. He spoke the truth, for can you name me another the like that El Paso with its engines and autos and pavements has been able to give?"

Remembering the time when the census showed 25 whites in all El Paso county, when a man could not travel to Ysleta alone without making himself a target for Indian arrows, yet Mrs. Philips is stubborn in her preference.

"Certainly, when I go riding to Ys-

leta now I am in danger from my friends as well as my enemies and expect no mercy from any of the attacking army of auto drivers," she said in preface to her story of the dangers of the past.

"There weren't so many killings and the few there were are remembered because they weren't as common as auto accidents.

"I saw them carry in the stage driver after he had brought his passengers and cargo through an Indian attack at the Davis Mountain pass. All the children rushed around to watch his wound dressed and hear how he had kept his seat and whipped head under a shower of arrows and spear heads, one of which had given him the deep cut in his back.

"Once again the terror of the Indians was brought near home, this time when the bodies of the wood gatherers who were ambushed by Apaches on the Mount Franklin foothills were carried in.

"For the most, El Paso was a fort town and safe and sleepy enough. For elegance and grandeur there was Juarez across the river, while the pass town of Texas was a mere ranch post or hacienda that had been garrisoned.

"Frame patch work upon the adobe chain of buildings surrounding the little plaza where the Mills building now stands was all there was of El Paso—a relic of the hacienda of Jose Maria de Leon.

"Grapes of the old vineyards were still twined between the branches of the hedge where the Magoffin house now stands, though the ranch site had been sold to a gringo named Smith and the management of it had been turned over to Benjamin S. Dowell before it was finally partitioned into the town."

This Benjamin Dowell was the father of the woman who so fondly remembers the beginnings of El Paso. He had been a soldier in the war with Mexico and his hair was turned white in a prison camp.

The mother of Mrs. Phillips was the niece of the Pueblo Indians of Ysleta, a full blooded Indian who was proud of being a member of the ruling family of a tribe that had built cities and tilled fields for hundreds of years before the Europeans made their way to America.

If she had been educated to the customs of the gringos, the Indian mother was not lacking in ceremony for she was versed in the etiquette both of Spanish and Indian hospitality.

That she had her own punctilious code of conduct and household management proved lucky for the Indian wife when she was taken back to Kentucky by Mr. Dowell to visit his relatives.

She was greeted everywhere with stares of gaping wonder and sometimes excited fear among the country people.

Mrs. Dowell bravely stood the christening of a foreigner into the ranks of a Kentucky family, though she would not bear the scrutiny of strangers who came to watch her eat and ended by ordering her meals sent to her room.

The daughter remembers very little of the trip, being then six years old, except that she rode from the house of relative to relative on her father's horse and that there was always a big party of relatives eating with her.

They took the trip from El Paso to Kentucky in stages, the first across the plains to San Antonio in a mule train, thence by stage to Houston, and from there to the gulf on the only railway in Texas. By boat from Galveston to New Orleans, where there was a holiday and school children were marching in white suits with red gloves, they proceeded up the Mississippi and Ohio to Kentucky.

After her encounter with the staring wonder of the east, Mrs. Dowell was prepared for any emergency that might come to her in her position of first lady of El Paso. For the journey cross country into an alien land had been one of mingled trial and pleasure, while following it, Benjamin Dowell was appointed to be the first mayor of the city of El Paso. Thus one of a family of chieftans of Ysleta took rank in a town of gringos through her husband, who was in effect their first chief.

Of her own encounter with the coyote which she does not remember, Mrs. Phillips was told that when her parents were bringing her here from California 72 years ago, they heard her cry out and looked around to see a coyote running away with their baby in its mouth. Mr. Dowell shot, a good shot. The child was not even scratched.

FRONTIER TIMES

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J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

**Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy
and Pioneer Achievement**

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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This number closes Volume Four of Frontier Times. We are proud to boast that after four years of effort the little magazine is bigger and better than ever, and still growing. Next month we will begin numbering our pages in consecutive order; the October issue's pages will run from 1 to 48, the November issue will run from 49 to 96, the December from 96 to 144, and so on until the volume is completed. We appreciate the encouragement that is coming to us from all over the United States in our efforts to give our readers a magazine worth while. New names are constantly being added to our list of loyal readers, and we hope to double our circulation by the time we complete our fifth volume.

Frontier Times appreciates the honor offered by the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association, when it was proposed that that organization adopt this magazine as its official organ. This designation would indeed be gratifying to us, but due to the fact that a number of other organizations have wished to make Frontier Times their official organ, we have, with thanks, in each instance, declined to accept. Frontier Times prefers to represent no particular organization or association, but rather, represent them all, each historical association, and society, that is striving to perpetuate the history of our state, the Texas Rangers, the Pioneers, the Old Settlers, the Trail Drivers, all are working to this end, and Frontier Times represents them all, and from them all comes hearty endorsement for Frontier Times.

The Old Time Trail Drivers will hold their annual reunion at San Antonio October 7, 8 and 9. President George W. Saunders is arranging a splendid program for the entertainment of the old cowboys who went "up the trail" to Kansas in early days.

The portrait of Captain June Peak of Dallas, Texas, adorns the cover page of Frontier Times this month. Next month the likeness of Captain John R. Hughes of El Paso, another famous Texas Ranger, will appear on the cover. Each month a different portrait of some noted Texan will be used, some frontiersman, ranger, scout, trail driver, or noted character. The charcoal drawings are made by our staff artist, Warren Hunter.

Through the medium of this journal of frontier history many friends of other days, whom time and distance have separated these many years, are getting in touch one with another. Names of old frontier heroes and heroines are mentioned in these pages to be read by other old pioneers who long since had lost sight of old comrades. Seeing these friends are still in the land of the living, a correspondence follows, old friendships are revived and old ties renewed.

Sometimes Frontier Times, just like any other publication, commits a blunder. A short time ago we published what we considered a splendid article about a man who was styled as a Texas Ranger. The article in question was taken from a newspaper published in West Texas, and was duly credited. While we were in attendance at the reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers at Menard in July, a number of the Old Guard took us to task for publishing the article, telling us that the individual was never a Texas Ranger, but had often led the Rangers—in each case when the Rangers were trying to catch him for stage robbery or some other serious infraction of the law. We try to adhere to facts as near as possible in all that goes into Frontier Times, but we cannot vouch for the truthfulness of every story we publish and must depend upon our contributors to keep the record straight. However, the story we refer to was a good one, as all agree, and since no harm was done by its publication, we refrain from giving any names or making further comment, only we will try to be more careful in the future.

Our Advertising Rates.

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